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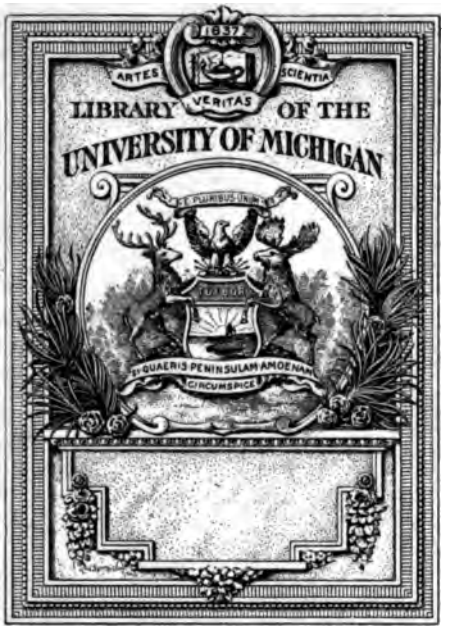
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Meliora:

A Quarterly Review

OF

Social Science

IN ITS

Ethical, Economical, Political, and Ameliorative Aspects.

VOL VII.

'MELIORA VIDEO PROBOQUE.'
OVID, lib. vii. fab. i. 20.

LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1865.

MANCHESTER: PRINTED AT THE "GUARDIAN" STEAM PRINTING OFFICES, CROSS-STREET.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Culture and Trade	1
The Moral Character of Shakspere	19
What Work May Do	46
Father Mathew	62
Jim Wilson's Resolve, and What Came of it: A Tale of Lancashire Life	82
Public Schools	97
Labour	113
The Origin of Teetotalism	125
Amelia Sieveking	140
Life in England in the 14th and 15th Centuries	152
The English Non-Restraint Treatment of Lunatics	154
Rotterdam	156
Ozone	157
Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B.	159
Flower Shows by the Poor in Towns	166
Clean and Tidy Room Prizes	169
The Power of Sympathy	170
Ivy Cottage; or, The Sorrows of a Friend	172
Obsolete Legislation	193
Joseph Sturge	210
Helping the Poor	237
Parliament and the Liquor Traffic	246
Bluebeard's Closet	267
The Seven Physical Forces of Civilization	280
Caution to Women about to Marry	283
Female Attire	284
Outcasts (Poetry)	287
The Social Condition of France	293
A Mortifying Retrospect	310
The Literature of Temperance	322
The Epidemic of Fear	343
The Social Science Congress of 1864	357
My Brother's Execution	369
Tendencies of Debt amongst the Working Classes	377
Pawnbrokers	378
The Dolly Shop	379
The Pawnbrokers' Customers	381
Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserwerth	383
Notices of Books	90, 186, 288, 385

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Meliora.

Art. I.—CULTURE AND TRADE.

1. *The Friend: A Series of Essays to aid in the Formation of Fixed Principles in Politics, Morals, and Religion, &c.* By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 3 Vols. London: 1818.
2. *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic.* By Sir Wm. Hamilton, Bart. Edited by Rev. H. L. Mansel, B.D., LL.D., and John Veitch, M.A. Lecture I., Philosophy, its Absolute Utility. (a) Subjective. II. (b) Objective. Second Edition. Blackwood and Sons: 1861.
3. *Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.* By John Stuart Mill. 2 Vols. Fifth Edition. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn: 1852.
4. *Utilitarianism.* By John Stuart Mill. Reprinted from 'Fraser's Magazine.' London: Parker, Son, and Bourn: 1862.

FALLACIES live long and die slowly. One can never be certain, indeed, when a fallacy is dead. A lie, it is said, has no legs; but, certainly, a fallacy would be better if it had, since it manages to wriggle about like an eel long after it has been completely skinned, and contrives to restore itself, joint by joint, like the tape-worm, if only its head remain intact. But, of all fallacies, those growing out of any conceived dissimilarity live longest, deceive most, and die hardest. Pronounce any two things to be incompatible, socially, mentally, or morally, and you have uttered one of those charm-words, common to most languages, which either silence or forbid dispute, and preserve a fallacy from one age to another as amber does an insect, and limestone an animal. It matters little, indeed, whether the potent spell has been thus directly thrown over any two things by a strong individual mind, or indirectly by a gradual growth in the associations of many, since all men are so disposed to think after each other that the result is the same in either case. The world is full of these bisections, and they contract a certain consecrated power in passing from

the government of another. They are like the former figures in a row of the old Egyptian temples, with both the face on one side and both the feet on the other, so that the statue appears from each side as if both the figures were separate figures. And yet, as in the Egyptian statue, each body is fully seen. Such positions in human figures are very easily made, but are very seldom taken. The action of the generation is sometimes instinctive, sometimes not. Take the case of an apprentice, and of the trade he shall follow; the method of looking at any business is altogether guided by a previous one. Indeed, the history of these two professions furnishes more than one half of the history of the world as a human opinion.

Crime and theft are a part of these conditions incompatible. That is a spirit of enterprise springing up in one man that is fatal, and has already killed the previously known form. No single mind can think that it has been one of those which have made the crimes of the Grecian myths, from their being true, the crimes of fable false. And yet the feeling in their progress is sometimes destructive to the imaginative minds, and is followed by the extravagant regions of the intellect, dullness, sobriety, sullenness, and numbness. The truth of the age is frequently the folly of the time, and the high-wrought truth in the present instance, Calvin, was not only a person of a class or a caste, but is so to imagine and in the feeling of being so, the grandeur of the individual is lost in the shadow of a cloud of sand. In a thing of the kind, the evil and the good are the ideas and associations of the past which have become the antithesis for an hour.

It is not enough to warn, or have shunned the groundwork of any particular error; we must employ the leading tendencies of the printing-press, the library, with mechanics' institutes, which is still what it will both be and had, for fallible right years, and no longer, than suits its crows. It will be admitted, but mostly, that learning has ceased to be the especial privilege of professions, of a caste, except as the learned professions, which differ only by the force of association with the necessities of social and intellectual intercourse; it has been always maintained that the most powerful and the most intellectual, formerly, does not remain on that which the largest use of trade at the present time, and that the followers of the latter present a much more intellectual appearance now the former is broken up, than the former, when united, ever presented to the latter. In this form the fallacy seems potent and indestructible, but a closer examination of it reveals that it is only an apparent change

change of position, and that a supposed incompatibility, unmodified by time, is what is seriously maintained. This incompatibility, we hope to show, does not exist.

This has, first of all, to be shown historically. The circumstances which walled up culture from trade and trade from culture were accidental and not essential. It was neither in learning nor in trade that there lay any strong original germ of disunity, but in those circumstances which were peculiar to each in what we are pleased to term the dark ages of European literary history. The further we penetrate through this modern *ignarok* into preceding ages and nations, the more clearly does this appear. Manuscripts and books made learning expensive and hard to be secured, but before their accumulation and importance, there were the glorious ages of oral teaching and colossal memories. Priests were the earliest teachers, and from their position more learned than others could be, but only in a special way. In the patriarchal ages, it was the shepherd who was wisest in the lore of the stars and most learned in the mysteries of the herbs. He was also a musician, a poet, and a philosopher. In the earlier centuries of city life, the craftsmen were wiser than the idlers, if there were any; and even when an ecclesiastical polity like the Hebrews' was fully organized, laymen were not rendered ignorant by it of all that lay without the boundaries of a religious teaching and priesthood. The early traders were travellers, sharp men with quick faculties, ready wit, and marvellous penetration. They worked harder than we moderns are generally inclined to give them credit for having worked, and perhaps later, and there was so much cunning of hand, brain, and eye required to cope with the rude forces of nature, that one can even imagine them to have been more manly and intelligent than more secluded and leaf-learned scholars. Nor were they merely practical men who knew good harbours, markets, and grain-fields, but speculators also, bringing home fresh information, wonderful visions of other territories and races, and mingling fact and inference together in such a curious manner as to communicate vigorous mental impulsions wherever they were met and questioned. It is worth something to have seen and talked with a great traveller now, but nothing to what it must have been then. The Phœnicians were the greatest traders, navigators, and practical men we meet with in the history of the ancient world, and they were by no means destitute of culture. The invention of letters and arithmetic is generally ascribed to them by competent authorities, and they made considerable progress in mechanical and astronomical knowledge. Shipbuilding, if not invented, was, at any rate,

vastly

vastly improved by them, and it is extremely probable that only the obscurities of their language and the vicissitudes of their national existence have prevented the discovery of important literary remains.

The Greeks, next in importance, afford us the most original example that can be selected to illustrate our subject. No one would venture to deny the magnitude of the debt the world owes them for their poetry, history, and philosophy; but it is held convenient to forget that they also were traders in the most eminent degree, and known as such through the whole of the then civilized world. Culture and trade were certainly not antagonistic then, however much they have seemed to become so since. Phemius, the schoolmaster of Homer, was paid for his music and grammar by handfuls of wool; the fame of his pupil was carried into other countries by the traders who came for commerce or shelter to the roads of Smyrna; and Homer himself, with a fortune gained in the same way as his master's, was able to pay for his many years' wanderings in the vessel of Mentes, whereby the volume of the universe was opened to him, and the idea of his immortal epic gradually grew from its floating formlessness into distinctness and life. It was trade that made Athens famous before her learning made her immortal. Trade thus preceded her greatness, helped as much as anything to make it, and was all along contemporaneous with it, until, as the healthy interplay was lost, learning became at once the source of her magnificence and a great cause of her decline. Industry was, as it is still, according to Miss Bremer, one of the national virtues. Idleness, that is tradelessness, was punished by the laws of Solon, and, indeed, presented such a singular contrast to the Spartan notion, which held it to be a proof of rank, that a disciple of Lycurgus being in Athens when there was a trial for this offence, said, cynically, they punished the man for being a gentleman. According to a second Solonian law, whoever reproached either a man or a woman with carrying on business in the Agora (being, perhaps, as we should say, a huckster) was liable to a penalty. A third law decreed that whoever had not been instructed in a trade, or caused to be so instructed by his parents, was not under the necessity, otherwise rigorously enforced, of supporting them in their declining life. Commerce and culture went hand in hand. 'Their early philosophers,' says Bulwer Lytton, 'not being exempted from other employments, were not mere dreamers of the closet and the cell. They were active, practical, stirring men of the world. They were politicians and moralists as well as philosophers. The practical pervaded the ideal, and was, in fact, the

the salt that preserved it from decay. Thus legislation and science sprang simultaneously into life, and the age of Solon is the age of Thales.'* It was even so in later times, and with other men. Æschylus, the first tragedian of the old world, was a private soldier, and Socrates, its noblest teacher, was a statuary. All the youth and population of Athens blended trade and poetry, philosophy and science, in a manner which may seem inexplicable to us, but is none the less true on that account. And we would refer all those profound ideologists, home and foreign, who are always raving against literary, artistic, and scientific dilletantism, to the most flourishing periods of Athenian history when it was brought to its perfection; when the man who built your house, made your clothes, or sold you various articles of domestic use, was as likely to know as much about the poetry of Homer as yourself, and could, perhaps, thanks to the Theoricon, criticise a theatrical performance better, and possibly initiate your clever son into some of the recondite mysteries of the chorus and the choragy. It was only as the one grew into excessive disproportion to the other that the youth of Greece and the men of Greece became mere babblers and newsmongers. In the end, as Bulwer Lytton says, 'Genius itself became a disease, and poetry assisted towards the euthanasia of the Athenians;'† but only as the latter broke away from common life, and the former, from having lost the checks and counterbalances of trade, leaped out into a feeble, rootless, and feverish existence.

The Jews of the same era as the more flourishing Grecian one, had a proverb to the effect that a man who did not teach his son a trade taught him to steal, and a regulation based upon it as a fact which was beyond all question. There is, moreover, a singular significance in the circumstance that during his residence in Corinth, the idlest and most puerile city of the time, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who showed himself able to cope in learning with the sects of Greece, fell back upon his original occupation of tentmaking whilst he was still discoursing, or reasoning as we have it in old version, in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuading both Jews and Greeks. It also deserves mention here, as one of the most cheering aspects in the present stage and future progress of modern Greece, that trade and culture exhibit somewhat of their ancient and happy interpenetration. The Greeks work, as Miss Bremer says, 'from a natural impulse for activity.' Even the glory of Athens is modestly reappearing. 'Athens

* 'Athens; its Rise and Fall.' Vol. i., pp. 299, 300. 1837.
† Ibid. Vol. ii., p. 480.

is now,' the same writer observes, 'by means of her school and academies, becoming, as formerly, an attractive central-point for all Greeks, even beyond free Greece. *Poor boys of good families will often take service as apprentices, or even as servants, in Athens, merely to have the opportunity of attending its schools at the same time.*'*

Omitting the Romans as holding commerce in ill-disguised contempt, and as either carrying forward or confusing what the Greeks did for humanity, in showing that culture and trade, by their reaction on each other, completed the individual and national life, we come to the Arabians, whose position, in some respects unique, continually reminds us of that of Greece, although it is by no means so well known. It is well, as we have done before, to take the testimony of one who was certainly guiltless of endeavouring to make out a case or an argument. 'Masters of a great portion of the East,' says M. Sismondi, 'of the country of the Magi and the Chaldeans, whence the first light of knowledge had shone over the world; of the fertile Egypt, the store-house of human science; of Asia Minor, that smiling land where poetry, and taste, and the fine arts had their birth; and of the burning plains of Africa, the country of impetuous eloquence and subtle intellect; the Arabians seemed to unite in themselves the advantages of all the nations which they had thus subjugated. * * With all the delights which human industry quickened by boundless riches can procure, with all that can flatter the senses and attach the heart to life, the Arabians attempted to mingle the pleasures of the intellect, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and all that is most excellent in human knowledge—the gratification of the mind and the imagination. In this new career their conquests were not less rapid than they had been in the field, nor was the empire which they founded less extended. With a celerity equally surprising, it rose to as gigantic a height. It rested, however, on a foundation no less insecure, and it was quite as transitory in its duration.'† It is also to be remembered here, as effects of this double activity, that many learned authorities have claimed for the Arabs the invention and extensive manufacture of paper, the discovery of gunpowder, the invention of the mariner's compass, and a system of numerals that has completely changed the character of the mathematical and astronomical sciences. 'The number of Arabic inventions,

* 'Greece and the Greeks.' Vol. i., p. 11.

† 'Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe.' Vol. i. (Bohn), pp. 48, 49.

of

of which we enjoy the benefit without suspecting it, is prodigious,' affirms M. Sismondi.

Historically, then, without continuing our hurried glance into more modern times, the supposed antithesis appears to have very little foundation in fact. So far from culture and trade being essentially antagonistic, it has been seen that the greatest trading nations have also been the most cultivated nations, and this not because the two facts, as it may be retorted, were simply related as antecedent and consequent, or were only co-existent, but because each was co-efficient. Trade may create wealth, and wealth leisure, and leisure cultivation, so that it may seem just to deny that the two can be blended, although so intimately connected, but a more mutual dependence and a closer correspondence is observed the farther we press our inquiries into causes and relations, and the less we are hampered by theories and deceived by appearances. Of itself, indeed, trade produces a certain amount of mental cultivation, and culture reacts in the same manner upon trade by its bolder conceptions, profounder analyses, and grander discoveries. Action the essence of the one, and contemplation the essence of the other, may sometimes be successive, but are not contradictory states. Their tendency is always to coalesce like complementary parts of our consciousness. It might be pardonable for an old mystic to maintain that body was the great hindrance to the mind, and that conversion to oneself by its annihilation, in so far as possible, should be the grand ideal of life; but a broader philosophy has established their perfect synthesis, humanly speaking, and shown that so closely do the laws of the body commingle with those of the mind, that the truest and healthiest existence is only possible by the harmonious penetration and interplay of the forces of each. Two positions are thus seen to be turned. The proud intellectual man, who decries everything but intellectual pursuits, runs in perpetual danger of plunging himself and others into the vortex of a supra-sensual mysticism; and the colder practical or business man, who looks upon culture as a curse and a bugbear, and is, what few are, consistent even in his inconsistency, is equally in danger of dashing himself on the rocks of an atheistic materialism or cruel nihilism. As long as we have bodies to feed, clothe, shelter, and preserve, so long must there be a trading class, and trade itself will be co-extensive with even physical civilization, if there be no other; and as long as men have minds or souls bound up so intimately with them, must there be an equally large proportion of activity, expressive of their growth, answering to their wants, and shaping and perfecting their nobler and diviner

expectations.

expectations. Nay, by thus attempting to divide civilization into two forms, we have only the more precisely indicated its beautiful unity. A conception of trade as simply concerning itself with bodily wants, is felt to be as narrow as it is unjust—cutting off all those higher forms of it which are impregnated with artistic life, all those indispensable forms of it which make possible social as distinct from family life, and all those modern extensions of it which almost do away with *here* and *now* in their rapid transformations of our individual and national life. One may naturally fancy the most commercial of men revolting from a conception so nakedly presented, even when it is precisely the theory he maintains if he believes in the antagonism of culture and trade, and the more rigorously in proportion to the vigour with which he throws himself upon his own side of the question. Trade creates wealth, and culture thought; and one is the counterbalance and corrective of the evils engendered by an over-devotion to the other. Wealth may be consumed or dissipated, and in itself is nothing when deprived of what it represents or commands; but thought is indestructible, loveable, and valuable for its own sake, and pouring beauty and blessing over everything like the all-sustaining, all-vivifying sun. An idea, once born, never dies; it can only transmigrate. Wealth has made princes, but thought has made heroes. For the one, from personal interests, a man will gradually wear away his life; but for the other he will die, in some single and splendid act of the sublimest self-annihilation. Moreover, culture is nothing less than wealth by anticipation. The intellectual man of one generation holds as a means, or a result of culture, what will become commerce or trade in the next. An alchemist discovers in his golden dreams what perhaps is not gold, but yet helps wonderfully to make it in a succeeding generation. The fancy of a speculative chemist becomes fact in a branch of art-manufacture, and the solitary vigils of some eastern magi save the lives of thousands, and direct the commerce of the world. All intellectual cultivation is good in itself, and radiates that goodness in many ways and forms. It is impossible to prescribe what path or shape it shall take. To a man with the brain of Sir Charles Lyell, a sloping pebble or a worn rock is a wonderful teacher; and to Max Müller the simple terms father and mother, brother and sister, reveal a new page in the history of Arian civilization. Culture is, therefore, not only good in itself, but is fairly to be considered as one of the means or agencies in the production of wealth, even when it takes its highest recognized form. Let us hear one who has every right to be heard, when writing on this point—John Stuart Mill:— 'In

'In a national or universal point of view, the labour of the savant, or speculative thinker, is as much a part of production, in the very narrowest sense, as that of the inventor of a practical art; many such inventions having been the direct consequence of theoretic discoveries, and every extension of knowledge of the powers of nature being fruitful of applications to the purposes of outward life. The electro-magnetic telegraph was the wonderful and most unexpected consequence of the experiments of Œrsted and the mathematical investigations of Ampére; and the modern art of navigation is an unforeseen emanation from the purely speculative and apparently merely curious inquiry, by the mathematicians of Alexandria, into the properties of three curves formed by the intersection of a plane surface and a cone. No limit can be set to the importance, even in a purely productive and material point of view, of mere thought. Inasmuch, however, as these material points, though the result, are seldom the direct purpose of the pursuits of savants, nor is their remuneration in general derived from the increased production which may be caused incidentally, and mostly after a long interval, by their discoveries, this ultimate influence does not, for most of the purposes of political economy, require to be taken into consideration; and speculative thinkers are generally classed as the producers only of the books, or saleable articles which directly emanate from them. But when (as in political economy one should always be prepared to do) we shift our point of view, and consider not individual acts, and the motives by which they are determined, but national and universal results, intellectual speculation must be looked upon as a most influential part of the productive labour of society, and the portion of its resources employed in carrying on and remunerating such labour, as a highly productive part of its expenditure.' ('Political Economy'—'Labour as an Agent of Production.' Vol. i., chap. ii., pp. 50, 51.)

The history, indeed, of the correlation of culture and trade remains to be written by some broad and philosophic mind, ripe enough to be familiar with all the causes at work in moulding national life and in determining national history, and powerful enough to catch and blend all points and aspects into a connected and harmonious whole. One or two attempts have been indecisively made in this direction, but nothing on a scale at all befitting. Wanting this, and feeling, however feebly, that it can and will be done, it is a pleasure to find that in one of those brilliant flashes by which Coleridge illumined a whole field of knowledge, the vivifying idea has been brightly and broadly thrown out. Coloured as preceding remarks have no doubt been by this passage, we cannot for one moment be required to make any excuse for transferring a portion of it to these pages:—

'As there are two wants connatural to man, so are there two main directions of human activity pervading in modern times the whole civilized world; and constituting and sustaining that nationality which yet it is their tendency, and, more or less, their effect, to transcend and moderate—trade and literature. These were they, which after the gradual dismemberment of the old Roman world, gradually reduced the conquerors and the conquered at once into several nations and a common Christendom. The natural law of increase and the instincts of family may produce tribes, and, under rare and peculiar circumstances, settlements and neighbourhoods; and conquest may form empires. But without trade and literature, mutually commingled, there can be no nation; without commerce and science, no bond of nations. As the one hath for its object the wants of the body, real or artificial, the desires for which are for the greater part, nay, as far as respects the *origination* of trade and commerce, *altogether* excited from without; so the other

has for its origin, as well as for its object, the wants of the mind, the gratification of which is a natural and necessary condition of its growth and sanity. And the man (or the nation, considered according to its predominant character as one man) may be regarded under these circumstances as acting in two forms of method, inseparably co-existent, yet producing very different effects as one or the other obtains the primacy.* As is the rank assigned to each in the theory and practice of the governing classes; and, according to its prevalence, in forming the foundation of their public habits and opinions, so will be the outward and inward life of the people at large; such will the nation be. In tracing the epochs and alternations of their relative sovereignty or subjection, consists the PHILOSOPHY of History. In the power of distinguishing and appreciating their several results consists the historic SENSE; and that under the ascendancy of the mental and moral character, the *commercial* relations may thrive to the utmost *desirable* point, while the reverse is ruinous to both, and sooner or later effectuates the fall or debasement of the country itself—this is the richest truth obtained for mankind by historic RESEARCH; though unhappily it is the truth, to which a rich and commercial nation listens with most reluctance and receives with least faith.'—('The Friend.' Vol. iii., pp. 237, 8, 9.)

There would seem little need after so powerful a passage as this (quoted precisely as it stands in the original, so as not to press any words or phrases to our services, by italics or otherwise) to say anything further concerning the supposed antithesis of culture and trade, but that, by way of completely exposing a fallacy to which this country is more prone than any other, it now behoves us that we should turn the subject round in another light. Having shown that culture and trade do not exterminate each other, except as any good by unhealthy and perverted excess may become injurious and fatal, it remains that we should determine, or adduce reasons or facts for helping others to determine, that trade and culture may go hand in hand in the same individual, producing in the single what they are seen to do in the national life. In proportion to the truthfulness with which the latter has been done should the former be less necessary, and less arduous. Here, however, lies the true pinch of the case, and here it is that the fallacy in question either fights determinedly as an open foe, or shelters itself behind such apparently impregnable barriers, as 'the present constitution of social states,' 'the recognized tendencies of the age,' or a subtile indefinite 'necessity,' which may mean either or both of the two previous ones, or some vaguer and philosophic *idee*.

We do not hesitate for one moment as to how we shall open an attack. We take first metaphysical ground, as best clearing away those confused notions which are so injurious in every department of action and speculation. When it was told Dr. Johnson that Sir John Pringle had said that Adam Smith, knowing nothing of trade, could no more be expected to write well upon it than a lawyer upon physic, he replied

* 'The senses, the memory, and the understanding (*i.e.*, the retentive, reflective, and judicial functions of his mind), being common to both methods.'

that

that he was mistaken, adding, 'there is nothing which requires more to be illustrated by philosophy than trade does.' The remark has not lost its truth, especially as respects the subject in hand. Coleridge has clearly suggested the homogeneousness of the methods common to both trade and culture; and his idea may be filled out and developed in many directions. Firstly, we may say that culture is necessary to trade in almost any form, or all prior education might be dispensed with; and, secondly, it may be added, that in proportion to the degree and success of the prior cultivation will be the grade subsequently assumed and the success attained by the subject of it. Facts and illustrations supporting these positions can scarcely be required by an observing mind. It is true, as respects the second observation, that we may be told that a liberal education will not make a youth a better grocer or draper. We admit it, but reply, that the result will be not the youth's fault, but your's that put him to such occupations. We would cast no slur upon either of these honourable vocations, but only wish to enunciate that some discretionary forethought should be exercised before a youth is committed to any vocation for life. Further, one may announce as an axiom, or better, as in incontrovertible induction, that whatsoever increases any one's power of attention, increases in the same ratio, other things being equal, the same individual's fitness for any and all kinds of business, and especially those forms of it held to be most contrarious in the present feverish agitations and fluctuations of trade. One of the happiest definitions of genius, which successfully overcomes the transcendental difficulty always felt in rendering any adequate account of its conditions, or attempting an exhaustive analysis of its powers, is that given by Helvetius, when he tells us that 'Genius is nothing but a continued attention,' supplemented, as it is, by the numerous facts which Sir William Hamilton has brought together when considering the faculty in general, and so unmistakeably presented by Carlyle, when he says that genius 'means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all; given a huge stack of tumbled thrums, it is not in your sleep that you will find the vital centre of it, or get the first thrum by the end!'* Reid, in fact, tells us that Sir Isaac Newton, in replying to one who complimented him on his force of genius, said that his discoveries were more owing to patient attention than to any other talent.†

Singularly enough, this very same faculty or aspect of consciousness is claimed as the grand indispensable qualification

* 'Frederick the Great.' Vol. i., p. 407. † 'Hamilton.' Vol. i., p. 257.

for

for trade. Continuous and concentrated attention to business is the great watchword of commerce, the *primum mobile* of business life. It is held in reverence, as the highest human faculty, by every successful merchant, and injunctions thereon are drummed into the ears of every awkward apprentice, as though it were a sort of 'categorical imperative.' It is expected to develope itself one cannot tell how, and conduct its possessor one cannot tell where. The youth is to think of nothing but business, that his attention may be undivided, and not to cultivate the faculty in any other way, lest it should withdraw so much from his duties. The result is well-known, or might be, if men would but look through the surfaces about them, and discern the torture, the dwarfage, and the debilitating effects that follow, the latter to trade itself. For one business man made by this compressing process, half-a-dozen are spoiled for that and everything else, in both body and mind. Business, itself, is made a thousand times more hateful than it needs be, and what a man is made to hate and at the same time to do, he is surely little likely to be very proficient in, or grow up with a very profound reverence for. Half the growing disinclination to trade, manifested by the cleverer portion of our youthful middle-class population, is due to the tyrannical way in which business is thus made to be the harpy that is to drive out everything else, useful, beautiful, or true, and seat herself at the dark centre, as a tragic overshadowing Fate, rattling her terrible wheel in a clamour of judgment and affright. It may be true that great, even severe and exclusive devotion to business, is one of the necessities of this age of competition; but does it, therefore, follow that this can only be obtained by making it as obnoxious as can be, in allowing no free play for the promotion of corrective activities, and leaving out of the question all regard for the moral and physical well-being of those upon whom such tendencies tell most fearfully? It is forgotten that if attention is never disciplined by what will create pleasure, it can never be forced by what is sure to give pain; and those masters who leave out of view everything that does not seem to directly conduce to their personal ends are only daily depriving themselves of tangible benefits, pecuniarily, physically, and mentally, by a blindness which has something almost tragic about it, in the results which it is seen occasionally to produce.

We have come now into the midst of a congeries of small fallacies. It is a fallacy on the part of any youth to believe that he needs only learn something of what the Germans aptly call the *Bread and Butter Sciences;* and another on the part of his master

master that he is only responsible for imparting a knowledge of the above in his own special vocation. It may be excusable for the youth who is just on the threshold of life, but it is scarcely so for the master, since if the former be legally bound apprentice to him he has made himself responsible for something more. In very old fashioned indentures 'soberlye correction' is mentioned as one of the ways in which the youth is to have a fatherly oversight given to him, and in modern ones there are references to playhouses, gaming, taverns, the contraction of marriage, and the like, which are more than sufficient to establish the fact that a general and moral oversight at any rate, if not direction, is intended. It is of no use to plead that by the tacit consent of many, no regard is paid to this portion of an indenture, other than that of a mere negative watching on the master's part with a view to personal interests. By every obligation, written and unwritten, the master is bound to fulfil his own engagements. An indenture is a covenant between two parties, and is so called from the fact that originally one person kept part of the document and the other the remainder, the fitting of the two by a zigzag line establishing their verity. Now, if the apprentice strive to do his part of the covenant, the master does not fulfil his if he withhold this overseership and general but free direction. Another fallacy on the part of the youth, made almost a truth in proportion to the severity of the exactions of his master, is that when work is done he must needs *always* be amused, and that mental or moral improvement is a wearying drudgery for which if his master does not make him time he is not himself bound to find any. No words of ours can picture the thick, trampling evils that crowd about this fallacy, and flout their impurities in the face of everything that is beautiful and holy. The master, too, shares in the fallacy and the shamelessness its belief and acting-out bring, when he makes unnecessary encroachments in this way, and then proceeds to proclaim as an essential negative in the relation of culture and trade what he himself has made accidental, without the impulsion or the assistance of any social forces or fashions. The master again cramps the youth entrusted, in tender and pliant years, to his oversight and care, by another fallacy almost as universal as trade itself, namely, that the more any one knows about matters outside his line of business the worse workman he will be for it. A clever youth is, therefore, always looked shyly at, and unceremoniously cuffed, if he have any cleverness which his master cannot press into his own service and derive a direct benefit from. We cannot write too hard things against this fundamental fallacy in the general

mind

mind of shopdom. It leads to deceit and secret studies that undermine the health, whilst it makes the strong mind look upon apprenticeship as little better than negro slavery. Moreover, it frequently smites down many a fair young mind, fitting itself by its own methods for, perhaps, the very vocation deemed to be distasteful or neglected in disgust. 'Serve him right to die of hunger, for he neglects his business,' said the neighbours to Palissy, the potter, when, through failure, hunger, and physical torture, he was most about the very business, nay, the glory of his life! And yet one would think that an intellectual workman, or apprentice, were better for any master than a day-attentive and night-sottish one, often gradually driven into being the latter by harshness and 'none-of-your-books-here' kind of treatment at home. But it will be urged that if an individual be allowed to occupy himself with any scientific, artistic, or literary pursuit, he would follow it when he ought to be doing something else, or run after it in imagination during business hours. Such day-dreaming, however, over worse things does prevail extensively without this allowance, and would be much more likely to be altogether prevented if opportunities were given for following either of the above pursuits at definite periods of leisure. The stimulus to work, and the joyous rebound, would have the happiest effect upon the higher and deeper emotions. Servility would give place to trusting affection, and drudgery be sublimed into the holiness of duty. Work well, play well, is a good description of character, when read either way; and we have only to read work well *to* play well, to make of it a most powerful incitive to any healthy mind. And yet how few masters, excepting in large establishments of adults, where it is necessitated, provide a sitting room for their employés and apprentices! How few pay subscriptions at libraries for them, and get useful works or good periodicals, with a view of putting healthy literature in their way! How few encourage a studious youth, after shop-hours, to read a book, learn a language, or work a problem in Euclid! How few say, 'Here, John, I see you are fond of staying at home in the evening, and I like to see it, but as you may miss out-door exercise, in future you shall have half or three-quarters of an hour daily, when I can well spare it, for out-door exercise, for I like to see you careful of your evenings!' It is of no use to plead that the exigencies of trade will not allow of such things: *man must not be unmanned even to live.*

The part just touched is, perhaps, the most painful part of our subject, because of the power held by one class, and the general helplessness and prostration of the other; but it is by no means the only painful one. All through the trading class, from grade

grade to grade, may be seen the disastrous effects of the operation of the central fallacy through the several lesser ones it stimulates into being. Men who might be wiser, better, and happier, petulantly refuse to be made, or to make themselves so, and when business is over and a little respite allowed them from its cares, they still hug it as a 'substantial form,' and potter about over nothing at all, in a semi-vacuous condition of mind, because they do not wish to distract themselves by applying to anything outside. Such men sometimes keep their country houses, and go through a mock separation from business every day at four o'clock in the afternoon. Of course there are many felicitous exceptions here as elsewhere, and we joyfully recognize them, but still there is too much of that listlessness out of harness which induces *ennui*, and lays open the mental and moral nature to many bewildering and dangerous enchantments. Be always busy with something, is one of the remedies urged by Democritus, junior, for the cure of love-melancholy, and substantiated by him with happy quotations from Virgil, Savanarola, and Avicenna. But what is to cure the melancholy that is engendered by business itself? Love? or culture? or both? Idleness to a real man of business is wearisomeness at any time, unless it be filled with pleasure-trips and summer holidays. But is cessation from trade idleness? A man may not only cultivate his own nature pleasantly and profitably, but help others in the same duty, by example, counsel, and assistance. A man may learn to entertain himself, and find more real relaxation than he has anticipated in what at first appeared to him to be only a continuation or aggravation of his previous labour. If there is one law of life more emphasised than another by the highest modern physio-psychologists, it is that mental exercise is not in itself destructive but conducive to health, and especially as it alternates with physical, and physical especially as it alternates with mental. References seem unnecessary here where facts are so plentiful, and we do not hope to persuade those by authority whom we cannot convince by reason. If to be human be worth anything, to be harmoniously human is surely worth everything. Without in any way wishing to make and proclaim a gospel of mere self-culture, or confining culture to such ideal regions, one may still find deep and tender truth in that trite injunction of Goethe's, '*Every day* hear a little song, see a good picture, read some poetry, and if possible talk some sensible words.' Men are continually bisecting themselves, and throwing the blame of their weariness, as they distil the curse of their bitterness, upon their fellow-men, their social state, or the forces of the age, but never by any means upon themselves. And here, lest we might seem to need high authority, we give it:—

'Next to selfishness,' says Mr. Mill, 'the principal cause which makes life unsatisfactory is want of mental cultivation. A cultivated mind, I do not mean that of a philosopher, but any mind to which the fountains of knowledge have been opened, and which has been taught, in any tolerable degree, to exercise its faculties, finds sources of inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds it; in the objects of nature, the achievements of art, the imaginations of poetry, the incidents of history, the ways of mankind past and present, and their prospects in the future.'—('Utilitarianism,' p. 20.)

It would be cruel to wish to narrow the effects of culture in any way by the exclusion of any, even the lowest class. What is good for one human being, simply in virtue of all that makes him one, is surely good for another. There can be no proprietary in truth and knowledge. They are like fresh air which is the right of everybody, and which if a man do not find immediately about him, is easily procurable by a change of position. In all conditions and circumstances men are found to become intelligent and cultivated by more causes within than beyond their own control. As far as even the strictly labouring classes are concerned, trade and culture are everywhere seen to be friendly and not inimical powers, and a little more fostering of good habits, such as we see and hear of in many places, by their wealthy masters, would considerably benefit both parties. We frequently hear, however, that educational efforts are dangerous because they breed discontent, and some employers eye suspiciously any movements that would make their workmen feel they deserved better situations and higher wages. This distrust turns upon two things, a fallacy, and a narrow mistaken selfishness, both welded together by a miscalled and misread experience. The fallacy, in one of its aspects, has been already touched upon: here it is simply, that all a master is bound to pay for, is work and not intelligence; that so long as the former is done as he wants it, he has nothing to do with the latter. There can be no fear of starting a difficult problem by denying this. An intelligent workman is, or ought to be, more valuable than one less so, and, if his master does not think so, the sooner the workman finds some one else who does, the better for all parties concerned. The error lies with the master who does not see his own interest, rather than with the shifting and discontented workman who does. Some employments are so mechanical as not to require much mental energy, but no employments can be carried on without it, and even those most mechanical are open to many improvements from their being followed by better workmen, who could possibly find out how it could be done without a workman at all. The closer we probe into the origin of many inventions and discoveries, the more do we find this to be true. It has been so through other times, and is so still.

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There is scarcely a large employer of this kind of labour in the kingdom who has not many facts to establish the truth. 'I believe I am correct in stating,' Sir Benjamin Brodie makes Eabulus say in his 'Psychological Inquiries,' 'that in the manufacturing districts most of the improvements in machinery have originated with the artizans to whom the immediate management of the machines has been entrusted; and it is difficult to say how much of the improvements of agriculture may not, in the first instance, have been derived from the casual remarks and suggestions of farm-labourers.'* The effect of this culture upon the labouring classes themselves is in itself a most fruitful topic. Their well-being is, indeed, in every way bound up with it. Mr. Mill has some excellent remarks upon this head in a chapter entitled 'The Probable Futurity of the Labouring Classes,' from which we can only quote a portion :—

'It is on a far other basis that the well-being and well-doing of the labouring people must henceforth rest. The poor have come out of leading strings, and cannot any longer be governed or treated like children. To their own qualities must now be commended the care of their destiny. Modern nations will have to learn the lesson, that the well-being of a people must exist by means of the justice and self-government, the δικαιοσύνη and σωφρούνη, of the individual citizens. The theory of dependence attempts to dispense with these qualities in the dependent classes. But now, when even in position they are becoming less and less dependent, and their minds less and less acquiescent in the degree of dependence which remains, the virtues of independence are those which they stand in need of. Whatever advice, exhortation, or guidance is held out to the labouring classes, must henceforth be tendered to them as equals, and accepted with their eyes open. The prospect of the future depends on the degree in which they can be made rational beings.

'There is no reason to believe that prospect other than hopeful. The progress, indeed, has hitherto been, and still is, slow. But there is a spontaneous education going on in the minds of the multitude, which may be greatly accelerated and improved by artificial aids. * * * From this increase of intelligence, several effects may be confidently anticipated. First: that they will become even less willing than at present to be led and governed, and directed in the way they should go, by the mere authority and *prestige* of superiors. If they have not now, still less will they have hereafter, any deferential airs, or religious principle of obedience, holding them in mental subjection to a class above them. The theory of dependence and protection will be more and more intolerable to them, and they will require that their conduct and condition shall be essentially self-governed. It is, at the same time, quite possible that they may demand, in many cases, the intervention of the legislature in their affairs, and the regulation by law of various things which concern them, often under very mistaken ideas of their interest. Still, it is their own will, their own ideas and suggestions, to which they will demand that effect should be given, and not rules laid down for them by other people. It is quite consistent with this that they should feel respect for superiority of intellect and knowledge, and defer much to the opinions on any subject, of those whom they think well acquainted with it. Such deference is deeply grounded in human nature; but they will judge for themselves of the persons who are and who are not entitled to it.

'It appears to me impossible but that the increase of intelligence, of education, and of the love of independence among the working classes, must be attended with a corresponding growth of the good sense, which manifests itself in provident habits

* Second part, p. 145.

of conduct, and that population, therefore, will bear a gradually diminishing ratio to capital and enjoyment. This most desirable result would be much accelerated by another change, which lies in the direct line of the best tendencies of the time; the opening of industrial occupations freely to both sexes.'—('Political Economy.' Vol. ii., pp. 332, 3, 4.)

If the fallacy under consideration had been confined in its operations to trade, it would not be half so difficult to dislodge and explode. But that specious naturalness, which makes its force and fascination, has enabled it to creep stealthily into education, and even conceal itself under the reverential garb of religion. Knowledge itself is made to have a marketable value, not ultimately, but proximately, and immediate production, or direct remuneration, to be the aim and end of many educational efforts. It is thought that we do not so much want men as money-factors. The dignity and perfectibility of human nature is nothing; its transmutation into gold pieces, and things tangible, everything. Life is real, and earnest, too, but only half of it. The ideal-man is that happily pictured by Jean Paul, where one half is a giant, and the other a dwarf, excepting that in this instance the giant side is the practical and not the ideal half. Thus the whole subject-matter of human knowledge is divided into that which is Utilitarian, and that which is Speculative, as if the division would hold good for a moment in the presence of enlightened reason! The latter division, we may state, includes theology, natural and revealed, moral philosophy, metaphysics, and some of the as yet infant sciences, so that there is very little left in the former. And here, it is well to remember, that those thinkers who introduced the term Utilitarian, as the designation of their theory of morals, and would now resume it if by so doing they can hope to contribute anything towards rescuing it from the 'utter degradation' into which it has fallen, namely, its perversion into simple use, pleasure, or expediency—do not hold in the least with a division which would narrow their foundation of morals, and cut off all the higher aspects of human thought and endeavour. So that the division of knowledge into these two apparently opposite parts may be fairly considered, morally and intellectually, to belong to the very persons who claim a more transcendental ground in the one, only to let it slip from them in the other; to such inconsistencies do fallacies lead men, first blinding their eyes, and then endeavouring to persuade them that they see so much the better. The effect of this is manifest in the shallow scepticism that affects alike education and religion. Whatsoever does not produce immediate and definite results in the former that can be easily tabulated, or speedily returned in the schedule of the income tax, is thought to be all so much waste and weariness.

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The religious aspect of the question we may not press here, but we would solemnly protest against that sad scepticism, calling itself religious belief, which makes itself the enemy of anything like a genuine, intellectual, and well-balanced manliness. These two later branches of our subject, indeed, deserve much more thought from everybody than they have hitherto had, in their extremely extensive and diversified relations. Vapid and clap-trap agitation we have already had about the usefulness of this or that institution for this or that class of persons, but that is not what is wanted. Rhetorical flourishes are excellent embellishments, and sometimes captivate and then persuade, but for real and genuine incisiveness commend us to a little plain speaking and simple logic. We do not want pictures; we want punctures. We want the matter driving home, sharply, often, and closely to ourselves as masters, servants, or, in any sense, parties concerned. The principle is clear enough, but our action will make it clearer. There needs be no parleying at supposed barriers, and no hesitation over partial failures. A joyful energy will overleap all hindrances, and recover from all disconcertments. The pressure of a gigantic necessity ought to make us prompt with a stubborn pride and a flashing heroism. Everywhere, look where we will, we miss men, and the agony of despair creeps over, when we meet only homunculuses, apologies, and 'clothes-horses.' 'Have you dug up a great man lately?' asked a distinguished American of an English friend. It is a question we might frequently be profitably asking of each other, and preparing ourselves, modestly, as best we may, to answer it in thought, action, and example. We are all Memphises and Pompeiis, it would seem, for it takes a good deal of rubbish-clearing before most of us get a sight of our real selves. Strange, that a man should live so long with himself, sleep, walk, and talk, and yet only begin to know himself when the rays of another life come through his chinks and crannies!

Art. II.—THE MORAL CHARACTER OF SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'place in the Temple of Fame is,' as J. O. Halliwell remarks, 'irrevocably fixed; and his works are no longer affected by praise or censure.' It is admitted, on all hands, that, as regards thought, the dramas of Shakespeare are 'rich as the oozy bottom of the deep in sunken

sunken wrack and sumless treasures.' There is no need, therefore, of enlargement, by any one, on a theme so trite as the unparalleled excellency of the genius of

'The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage.'

In the general verdict of all modern critics we may safely concur. The intellectual supremacy of Shakespeare may now be granted to be unquestionable. The ages have carried his venture safely 'adown the fretful tide of circumstance,' even to our days; and the more we examine the wealth of poetry with which it is freighted, the more astounded we become at the niggardly pittance of biographical material regarding our imperial benefactor the records of his time afford us. 'We as little feel the power of identifying the young man who came up from Stratford, and was afterwards an indifferent player in a London theatre, and retired to his native place in middle life, with the author of Macbeth and Lear, as we can give a distinct historic personality to Homer.' Hallam, perhaps, in this sentence underrates the worth, for comprehending the outward life of Shakespeare, of the traditions which Rowe digested into a narrative; the ingenious inferences and acute guesses of Steevens, Malone, and Knight, concerning dates and facts; and the results of the laborious researches of Halliwell, Collier, Dyce, and Singer, into the history of the drama, in the musty records of the Elizabethan period, and among the byeways of the literature of the stage. For we must confess that our curiosity, by its yearning for a complete, delightful, life-like picture, causes much of its own disappointment, and by its straining after impossibilities makes us forget the true uses of the information we possess. It would, undoubtedly, be satisfying, if not gratifying, were we able to behold, in a clear consecutive memoir, 'Our Shakespeare,' as Milton fondly calls him, 'in his habit as he lived.' The story of his early struggles, hopes, fears, and ultimate success; of his poetic aspirations, efforts, and shy toying with the muses, and then of his bold bearding of the public critics in verse, and his dashing claim for notice on the stage; of his private crosses, annoyances, and griefs; his social talk and home enjoyments, his businesses, labours, and triumphs, his mode of taking the vicissitudes of life, and of meeting the emergencies of public and private change; and the narrative of the method he pursued in study, in building up those magnificent creations of his out of the airy nothings of fancy, and in daily contact with his neighbours, friends, and fellow-playwrights, would certainly be full of interest. We should like to note his progress at school, his habits as a young man, the

the manner in which he conducted himself when 'he would a-wooing go,' how Henley-street regarded him, in what way he lived while writing for and acting at the 'Globe,' on the Bankside, and with what humours he disported himself in his 'wit combats' at the Mermaid. Other and graver curiosities assail us too—with what eyes did he look on life, time, religion, and eternity? Did he hold a faith which regulated the pulses of his heart and the impulses of his nature? Did he live worthy of the vocation whereunto he was called, in all the relations of life, as a genius, a man, and a Christian? So grows the insatiable appetite, that, to find food for itself, curiosity would give itself to restless questioning, and ever as a reply was given it would reiterate the ceaseless cry of the daughters of the horseleech—give! give! We cannot hope to satiate this cormorant greed by any revelations of new facts, but we may, by calling attention to the reperusal of the facts of which we are already the possessors, show that they tell more than we have hitherto learned from them—if we do so, as we desire, 'in the modesty of fearful duty.'

The times are now astir with Shakespeare's name. A great national festival is even now approaching the day of celebration, by which the meditations of men must be bent upon the character of our chief dramatist. We purpose, therefore, to set forth the facts of Shakespeare's life in such a form as shall enable us to offer some specific opinions concerning his moral character, such as it may be beneficial at this season to impress upon the minds of those who cannot themselves pursue to their sources the scattered and fragmentary materials out of which the ordinary memoirs of 'the Swan of Avon' are prepared.

These sources are, as we have said, exceedingly scanty. A great deal of the trustworthiness of any memoir elaborated from such meagre elements must depend upon the manner in which these are arranged, the criticism employed to test their authenticity, and the consistency of all the inferences deduced from them, with all the statements accepted as available and reliable. Hitherto the biography of Shakespeare has been a clueless maze, because no specific order has been observed in combining the facts which, when duly arranged, constitute all that we have to form the groundwork of a story. Yet a distinguished critic in the 'Quarterly Review' (James Hannay, author of 'Singleton Fontenoy,' 'Satire and Satirists,' &c.), July, 1859, has said 'that there is much more known than has yet been wisely used even about Shakespeare, who still waits the man that is to distil from the gathered lore of the antiquaries the precious ointment of critical biography.'

In this paper we purpose supplying a chronological arrangement.

ment of the materials at hand (which singularly enough has never yet been done), noting the various items which each witness adds to our store; and we shall thereafter endeavour to infer what manner of man he was in life and labours, of whom these various accounts are handed down to us. In so doing we shall learn more of the man, his position and his influence, than would be possible in a more formal and digested memoir.

The early history of every man is involved in his parentage, connections, education, and surroundings.

The registers of Stratford inform us that William Shakespeare, son of John Shakespeare, was baptized April 26th, 1564. By tradition and inference the 23rd of April is assigned as his birthday, and a house in Henley-street, now in possession of the nation, is believed to have been his birth-place. His father was a burgess of the corporation, and graduated through all the municipal offices—as the Stratford records show—from ale-taster to alderman, between 1557 and 1572. In the former year, probably, he married Mary Arden, 'daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden, of Wilmcote,' at which time he possessed two copyhold estates, viz., a house, garden, and croft, in Greenhill-street, and a house and garden in Henley-street. Three years after the latter date he bought two other houses in Henley-street. During this period John Shakespeare was in thriving circumstances, was reckoned a safe accountant, and a man of good business capacity and habits. In the early part of his career he was engaged in the different businesses of a woolstapler, which then included 'Graziers, Butchers, Tanners, Sheepmasters, Woodmen, &c.,' and as a small rural capitalist seems to have prospered fairly for a time—for the frequency with which notices of his suing and being sued appear in the registry of the Court of Record, may be held to prove that he had an active and extensive business, in which, of course, disputes would arise and difficulties would occur.

Certain facts have been brought together from which it is generally inferred that John Shakespeare began about this time to fall into disfavour with fortune. In 1578 he and his wife mortgaged the estate of Ashbies for 40*l.*; in 1579 they sold their immediate interest in some property in Snitterfield for 4*l.*, and in 1580 their reversionary interest for 40*l.*; about 1577, John Shakespeare became irregular in his attendance at the councils of the corporation, was exempted from payment of a tax of fourpence a week for the poor in 1578, and was named among the defaulters in an account of money levied in 1579 for the purchase of armour and defensive weapons; at the

the same time we know he was indebted to Roger Sadler 5*l.*; in Jan., 1586, he had no possessions in Stratford 'that were able to be distrained;' in the same year he was deprived of his alderman's gown, because he 'dothe not come to the Halles when warned * * * * nor hathe not done of longe tyme.' Such are the chief items of the proofs of the decadence of the Shakespeare family. We think they are susceptible of another interpretation. Are they not, in fact, explained by the very 'indenture' of the Snitterfield sale, in which we read of 'John Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the Countye of Warwicke, *yoman*, and Mareye his wyeffe;' and by the fact that he was summoned as *a juryman* to the Court of Record, in May, 1586? John Shakespeare had become a 'yeoman,' a *probus et legalis homo*, at the head of the classes below a gentleman, and as a *juryman*, possessed of a 40*l.* freehold at least. He had devoted himself to his extra-burghal pursuits, had forsaken the town, and had comparatively lost his interest in it. The very toleration extended to him as an alderman is proof of the desire of the Stratfordians to conciliate him, and of the consideration in which he was held; for they kept his name on the roll, though he had only made seven appearances in the council in ten years. As every alderman who absented himself was liable to fine, our argument is strengthened materially; for either Shakespeare could afford to pay the 'merciament,' or the corporation waived the charge in deference to his position and character, as making him an acquisition to the council. This interpretation, too, harmonizes with the testimony to his ambition implied in Dethick's defence of himself, in 1597, the truth of which commentators had doubted, because it so ill agreed with the (supposed) circumstances of the applicant, that 'this John [Shakespeare] hath a patierne thereof [*i.e.*, of the blazon of the arms he claimed as a gentleman,], under Clarence Cooke's hand in paper XX yere's past [*i.e.*, in 1577.] A justice of peace, and was baylife, officer, and cheffe of the town of Stratford upon-Avon XV or XVI yeres past. That he hath lands and tenementes of good wealth and substance, 500*l.*' &c. Add to these facts this other, that John Shakespeare neither mortgaged nor parted with his Henley-street properties, which descended by inheritance to his illustrious son.

We believe, then, that we may safely state that the boyhood of William Shakespeare was spent in the midst of active business matters—cared for morally by his mother, and looked after as to conduct and school-progress by his father, in comfort and plenty, in a family honoured not only for their position in the town, but for themselves. The Royal Grammar School

School of Stratford-upon-Avon supplied free education for boys, provided 'that the boy be seven years old, able to read, and resident in the town.' As the school was specially connected with the corporation, and John Shakespeare was in 1571 the chief alderman of the borough, it has been inferred that his son was educated there, and all the probabilities combine to make us give the deduction credence. For six or seven years, therefore, we may suppose that he was receiving the best education the town afforded, and was engaged in the school-lads' ordinary tasks and sports. Here what the scholarly Jonson, trained under Camden at Westminster, called his 'little Latin and less Greek' were gained, and the pith of his mind was expended on the acquisition of the enriching lore of ancient literature. When his father began to devote himself more exclusively to husbandry—as we assume he did—Shakespeare, as a capable lad, would naturally be withdrawn from school to help the money-making father. In this office he doubtlessly acquired the careful, thrifty, business habits we know he afterwards showed. Here the handsome and spirited lad pursued his course upwards, and acquired a reputation among the people of his own rank for talent and vivacity. He was sought as company, and he sought company, especially the company of one who taught him the essence of all true poetry, who made him a sonneteer, and led him to say—

> 'O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
> And you and love are still my argument;
> So all my best is dressing old words new,
> Spending again what is already spent.
> For as the sun is daily new and old,
> So is my love still telling what is told.'—'Sonnet,' 76.

This was Anne Hathaway, 'the daughter of a substantial yeoman,' to whom, after the fashion of his time, he was betrothed in the summer of 1582, his father being then both yeoman and alderman. To her he was married some time after the 28th November of that same year, as we infer from the bond preserved in the Worcester registry, given on the occasion of the intended marriage, 'that if hereafter there shall not appear any lawfull lett or impediment, by reason of any pre-contract, consanguinity, or affinity, or by any other lawfull means whatsoever,' these two 'may lawfully solemnize matrimony together,' which bears the marks of two neighbours of the bride's, Fulco Sandells and John Rychardson, of Shottery. The entry of the actual solemnization of these nuptials has not been found; but the registry of Stratford-upon-Avon contains among its baptisms, 'May 26th, 1583, Susanna, daughter to Wm. Shakspere,' and 'Feb. 2, 1584-5, Hamnet and Judeth, sonne and daughter to Wm. Shakspere.' Before

Before he had attained his majority, therefore, we know that Shakespeare was married and the father of three children, having, we presume, a house and income of his own, and, having given hostages to fortune, bent upon living a life of his own.

Up to this point we have followed in the main the common narrative form of biography; from this point we intend to place the reader in the same case with regard to Shakespeare as one is ordinarily circumstanced in when forming opinions from hearsay evidence and disjointed facts. We can almost all construct from similar materials a fair enough ordinary estimate of a man and his life; and, pursuing this natural form of *biographizing*, we shall subjoin in the briefest possible form an abstract, authenticated by reference to the original sources, and in chronological order, of the more special reports which have come down to us about Shakespeare.

Premising, then, that the age of Elizabeth was pre-eminently that of the drama; that the theatre was to the citizens of that time, mechanics' institute, public meeting, reading room, club, library, newspaper, magazine, and people's college all in one; that writing for it was the refuge of those who had failed in the more serious paths of life; that many players and playwrights belonged to Shakespeare's neighbourhood, and that the corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon had sometimes encouraged the visits of players to the town by their presence and perquisites; and adding to these the facts that Shakespeare was a 'personable' man, with poetic tendencies, and a wish to get his foot upon the ladder of fortune, and we have mentioned occasioning causes enough for his proclivity to the stage. The earliest presumable reference to Shakespeare as a player is contained in Thomas Nash's address 'To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities,' prefixed to Greene's 'Menaphon,' 1587, wherein he says, 'It is a common practice, now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that *run through every art and thrive by none*, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely Latinise their neck-verse if they should have need * * and yet if you intreat him fair in a frosty morning he will afford you whole *Hamlets*—I should say handfuls—of tragical speeches.' He also speaks of 'the servile imitation of vainglorious tragedians * * the alchymists of eloquence who, mounted on the stage of arrogance, *think to outbrave better pens* with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse.'

This strain of jealous abuse is repeated in the same writer's 'Anatomie of Absurditie,' 1589, in these words:—

'What will they not faine for gain? Hence come our babbling ballats and our new-found songs and *sonnets*. . . . . *They make poetry an occupation*, lying is their living, and fables are their moveables. . . . . They contemn Arts as unprofitable, contenting themselves with a little country grammar knowledge, God wote!'

In Spenser's 'Tears of the Muses,' published in 'Complaints,' 1591, and full of allusions to the personages and literary history of the time, especially regarding 'The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,' *Thalia*, the muse of Comedy, laments that

> 'He—the man whom Nature's self hath made
> To mock herself, and truth to imitate
> With kindly counter under mimic shade,
> Our pleasant Willy . . . . . .
> Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
> Than so himself to mockery to sell.'

This passage is generally believed to refer to Shakespeare, and this opinion must be strengthened by the fact that Spenser was opposed to the party of Greene, Peele, Lodge, Nash, &c., who were rude, licentious, riotous livers, though they wielded pens of force and freedom.

On 3rd September, 1592, 'Robert Greene died of a surfeit taken at pickled herrings and Rhenish wine,' after a life of vice, shame, sorrow, misery, and degradation. Shortly after his decease, Henry Chettle edited his 'Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,' in which there is an address to his brother playwrights, in many parts very touching and earnest. In it the following sentence occurs:—

'There is an *upstart* crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you; and being *an absolute Johannes-factotum*, is in his own conceite the only *Shake-scene* in the country.'

Shakespeare, who was evidently now rising, if not quite up, was offended at this allusion to him, and Chettle, in his 'Kind-harts Dreame,' 1593, apologizing for his share in the transaction, states 'myself have seene his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, which approves his art.'

As, however, Shakespeare did borrow a portion of the plot of the 'Winter's Tale' from Greene's 'Pandosto,' 1588, and that of 'As You Like it' from Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' and sometimes founded his own historic plays on older compositions, we need scarcely wonder that the same clique should reiterate the same charge at the same time that they admit his success, as in Greene's 'Funeralls,' by R. B., 1594, thus:

'Nay

'Nay more; the men that so eclipst his [Greene's] fame,
Purloynde his plumes. Can they deny the same?'

By consent, then, it is admitted that a greater than Greene had arisen. Our next fact will show who this was, and perhaps explain why 'that same *gentle* spirit, from whose pen large streams of honey and sweet nectar' had flowed, was giving Thalia cause for her 'Complaints.' Shakespeare had been making 'poetry an occupation,' and had gone over to the school of Spenser; for, in 1593, 'Venus and Adonis' was published. It was dedicated by the author to the Earl of Southampton, as 'the first heir of my invention,' for plays were not then regarded as literature. They were thought of as mere means of pastime, and the copyright was always claimed by the theatre. Yet that he had other *work* on hand while this was doing may be inferred from his promising to his patron 'to take advantage of *all idle hours* till I have honoured you with some graver labour.' Editions of this poem were issued in 1594, 1596, 1600, 1602—five in all during the twenty-three years of his subsequent life. 'This was followed in 1594 by 'The Rape of Lucreece,' another poem of the same class, and dedicated to the same patron, for whom the author expressed ardent friendship. He speaks of his work as a 'supercilious moiety' of his love; says, 'What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours,' and avers, 'were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship.' Probably the 26th sonnet, in manuscript, accompanied this work when presented. Editions are extant bearing date 1594, 1598, 1600, 1607, and one newly revised just before his death, 1616, five in all, though two others are mentioned as published in 1596 and 1602. This poem is praised by Michael Drayton, in his 'Matilda,' 1594, and Richard Barnefield in his 'Complaints of Poetry,' 1598, as well as in an anonymous poem entitled 'Willobie his Avisa,' 1594, and several other writers. In 1595, Spenser's 'Colin Clout's come home again' was issued. It contains a passage alluding to Shakespeare:

'And there though last not least is Aëtion—
A gentler shepherd may no where be found;
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention
Doth like himself heroically sound.'

In a play containing criticisms of contemporary writers, called 'The Return from Parnassus,' 1595, in speaking of Shakespeare, and referring to his 'Adonis love or Lucrece rape,' it is said 'His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life,' and comparing him with other dramatists, the actors say, 'Why here's our *fellow* Shakespeare puts them all down.'

down.' 'It is a *shrewd* fellow indeed!' Of a date not later than this, perhaps earlier, we find in a published letter from Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, in reply to Thomas Nash, advice to a poet, in which the following sentences appear, alluding, we think, to Shakespeare:—

'The right *novice* of pregnante and aspiring conceits will not outskip any precious gem of invention or any beautiful flower of elocution that may richly adorn or gallantly bedeck the trim garland of *his budding style*. I speak generally to every *springing wit*; but more especially to a few, *and at this instant singularly to one* whom I salute with a hundred blessings, and entreate with as many prayers, to love them that love all good wits, and hate none, but the Devil and his incarnate imps notoriously professed.'

In 1594 the first form of 'The Taming of the Shrew' was published, as were also 'Henry VI.,' part 2nd, and 'Titus Andronicus;' and in 1595 'Henry VI.,' part 3rd, issued from the press. Among the burial entries of Stratford we read, date 1596, August 11th, 'Hamnet, son of William Shakespeare.' A draft of a grant of arms to John Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, of date 1596, is extant. Some objections were made to the granting of it, and it was not finally ratified till 1599. It was thereafter lawful for him, 'his children, issue, and posterity,' to show arms 'as to gent. belongethe.' 'William Shakespeare, *gentleman*'—so runs the phrase in the legal document of an age chary of social distinctions—bought from Wm. Underhill, *gentleman*, early in 1597, 'one messuage, two barns, two gardens, and two orchards, with appurtenances.' This manor house was New Place. In the same year John Shakespeare reclaimed by a suit in Chancery recovery of the mortgaged estate of Ashbies. 'Richard II.' and 'Richard III.' were published in 1597, as well as 'Romeo and Juliet,' which was so popular that two printers were engaged upon it, and two separate sets of type were employed in its production.

In a letter of date Jan. 24th, 1597-8, from Abraham Sturley, as is supposed, to Richard Quiney, whose son Thomas married Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith, the writer says, speaking at the suggestion of his father:—

'It seemeth by him that our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare, is willing to disburse some money on some odd yard land or other *at Shottery*, or near about us; he thinketh it a very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes. By the instructions you can give him thereof, and *by the friends he can make therefor*, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at, and not impossible to hit. It obtained would advance him indeed and would do us much good.'

A Lincolnshire clergyman and schoolmaster, 'an approved good scholar,' Francis Meres, early in 1598 published 'Palladis Tamia: Wits' Treasury,' in which Shakespeare is mentioned *nine* times, *e.g.*:—

'As

'As the Greek tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer [&c.], and the Latin tongue by Virgil [&c.], so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, *Shakespeare*, Marlowe, and Chapman.' . . . 'The sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued *Shakespeare*. Witness his "Venus and Adonis," his "Lucrece," his sugared "Sonnets" among his private friends [was Meres one?]' . . . 'As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so *Shakespeare* among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy, witness "Gentleman of Verona," his "Errors," "Love Labours Lost," his "Love Labours Won," his "Midsummer's Nights Dream," and his "Merchant of Venice;" for tragedy, his "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "Henry VI.," "King John," "Titus Andronicus," and his "Romeo and Juliet."' . . . 'The Muses would speak with *Shakespeare's* fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English.' . . . 'As Ovid saith of his work, ["I have finished a work which shall outlast Time"] 'so say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, *Shakespeare's*, and Warner's works.' . . . 'Of lyric poets, the best "are Spenser, who excelleth in all kinds, Daniel, Drayton, *Shakespeare*, Breton."' . . . 'These are our best for tragedy.' . . . '*Shakespeare*, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Benjamin Jonson.' . . . 'So the best for comedy amongst us be' . . . 'eloquent and witty John Lily, Lodge, Gascoyne, Green, *Shakespeare*, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, &c.' . . . 'These are the most passionate among us to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love' . . . 'Dyer, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, *Shakespeare*, Whetstone, Gascoyne, &c.'

Immediately after this distinct criticism, Shakespeare's plays began to be issued with his name. In this same year the dramatist was the third largest possessor or holder of grain in his ward, at Stratford, as is seen from an inventory taken of corn and malt in anticipation of a scarcity, the numbers being, respectively, 17½, 11, and 10 qrs. He was himself in 1598 a performer at the Globe in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' and holds the highest place on the list.

A letter dated 25th October, 1598, addressed to Shakespeare by Richard Quiney, craving his help with 30*l.* to get him out of the debts he owed in London, is extant. This shows that he was known [or supposed] to have money at hand. This likelihood is enhanced by a letter to Quiney from his father, in which the words, 'If you bargain with Wm. Sha. or receive money there' seem to indicate that he kept up trade interest with his townspeople. In another letter of date 4th November, Abr. Sturley writes to R. Quiney, expressing joy 'that our countryman, Mr. Wm. Shak., would procure us money, which I will like of, as I shall hear when, and where, and how. And I pray let not go that occasion, if it may suit to any indifferent conditions,' which inclines to the same inference.

Of a sonnet addressed by Richard Weever to William Shakespeare, published in 1599, the following are a few lines:—

'Honie-tongued *Shakespeare*, when I saw thine issue
I sware Apollo got them and no other. . . . .
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot *Venus* charming him to love her;

Chaste *Lucretia*, virgine-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquin seeking still to prove her.
Romeo, *Richard*, more whose names I know not. . . . .
They burn in love, thy children, *Shakespeare*. Let them,
Go, woo thy muse! More nymphish brood beget them.'

'England's Parnassus,' a book of quotations from forty-four different poets, in which ninety extracts from Shakespeare's works are found, was published in 1600. In the same year excerpts from his works were introduced in 'Belvedere; or the Garden of the Muses' and 'England's Helicon,' 'Henry IV., part second,' 'Henry V.,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' were in this year first published.

The 'Merry Wives of Windsor' was produced and performed before Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth in 1601. On 8th September, John Shakespere, whose name occurs 150 times in the Stratford Records, was buried.

In May, 1602, William Shakespeare bought, for 320*l.*, 107 acres of arable land in Old Stratford, from John Combe, and the indenture was sealed and delivered to Gilbert Shakespeare for the use of his brother. On 28th Sept., 1602, Walter Getley parted with a house in Walker-street to Wm. Shakespeare and his heirs, and on 11th Oct. the latter bought, from Hercules Underhill, 'one messuage, two orchards, two gardens, and two barns, &c., for 61*l.*' Ought we not to read, in close connection with these extensive purchases, by a *playwright and player*, the following order made in the same year by the Stratford Municipal Council? 'that there shall be no plays or interludes played in the chamber, the guildhall, nor in any part of the house or court, from henceforth upon pain that whosoever of the bayliff, aldermen, and burgesses of this borough shall give leave or license thereunto, shall forfeit for every offence 10s.' Is this a spurt of local jealousy? In 1603 Ben Jonson's 'Sejanus' was produced. In this play Shakespeare performed. In the preface it is said that 'a second pen had a great share' in it, but the author when publishing it, not 'to defraud so happy a genius of his right,' rewrote the part. This allusion is regarded as made about Shakespeare, who performed the leading character in the play.

Queen Elizabeth died 29th March, 1603. To her, we fancy, Shakespeare addressed such sonnets as 80, 87, 106, and 107. Chettle, in 'England's Mourning Garment,' complains that he wrote no Elegiac Poem

'To mourn her death that graced his desert,
And to his lines opened her royal ears.
Shepherd—remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her rape done by that Tarquin—Death!'

James I.

James I. arrived in London 7th May, 1603, and ten days thereafter issued a license to 'Our servants Lawrence Fletcher, Wm. Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, &c.,' to perform plays in the Globe Theatre, and elsewhere. This company performed before the King, at Wilton House, the seat of the Pembrokes, near Salisbury, on 2nd December, 1603.

Four of Shakespeare's plays were performed before the Court during the following winter, 1604, and four in the succeeding spring, 1605.

An action at the instance of William Shakespeare against Philip Rogers, for recovery of 1*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*, for malt sold and delivered, was brought before the Court of Record, at Stratford, in 1604. On 24th July, Shakespeare bought for 440*l.* the lease of the tithes of Stratford, &c., held by Ralph Hubande, Esq., Ipsley, of which twenty-six years were unexpired.

In the scholarly Camden's 'Remains,' 1604, Shakespeare is called 'a most pregnant wit.' Camden was Ben Jonson's master. Anthony Scoloker, author of 'Diaphantus; or, the Passions of Love,' 1604, speaks of 'friendly Shakespeare's tragedies,' and in May, 1605, Augustine Philips, his co-proprietor and fellow-actor in the Globe, left by his will to 'Wm. Shakespeare, a thirty shilling piece in gold.' In September of the same year the dramatist's name is found in a list of trained (volunteer) soldiers, in the hundred of Barlichway, Warwick. This was two months before Gunpowder Plot time. On Dec. 21st, 1605, 'Lear' was performed at Whitehall.

In a work called 'Ratsey's Ghost,' 1606, a highwayman, speaking to an actor, advises him to go to London, and says, 'there thou shalt learn to be frugal; for players were never so thrifty as they now are about London; * * and when thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place of lordship in the country, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may bring thee to dignity and reputation.' The player assents. 'I have heard, indeed, of some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy.' Of the players and playwrights of his age this is only true of Shakespeare, and hence the extract is noted here.

In 1607, John Davies (of Hereford), in his 'Scourge of Folly,' remarks:—

> '*To our English Terence—Mr. Will. Shake-Speare.*
> 'Some say—good Will—which I in sport do sing;
> Had'st thou not played some kingly parts in sport,
> Thou had'st been a companion for a king;
> And been a king among the meaner sort,' &c.

William Barksted, in closing his 'Myrrha; the Mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies,' 1607, says:—

'But

'But stay, my Muse, in thy own confines keep,
And wage not war with so dear loved a neighbour;
But having sung thy day-song, rest and sleep,
Preserve thy small fame and his greater favour;
His song was worthy merit (Shakespeare he),
Sung the fair blossom, thou the withered tree;
Laurel is due to him, his art and wit
Hath purchased it. Cypress thy brow doth fit!'

In June of 1607, Susanna Shakespeare, aged 24, was married to Dr. John Hall, the chief medical practitioner in Stratford; and on 31st December, Edmond Shakespeare, player, aged 27, was buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, 20*s.* having been paid for 'a forenoon toll of the great bell,' probably by his elder and wealthy brother, William. On 9th September, 1608, the dramatist's mother was buried; and on 16th October, he stood as sponsor for his godson, *William* Walker. In March, 1609, he had an action in the Court of Record against John Addenbroke, and another against Thomas Horneby, his security, in June. In this same year Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' were issued, with their quaint enigmatical dedication. This was the year of Milton's birth. Henceforth no new work from the pen of Shakespeare issued from the press in his lifetime. But at this time there were forty-six distinct issues of works of Shakespeare in the hands of the public, of which thirty-six had the author's name on their title page. Some works spuriously attributed to him, and a few known to have been produced by him, existed in MSS. in the theatres, &c. There were sixteen plays acknowledged to be his, and three doubtful, published; while other sixteen or so are known to have been in MSS. by this time.

In November, 1611, 'The Tempest' and 'The Winter's Tale' were performed before the Court; in 1612, John Webster, in the preface to 'The White Devil,' speaks of the right-happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare. In '1612, February 4, Rich[ard] Shakespeare' was buried.

In 1612, William Jaggard published some pieces of Heywood's under a cunning title, so as to imply that they were Shakespeare's. The author, while reclaiming them, speaks of Shakespeare as 'much offended with Mr. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name.'

In 1613 the Globe Theatre was burnt to the ground in two hours, while 'Henry VIII.' was being performed. Seven out of fourteen plays presented before the Court during the marriage festivities of Frederick V. with the Princess Elizabeth, were Shakespeare's. In March, 1612-13, a property was bought by Shakespeare and three other persons for 140*l.*, of which

which 80*l.* was paid, and the property was mortgaged to the seller next day for the remaining 60*l.*—of which, however, he afterwards became sole proprietor. It was situated in Ireland Yard, on the west side of St. Andrew's Hill, in the parish of St. Anne, Holborn.

In 1614 Shakespeare's property escaped a fire which destroyed 54 houses in Stratford; as he himself had escaped the plague which was raging in the town just after his birth. The town was agitated at the close of 1614 by a movement to curtail some common land. Shakespeare was one of those 'auncient ffreeholders' who had claims for compensation, and on October 8th an agreement was entered into 'between Wm. Shakespeare of Stratford, Gent., on the one party, and William Replingham of Great Harborrow, in the county of Warwick, Gent., on the other,' that the latter, his heirs, or assigns, should indemnify the former for 'all such loss, detriment, or damage' the former might sustain, or in the eyes of four impartial persons might be thought to incur in the yearly income from tithes, &c., by the projected enclosures.

Thomas Green, clerk of the corporation, was sent to London on this business. Shakespeare and his son-in-law, Hall, were also then in the metropolis, and he called on them and conversed about the enclosures; on his return a Council was held, and letters were sent to Shakespeare, signed by 'almost all' the councillors on this subject, and the clerk says, 'I also wrote myself to my "cosen" Shakespeare the copies of all our acts, and then also a note of the inconveniences would happen by the enclosure.'

In this same year, John Combe, factor of the Earl of Warwick, died, and left a legacy to Mr. William Shakespeare of 5*l.*; and in his will mention is made of 'Shakespeare's Close,' or lane. Thomas Freeman, gent., in 'Rubbe and a Free Cast,' addressed a complimentary epigram (92nd) to Master William Shakespeare, of which here are a few lines:—

> 'Shakespeare! that nimble Mercury thy brain,
> Lulls many hundred Argus-eyes asleepe;
> So fit for all thou fashionest thy veine,
> At the horse-foot fountain thou hast drunk full deep.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Besides in plays thy wit winds like Meander,
> Whence needy new composers borrow more
> Than Terence doth from Plautus or Menander.
>
> But—to praise thee aright—I want thy store;
> Then let thine own works thine own worth appraise,
> And help to adorn thee with deserved bays.'

In 'The Ghost of Richard III.,' issued 1614, C. B. says:—

'To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill,
Whose magic raised me from Oblivion's den,
That writ my story on the Muses hill,
And with my actions dignified his pen;
He that from Helicon sends many a rill,
Whose nectared veines are drunk by thirstie men.
Crowned be his style with fame, his head with bays,
And none detract but gratulate his praise.'

On 1st September, 1615, Thomas Greene wrote, 'Mr. Shakspeare told Mr. J. Greene, that he was not able to bear the enclosing of Welcombe.'

Some premonitions of death seem now to have seized the dramatist. On or before the 25th January, 1616, orders had been given to prepare his will; a note of the general disposition of his property being given for a rough draft. On the 10th February his daughter Judith was married to Thos. Quiney, vintner and wine merchant, Stratford. On 25th March Shakespeare revised his will, apparently not trusting to time to get it thoroughly revised, but interlining the rough copy and signing it at once; and then we read in the Stratford burial register, '1616, April 25, Will. Shakspere, Gent.'

A monument and bust were erected to him in Stratford Parish Church, bearing the inscription—probably written by Ben Jonson—

'Judicio Pylium, Genio Socratem, Arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus moeret, Olympus habet.

Stay, passenger! Why goest thou by so fast?
Read—if thou canst—whom Envious Death hath plast
Within this monument—Shakspeare. With whom
Quick Nature died; Whose name doth deck this tomb
Far more than cost; sith all that he hath writ
Leaves *living* art but page to serve his wit.
Obiit Ano. Do¹ 1616 Ætate 53 Die 23 Ap.'

In 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,' 1621, Shakespeare is quoted once and alluded to twice, and is called 'an elegant poet of ours.'

'Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, departed this life 6th Augt., 1623.' In a short time after, Nov. 8th, the first edition of Shakspeare's plays was issued under the nominal editorship of his 'fellows' Hemings and Condell, containing a dedication to the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William, Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery, as persons who 'have prosequuted both them and their author with favour,' who liked 'the several parts when they were acted,' and speak of the author as 'so worthy a friend and fellow;' an address to the great variety of readers, in which they say his 'plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals,'

appeals,' and assert that the author, 'as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.' * * * 'His wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost,' and the purchaser is advised to 'read him, therefore, again and again.' On the title there is a portrait by Martin Droeshout, a Dutch painter, who was naturalized by letters-patent nine years before Shakespeare's death, the correctness of which is vouched for by Ben Jonson as 'for Gentle Shakspeare cut.'

> 'O! could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in brass as he hath hit
> His face; the print would then surpass
> All that was ever writ in brass.'

To these follow lines 'to the memory of my beloved author,' by Ben Jonson; 'Upon the lines and life of the famous Scenic Poet,' by Hugh Holland; and verses to his memory, by Leonard Digges and John Marston. Holland's lines seem to have been written shortly after Shakespeare's death. He says,

> 'Those hands which you so clapped go now and wring,
> You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days,
> His days are gone that made the dainty plays
> Which made the Globe—of heaven and earth to ring.'
> * * * * * *
> 'Though his line of life went soon about,
> The life yet of his lines shall never out.'

Digges's lines show us that the monument was up in 1623:

> 'Shakespeare! at length thy pious fellows give
> The World thy works;—thy works, by which outlive
> Thy tomb thy name must; when that stone is rent,
> And time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
> Here we alive shall view thee still: this book,
> When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
> Fresh to all ages.' * * * * *
> 'Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
> Shall with more fire more feeling be expressed;
> Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou shalt never die,
> But crowned with laurel live eternally.'

Marston hints that the early death of the dramatist occasioned surprise:—

> 'We wondered (Shakespeare) that thou went'st so soon
> From the world's stage to the grave's tyring room.'

Ben Jonson's poem is an elaborate critique. He confesses his book, his fame, and writings,

> 'To be such
> As neither man nor muse can praise too much.'

Calls him the 'soul of the age,' 'my Shakespeare,' exalts him above

above the dramatists of former times and other countries, and says, disdaining the comparison,

> 'Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
> Sent forth; or did since from their ashes come;
> Triumph, my Britain! thou hast *one* to show
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
> He was not for an age but for all time.
> * * * * * *
> Nature herself was proud of his designs,
> And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines;
> Which were so richly spun and woven to fit
> As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
> * * * * * *
> Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
> My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
> * * * * * *
> For a good poet's made as well as born,
> And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
> Lives in his issue; even so the race
> Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
> In his well-turned and true-filed lines,
> In each of which he seems to *shake a lance*,
> As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.
> * * * * * *
> Shine forth thou star of poets; and with rage
> Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
> Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,
> And despairs day but for thy volumes light.'

Ben Jonson's 'Works' were issued immediately after Shakespeare's death, in 1616. In Dec., 1623, Massinger's 'Bondman' was played at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, and it was printed early in 1624. W. Barkstead, author of 'Myrrha,' in a few commendatory lines, remarks:—

> 'And in the way of poetry now-a-days
> Of all that are called Works the best are plays.'

And Joseph Taylor admits, in 1626, in his verses prefixed to Massinger's 'Roman Actor,' that of plays 'The *old* accepted are more than the *new*.' In 1630, John Taylor (the water poet) avers that—

> 'Spenser and Shakespeare did in art excel.'

John Milton, then a student in Cambridge, aged 22, wrote, in 1630, an 'Epitaph of Shakespeare,' which must have attracted some attention, for it was prefixed to the second edition of Shakespeare's plays in 1632. It forms the first published verse of Milton, and runs thus:—

> 'What needs, *my* Shakespeare, for his honoured bones
> The labour of an age in piled stones,
> Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
> Under a star-y pointing pyramid?
> Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
> What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name;

Thou—

Thou—in our wonder and astoniment—
Hast built thyself a lasting moniment;
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with so much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.'

In 1632, as we have said, the second folio edition was issued, with these lines prefixed, and in the year after, Wm. Prynne published his 'Histrio-Mastix, the Player's Scourge,' in the 'Address' of which these words occur:—

'Some play-books since I first undertook this subject are grown from quarto into folio, which yet bear so good a price and sale that I cannot but with grief relate it they are *now* new printed in far better paper than most octavo or quarto bibles, which hardly find such vent as they.'

The only book to which this passage can allude is the Shakespeare second folio. In 1634 some visitors from Norwich to Stratford note, among things 'worth observing,' 'A neat monument of that famous English poet, Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, who was born here.'

On a tombstone not far from Shakespeare's we read, 'Here lyeth the body of John Hall, gent.; he married Susanna, daughter and coheir of Wm. Shakespeare, gent. He deceased Nov 25, Anno 1635, aged 60,' &c. On 6th August, 1637, Ben Jonson died. In his 'Discoveries,' published in 1640, we find him saying, in allusion to the preface to the first folio:—

'I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted out a thousand, which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour. For I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.' * * * 'His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. * * * But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.'

In 'A Banquet of Jests,' 1639, we find 'Stratford-upon-Avon' mentioned as 'a town most remarkable for the birth of famous William Shakespeare.' In 1645 Milton, even after the closing of the theatres by his party, does not scruple to lead his 'L'Allegro'

'To the well-trode stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.'

'Susanna,

'Susanna, wife of John Hall, gent; the daughter of Wm. Shakespeare, gent. She deceased the 11th of July, A° 1649, aged 66,' and we read besides this, on her tombstone,

> 'Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
> Wise to salvation was good Mrs. Hall;
> Something of Shakespeare was in that; but this
> Wholly of Him with whom she's now in bliss,' &c.

In 1658 Sir Aston Cockaigne, born 1608, a friend of Massinger's, published his poems; in them there is an epigram on Dugdale's 'Warwickshire,' 1656, in which, of course, Shakespeare was mentioned. Cockaigne's verse runs thus:—

> 'Now Stratford-upon-Avon we would choose
> Thy gentle and ingenuous Shakespeare's muse;
> Were he among the living yet to raise
> To our antiquary's merit some just praise,' &c.

In 1662 'Fuller's Worthies of England' were issued, a year after his decease, and therein we are told,

'Many were the wit-combats between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson: I behold them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakespeare, like the latter, less in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all minds by the quickness of his wit and invention. * * * His learning was very little. * * * So that Nature was all the art that was used on him.'

The Rev. John Ward, born 1629, was appointed vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon in 1662; in which year Shakespeare's daughter Judith (Quiney) died. He kept a diary, and the following jottings are copied from it:—

'Shakespeare had but two daughters, one whereof Mr. Hall, the physician, married, and by her had one daughter, to wit, the Lady Barnard, of Abingdon. I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year; and for that had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of 1,000*l.* a year, as I have heard. Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard; for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted. Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays and be versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter—whether Dr. Heylin [1660-1662] does well in reckoning up the dramatic poets which have been famous in England to omit Shakespeare.'

John Aubrey, the gossip, about 1680, writes in his MSS. (Ashmoleon Museum, Oxford),—

'Mr. Wm. Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon; his father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech. This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about 18, and was an actor at one of the playhouses and did act exceedingly well. He began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit. He was wont to go to his native country once a year. I think I have been told that he left 2 or 300*l.* per ann. there and thereabout to a sister.

sister. Though as Ben Jonson says of him that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country.—From Mr. Beeston.'

The Rev. Wm. Fulman, who died June, 1688, bequeathed his MSS. to Rev. Richard Davies, rector, Sapperton, who made additions to them. He died June, 1708, and the MSS. were presented to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Under *Shakespeare* we find the following:—

'Wm. S., born, &c., about 1563-4. * *Much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir .... Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement, but his revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man, and that in allusion to his name bore three louses rampant for his arms.* From an actor of plays he became a composer. He died April 23, 1616, ætat 53, probably at Stratford, for there he is buried, and hath a monument (Dugdale, p. 520), *on which he lays a heavy curse upon any one who shall remove his bones. He died a papist.*'

On April 10th, 1693, one Dowdall wrote to Mr. Edward Southwell a 'Description of several places in Warwickshire:'

'The first remarkable place,' he says, 'in this county that I visited was Stratford-super-Avon, where I saw the effigies of our English tragedian, Mr. Shakespeare, &c. The clerke that showed me this church is above 80 years old; he says that this Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London, and there was received into the playhouse as a servitor, and by this means he had an opportunity to be what he afterwards proved. He was the best of his family, but the male line is extinguished; not one for fear of the curse abovesaid dare touch his grave stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him.'

About the year 1700, Betterton, the actor, made inquiries regarding the dramatist, and communicated the materials to Nicholas Rowe, who, in 1709, issued the first of that long line of constructive biographies which have so be-puzzled all searchers after the truth of the everyday life of Shakespeare, and that upon which, more or less, all the others are founded. With that work we shall not now concern ourselves, but shall only farther quote from the Oldys MSS. [1687-1761] the following other early notice of Shakespeare:—

'Our poet was the son of Mr. John Shakespeare, woolstapler. He was the eldest of ten children, born April 23, 1563. Was brought up in his youth to his father's business; married very young the daughter of one Hathaway, a substantial yeoman in his own neighbourhood. 'Tis a tradition descended from old Betterton, that he was concerned with a parcel of deer-stealers in robbing Sir Thos. Lucy's park, at Charlecot, which drove him to London among the players. The Queen had his plays often acted before her, and showed him some most gracious marks of favour, and King James gave him and others a patent for a company in 1603. See it in Rymers Foedera. Thomas [Henry?] Wriothesley, E. of Southampton, gave him 1,000*l.* to complete a purchase.'

It has not been without a purpose that we have taken our readers by this wide detour through this maze of genealogical details, publications of books, registrations of births, marriages, and

and deaths, obscure allusions, incoherent gossip, scraps of poetry, excerpts from mouldy account books, and old MSS., or books of ancient date, and so many matters of allusion, inference, guess or fact, of which we confess many taken singly are palpably uninstructive, though we may also assert many of them are highly interesting. Their chief value in our eyes, however, arises from this fact, that they are the whole available materials to be gathered from a century and a half of history on which to found an estimate of Shakespeare's character. They are the original sources out of which his biography must be arranged, but their chronological presentation will, we think, allow us far ampler scope for inference regarding the man than any other arrangement could. This is the evidence that can be laid before the jury of posterity to enable them to determine the kind of man he was, of whom it is but an everyday common-place—quoting his own words—to say

> 'The man I speak of cannot in the world
> Be singly counterpoised.'

By the plan now adopted we get as near as possible to him whom death and genius alike have placed among the mysteries. We have now before us the witness of enemies, rivals, friends, neighbours, admirers, critics, and gossips about him, selected from those who knew him in his work-day life, those who were nearest him not only in space but in time. These notes have been impartially culled from all authenticated quarters. We have omitted to notice the epigrams upon John Combe, the usurer, and the quarrel said to have arisen thence; for, first, the epigram is older than Shakespeare's days; and, second, Shakespeare and Combe can be proven to have been friends, co-operating in legal proceedings, and the latter marking his good-will to the former by a legacy. We have also given no place to some vulgar and vile jests culled from unauthenticated note-books belonging to unknown persons—many of which have been shown to be fabrications. All the items known to us, after extensive research, capable of illustrating the character of Shakespeare, have been arranged in the chronological order of their emission by the parties, and in the places cited, so that we have all the hearsay and actual evidence which form the original sources for a biography. And, when we read them, how do the difficulties of estimating his character scale off! The inextricable mazes in which the biographers drag us and keep us are seen to be the after-growths and myths of an age whose estimate of morals and literature was changed from the time of him who achieved

> 'Those flights upon the banks of Thames,
> That so did take Eliza and our James.'

That

That his father was not the poverty-stricken man usually thought, but a man of extra-burghal substance, is distinctly proved by a 'Deed of the settlement of Shakespeare's property, 1639,' where, after mention of the properties purchased by himself, we read of 'houses in Henley-street,' and elsewhere, 'four yards land and a half of arable, meadow, and pasture, with appurtenances, and other the messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments,' &c., 'which heretofore were the inheritance of William Shakespeare, gent., deceased.' Hence all the sad stories founded upon that 'fade into thin air.'

The marriage relations form another point of interest. Hypothesis has here been villainously active. Dark-haired, deceitful sirens have been conjured out of the sonnets and brought between his wife and himself. There is every reason to believe them to be imaginary. Shakespeare's earliest desire, when he was about to invest money, was to get hold of property in Shottery—dear to Anne Hathaway; we have no note of quarrel between them. 'They earnestly desired to be laid in the same grave with him,' is said of wife and daughters; and they are laid with his name, as a something to be proud of, on each tombstone. It is true there is no mention of other children being born to them after his departure for London. But, on the other hand, there is no provision made for children 'born out of wedlock;' nor do we ever hear a hint against him in this respect till the bequest of 'the second best bed with the furniture' aroused speculation. This has been set at rest by Charles Knight, who shows that she had a right to dower, &c., which amply provided for her—then 60 years of age. As to want of family subsequently to 1585, we know not what accidents of health might have affected the mother of twins. We know, however, that Shakespeare, who was anxious to found a family, lost his only son, Hamnet, while, in the ordinary course of nature, Anne Hathaway might have possessed the power to become again a mother; yet no successor to his hardly-won honours was given to Wm. Shakespeare, gent. We argue, therefore, that the argument of matrimonial strife is a *non-sequitur* from the given premises, and that all the probabilities tend to prove a comfortable wedded life. The idea of proclivity to illicit love suggested by the date of Susanna's birth is only tenable when we project our customs back to that age. We have no effective public troth-plight as they had then, when it was law that 'every man likewise must esteem the person to whom he is handfasted none otherwise than for his own spouse; though as yet it be not done in the church, nor in the street;' and it was advisable

that

that 'after the handfasting and making of the contract the church-going and wedding should not be deferred too long.' What we should now call the lapse of this well-appointed pair was thought innocent, and can be proved from the records of almost every parish in England to have been customary at the time, and not regarded as

> 'Such an act
> That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
> Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
> From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
> And sets a blister there.'

This consideration, while no excuse for modern license, takes from the undoubted facts the force intended, and show that they do not prove a fixed proclivity for being 'the thief of love.'

The women of Shakespeare—'the creator of Desdemona, and Juliet, and Ophelia, and Imogen, and Viola, and Constance, and Cornelia, and Rosalind, and Portia,' might be held to justify the inference that their belonging 'to the race of Shakespeare's mind and manners,' the fountain whence they sprung was not impure, and may incline us to grant his own request, as far as we now can:—

> 'Oh, never say that I was false of heart!'
> * * * * *
> 'Never believe though in my nature reigned
> All frailties that besiege all sorts of blood,
> That it could so preposterously be stained
> To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
> For nothing, this wide universe I call
> Save thou, my rose!—in it thou art my all!'—Sonnet, 109.

Of the Charlecot Park poaching, the whipping and imprisonment resulting from it, and the revenge taken, short work may be made. Had such missiles been available, Nash and Greene would have used them; and neither Chettle nor Jonson would have left the occurrence unalluded to. 1st. Deer-stealing was a venial offence in the reign of Elizabeth. 2nd. There was no deer-park at Charlecot. 3rd. It was the middle of the 17th century before Sir Thomas Lucy's grandson and namesake had a park at Fulbrook. The myth is evidently an *ex post facto* attempt to construct a biography out of the allusions in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'

'There have been too many of the muse's sons,' says Dyce, 'whose vices have conducted them to shame and sorrow.' We need not be anxious to increase their number. 'Marlowe, Peele, Nash, and Lodge, were the chief friends and associates of our author [Greene]. Lodge has never been taxed with debauchery, but Greene and the former three appear to have rushed

rushed eagerly into the dissipation of London, encouraging each other in their course of folly. The money which they quickly earned by the labour of their ready pens, they seem as quickly to have squandered, being lovers of good eating and drinking, frequenters of ordinaries and taverns, to which the youths of fashion then resorted.' To them it was that Greene addressed this solemn death-bed adjuration:—

'*Despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts.* Flee lust as the Death's-man of the soul, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost.' * * * 'Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain: these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, *with drunkenness put out*, with negligence let fall; for man's time is not so short of itself, but it is more shortened by sin.'

This was not addressed to 'the upstart crow'—Shakespeare, nor have we a hint of such an accusation being possible. We quote the following passage from Dyce's 'Account of Marlowe and his Writings,' as applicable to the great dramatist, at date 1592:—

'It is not to be doubted that by this time he had become acquainted with most of those who like himself were dramatists by profession; and there can be little doubt too that beyond their circle [which, of course, included the actors] he had formed few intimacies. Though the demand for theatrical novelties was then incessant, plays were scarcely recognised as literature, and the dramatists were regarded as men who held a rather low rank in society: the authors of pieces which had delighted thousands were generally looked down upon by the grave, substantial citizens; and seldom presumed to approach the mansions of the aristocracy but as clients in humble attendance on the bounty of their patrons. Unfortunately, the discredit which attached to dramatic writing as an occupation was greatly increased by the habits of those who pursued it: a few excepted, they were improvident, unprincipled, and dissolute—now rioting in taverns and ordinaries on the profits of a successful play, and now lurking in the haunts of poverty till the completion of another drama had enabled them to resume their revels. At a somewhat later period, indeed, a decided improvement appears to have taken place in the morals of our dramatic writers; and it is by no means improbable that the high respectability of character which was maintained by Shakespeare and Jonson may have operated very beneficially, in the way of example, on the playwrights around them.'

Now we ransack, in vain, history or tradition for any tales of revelry by Shakespeare, such as were 'done at the Mermaid' by Jonson, and make his name quotable in lines like these:—

'Fetch me Ben Jonson's scull and fill't with sack
Rich as the wine he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly sisters pledged, and did agree
It was no sin to be as gay as he.—
If there be any weakness in the wine
There's virtue in the cup to mak't divine.'—[1641.]

The absence of these traditions, the praise of 'the right happy industry,' honesty, honour, and uprightness of Shakespeare, the occasional sneers at his thrift, the fact of his wise use of money, and the short time which elapsed between his leaving Stratford and returning to purchase its best house—ten years—prove that he did not imitate the dissipated dramatists

matists of his day, and 'stand to the plague of Custom,' which teaches men to 'put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves to beasts!' We do not for a moment suppose that Shakespeare was immaculate, but we cannot believe that in the case 'of one, who in the space of five and twenty years, after running a bright career in the capital city of his native land, and, challenging notice from the throne, had retired with an ample fortune, created by his personal efforts and by labours purely intellectual,' no other trace of addiction to distempered draughts would have been had than the hearsay evidence of a clergyman half a century after his death, that he died by a fever contracted at a merry meeting through hard drinking, all depending on an '*it seems*.' The feverous life of drunkenness does not animate his page, and the very 'Sots of Shakespeare' bear witness to the absolute loathing of his soul for men 'red-hot with drinking.' We think this a vulgar colouring put upon the marriage festivity of Judith with Thomas Quiney, vintner, at which, if Ben Jonson and Drayton were present, 'a merry meeting' would be held; and that Shakespeare's death occurring shortly thereafter would start this 'it seems' in minds which delight to drag genius down to their own level by counting their vices, and too often quoting them as causes of their greatness rather than as hindrances to the attainment of it. One great purpose of our present writing is to show that Shakespeare's name is not one that can be fairly quoted as an example for vice, whether of a personal or of a social kind. We wrong ourselves, we still more wrong the dead, when we make their lives and ways a stumbling-block either for ourselves or others.

> 'The purest treasure mortal times afford
> Is spotless reputation;'

and this it is a sacred duty to preserve. Shakespeare, no doubt, fell into temptation as all men do; but the lesson of his life ought not to be that we are justified in imitating his errors. Let his own voice be heard.

> 'My fair name,
> Despite of Death that lives upon my grave,
> To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.'

The humility, modesty, and want of braggadocio in Shakespeare are worthy of note, as well as his independence. He makes himself king of no set, draws about him no school of poetical imitators and sycophants—whose songs, epigrams, and pamphlets herald his plays and heighten his popularity; he extorted no money by eulogy or satire, but self-reliantly struggled

struggled into fame in his career, and when his purpose was effected retired from the scene. Repulses met him, but he said,

> 'Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
> That you resolve to effect.'

Thus have we seen that a scrutiny of dates and facts enables us to remove the stains flung on the character of one endeared to us by his genius, by speculative writers who, interpreting his life too often by the gathered iniquity of their own hearts, have applied terms to his name which if translated would make him a patron of strumpetry, debauchery, usury, and selfish ostentation. Why, were such the case, is the word *gentle* so endearingly affixed to his name, and why are honesty and uprightness specially spoken of when he is named? The more we learn of Shakespeare the higher does our admiration rise; the nearer we get to the truth the fairer the truth appears; and the blemishes daubed on his portrait come clean off from the original picture.

We reverence our great men best when we draw the best lessons from their lives and works. To the moral character of Shakespeare's writings we may at another time direct attention, just now the lessons of his life are paramount in our regard. We have written with the aim of bringing these out in a new light, so let us here, with all possible brevity, outline the characteristics of one of the worthies of England. He was a man of original, healthy tastes, of fair position and education in the lower ranks of the middle class, though ultimately rising to the higher—of keen, observative mind, of fixed purpose and elevated views. He early felt and knew his genius, but as early fixed the aim and purpose of his life. His passions were active, though calmed by his contemplative nature. The avenue to moderate competence and honourable regard lay before him in the ardency of the public for theatrical novelties, and he entered on it as a way of life. But he affected no singularities, claimed no exemption from family ties or friendly relationships, sought no pre-eminence among his fellows or servility from them, paid his debts, maintained his rights, flattered no man, and asked flattery from none. Though not insensible to popular applause or posthumous honour, he smirched his 'scutcheon' with no vile means to gain either. He replied to Greene's taunts by the most effective arguments—the facts, 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucreece'—and having done so, and proved his possession of poetic power, he went on his way in magisterial self-reliance. The applause of the Court did not move him to forego his designs, and the favour of the people did not make him stoop. He carefully revised

revised his plays, yet never supervised their publication, and while the world was yet greedy to gain further enrichments from the storehouse of his mind, he voluntarily retired to his quiet native town, not to act the 'lion' there, but to enjoy life's leisure and pleasure, and shed around him the goods of fortune. There is a greatness to our mind in the thought of this 'world's wonder,' in the lofty grandeur of his own achievements, retiring from the very threshold of the Court to the modest duties of fatherhood and citizenship, as if, feeling himself a heaven-made gentleman, he had determined on being that indeed. We know of no duty he shirked, of no faith he violated, of no wrong he committed, of no vile characteristic or unworthy habit, of no chance he gave for the bite of 'back-wounding calumny.'

This true reverence for duty, this observance of all matters of mark and likelihood among men, this modest bearing—scorning only to do wrong, form lofty attributes of Shakespeare's moral character. Expose any other man as marked as he to the possible aspersions of malicious tongues; set any other man down in his native village, wealthy, famed, and honoured, and if the tongue of jealousy and slander be not whetted on his name and fame—if it be within human invention to manage it—we shall have a case which will parallel that of Shakespeare; for he has passed the ordeal, and no proof, even 'demonstrated thinly,' can be brought out of the whole treasuries of history and tradition to blacken his fair fame. Let not, therefore, the name of Shakespeare be used to gild over the crimes and vices of others. Let no man use his character as a defence for neglect of social duties, or the perpetration of social wrongs. Let us rather remember what he has taught us:

> 'Mine honour is my life; both grow in one.
> Take honour from me and my life is done.'

Art. III.—WHAT WORK MAY DO.

1. *Praying and Working.* By Rev. William Stephenson. London: Alexander Strahan. 1862.
2. *My Ministerial Experiences.* By Rev. Dr. Büchsel, Berlin. London: Alexander Strahan. 1863.
3. *The Spirit in the Word: Facts Gathered from a Thirty Years' Ministry.* By W. Weldon Champneys, M.A. Jackson and Halliday. 1862.

AMONGST many curious proverbs, quaint in their derivation, and pregnant in their meaning, which occur amongst

amongst the Spaniards, is one—apparently strange to be found amongst a fanatical people, predominated entirely by one idea, and fettered by the traditions of ages—which may be translated thus:

> 'Work, as thou wert to live for aye,
> Worship, as if to die to-day.'

Work and worship, in the true sense of the terms, not as they existed under the despotism of Philip II., should ever be indissolubly connected. Prayer, in midnight watchings, or in lonely cells, without being combined with unshrinking manly work, must generally be associated with humiliating failure. We have passed the days when virtue and piety were constrained to advocate the 'mutilated sacrifice' of a blind, unreasoning faith. It is the whole man, perfect in all his human relationships, with a healthy unprejudiced intellect, and a clear, unclouded reason, who may best consecrate himself to the service of his Creator, counting nothing mean, and nothing degrading, which may subserve the sublime ends of social or moral improvement.

It has constantly been acknowledged by those who have studied the problems of this complex nature of ours, that there is a universal delight in energy and activity of all kinds, constituting one of the greatest and healthiest pleasures of our existence. Sir William Hamilton has defined happiness in rather pedantic, but exact language, to be the 'constant reflex of unimpeded activity,' and the Germans say of work, that it gives 'Kraft-Gefühl,' that is, it braces the system with a delightful consciousness of strength. Let us observe the man who has his mind filled with some great and good plan, or who is inspired with some project of usefulness. He carries with him, to a certain extent, an antidote against the poisons and malarias of this world. Arrows which fix in the hearts of others glance harmless from him. Little crosses have less power to hurt him. He is cheerful and hopeful. He is raised, if we may use the simile, like the Homeric Jupiter above the Trojan armies; far beyond the little entanglements and vexations which fret and annoy his fellow-men.

A sanguine temperament is seldom under any circumstances to be lamented; and it is never to be deplored, if it be guided into the right path and sustained by the mightiness of faith. In philanthropic matters as in everything else, there is truth in the old maxim, 'Nothing venture, nothing have,'—and a deep chord in every heart must vibrate to the Shakespearian motto—''Tis not in mortals to command success; but we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.'

We live in a world still glorious in some respects, but in which the infant suffers before it can discern right from wrong, and where the veteran is forced to groan in the anguish of his spirit. But we shall never get rid of evil by hopelessly bewailing it, or frantically wishing it out of our way. We cannot lessen its might by facing it with stoic hardihood, or ignoring it with epicurean complacency. Rather the good man's fortitude must be guided by the constant contemplation of suffering, and his determination strengthened by his efforts to ameliorate it. His courage must be stimulated and his enthusiasm sustained by the knowledge that he stands face to face with a thing to be subdued.

It is not within the province of this paper to discuss the piety from which such emotions must spring, but history illustrates the force of the principle, showing how men in all ages have acted upon it according to their light.

In one century we have Hildebrand, from the shades of his mountainous retreat gazing forth upon a world filled with iniquity and wrong, alone against the dignitaries of a powerful church, but opening his batteries of eloquence against the abuses of his times. In the next we see Bernard, a worn and weary man, poor in estate and weak in body, triumphing in the simple power of unadorned but heartfelt truth over the courtly and attractive Abelard, who had all the prestige of wealth and patronage in his favour, and all the devices of skilful logic and scholarly eloquence to endow him, but who was dishonest in character, and unprincipled in his teaching.

Further on we have Luther, toiling in the noonday sun through the dusty road, and resting under the spreading branches of the tree which still bears his name, contending against principalities and powers, and uttering beneath the red sandstone walls of the magnificent episcopate at Worms his memorable words—'Here I stand; I can do no otherwise, so help me God.' It would be useless to multiply further instances. But these and such as these are examples of the grandest sights our world has ever seen,—of men contending unsubdued for some noble God-taught truth. A Pascal persecuted and agonised by pain, dictating in isolated sentences the words of his celebrated 'Pensées;'—a Howard dying alone and neglected on the pestiferous shores of the Black Sea; or a Henry Martyn abandoning the encouraging prospects of his youth to meet an early death under the burning Eastern sun; these are names never to be forgotten.

Thank Heaven such men still exist, unknown and unappreciated it may be (we would not seek to draw them from seclusion), but they are the glory of their generation, the pillars

pillars of society, bearing up its burdens on their shoulders, and never complaining of the weight. We have a glimpse in the books before us into the history of a few of these earnest workers. With their minor differences on theological subjects we do not propose to treat. In all main points their teaching was the same; and it is rather to their practical working we desire to draw attention.

In his little volume entitled 'Praying and Working,' Mr. Stephenson has given us sketches of five German heroes, Falk, Wichern, Fliedner, Gossner, and Harms. These men had all successfully emerged from the peculiar aspect of romantic mysticism which was prevalent in Germany towards the commencement of the present century, and which was rather poetical in its phases than positively religious. They no longer united a daring independence of thought with a measure of dreamy enthusiasm. They no longer spent their days in weary self-analysis, and professed to value their peculiar opinions for their power in transforming the egotism and selfishness of their own personal characters. A pantheistic nature-worship, in which every man was to work out an individual possession of his own, had ceased to occupy their thoughts. They lived healthier, truer lives, in which vague yearnings and unsatisfactory ideals were forgotten in honest labour for the good of others. They were sincerely religious, but did not love their own souls so selfishly as to be entirely occupied with their own welfare. Pain, sorrow, and misery, they felt (with Bishop Butler) had a right to their assistance. A man's being friendless or neglected was a special recommendation to them, and the fact of his utter inability to return their favours was the best possible passport to their regard. Hungry-eyed men, clothed in rags, however defiant in expression, were their next of kin. Drunken degraded women, swearing as they dandled their infants on their knees, or huddled away in some dark corner from the daylight they hated to see, were the special objects of their pity. Little hollow-cheeked children, with the lines of premature care on their baby-faces, crushed by the Juggernaut of labour, or borne down by the burden of their parents' sins, were sought out and rescued by them. Their maxim it was, never to trample upon any human soul, though it seemed to be lying in the veriest mire. In the last spark of self-respect still remaining in the most abandoned natures was yet a hope for them. How different was this from the severity and hatred towards the sinner, to which some of the most earnest of men—even the noble-minded Dante—have in all ages of the world been betrayed.

It was the same principle of Christian love which stirred

the hearts of men, near the beginning of this century, causing Raikes to found his Sunday Schools in England, and Chalmers to work out his idea of a Christian parish in Scotland, which inspired John Falk with the theory of his juvenile Reformatory in Germany. A quaint, little, sensitive, observant child was this John Falk in his own youthful days, born in the picturesque old town of Dantzic, with a wig-maker for a father, whose whole heart was in curls and pigtails; but with rippling water, old-fashioned bridges, and tall ships with shadowy masts, to be peeped at from the cottage door, and a quiet Moravian mother to sing hymns, and talk of angels, till the children watched for the motion of their wings. Years went on, and little Falk bought books, and hid them in his clothes, endured perpetual whippings at the wig-block, having a peculiar faculty for singeing the hair,—and at last was patronized for his childish precocity by the stately old burghers of Dantzic, whose honest hearts had been touched by the bright-eyed boy, running errands book in hand, and who thought his dismal invocations to the sea-birds were poems and wondrously fine. They subscribed to pay for his University education. One request only they made at parting, as Falk's eyes filled with tears of gratitude: 'If a poor child should ever knock at your door, think it is *we*, the dead, the old, gray-headed burgomasters of Dantzic, and do not turn us away.' Those words were never forgotten.

One little room, with nothing to gratify the eye, but containing the barest necessaries in the way of furniture, one tiny domicile amidst the many situated in the winding lanes of Halle, became the sanctum of the barber's son. Here he went through the usual phases of extravagant idealism characteristic of the German student, who, with his eyes shut, and scarcely a shirt to his back, rhapsodizes for three whole years, forming the most absurb and utopian schemes, and obstinately persisting in fancying himself in Paradise. Poor Falk's imaginary wings proved to be rather less available than those of the rest: like Rasselas he came with a heavy fall to the ground. He had composed indifferent satires, had written second-rate poetry, and had formed for a time one of the tiny stars of the brilliant literary circle at Weimar, which was then collected round the greater constellations of the far-famed Schiller and Goethe. But he had no more heart for classic dreaming at the moment of his country's ruin. Society seemed hollow to him, and its speculations shallow, when blackened and ghastly corpses were strewing the fields of Jena. When the cannon balls hissed through the silent streets, and the air was rent with the screams of women and children fleeing from the brutal

brutal soldiery, Falk threw aside his books, and risked his life to help the sufferers. Next came the terrible spectres of famine and pestilence, which stalk like avenging furies in the wake of war. In the graveyards there was scarcely room for the dead to rest, and Falk lost four out of six of his family, burying, as he said, the 'best part of his life' in the grave. Another man of his peculiarly tender feelings might have sunk under the blow—might have shrunk away into dark melancholy—pined, and died. Not so Falk. The sickness which had so cruelly robbed him of his little ones had left sixty orphans in one village alone. Weary and tearful the hungry infants flocked to his door. He thought of his own children in 'God's acre'—opened, and took them in.

This was the foundation of the 'Society of Friends in Need,' and the beginning of the great work of the Inner Mission, 'which was to support the orphans and the sick, and to assist in rebuilding the houses of the poor.' Falk was not a man to do things by halves, or to act on a momentary impulse. Once having put his shoulder to the wheel, it was not in him to draw back. As he came into closer contact with the lowest forms of social life, he soon found that sin was worse than the plague, and that the most terrible forms of physical suffering which have been allowed to torture humanity, are but as messengers of mercy when compared with a moral degradation, horrible enough to make men shudder and angels weep. When racked, like John Foster, by the overpowering agony of these thoughts, Falk was not a man to despair. In the darkest and bitterest sorrow he was able to look up to Heaven, and, firmly established in hope, he opened the doors of the first Reformatory. Men of a weaker faith jeered at the impressible and sentimental poet; they knew not how much practical sagacity was united with the depth of his love. He boldly opposed the popular notion, then prevalent in Germany, that culture and mental education could do everything to improve society, while men were still wallowing in the slough of drunkenness and vice. Culture, he argued, where the heart was not reformed, would only lead crime to assume more subtle and refined disguises. The root of the plant must be healed. Falk's Reformatory was no mere State school; it was to be the exemplar of a godly life.

A strange sight it must have been when creatures who had fallen into the lowest stages of savage-like degradation, owing to the disorganized state of society, came flocking in numbers to this brave-hearted soldier of the Cross. The Prussian police had previously had trouble with them all. Some had lived like wild creatures in the woods; others had been chained

chained like beasts of prey. They had horrible, cannibal-like faces; they would hack their fingers off rather than work; they had committed every imaginable crime: murder, incendiarism, and attempted suicide were amongst the list. Other enthusiasts, less practical and decided than Falk, might have turned with disgust from their appearance; they might have involuntarily recoiled from their touch. His simple principle was, 'Love overcometh.' The Pariahs of the desert were allowed to wander as freely as they would, and were received with open arms on their return. 'We forge all our chains in the heart,' he said.

The world wondered and ceased its jeering. By degrees the mighty principle of love was convincing these reprobates of the hatefulness and lawlessness of sin. This love was a power as hidden and mysterious as that of electricity, but more magical and wonder-working in its modes of action, combining the most opposite elements of society, and transforming the most opposing forces. Had Falk lived in the darker ages, he might have been called a wizard, for never did any ancient Michael Scott or any modern Cagliostro work miracles such as he did. He used the divining-rod of human sympathy and it pointed quickly to the buried treasures—treasures even in the hearts of these degraded creatures, so lowered in the scale of humanity that their features were hideous and revolting to look upon—treasures of honesty, of earnestness, and enduring affection, so that rogues and liars hated to deceive, and tears fell from the eyes which had never wept before. Singing was a prominent part of Falk's system, for he found that music would soften the hardest hearts, and the power of harmony would touch some distant chord in the most stolid natures, charming away a temporary madness, like the whisperings of David's harp. And Falk was a capital story-teller, and knew how to paint vivid pictures in simple words. But work was his great panacea for all temptations to the weak; and when he lay on his dying bed he would not suffer the ring of the boys' hammers to stop—it was soothing music in his ears.

Before he was called to his rest the good man's private home was again bereft. He and his wife sat in a darkened room, watching the corpse of their son, a youth of nineteen, who had died but an hour before. Even then a strange hand tapped at the door, and another ragged lad asked for admission. 'Lord, Lord,' cried the agonized wife, with a touch of natural feeling, 'thou sendest us stranger children, and takest away our own!' At first sight it seemed almost incomprehensible that it should be a token of everlasting benevolence to send to such tender hearts

hearts a new and desolating misery. But the brave servants had strength to endure, and, carrying their scars, they went forth stronger than ever to do battle with evil. Falk lived long enough after this to organize a plan for the decay of beggary, and to found a seminary in which schoolmasters were to be properly trained. He wrote a quaint, characteristic epitaph on himself, which the little children sang over his grave.

We will take one more sketch from the details of the Inner Mission. The fittest for our purpose is the history of Immanuel Wichern. He followed in the wake of the simple-minded, enthusiastic, and extravagant Pestalozzi—the man with furrowed face and ragged coat with whom, in the stormy days of Switzerland, Heinrich Zschokke had been proud to walk. Pestalozzi possessed the amount of energy and self-denial which are imperatively needed in a social reformer, but he was not sufficiently practical to be able to work out his own schemes. Eager to plan, he was not prompt to execute. Skilful in theory, his heart was chilled by the sudden contact with unpleasing reality. He spent the long years of his life amongst the most wretched of the land, parting with his little fortune for the benefit of the beggar children, and making a few discoveries in teaching—happy if he could do but a little to dam up the fountains of that misery in which he saw the people sunk. Not many years before this, the worthy Dr. Franklin and the cynic Voltaire had been publicly crowned with acclamations by the people of France; but when children, at the close of his careworn life, welcomed Pestalozzi with songs, and attempted to reach him an oaken crown, the hoary-headed man would not give way to the false sentiment of the age, but gently put it by, saying, 'Crowns are not for me, but for the innocent.' He had outlived his noblest projects, and it was his wish that 'another generation should take up his broken strivings, and endeavour to reach his aim.'

This wish was destined to be accomplished. His own plan of life was to be successfully fulfilled at last, though not exactly in the way he desired. While he was lamenting the failure of his cherished schemes, his unconscious influence was affecting the life and character of the nation; and his self-denying conduct had been like a light illuminating the most thoughtless hearts while he knew it not. Before he died he was gladdened by the knowledge that Zeller and the Comte von der Recke had already devoted themselves to Reformatory work.

Afterwards, at Hamburg, Immanuel Wichern, a young minist-

minister of determined energy and uncommon force of character, was the first to grapple with the social difficulties of the times. It was in 1832—the terrible cholera year. The funerals of the dead were thronging the streets, and the living, hardened into a strange callousness, rioted close to the coffins of their friends, or sank deeper into terrible corruption. Drunken mothers staggered about the streets with starving infants in their arms. Impish groups of children ran wild in the unhealthy houses. Girls, fresh from some penny theatre, with spangled garments and feathered hats, figured before a broken bit of looking-glass, unconscious of the misery around. The natural affections were forgotten in the struggle for life. Parents turned their sons into the frost to die. The streets echoed with ghastly laughter, and with the pitiful whimperings of deserted babes. As well might Wichern have attempted, like Sisyphus, to roll a stone perpetually uphill, which was doomed to continually rebound, as endeavour to raise these children and keep them from vice while they were perpetually exposed to the horrors of their public haunts.

Separation—not merely the constraint of a prison school—seemed necessary for these little ones, but a new shelter, which must combine the attractions of a natural home-life.

The power of maternal love in modifying the characters and moulding the intellect of these helpless little ones, and in preventing their unconscious moral destruction by their own degraded parents, was recognized by Wichern; and a kind, true-hearted woman was found to assist him in his task.

A cottage, half-ruined, was taken at a small expense. It was situated in an attractive spot. (Wichern never lost sight of the elevating influence of the picturesque or beautiful.) A luxuriant chestnut-tree threw its shadow over the thatched roof, browned with age; and on the lawn in front a fishpond sparkled. It was called the 'Rough House,' and this anomalous institution, which was to depend on no charity sermons and no subscription lists for support, but simply on the sympathy of Christian hearts, roused the laughter of the busy, heedless city.

In the drizzling fog of a damp November the cheery rooms of the 'Rough House' were adorned with cheap pictures. When the last autumn leaves were rotting in the mud of a wet December, the number of the first twelve guests was complete. Never, from highways and hedges, tramped a more degenerate set. They were uniformly bad; they resembled nothing but heaps of rags, with bright, hungry eyes, sparkling with a savage fear. Here was a baby savage, deserted by its heartless mother; and there the youth of eighteen, the pickpocket and

and avowed Atheist of the neighbourhood. Some had to be forbidden to speak, because of the contamination of their language; yet for these hard and vicious creatures Wichern had longed and waited. As in John Falk's system, there was no punishment and no constraint. The children revived in the healthy atmosphere of home. After a time their vagabond wanderings ceased; and in a short period these deformed, unhealthy natures were blossoming out into a new and active life. The lawless, wild street boys were busy before another winter in all the contrivances of carpentering. Quaint-looking bedsteads, of strange proportions, and chairs unsteady on their legs, were triumphs of art amongst the 'roughs.' Cows were milked, and bread, fresh and crisp, was baked by the boys. Flowers and vegetables grew under their hands.

Prejudices were away, and strangers from far and wide came to gaze upon this singular school. Applications for admission poured in from all sides; and Wichern, ever clever at contrivance, devised a new plan for the admission of the untutored herd. His boys, like Sandford and Merton, should build another house. People do not build by instinct, and yet this bold determination was actually and rapidly carried out. In early spring the foundation-stone was laid, and in July the boys, swelled in number to a large band, marched into the new building, whilst the organ (a present from a friend) pealed out the notes of triumph.

Next arose a piteous entreaty for the neglected girls. Wichern had a sister who would take them in charge, so again the building was commenced.

This time the juvenile workmen constructed not only a house, but a chapel and washhouse under the same roof. But here there was a fresh trouble to be encountered. In the utter downfall of the female character, not only is every vestige of the Una-like nature, pure and meek, which is the theme of painter and poet, utterly and irreparably lost, but the woman with her leaning to narrowness of mind, her want of enlarged sympathy, and her tendency to adopt a stock of ideas from her immediate predecessors or surroundings, is more inflexible in her evil purposes, and more difficult to impress. 'I have never seen,' said Wichern, 'so downrightly wicked a spirit in the boy as in the girl.' They would clench their fists and stamp with their feet. They would keep to their shrill 'I won't.' They declared themselves to be possessed by devils, nor was the assertion difficult to believe. They made horrible travesties of hymns, and much to the good man's perplexity improvised ballads about 'beautiful young ladies imprisoned in the Rough House.' Yet, after a time, one and all were in a measure tamed.

To meet the political crisis of 1848, Dr. Wichern enlarged his Reformatory so as to make it a national instead of merely a local institution; and after this the vast organization of the Inner Mission proceeded with unexampled success. Spectators wondered more and more. Again and again the curious asked the originator, 'How was it possible to get your money?' 'Silver and gold,' confessed Wichern, honestly, 'I have none. But we work, and God blesses the work.' There was no disarrangement of ordinary laws, and no departure from natural circumstances. People said it was 'very singular,' shook their heads, and went their way.

Meanwhile, in the busy suburbs of Hamburg, past the gloomy water and the tall-storeyed houses, past the noble trees and the gay-looking villas, rose a simple cluster of houses, with a wooden spire in the midst, and pleasant walks around, swarming with active life like an ant-hill on a summer day—and this was the world-famous Reformatory. Here, every day, rose the well-concerted chorale, sung in parts by rich, clear voices; here, morning and evening, was wafted the sound of family prayer; here was the noise of the anvil and the hammer. Each little house was a simple reproduction of the early type, bearing out the old principle of natural family life. Centralization was also kept up, for in each cottage there was a theological candidate who served as a connecting link with the founder—the energetic Wichern. Thus there was a system of prudent watchfulness without *espionage*, a special relationship and a common tie. The life of the child expanded in this freedom, and cheerfulness resulted as a matter of course.

Each band of workers—cobblers, carpenters, tailors, or spinners—had its own special rhyme set to a merry tune, and the precincts resounded with songs of joy.

We have dwelt with pleasure on the details of this successful establishment. For readers who are interested in accounts of the 'Brethren of St. John,' or of the 'Deacons and Deaconesses' of Theodore Fliedner, the book may furnish further details.

In the 'Autobiography of Dr. Büchsel' we have rather a different phase of life. His 'Ministerial Experiences' will be especially interesting to those who are in any way acquainted with the energetic character and earnest teaching of the author. On a warm autumn day, when the fields were richly laden with corn, and the setting sun was tinging the landscape with red and gold, a young and hopeful student, fresh from a successful University career, might have been seen entering the little village where his future duties were to be cast. So earnest

was

was he in his joyous anticipations of success in the profession of usefulness which he would have chosen before all other vocations in life, that on his first night in a new household he found it impossible to compose himself to sleep, but wandered amidst the graves of the former ministers, dreaming how his eloquence should awaken the dead in life to a new moral and religious existence. A few weeks afterwards he sat alone in his private room, a disappointed and weary man, utterly disgusted with the sermons which lay before him, over whose composition he had spent so many anxious hours. Bitterly he thought, as he looked back upon the past, could it have been possibly imagined by any of his fellow-collegians that he—the successful candidate—would be ordained to labour in just such a hopeless village as this? Tired, mentally and bodily, with unusual work, he eyed the written pages disconsolately, which had only exercised a peculiarly somniferous effect over the most intellectual adherents of the chapel of ease, and had attracted but four men—not a single woman or child—to the services of the Mother Church. Exasperated at the utter failure of his most cherished plan, he allowed a dark cloud of despondency to creep over his mind, and regretted, in bitter mortification, that he had ever studied theology. Orthodoxy, and the teaching of Neander, without earnestness and love, could never help him here. The children in the school shouted out verses and lessons without the least comprehension of their meaning. Determined peasants came to church to slumber, because it was 'fine and cool,' and there were too many flies at home to let them rest. Still he held on, in the hope that his untiring energy and genius might at last be appreciated. He laboured much and wrote eagerly, but when he took the manuscript into the pulpit an impudent urchin shouted out, 'Oh, so he reads them!' and the disheartened orator pushed the leaves away, and painfully stumbled through a lame, extempore address. The noise of wooden shoes in the opposite gallery, the loud sound of unrestrained snoring, and the wheezing of the singers whose hearts were not in the music, all brought the hot blood to the poor minister's cheeks, and the gloom crept and deepened over his hopes and aspirations. Even the pious old sacristan at first shook his head over his discourses, and would have pronounced on them some such criticism as that of the worthy Scotch dame, 'it's maist a' tinsel-wark.' Sighing for change, the mortified idealist wrote to a friend, who, he thought, would condole with him in his extraordinary trouble, and received for encouragement the laconic answer, 'I rejoice to find thou art in the right way. First of all, vanity must be broken down.' These

These words were the commencement of a new life and a fresh ambition to the worn and dispirited preacher. Long he remained after this without seeing any of his proud expectations realized, and without turning men in shoals from their evil ways; but his failures and distresses were meanwhile instructing *him*, teaching him that self must not be the point of concentration, but the point of departure in the real worker, before he can hope to win the first fruits of a wonderful sympathetic power. In our complex nature soul must act upon soul, and a faith received by hearsay can never exercise any important influence over the hearts of others.

Before he was appointed to a higher field of labour, he had learnt that it was not intellectual cleverness—not the mere ambition to do good—which could help him to touch the unimpressible hearts of the ignorant. Around him and with him were creatures so sunk and degraded into a mere material existence, by the constant striving for the barest necessaries of life, that in point of intelligence and moral instinct they seemed scarcely higher than the beasts that perish. Day and night, forgetting his learned books, he laboured amongst these, working with real sympathy and inborn tact, for the drunken men and the whining women who might have sickened a more fastidious visitor.

Heart only can touch heart; and he soon found that there were a few points in which his stolid hearers were still vulnerable.

To an Englishman of the present day it may be difficult to conceive the tremendous chasm which still exists between the day-labourer in many parts of Germany and the educated classes. The day-labourer is almost as isolated in his position, by the force of circumstances, as the Saxon serf was many centuries ago. He is nominally free, but is forced with his wife and children to work for maintenance during the whole of the busy week; whilst Sunday is the only day to be devoted to washing and mending the clothes. The old feeling of filial confidence and fatherly supervision between the labourers and the landed proprietors is utterly at an end. The labourer is much like any other beast of burden, feeding and resting in the week, with the additional wear and tear of worry on a Sunday. Drunkenness, thievery, and immorality are widely spread; but the labourer has no education, and is too ignorant to discern the evil from the good. The enmity between master and servant is generally open and avowed. The master endeavours to get as much work done as he can for the smallest wages, and the servant is cunning at cheating, and is skilful in manœuvring at idleness.

No

No wonder that labourers appointed to work amongst them should gaze with hopelessness at these un-Christianized masses; while the seeds of democracy and ruin might already be ripe, were it not that the labourer is too jaded in body and too uninformed in mind to be able to devise any scheme for the amelioration of his own social position.

At first our toiling theological student expressed himself in high German, whilst his people could scarcely utter a word in a pure dialect, and he consequently found it hard work to make his way from door to door. Family life could scarcely be said to exist amongst these peasants. The overtasked husbands were harsh and sulky; the wives irritable or peevish, and the children were driven about with rough words and blows. The atmosphere of the houses was unbearable; whilst the bad and insufficient food, and the dirty and slovenly habits of the inmates, were alike prejudicial to health.

In the frequently recurring periods of sickness the visits of Dr. Büchsel were unwillingly permitted; and he thus gained some influence over the characters of the people. Fortunately it happened on a certain year that the price of meat had risen, and the farm servants received an extra percentage on their usual gains. The keen-sighted minister perceived in this an opening for economy and thrifty housekeeping. By persuading them to put the money by, and offering to keep their savings, a secret and pleasant understanding was established between himself and the men, whilst the first step was taken towards the order and cleanliness of domestic life. The next advance was to persuade them to recognize the truth that brandy and intoxicating liquors consumed their savings, and that their drunken habits caused them to be enslaved both in mind and body. Gradually the appearance of their homes was sensibly altered. Squalid poverty was exchanged for a wise economy, and the families, decently dressed, began to attend religious services; opposing, of their own accord, the habit of working on Sundays. The distinction between 'meum' and 'tuum' began to be faintly understood.

Often depressed and often utterly weary, this minister triumphed still. The determination not to despair of any of his fellow-creatures, still less to judge hardly of the jaded and suffering poor; the confident hope that some dawn would succeed to the darkest night, and the faith to discern the folds of the wing hidden under the black shell of the ugly-looking chrysalis, all were his. Steadily and certainly followed the truest reward of solid if not brilliant success. What he had at first deemed hindrances proved, after all, to be only opportunities for good.

With

With the distinctly theological character of the excellent and interesting work written by Canon Champneys, we are unable to deal at large in a secular and philanthropic review. The object of the writer is to prove or illustrate by facts the essential adaptation of Christianity to every phase of the human mind—the humblest and the lowest, as well as the highest, the grandest, or the most delicate in organization. Amongst Christians there is no monopoly of talent, no necessary transmission of genius. The magnificent ritual of Judaism has passed away. What the science of Newton could test, what the metaphysical skill of Locke could analyse, what the intuitive talent of Chalmers could unfold, is of a simplicity so remarkable as to commend itself to the poorest cottager, and to elevate and refine the most lowly of the earth. We need not invent for the lower classes any elaborate scheme of choice self-culture or social development; we need not teach them to follow any *ignis fatuus* to their ruin; we need not attempt to reconstruct, on shallow theories of our own, the amiable instincts of mankind. The Book and the simple teaching of Christianity are sufficiently powerful. Facts such as these before us are quoted to illustrate its reality.

There is nothing artificial and nothing overstrained in the simple narratives related. They are stories of everyday life, and some of them may be called accounts of commonplace people. Here are men and women to be met with, day by day, in the busy world of London, or in the less active civilization of the provinces. Here are eyes made keen and faces sharpened in the struggle for bread. Here are men of blunt, untutored susceptibilities, aroused into earnest, self-scrutinizing life. Here is the lad, vacillating and uncertain in purpose, thinking and debating on important questions in sickness, but careless and forgetful in health. Even he is reached by the power of truth, and his wavering nature has strength to conquer a new happiness. Here is the violent-tempered woman, with strongly marked features—the virago and terror of the neighbourhood, who learns at last to throw her natural energy into better matters, and is night after night to be seen at the church prayers, when the rain is dashing in torrents against the windows, with her drenched umbrella by her side, and firm determination expressed in the lines of her face. Here is the noble-looking man, with power for better things, submitting day after day to the intoxicating effect of burning spirits, or drugged, adulterated beer, who has dragged his sons into his sin, and may not save them by his subsequent bitter repentance.

Here are two sisters, born in a better position of life, but choosing in peculiar circumstances to have recourse to hard, poorly-paid,

poorly-paid, bread-getting work, finding their only comfort in steady, habitual, persevering occupation. Some secret cause had driven these young women into voluntary poverty, to bear its deprivations with patience, and to sustain themselves by earnest industry. Here is a hard-working mother forced to labour in poverty to contribute towards the support of her children, but amply compensated by the bright and artless looks of the little ones who have turned the gloomy court and the ugly dilapidated dwelling into a paradise for her. Her love is without bounds for those who are powerless to requite the depth of her affection, and the hardest pang she is called upon to endure is in the hour of her death, when this tender heart is forced to separate itself from the helpless clinging children confided to her care. Faith and disinterested love triumph even here.

Here is the Ragged School thronged with dirty, uncombed, and untamed children, who have been taken from the haunts of vice, where the most virulent moral poisons are actively working, to be moulded into useful members of society; and here a wonderful and gradual transformation is effected, from wild, hunger-driven animals into sane, responsible, and thinking creatures. Here is a Night Refuge for outcast penniless boys—the nucleus of a future scheme of unbounded usefulness—established at first simply because a wise and single-minded old lady, who had ceased to wear jewels in the decline of life, when they outshone her eyes, sent her diamond ring to be sold for the benefit of the ragged children.

May others copy the example! 'Watches,' as the author observes, 'are not the only important pieces of machinery which have been made to go upon a diamond.' But workers for the public good do not need to be reminded that there are gifts to be dedicated to the cause of social advancement and earnest Christianity more priceless than diamonds. Let not such be daunted by straitened means. The great men of antiquity did not despise poverty; but the tendency to overvalue material advantages is the rock upon which the best-intentioned members of society are very apt to split in our day. 'Retrenchment of the useless,' wrote a celebrated French orator, 'the want even of the *relatively necessary*, is the high-road to Christian self-denial, as well as to antique strength of character.' The man who is devoted to the good of his fellow-creatures, whose great heart may be gratified in a little house, whose cleverness is not merely studied for his own advantage, whose benevolence is never hollow, but who is eager to instil into the souls of others his own spirit of devotion and earnest courage—that man stands, in a measure, removed from the

material reverses which may affect the happiness of others. Amidst the detractions and vexations around him, his name will but shine with a purer lustre. For a while he may apparently be conquered, but he is never actually overcome.

Art. IV.—FATHER MATHEW.

'IT is certainly strange that none of the able and sympathetic men who were associated with Father Mathew in his great enterprize have preserved, or have collected and given to the public, a sufficient biography of the great Irish patriot. No man's life was better worth writing, no man had friends more capable for the task.' It is from an article forming part of the third volume of 'Meliora,' that we draw the above quotation. The neglect there regretted has been recently atoned for by Mr. John Francis Maguire.* In research, in selection, in compilation, in disquisition, Mr. Maguire has laboriously executed his task, and, on the whole, with a success for which we cannot but feel grateful. His style is often mere parliamentary English—verbose, puffy, and circumlocutory. But such faults of manner are easily pardonable in one who supplies so much excellent matter.

Of Father Mathew's labours, a succinct, and yet, for general purposes, a sufficiently copious account, was given in the article in our third volume, to which we have already referred. To those, however, who never had the happiness of personally knowing Theobald Mathew, much has been wanting until now, to explain the relationship between what he did and what he was; to account for the success of the 'Apostle of Temperance' by anything in the quality and character of the man. Mr. Maguire now brings the man himself before us; and the discovery thus made is to ourselves so delightful that we feel almost irresistibly impelled to offer some glimpses of it to those of our readers who may not have met with Mr. Maguire's volume.

From his infancy there was, we are told, an unusual sweetness about Theobald Mathew. Of all her twelve good-looking children, this fine, sturdy, handsome boy, so engaging and kindly, was the one whom his mother loved the best. Though gay, and cheerful, and no coward, he was rather repelled by

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* 'Father Mathew: A Biography.' By John Francis Maguire, M.P., author of 'Rome, its Rules, and its Institutions.' London: Longmans, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Co.

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the rude games of his brothers and their playfellows; and whilst they were away on some sportive enterprize, was apt, when a child, to be found closely attending on his mother, artlessly prattling his love to her, or clinging to the skirt of her dress, and looking up into her face with sweet innocent glance, through lovely eyes of limpid blue. This strong attachment to his mother, which peculiarly influenced his after life, filling him with reverence for all good and holy women, was not the weakness of one more than usually dependent on maternal care; it was a special strength of affection by which he was differenced from the rest; it was one fruit of a superiority of nature, giving him, from an early age, and to the end of their lives, such an influence over his brothers as they never tried to resist or dispute. To a gentleness and goodness distinguishing him from other boys, he added, it seems, a sweet gravity, even a dignity of manner most remarkable in a child. Yet a smile was ever apt to be dancing about his mouth, and was easily enlarged into hearty laughter upon ludicrous cause given. Never was the advantage obtained by his superior grasp upon his mother's love abused for any selfish ends; on the contrary, it was apt to be made the means of winning some little feast, of which he became the happy dispenser, delighting to surprise his brothers on their return home, 'rosy with health and exercise, and with the appetites of young wolves.' To obtain thus the means of banquetting his brothers, was a kind of passion with this child. Being a boy he was, of course, fond of eating dainties, but, being this boy, he was still fonder of bestowing. And whilst loving thus to make glad his young companions, whom as if by natural lordliness he led, they yielding to and obeying him as a matter of course, his tenderness of heart rested not at the boundary of human kind, but, going forth in earnest protest against all cruel sports, suffered him to be no party to inflicting pain on any living thing. His constant impulse was to succour and befriend alike the human creation and the brute. A harsh or unkind expression from his lips no one can remember. A word of dubious propriety was never adopted by this glorious boy. In this respect, as in many others, the child not only was, but was evidently and conspicuously, the father of the man.

As years revolved, his love of order, his neatness of attire, continued to develope side by side with the large beneficence of which we shall speak presently. By young and old, as he was more known, he was more and still more admired and beloved. A boy, and with a boy's wilfulness, he was; but with a nature so sweet

sweet and gentle, and yet courageous; so fit and ready to lead, but always with a generous purpose; so kindly ingenious in giving joy to others; that whilst his brothers could not help looking up to and obeying him, the servants almost adored him, and the poor were never tired of invoking blessings on the head of their young 'born saint.' To many he must have seemed almost as if he were some young burgess of the skies, elected by a heavenly constituency to represent them in this mundane parliament. And being a member of a devout 'Catholic' family, he was, of course, from an early period marked out by common consent as born to be a priest. One of his elder brothers, George, had at first been designated by his pious mother for the priestly office, and had actually been presented by some relative with a costly suit of vestments and a valuable chalice, with that end in view. But George, as he grew older, outgrew the fleeting whim he had at one time manifested; and one day, whilst all were seated round the spacious dinner table, the good mother, surveying her troop of handsome, healthy boys, exclaimed, 'I am unfortunate! Nine sons, and not one of them to be a priest!' The boys glanced at George, but his dissentient eyes were fixed steadily upon his plate. Then it was that Theobald started up, and cried out with a voice full of emotion, 'Mother, don't be uneasy; I will be a priest.' The lady, with kisses and blessings, folded to her arms her self-dedicated lad; and from that moment Theobald Mathew was regarded by his mother even as Samuel was from the first by Hannah.

In after years, as a Capuchin friar, it was in the humble but onerous function of the confessional that Father Mathew began to distinguish himself. The poor of Kilkenny were the first to find out his worth; and their lavish praise of the 'new director' attracted to him others of a different class, with whom the young priest became an object of the deepest interest, and even veneration. 'Young as he was in years, and younger still in experience of the world,' says Mr. Maguire, 'his advice, even in matters not altogether strictly within the province of a clergyman, was eagerly sought for by many whose hair was streaked by the silver of age. Nor was his advice without its value; for, to an instinctive uprightness and a stern sense of justice, he united great natural shrewdness and sagacity, with clearness and soundness of judgment.'

In Cork, whither he soon removed from Kilkenny, the young priest was for a time rarely to be met with beyond the precincts of his little chapel, and could with difficulty be drawn from the retirement of the wretched apartment, 'between salt-houses

salt-houses and stables,' appropriated to his use. But first one and then another confessed penitent sounded his praise, until ere long his labours in the confessional became almost continual, enduring sometimes from five o'clock in the morning, with brief intervals of other occupation, until, perhaps, ten or eleven o'clock at night. Shut up in a close box, surrounded by those whose common occupation amongst fish or dirt, and whose poverty, were made painfully manifest not only to the eye but to the nose, fifteen mortal hours per day would the indefatigable Father ofttimes spend; in summer, in stifling heat; in winter, in numbing cold. A fearful tax this on the stamina of the strongest constitution; but Father Mathew never flinched or wearied of the work—always energetic, always punctual.

Considering, thus, how he worked, and what manner of man it was that thus worked, it is no wonder that, as a spiritual director, his reputation spread from parish to parish of the city, and from the city itself to the region round about; so that 'it came to be said, with truth as well as pleasantry, that if a carman from Kerry brought a firkin of butter into Cork, he would not go back without confessing to Father Mathew.' And in what spirit the good Father performed the work, the following anecdotes will tell:—

One Sunday morning, after having heard confessions and celebrated Mass from six o'clock till ten (this following upon similar labours protracted on the previous night till eleven o'clock), he moved to quit the church in order to break his fast. As, hungry and weary, he was about to leave, four sailors rolled in, and asked him to confess them. In a tone of momentary irritation, they were remonstrated with for not having come at a more reasonable hour, and were told that they could not be heard then, and must come again. The sailors turned to go; but a devout poor woman who had been standing by, gently approached, and, touching Father Mathew on the arm, said, in a voice of respectful entreaty, 'They may not come again, sir.' Running after the sailors, who had left the place, the compunctious priest led them back to the confessional, and remained with them not only until he had 'administered the sacraments' to each, but had given them a breakfast to boot, and finally dismissed them 'in a happy state of mind.' Afterwards he thanked the poor woman, 'through whom,' he said impressively, 'the Holy Ghost had spoken to him.'

'Well, Kitty,' said a lady to an elderly servant in her house, 'how do you like Father Mathew as a director?' 'Wisha, purty well, ma'm,' was the reply. 'What do you mean by "purt-

"purty well?"' inquired the mistress. 'Well, indeed, ma'm,' said Kitty, 'he's a beautiful director, not a doubt about it, but —,' and hereupon ensued a pause. 'What do you mean by your "but?"' pursued the mistress, whose curiosity was excited by the servant's hesitating manner. 'Then, ma'm, the way of it is this,' said Kitty, making a clean breast of it, 'the worse you are in the beginning the more he'd like you, and the better he'd use you, but if you didn't improve very soon, there is no usage too bad for you.'

'Day by day,' says Mr. Maguire, 'did the young friar win his way to the hearts of the poor, and to the respect and confidence of the rich. The people could not think of him without love, or speak of him without enthusiasm. He was so gentle and compassionate to them, so respectful to poverty, in which, as he frequently said, he ever saw the image of the Redeemer; he was so earnest in his desire to rescue the erring from vice, and to raise the fallen to a new life; he was so full of fervour and zeal, and yet without harshness or austerity, that he took captive the affections of all who came within the reach of his influence. This is not the testimony of one, it is that of hundreds.'

In a sketch published in 1826, from the hand of the present Archdeacon of Cork, the personal appearance of Father Mathew is thus described:—

'He has the advantage (though he appears to make little use of the advantage) of possessing a finely-formed, middle-sized person, of exquisite symmetry; the head, of admirable contour, and from which a finished model of the antique could be cast; the countenance intelligent, animated, and benevolent; its complexion rather sallow, inclining to paleness; eyes of dark lustre, beaming with internal peace, and rich in concentrated sensibility, rather than speaking or kindling with a superabundant fire; the line of his mouth, harmonizing so completely with his nose and chin, is of peculiar grace; the brow, open, pale, broad, and polished, bears upon it the impress not merely of dignified thought, but of nobility itself.'

Like all great workers, Father Mathew was remarkable in his method of economizing time. 'Take time by the forelock, for he is bald behind,' was one of his favourite proverbs. Rising for the most part about five o'clock, and if necessary still earlier, he did much whilst other men were still in bed, and had ample time for the discharge of all his varied prodigious labours. Punctual to the minute in his appointments, 'he was,' says a brother clergyman, 'never once absent from where his duty called him, whether by a public necessity or a private claim, or where his presence could console the afflicted or give hope to the despairing.' Three or four men of ordinary energy and activity would accomplish less than he did singly in a given time. Asked one day how he contrived to rise so early as he did, he pointed to an adjoining cooperage, and said, 'If I were a cooper, bound to Mr. ——, I should be up as early,

early, so as to be at my work at the appointed time, and thus become pleasing to my master. But I have a higher calling, and I serve a better Master; and am I to be less desirous of pleasing that Master than I should be to satisfy Mr. ——?'

A gentleman by birth and education (for his father was adopted by the family of the Earl of Llandaff, and his own early years were largely spent at their seat, at Thomastown), Father Mathew might have been excused had he preferred the society of members of the higher class; but whilst respectful to those in high position, and deferential to authority, ecclesiastical or civil, there was a sort of unconscious dignity or nobleness in the man, which never allowed him to be tainted with the vice of meanness, or toadying of the great. To all, whether rich or poor, his manner was genial, courteous, considerate, kindly interested, cordially polite; polished, but not artificial; gentlemanly from thorough goodness of disposition as well as from birth and breeding. But to the poor he was especially respectful and tender, almost reverential. It was his frequent remark, 'They will be as high in heaven as the highest in the land.'

Of strong feelings and quick emotions, as keenly sensitive was this man to sorrow as to joy, to wrong and insult as to benefit and kindness. The impulse to retaliate was within him, but he resolutely beat down his rebellious nature, and met wrath with a soft answer, and injury with a kindly word. 'A pint of oil,' he would say, 'is better than a hogshead of vinegar;' a proverb true metaphorically, however false from a grocer's stand-point. An incident related by Mr. Maguire, demonstrates his humility and Christian charity:—A lady, in mistaken friendship, thinking it well to 'put people on their guard,' told him how a certain clergyman had spoken hardly of him. Father Mathew heard her patiently, without betraying the least resentment, then meekly replied, 'My dear madam, I am very sorry, indeed, that my acts have not the approbation of this clergyman, for he is truly a good man, and one whose opinion I value highly; and I only hope that I may merit it in future better than I have hitherto done.' The lady was astounded by the reply, and could not at the moment say whether she was annoyed more with the assailed or the assailant. Some time after, the clergyman thus quoted contracted a fatal fever, and the first priest found at his bedside, and the one most constant in his attentions to the dying man, up to the last hour of life, was Father Mathew.

Devoted to his church, Father Mathew became a powerful propagator of its faith; but this wholly by his earnestness and pathos as a preacher, the charm of his manner in private intercourse,

intercourse, and the excellence of his life. There was about nothing that he was or did, any taint of sectarian bitterness. For controversy he had no liking. In school theology, in canon law, he was not deeply read; but with the Scriptures he was intimately and profoundly conversant. With every line from Genesis to Revelation, Mr. Maguire assures us he was familiar, and had at will, ready for every occasion, the apt quotation. His sermons, it is said, were 'eminently Scriptural.' His advice to a brother clergyman, who was troubled how to select what would please a cultivated congregation, was excellent:—'My dear sir, preach to the poor, and your preaching will always serve for the rich.' By poor and rich alike he himself was always heard gladly; and many a time those who came to criticise and find fault, remained to acknowledge with choking voices and tearful eyes the solemn power of his preaching.

As purposely and of his own accord a friar of the poorest order, it was no part of Father Mathew's aim to hoard up money, nor, indeed, of his disposition. His daily duties brought him acquainted with misery in all its earthly varieties, and he never saw distress in any shape without trying to relieve it. Not merely as a duty supposed to be professionally binding upon him, but as a positive pleasure, 'a kind of voluptuous enjoyment,' he gave and was always giving. Regular pensioners he had amongst the very poor. A large number of 'room-keepers' he constantly relieved. Orphans and widows he could not approach without trying to comfort and provide for. For those who had 'seen better days' in a worldly sense, he had peculiar tenderness and respect. If consideration for their feelings forbade him to give directly, he gave in secret, the hand of the donor unseen, the name unknown. Families in distress who had once been prosperous would be visited by some one in the dark hour, who would hand in a money-letter, and vanish on its delivery; and only in after years, through those who were made the bearers of the bounty, would they, perhaps, be able to trace the source of the timely benefaction. The clerk of Father Mathew's chapel performed many an errand of this nature; and speaking once of these lavish charities, 'Look, sir,' said the clerk, 'here is my notion on the subject;—if the streets of Cork were paved with gold, and if Father Mathew had entire control over them, and could do what he liked with them, there would not be a paving-stone in all Cork by the end of the year.'

Many are the anecdotes narrated by Mr. Maguire in proof of the unbounded generosity of this most lovable man. We have, for example, the story of two young and delicately nurtured

nurtured girls, unaccountably deserted by a heartless father, and exposed to many and grievous hardships, insomuch that one of them, delicate and sensitive, gradually pined away. On her death, the surviving sister, utterly desolate and destitute, unable to defray the funeral expenses, saw no alternative but to allow the remains of the dead girl to be hurried in a parish coffin to a pauper's grave. Bold and brave she was, but this was an intolerably bitter element in the cup of her poverty—a last indignity from which, with all her soul, the poor girl revolted. A thought struck her. Quitting her mean apartment and the silent corpse, she ran through the streets, wild and breathless, to Father Mathew, the universal friend. Flinging herself on her knees before him, 'Oh, Father Mathew! oh, Father Mathew!' was all that at first, sobbing and panting, she could say. At length, to his entreaties, she was able to reply, 'Oh, Father Mathew, they are going to bury my sister in a parish coffin!' 'No, my dear child,' was his instantaneous answer, 'they shall not do so. Rise up, my poor child, and have no fear. I will have her buried properly.' And he fully redeemed his word; for he went at once to a respectable undertaker, and next morning the poor girl saw a hearse and pair of horses at her door, with a chaise for the officiating priest, whose name, of course, proved to be Father Mathew.

Wherever he might be, in Cork, in Ireland at large, in Scotland, England, or America, 'his hands,' we are told, 'were continually in his pocket, giving, giving, giving.' All other luxuries he could deny himself; this he never seemed able to forego. More modestly and quietly than he lived at home in Cork few men could live. His only room, save that in which he slept, measured not more than sixteen feet from wall to wall; and here he took his meals, studied, and received company. No carpet softened the boarded bareness of the floor. What many would consider the merest necessaries constituted the furniture. On a side table was a large bust of Lord Morpeth, one of his friends, and on either side were two enormous volumes, the Old and New Testaments. In season there would be a glass filled with flowers. A few portraits and engravings broke the bareness of the walls. On a centre table stood a writing-desk, much bespattered with ink, and otherwise not ornamental; except the desk, everything in the room was usually neat and in perfect order. A few chairs and a side-board completed the list of furniture. In this modest apartment the Apostle of Temperance was visited by many of the great and distinguished of the earth, and here he exercised an hospitality which made guests without number welcome and at

at home. Simple in his habits, plain, though neat, in his attire, he needed little for himself, and spent little on his own wants. But upon others he spent profusely. 'Mercy! heavenly mercy!'—the passage occurred in one of his charity sermons—'had the Deity never spoken, had He never revealed, by prophet or apostle, that mercy was His will, its innate excellence, the high honour it confers upon us, *the delicious, the ineffable pleasure we enjoy in its exercise,* would be sufficient to point out to us the necessity of this indispensable duty.'

Mr. Maguire's volume presents proofs of Father Mathew's inability to refrain from giving, almost in every page. A respectable widow of straitened means, applied to the good friar to use his influence to get her sons into a collegiate institution on reduced terms; he could not effect this, the terms being already barely sufficient for expenses; but he sent the boy to the institution, and not till many years after did the widow discover that Father Mathew had regularly paid the balance of the expense out of his own pocket. On one of Father Mathew's professional visits, a gentleman living in the neighbourhood invited him to his house, and treated him with hospitality and distinction. It was arranged that the guest, after sleeping at the house, should be conveyed in the gentleman's carriage to the place of meeting; and having taken leave of the ladies of the family, he set out, in company with his host. The time passed agreeably with the two gentlemen, as the well-appointed carriage, with its pair of fine spirited horses, rolled smoothly along. But, when near the end of their journey, the vehicle came to a sudden stop. Father Mathew, seeing two or three rather poor-looking men, and believing them to be some enthusiastic followers who had come to meet him on the road, or who perhaps wished to take the pledge, opened the door of the carriage, and leaned out eagerly towards them, saying, 'Good morrow, boys! glad to see you. I hope we shall have a fine meeting. You wish to take the pledge?' 'No, yer riverence,' said a cunning-looking, sharp-eyed, little man, scratching the side of his head with an air of comical perplexity; 'we aren't going to be afther taking the pledge now, an' I'm temperate myself these three yeer; 'tis on another little business we've come.' 'I am delighted,' replied Father Mathew, 'to meet a faithful teetotaler like you, my dear. And can I do anything for you or your friends?' 'We're much obligated to your riverence, and a fine warrant you are to be good and kind, but 'tis with the masther there we've a word to say,' indicating, with a nod of his head and a shrug of his shoulders, the owner of the hospitable mansion and of the luxurious

luxurious carriage. 'Oh! I beg your pardon, my dear sir,' said Father Mathew, drawing back so as not to prevent free communication between his travelling companion and his tenants or workmen, as he supposed the men to be. To his horror, he soon found that the cunning-looking man was a bailiff with a writ, intent on taking possession of the carriage and horses! The dismay and confusion of the unhappy gentleman at this particularly Irish mischance, may be imagined; but still greater were the embarrassment and annoyance of Father Mathew, at witnessing thus the humiliation of a friend. The amount, though not very large, was utterly beyond the capability of the gentleman to meet, at least on that occasion; but Father Mathew pressed his hand softly on the arm of his companion, and begged to be indulged with the gratification of relieving him from this annoyance. He at once settled the debt, adding a handsome douceur to the bailiff; and he employed, during the rest of the journey, all the kindly art of which he was master, to soothe the feelings and relieve the thoughts of his humiliated companion.

At one time a girl had been confided to his care by her friends in a neighbouring county. When she first arrived in Cork she was joyous and light-hearted, and her artless gaiety of character lent an additional charm to her singular beauty. An assistant's situation in a respectable establishment was obtained for her, and here she remained for some time, contented and happy. One day, a fellow assistant, tearing a piece of some fabric which a customer had bought, accidentally struck the poor girl on the bosom. It was a fatal blow. Cancer soon began to be developed, and then commenced a long and painful martyrdom. Father Mathew, who had watched over her with a parent's solicitude, at once came to her assistance, and saved her from the hospital or the workhouse. He supplied her with every necessary, and surrounded her with such comforts as her case allowed; but the sweetest consolation he could give her, was to sit by her bed of pain, to read or pray for her, and to wipe away the drops of agony that stood on her transparent brow. To her beauty sickness seemed to lend an ethereal heightening; and there was something wondrously touching in the sweet, patient smile that triumphed over the bodily weakness and pain. When he was on his journeys, how earnestly she longed for his return; how her large eyes brightened, and her wasted features flushed, as she caught the first sound of his eager step! And never did he willingly disappoint the poor girl's expectation. No matter what the distance he had travelled, or the toil he had undergone, he stopped neither to change his dress nor to allow himself

self a moment's rest until he had seen his poor Ellen. It was his hand that closed her dying eyes, and it was his care that laid her body in a fragrant shrub-beshaded grave.

To his young relatives, and to many of his juvenile friends, Father Mathew was a profuse distributor of Christmas-boxes. Once, however, a pony that had been expected was disappointingly represented by a book; the money intended for the purchase of the animal having gone to release from the army the son of a miserable widow. Mr. Maguire tells one anecdote in which the Duke of Wellington's name is brought upon the page. The only support of an aged mother, and the father of six helpless children, had, perhaps in a tipsy moment, 'taken the shilling.' At a time when Father Mathew's exchequer was at its lowest ebb, the poor mother besieged him with lamentations about 'her darlin' boy, the comfort of her ould heart, and the light of her two eyes.' After long embarrassment, a bright thought struck the good priest. He wrote to the great duke, and received by return of post the following reply:—

'Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew: he could not refuse his application, and has directed the discharge of the soldier he desired.'

In many a breast still lingers the recollection of the generous and heroic zeal manifested by Father Mathew in the great cholera year, 1832. In suggesting and practically carrying out sanitary and remedial measures; and not only so, but in unwearied attendance by the bed-side of the plague-stricken, Father Mathew took a very conspicuous part. At all hours of the day, the brave priest went from house to house, performing the duties of his office, and pouring forth his liberal benefactions, amidst sights and sounds that shook the strongest nerves and appalled the stoutest hearts. One of the largest hospitals in the city was near his dwelling in Cove-street, and was attended by a full staff of laborious clergymen. To ensure the presence of one of these at all hours, a plan of rotation was arranged; and it was Father Mathew's special request, 'as a favour,' that to him might be apportioned the hours from midnight to six in the morning. He knew how little reliance mere mercenaries deserved, when called on to perform depressing and revolting offices; hence, no matter how severe his labours in the day, he was unfailingly attendant at the hospital during the weary hours of the night. Gentle and mild, he was none the less a vigilant overseer, whose rebuke would fall if deserved, and would be deeply felt when falling. A striking incident is narrated, illustrating the value

value of his supervision. He had administered the last rites to a young man, and having been summoned to another part of the hospital, had hurriedly quitted the ward, and was for a short time absent. On his return, he approached the bed in which he had left the young man; but it was now unoccupied. 'Nurse! nurse! what has become of the young man who lay in this bed?' was his earnest inquiry. 'Dead, sir,' was the answer. 'Dead!' he exclaimed; 'it cannot be,—where is he?' and learning that the corpse had been taken to the dead-house, he hurried thither. An awful scene presented itself in this ghastly chamber. At one end, a pile of coffins of thin boards, scarcely held together with a few nails; some of them on the ground, either closed or open, awaiting their occupants. A number of corpses lay on tables, and on the floor;—some blue, distorted, lying in the sheet in which they had been snatched from the death-bed; others wrapped, like mummies, in cloths covered with pitch or tar to prevent contagion. Amidst that appalling scene of death there was a horrid bustle of life; of the noisy nailing down of coffins; of the pitch-painting of sheets; of the removing of bodies, to be tumbled into their last receptacles with shockingly indifferent haste; of the hoarse giving of orders; and of the moving and reeling of whiskey-plied figures. This chamber of death, dimly lighted by a few coarse flickering candles, Father Mathew hurriedly entered. There the body lay; and near it stood two men, preparing the tarred sheet in which to wrap it. 'Stop, stop!' said Father Mathew; 'surely the young man can't be dead!' 'Dead, your reverence,' replied one of the men; 'God forbid you or me would be as dead as that poor fellow—the Lord have mercy on his soul!' 'No, no,' persisted the good priest, 'I can't believe it; I was speaking to him a moment before I left the ward,—let me try.' 'Wisha, try if you plaze, your reverence; but he's as dead as a door-nail; and shure it doesn't take long to carry a man off in these times,—God be between us and harm!' There was a momentary suspension of the loathsome work, whilst Father Mathew knelt beside the body, and pressed his hand upon the region of the heart. A group, hideous to see, clustered around the devoted priest; and not a sound was heard for a time in that ghastly chamber. At length, 'Thank God,' cried Father Mathew, 'he is alive! I feel his heart beat;—thank God, thank God!' Restoratives were applied, and the man was removed to a more fitting place; and in a few days he was able to pour forth his gratitude to him who had thus saved him.

Father Mathew's reputation was much enhanced by

marvellous labours during the cholera time. The physicians spoke ever after with enthusiasm of his zeal, his utter disregard of self, and his munificent generosity. From his own resources, he constantly supplied costly wines and spirits to the hospitals, not only for the sick but for the staff, who, as he *then* believed, required such aid in the discharge of their arduous duties. His labours at the hospitals ceased not until these were closed, and public confidence was restored; and still he found widows to assist and orphans to provide for. Every shilling he could spare he applied to such purposes, practising just as he preached; giving his last coin in the name of God, confident that God would send him more.

In the great Irish famine, Father Mathew was 'the life and soul of every useful and charitable undertaking.' All he had he spent, and involved himself in serious difficulties to relieve the starving. Mr. Wm. Rathbone, of Liverpool, who became acquainted with him in 1841, wrote in 1863:—

'Of our first meeting I remember little; but the pleasing impression of his frank, genial bearing, his clear open countenance, the general impression of goodness and power which his whole appearance and manner conveyed, was very strong. As we saw more of him we were much struck with his *practical efficiency*, which was most remarkable in some of the committees. One day the soup of one of the relief committees was bad. The committee were at a loss for the cause. Father Mathew was empowered to examine. He saw the oatmeal, tasted it, and found it unsound. He himself examined the boiler at six o'clock in the morning, and found a crust an inch thick left from former boilings. This was the right way to come at the cause, and Father Mathew adopted it. * * * His house had, at that time, little furniture, no carpets, but remains of straw; for at night it was filled with poor creatures who had no other home.

'When he afterwards visited Liverpool, after his first attack [of paralysis], the impression of *goodness* was the same, but the *power* was gone.'

When the Cork District Relief Committee suspended its operations, Father Mathew took upon himself the whole responsibility of maintaining one of the depôts, which he kept open for a long time, partly at his own cost, and partly by contributions from his friends. At an expense of 130*l.* per week, he there fed between 5,000 and 6,000 famished creatures, throwing open the doors early in the morning, keeping them open till afternoon, and supplying all who applied with a sufficiency of food. His brother Charles remonstrated with him; represented that it was all very well so long as he had funds to provide for the daily wants of these people; that so long as he fed them they would regard him as their benefactor; but that if his means failed, they would turn upon him and revile him as the author of their misery. He implored him for God's sake to think what he was doing. 'My dear Charles,' Father Mathew replied, 'I do think of what I am doing, and I trust in the goodness of God. In Him I put my trust, and He will not

not desert me!' Just at that moment a letter was handed in by the servant, bringing the news of the arrival in the harbour of a vessel from America, laden with food, and part of it consigned to him. 'Now, Charles,' was his triumphant reply, 'was I not right in saying that I had no fear, because I trusted in the goodness of God? Glory and honour be to His blessed name!'

One day, towards the close of his life, Father Mathew returned unusually animated from his then abode at Lehenagh to the city. 'Something must have pleased you very much, sir,' a lady remarked; and the priest told her how he had been invited to dinner by the little son of a respectable mechanic, whom he had met in the street. 'Father Mathew,' said the little fellow, 'do come and have dinner with us; we have such a nice dinner.' 'What have you, my dear?' inquired the good Father. 'We have a fine leg of mutton, and we have turnips, and we have potatoes,' replied the child. 'Have you no cakes, my dear?' said Father Mathew. 'No, sir,' answered the child, with an abashed air, as if he now felt how wrong it was to give an invitation amidst such a deficiency. 'Then, my dear, you must have them,' said Father Mathew, putting a half-crown into the hand which he held in his own.

On the next day, he returned from the city with a more than usually depressed air. 'What is the matter, sir? has anything annoyed you?' his sister-in-law inquired. 'My dear, I received a hundred invitations to dinner from a hundred little boys to-day!' was his reply, in a mournful voice. He could not for some time enjoy the amusement which the story evidently caused to his listeners.

For his profuse and often indiscriminate alms-giving, Father Mathew was called upon, in his closing years, to pay a bitter penalty. To give largely of his means, trusting in God, was excellent and wise; but to give without discrimination, was to encourage idleness, pauperism, and vice, in many cases, and for this sort of giving Providence has evidently no respect. May we not conclude that the burden of debt which embarrassed Father Mathew's declining years, was permitted to trouble him, partly at least, that those who can learn might be taught by one more example this sometimes very necessary lesson?

Of the circumstances attendant on Father Mathew's call to his Temperance Mission, Mr. Maguire gives some very interesting particulars. From his earliest years it was a pleasure to him to play the host, and make his guests welcome to all that he could provide for their enjoyment. His early retirement from Maynooth, when a youth, was induced by the fear of official displeasure

displeasure to which he had exposed himself in violating a college rule, by giving a convivial party in his own room. He had not been long in Cork, when his brother Charles, returning from a voyage, paid him a visit. As he approached the top of the stairs of the Friary, Charles was surprised to hear bursts of laughter and other unmistakable indications of jollity; and on entering the low-ceiled room of his brother, he was quite taken aback by the spectacle which met his gaze. Around a table plentifully supplied with glasses and decanters, hot-water, lemons, sugar, wine, and whiskey, sat a company of about a score, with Father Mathew at their head, 'looking,' said Charles, 'as happy as a king,—quite in his element,—delighted at seeing so many people enjoying themselves.' The guests of the evening were Theobald's brother clergymen, and other friends with whom he had become acquainted since his arrival in Cork. Songs and toasts, wit and humour, were the order of the evening; but at a reasonable hour, earlier, perhaps, than most of the guests thought necessary, the party broke up, and the brothers were left alone.

Still, fond of company, and given to hospitality, as he was, 'never once,' says Mr. Maguire, 'was he guilty of excess, or, indeed, of the slightest approach to it.' He did not, in those days, run counter to the custom of the day; as a host, he neither spared his wine nor refrained from pressing his guests to help themselves. His own abstemiousness may have been partly prompted by constitutional aversion, but its prevailing motive was the danger of giving scandal, and a just jealousy for his character as a priest. As an invariable rule, long before the clock struck ten, he slipped away from whatever company he happened to be with, and was soon in his own quiet apartment.

About the year 1820, Father Mathew was tried with a singular temptation. During a distressing period of physical and mental prostration occasioned by the loss of a dear friend, he shut himself up in his chamber, and there in secret fed his spirit's gloom. One evening, as he sat before the flickering fire, a voice seemed to whisper in his ear, 'Father Mathew, that cognac in the cupboard is delicious. You have not tasted it. Why don't you try it?' Father Mathew replied aloud, 'Tea is much better. 'But,' returned the voice, or to his ear seemed to return, 'you didn't taste the cognac; it is delicious; only try it!' 'No,' rejoined Father Mathew, starting up in alarm, 'tea is much better;' and so saying, he seized his hat, and almost ran to the residence of Dean Collins, the parish priest of N. Finn Barr's. Having heard the story, the Dean, then in his seventieth year, said, 'It was a suggestion of

of the Evil One, my child, and you did well to resist it.' The next day, the cognac, which had been presented to Father Mathew, was sent to a friend, and the temptation never recurred. Had it been yielded to, very probably Father Mathew would have been added to the long roll of victims of drunkenness, instead of becoming, as he afterwards did, the 'Apostle of Temperance.'

It was not until the 47th year of his age that Father Mathew commenced his great Temperance Mission. Long before this, a fellow member of the Board of Governors of the Cork House of Industry, William Martin, one of the Society of Friends, had made up his mind that Theobald Mathew, of all men, was the best fitted to become a successful advocate of teetotalism. During eight or ten years before, attempts had been made in Cork to promote sobriety. Amongst the earliest and most prominent labourers in that then unpromising field, were the Rev. Nicholas Dunscome, a Protestant clergyman (now rector of Macroom), Richard Dowden, a Unitarian, and William Martin, the 'Friend.' These, with a few others, worked resolutely and bravely, but met with little encouragement. They made some converts; the rivulet of their success even became a brook, but they could not enlarge it into a river. What they could do, they did; but they could not make their unpalatable doctrine acceptable, it was ridiculed as absurd, it was condemned as fanatical. The constant appeal of William Martin was to Theobald Mathew, 'If *thou* would but take the cause in hand.' 'Thou could do such good to these poor creatures!' Appeals like these haunted the conscience of the good priest. For some time he made no sign. Never was a proposal more anxiously considered in all its bearings. Seriously he communed with his own heart, and fervently and humbly did he pray to God for guidance. Many were the obstacles to an acceptance of the total abstinence plan. What! Was 'moderation,' the practise of his life, the frequent enhancer of friendly intercourse, to be condemned as an evil? Did not hundreds of his own most esteemed and honoured friends, men good, religious, charitable, use and enjoy wine, and was he to tell them they were wrong? Were there not fully five hundred drink-retailers in his own city, known to him almost to a man, and many of them liberal in aiding his good works? Was it prudent to attempt so herculean a task, with an apparently almost certain result of failure? What pain to his associat[illegible] what severing of old friendships, might he not apprehe[illegible] His own flesh and blood, the brothers of his youth, [illegible] young children whom he so tenderly loved, the husban[illegible]

his sister, these were involved in the liquor-traffic, and would suffer much loss were his mission successful. 'In prayer, on his knees, before his God,' says Mr. Maguire, 'he sought for guidance from on high; and after long and anxious deliberation, and frequent mental struggles, he became at last convinced that the cause was one in which, for the sake of his people, he ought boldly and unreservedly to embark; and if he decided on placing himself at the head of the movement, may we not believe that he received the guidance which he so reverently sought?'

Early in April, 1838, William Martin received a message from Father Mathew, requesting his presence that evening at his house in Cove-street. At the time appointed, William, who had a presentiment of what was at hand, was at the door, where Theobald Mathew received him with face radiant with kindness and good nature. 'Welcome, Mr. Martin; welcome, my dear friend. It is very kind of you to come to me at so short a notice, and so punctually too.' 'I was right glad to come to thee, Theobald Mathew, for I expected that thou had good news for me.' 'Well, Mr. Martin, I have sent for you to assist me in forming a temperance society in this neighbourhood.' 'I knew it!' said William, 'something seemed to tell me that thou would do it at last.' A plan of action was arranged at once; and the good Quaker went away exclaiming 'Oh, Theobald Mathew, thou hast made me a happy man this night.' 'Here goes, in the name of God!' was Father Mathew's exclamation, as he signed his name to the pledge at the first meeting, held on the tenth of April, 1838, in pursuance of the plan agreed upon between himself and the grandfather of the temperance reformation, as William Martin afterwards delighted to be called. And in the name of God he did go on, until the sound of him had gone forth unto all the earth, and his work almost to the ends of the world. In three months from that night, 25,000 names were on the pledge books; in five months, 131,000; in less than nine months, 156,000; and long before he died, more than 2,000,000 had received the pledge at his hands. Because very much of this work has failed to prove enduring, the mission of Father Mathew has been discounted and decried; but it was all clear gain to the cause of human welfare, as long as it lasted. Had it only lasted a week, it would have been the gain of a week's sobriety; and that alone would have made it well worth the doing. With many thousands, however, the reformation proved permanent; and of the broad marks which Father Mathew scored on the world's face, some that are unspeakably valuable remain unobliterated to this day.

One

One thing was wanting to permanent, wide success; happy for Ireland would it have been, happy for the world, if that one thing could have been supplied. The great car of the goddess Temperance was dragged triumphantly up the hill, almost to the top; but there always comes a time of flagging effort, of shortness of wind, of halting and of resting, in every movement to which philanthropy incites. At such pausing-times, what becomes, above all things, important, is some mechanical help, some stone scotching the wheels, to maintain the *status quo* until the onward motion can be resumed. Such a stone of help would have been found in the prohibition of the common sale of strong drinks; in the absence of it, the car rolled back disastrously, rushing down hill, and losing almost all the vantage that had been gained. Before he went away, Father Mathew saw clearly what was the one thing missing. When, in 1853, the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic was formed, Father Mathew expressed, in writing, his cordial adhesion. 'My labours,' he wrote to the Alliance, 'were attended with partial success. The efforts of individuals, however zealous, are not equal to the mighty task. The United Kingdom Alliance strikes at the very root of the evil. I trust in God the associated efforts of the many good and benevolent men will effectually crush a monster gorged with human gore.'

Next to the special functions of his spiritual office, promotion of temperance was the great object of his life. To widen, deepen, and strengthen the foundations of the great fabric; to extend its upper works to the higher classes; to enlist men of talent and zeal in its advocacy; to influence work-people and servants through their masters and mistresses; to attract especially the young to the ranks; to interest the feelings of his brother priests in the cause; and to go on until the inhabitants of his country were gathered into one temperance fold, was his fixed resolve. 'Assist the cause, and you complimented him. Do so even by an admission of its usefulness, and you pleased him; do so by your own personal example, and there was no sacrifice which he would not willingly make for your advantage. But look coldly on it, and you pained him; swear at it, and you wounded him; attack it, and you roused his indignation. As a leader, he valiantly stood in the van, and challenged the enemy to strike his shield.'

Magical was his power of persuasion. 'Did you see Father Mathew lately?' said one friend to another, whom he happened to meet travelling in the south of Ireland. 'I did,' was the reply. 'And I'll engage he made you take the pledge.'

did, indeed. But did you see him lately?' 'To be sure I did.' 'And did he make you take it too?' 'That he did.' 'There is no escaping him; but I am not sorry for it!' 'No, nor I either.'

'Many a young fellow,' says Mr. Maguire, 'who had as much notion of taking the pledge as he had of jumping over the moon, was caught, smuggled, bound hand and foot, before he knew where he was.' A porter in the service of a merchant of Cork was an inveterate drunkard. His sole enjoyment was in drinking whiskey. Twice he was dismissed from his employment; and a third time, as he was about to be sent away, he was induced to seek an interview with Father Mathew. Total abstinence was quite out of the question with 'Red Denis,' but perhaps some bargain might be struck with the Father, short of that impossible limit. Father Mathew was delighted to see the porter, on whom he had often cast a longing eye. 'Thank God, you are come to see me, Denis, and of your own free will too. A voluntary sacrifice is most acceptable to the good God. Kneel down, my dear child,' continued Father Mathew to the giant, who was scratching his red poll, much perplexed. 'Well, sir,' said Denis, 'the truth of it is, you must make a bargain with me.' 'Bargain, my dear! what bargain?' 'I'm thinking, your reverence, of giving up the sperrets, but—' 'God will bless your doing so, my dear. It never did any one any good, and it has slain thousands and thousands of immortal souls, too.' 'What you say, your reverence, is thrue enough, and I'm going to give it up—but I must have a darby.' 'A darby, my dear?' 'Yes, your reverence, one darby a day. I'll take the pledge if your reverence will only give me one darby a day.' 'No, no; you must give it up entirely, or I can't let you take the pledge.' 'Why, then, Father Mathew, your reverence, I tell you 'tisn't in the power of God Almighty to make me do without whiskey entirely.' 'Shame, sir, shame! to use such language. You should not dare say what you have done. God is omnipotent, and He can do much more than change the heart of a miserable drunkard,' said Father Mathew, with an unwonted severity. 'Well, your reverence, I beg God's pardon and your pardon; but 'tis what I thought; for I never can do without the darby.' 'Go now, my dear, and come back to me in a week, and you may then be in a better state of mind.' In a week Red Denis was again in the parlour at Cove-street. ''Tis no good, your reverence, without you allow me the darby of whiskey—I'm afeard of myself entirely.' 'Denis,' said Father Mathew, most impressively, 'kneel down this moment and repeat the words of the pledge after me, and

I tell you that God will give you strength to resist temptation for the future; I promise you that He will give you strength and grace to do so, I promise it to you in His name.' Overcome by the solemnity of the appeal, Denis knelt and took the pledge. To the last hour of his life he was enabled faithfully to keep it.

It was not only upon people of his own creed that Father Mathew's magic was thus irresistible. 'Why, did you kneel to him?' asked one of the 'True Blues' in Ulster, to another. 'Who the d——l could resist him? Who could help it? No one could refuse him anything he asked.' 'Some,' says Mr. Maguire, 'came to their doors in a spirit half bitter, half jeering; but strong Protestants and Presbyterians as they were, they yielded to an unaccountable impulse, and falling on their knees, humbly received his blessing.' 'Father Mathew,' said one of a large batch of kneelers, on whose foreheads the priest was making the sign of the cross, 'here am I, an Orangeman, kneeling to you, and you blessing me!' 'God bless you, my dear,' was his reply, as he rapidly passed on, 'I didn't care if you were a *Lemon*man.'

This marvellous power of touching and swaying men's minds, often producing results which much astonished the subjects of it, belonged not to his temperance ministry only. He was extraordinarily successful as a peace-maker. To restore peace in distracted families was his delight, and it was impossible to resist his tender pleading and his earnest importunity. Many a husband and wife had reason to bless his timely intervention; many a parent recovered a child lost to him, through Father Mathew's counsels. Usually he was sent for in such cases; but if not, he would contrive to make a visit at the right moment; and even the haughtiest and the most self-willed found it impossible to quarrel with him, or feel humiliated by his good offices. 'I declare, sir,' said a gentlemen to his friend, one day in the public street, as Father Mathew left them, 'I believe that man has some extraordinary power about him. I had not the best feeling towards him, on account of something that had annoyed me; but, sir, I do assure you the moment he grasped me by the hand, there was an end to my anger. I can't say what it is; but if we lived in another age, I should be inclined to say there was magic in it.' 'Would that we had more of such magic and such magicians in these days,' was the answer of his friend.

Of his declining days, sweetness and humility marked every hour. When he spoke, his words breathed the very spirit of devotion. When reference was made in his presence to his services to his fellow-creatures, or to his acts of

ness, he would say with the greatest earnestness, 'Oh! do not, do not, my dear, give me any merit for what I have done. How I wish my motives had always been pure in the sight of God.'

Such was the man who will be for ever famed as the Apostle of Temperance. He passed away on the 8th of December, 1856, in the 66th year of his age.

ART. V.—JIM WILSON'S RESOLVE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A LANCASHIRE TALE.

THERE are many pretty villages on which Pendle Hill looks frowningly down, whose inhabitants still retain the simplicity of life and habits which characterized them fifty years ago, and in whose dwellings may even yet be heard the click-clack of the shuttle and loom, and the whirr of the spinning-wheel.

In a little village called Clifton, not far from the cotton manufacturing town of Darley, my story begins. Two men were leaning over the wooden palings dividing their cottage gardens; and one, whom we will call Jim Wilson, a widower with two children, was bitterly lamenting the unprofitableness of hand-loom weaving, now that machinery was so much used. His neighbour, Tom Watson, an old bachelor, living alone, excepting for several cats and birds who followed him wherever he went in the village, was listening with a deprecating air to Jim, who spoke as follows:—

'Weyving's good to nowt, an' aw'm baan to sell eawr two cottages, an' try what aw con do wi' keepin' a public-heawse. Ther's eawr Ned con help wi' brewin', un eawr Peggy con sarve it eawt, for hoo's a cleyn-lookin', bonny-fatur'd lass, an' folk loike to hev a bonny wench to wait on 'em, so aw'm gooin' into Darley to-day to look abeawt me, an' if aw see owt loikely, aw'se soon get eawr cottages swapped for brass; an' see if aw connot do as weel as Dick Knowles hes done ut th' Rompin' Kittlin.' (Rampant Lion was the sign, but thus was it rendered by the villagers of Clifton.)

'Dunnot thee be sich a foo, Jim; theaw'rt noan so badly off as mony a poor body; thi childer's a comfort to thee now; but if they do as, Dick Knowles's hes, they'll noan be mich comfort to thee afther tha gets i'th' public loine. It's true he has med a bit o' brass, but what's th' use o' that? It connot bring back his poor deod woife; why, hoo just fret hursel into th' grave becose that lad o' theirs were transported fur hittin' a fella wi' a poker, un lamed him soaan' he deed. O' through drink, mon; as two o'th' lasses wed drunken nowts, un sooner they're put to bed wi' a spade, an' sooner they'll hae peos; for they'n noan now, though one on 'em is th' maister ov hur chap, an' he dar'nt lick hur; but, bless us! whear's th' comfort i' that sort ov a loife? How would ta loike to see yo're Peggy coom to sich a endin'? Bide thee wheere ta art, lad, an' keep thi fingers frae money gettin' i' sich a way; tha owes nowt to nub'dy; tha hes two cows, a pig, an' a score o' ducks, an' aw dunno heaw mony hens; tha con look at foak beawt shamin' neaw, but tha'll ha to do mony a meon trick if tha gooas into th' alehouse, mon! Bless thee, lad! ne'er do that.'

'A mon con be honest i' ony sort ov a trade (said Jim); an' as to eawr Ned or Peggy comin' to owt loike Dick Knowles's childer, they'n mooar sense un decency abeawt 'em nur that; an' I'se tak care wot they do, an' noan leov 'em to to poike up wi' ony sort o' raff: doan't thee be fear'd, mon, we'se do weel enuff, I know;—but I wur a noddy to say owt to thee, Tom, for theaw'rt a tectotaler, as they co' 'em, an' hes only one thowt on th' subject, so good mornin' to thee, for I'm baan to just tak mi cut eawt o'th' loom, an' then I'm off to Darley, an' we'se see.' 'Eh,

'Eh, Jim! theaw'rt gooin' to mek a foo o' thisel, I'm fear'd. I wish tha may tek another thowt abeawt it, an' hev nowt to do wi' drink; we'se ne'er do ony good wi' foak whoile they letten 'em sell stuff as addles foaks' heods, an' maks 'em wos than th' beoste oth' field. If tha's set thi mind on mekkin' a bit mooar brass, lad, mak it some way as'll noan mek thi hate th' seet on't when tha hes getten it, an' not sich as meks poor little childer hev to goo clammin' to bed whoile ther dad's spendin' wot should hae bowt ther suppers.'

'Na, theaw'rt gooin' eawt o' reoson, Tom, an' aw mun goo un get mi out eawt. Aw'se just hae addled ten shillin' this wick, an' does ta think aw con keep heawse decently eawt o' that, mon? Aw've warked soon an' late or I shouldn't hev hed as mich as that; thar a rare, gradely mon, Tom, but thee un me teks different thowts abeawt things; aw'se ne'er let foak tae mich hort frae th' drink as aw'se sell 'em. Aw've setten my moind o' gettin' into some way as aw con put a bit o' brass by ogen; aw'm too owd to wark ony mooar; I coon't eawt o' hond-loom weyvin', as tha knows, Tom, vara weel.' So saying, he cut short the conversation by hurrying into his cottage, where Peggy, a buxom girl of seventeen, was 'cleynin' up,' as she termed it.

Jim Wilson was a hard-working, steady man, and had saved sufficient to buy two cottages, two cows, a pig, and some poultry; and Peggy had enough to do to look after the small dairy and the wants of the live stock. Her mother had died when Peggy was but a child; people said she and her husband had pinched themselves of necessary food and clothing, in order to put by a little money every week; and she being but a delicate woman, had sunk under the self-imposed semi-starvation and scanty clothing, or, as the villagers said, 'hoo'd clammed and starved hersel to deoth.' To get money was Jim Wilson's ruling passion, and now he had fully determined to see about a public-house, for in that way he saw much money was gained quickly. He took out his cut, and was soon on his way to Darley with it.

On giving in his work at the factory, the overlooker told him he must bate him for several bad places in one piece, so he had only a little over nine shillings to receive, which put him sadly out of temper, and made him declare 'he'd see if he wouldn't do summat afore long.' So after receiving materials for the next week's work, he took up his bag and walked out into the town, going through street after street, looking eagerly for some eligible public-house, or even a 'Jerry Shop,' he did not mind. As ill luck (good luck he called it) would have it, on passing down a street near an iron foundry, he saw a bill on the walls of a small public-house, setting forth that on a certain day all the furniture, fixtures, brewing utensils, goodwill, &c., were to be sold. He thought it would be just the place for him, near a foundry too! mechanics are a thirsty lot, and he should have plenty of custom. He inquired of a man who was standing at the door of one of the houses near, how it was the public-house was to let, and received the information that the former landlord had gone into the wholesale brewery line, having made a good deal of money in the public-house. Jim thought he had found exactly what he wanted, and looking again at the bill of sale, saw the words, 'by public auction or private treaty,' with the person's name of whom inquiries could be made.

He hurried home with his work; and telling Peggy of his good luck in finding a place just to his mind, dressed himself in his best, and returned to Darley to call upon the man appointed to treat with applicants for the public-house.

The man was in his office, ready and willing to be questioned concerning that 'well-accustomed (more's the pity!) public-house, known by the name of the "Black Swan."' Jim found that a high figure was asked for the furniture, good-will, &c., but still it was within his power to give it, for he had a customer ready for his cottages, and he knew he could soon sell the live stock to the same man; besides, he had a little money in the savings' bank. A few days were all he had to decide in, but he had pretty well settled already, and went home quite elated with his prospects, calling on his way at the house of the man who wanted the cottages to say he could have them at the price he had offered, and asking if he couldn't take his cows and poultry. After considerable haggling as to price, it was finally settled that he should take the whole stock off Jim Wilson's hands, and the money was to be paid over to him

him on the following Monday—it was then Saturday—and with a feeling of pride at having done so good a day's work he passed on his way.

Arrived at home, he told Peggy and Ned, who had returned from helping a neighbouring farmer with haymaking, what he had done, and both expressed unbounded delight. Ned declared, 'I'd liefer brew than goo haymakin'; it meks mi hed wartch.' Visions of handsome dresses and gay bonnets floated before Peggy's mental gaze. Her talent for fine dressing had been effectually curbed by her father, who said, 'Owt as wur cleyn an' dacent wod do for Clifton looans;" and her smartest dress was only a brown merino. Her best bonnet had but one piece of dark-blue ribbon over it, 'an' nather bow nor ends,' as Peggy ruefully remarked, when her father brought it home from the village *modiste's;* 'an sich a shape! welly enough to mek 'osses tek boggart when they see it,' as she further remarked.

'Well, feyther, yoa'll happen let me hev a new blue gown deawn to th' greawnd, waint yoa?' asked Peggy.

'Why, lass, aw dunnot know as aw con let thee hev owt new just yet; it'll tek o' mi brass fur to buy things as we'so want; but bide a bit, an' tha'st hev a blue geawn, an' two or three mooar clooas as weel, if tha'll do thi best to help me in wer new wark.'

'Why, feyther, aw'se be shamed i' mi owd brown frock, it's so shoart an' skimpin; foaks ull laugh at me.'

'Not they! laugh at thee! if tha'll moind thi own business, they'll ha summat else to think on nur lookin whether tha'rt i' lung frocks or shoart uns. Hows'ever, tha con hev nowt new neaw, for aw've nowt to pay for it wi.'

Ned too was ready with a request: 'Aw say, feyther, we'st noan hev egg an' bacon poy to Sunday's dinner when we'n getten to Darley, shall we? Yoa'll let us have a dumplin', waint yoa?'

'Howd thi din, lad, wod con ta hev better t'an eggs an' bacon? Awm noan gooin' to let thee mek thisel' badly wi' eitin', aw con tell thee; but yo'd best go to bed; aw'se happen let thee hev a blegberry dumplin' to-morn, if tha'll ger up toime enough to gether 'em.'

'Oh, aye, awm sure aw shall; so, good neet, Peggy, an' moind tha meks us a good fatty crust.'

'Ger owt, tha greedy thing, tha cares abeawt nowt but eitin,' was Peggy's reply; 'good neet to thee,' she added, 'an' good neet, feyther,' to Jim, as he went up-stairs.

When Peggy got to her own little room she pondered over the coming change in their life, and there were only two subjects of regret in her heart: one that she couldn't have new clothes, and the other a certainty that Tom Sparlin would not like her serving in a public-house; for the said Tom had what the villagers called a 'sneakin' kindness' towards Peggy, and she rather liked him; but he was a teetotaler, and she knew he would disapprove of her father's plans altogether.

'Bod what need I care for Tom Sparlin?' she soliloquized. 'Aw'se get plenty o' chaps i' Darley. Here its different, wheer one never sees a dacent lad frae year end to year end. He mud do weel enuff; bod aw'se tak no faut findin' fra him, I know. I can pike among 'em when I get to Darley: I'm noan so feaw'—looking at herself in her small glass. 'An' when I get a blue gown, an' a collar, an' a red bow, I'se look better than i' this thing,' flinging her old brown frock on the bed.

Peggy was a pretty country girl; an abundance of wavy brown hair, large, bright, dark eyes, fair skin, and rosy round cheeks, made up for the disadvantages of a nose that was *not* purely Grecian in its outline, and a mouth whose curves were not exactly like Cupid's bow.

She was tired, however, and her cogitations were neither long nor profound.

Ere the sun had fairly risen, Ned was up and off on his blackberry hunt. Old Tom Watson was out, too, enjoying the sweet fresh morning air, and encountered Ned in one of the pretty lanes that led from Clifton. 'Ned! what are ta for, lad?' said Tom, as he saw Ned clambering over a ditch.

'Gerrin blackberries for a dumplin', said Ned. 'Wot a Sunday moarnin?' said Tom. 'Ay, aw reckon a body mun eit a Sunday as weel as ony other day,' said Ned. 'Ay, but couldn't tha o' getten thi blackberries yusterday?' 'Noa, I wur hay-mekkin' an' hed no time.' 'I think tha'r i'th' wrang, Ned; but heaw's thi feyther settled abeawt th' public-heawse? I heard tell he wur after one when he goet to Darley yusterday.' 'Oh, he's baan to tek one to morn; he's sowd th' cottages, so tha'll hev a new landlord.'

'I'm gradely sorry, Ned, I am lad. I thowt he'd ne'er goo into th' public loine;

loine; an' o' to mak a bit o' brass! for o' he hes mooar than monny a poor lad neaw. An' thee, Ned, tha'll noan be able to walk i'th' bonny looans ov a moarnin an' sniff at th' sweet air, or hear th' layrocks singin'. Whoy, hear thee at that'n' (pointing to a small speck which was all that could be seen of a lark fluttering upwards to 'heaven's gate'); 'does ta think as th' songs o' drunken chaps ull be owt loike that?' 'Now, I dar say not,' said Ned; 'but we'se happen hev a donce, an then aws't hear fiddles, an' happen a foife un a drum, an' aws't loike it a good deol better. An' aw'se not hev to goo hay-mekkin ony mooar; an' i'ts no use thee tokin, Tom, fur its o' settled, an' wer baan next wick. Awm gooin' i'th' 'tother field, so good moarnin' to thee, Tom; tha'll come an' see us, waint ta?' 'Now, Ned, I connot goo into a public-heawse, but ta con come an' see me whene'er ta loikes.'

And so they parted, Ned to his blackberry gathering, and Tom to view the 'gracious prodigality of nature.'

Peggy, and her father, too, were up betimes and actively bestirring themselves attending to the cows, pigs, and poultry. After all was done, breakfast over, and the blackberry 'dumplin' ' set on to boil, they all set off to church, for Jim Wilson was strict in the performance of his religious duties, and insisted on the punctual observance of them by his children.

In returning from church, Jim Wilson was questioned on his bargain—for news of his undertaking had spread through the village—and most of his neighbours congratulated him on his good luck, and this put him on the best of terms with himself and his prospects.

When they got home, dinner was soon made ready by Peggy, Ned walking after her to see the 'dumplin' ' safe out of the pan. Alas! for the uncertainty of human happiness. To his great annoyance the 'dumplin' ' had burst, and, while the water it had been boiled in had gained in flavour, it was decidedly weak.

'It's olez th' way,' said Ned, 'tha con never mek a crust good to owt; tha'rt a gradely foo at cookin' owt, Peggy.'

'Aw connot mek moor o'th' cat than th' skin, tha greyt mopus!' was her angry reply. 'Aw hedn't flour to mek th' crust thick enough; *tha's* try thi hond next time, an' see wot tha con do wi' a hondful o' flour an' a bit o' bacon fat.'

'Howd yer dins, booath on yoa!' interrupted the father, 'yoan too much to eit, an' it meks yoa prodigal.'

Dinner was eaten in silence, Ned occasionally casting angry looks at Peggy, and she flashing back scornful glances in return. After all was cleared away, and Jim had smoked his pipe, it was time to go to afternoon service, and Peggy grew a little nervous as to the result of her interview with Tom Sparlin, which was sure to take place after leaving church. They all went to the little village church again, and Peggy's eyes wandered in search of Tom, but he was not in his usual place. I fear her mind was more occupied conjecturing the probable cause of his absence than with the service. In going out of church, Tom's sister whispered to Peggy, 'Ar Tom's badly, vara badly he is. I think he's getten a faver; will ta come an' see him, Peggy? He'll be gradely fain if ta will.' 'Noa,' said Peggy, 'my feyther ull be mad if I do; but tha con tell him as I'm vast sorry as he's badly, an' tell him as we're baan fro Clifton next week.'

After this the day passed wearily with poor Peggy, who cared more than she would admit even to herself for Tom's welfare.

She went to talk to Tom Watson after 'milking time,' and many were the sage counsels he fortified her with, and her parting words to him showed he had made some impression. 'Tha's welly med me hate thowts o' gooin' into th' public-heawse, Tom. I ne'er thowt uv o'th' misery ther wur at whoam wol chaps wur singin' songs an' drinkin' ther gills. I'se noan loike to fill 'em for 'em; but good neet to thee, Tom. I'se come and si thee sometoimes ov a Sunday afternoons.' 'That's reet, Peggy, lass; thee come ony toime; tha'll ne'er come wrang. Good neet, an' God bless thee, lass, and keep thee fro harm! Just thee think whene'er ta sees chaps flingin' ther brass abeawt, as th' little brids awhoam are happen beawt owt to pick at. Good neet agen, Peggy, ma bonny lass.'

Her father and Ned were watching over the dying fire, and she said good night to them, and went to her own little room. She felt more charitably towards the brown merino dress and the frightful bonnet this night, and even put them away with care and gentleness.

'Thoose hannot been bowt eawt o' wot poor childer should ha hed,' was her murmured

murmured soliloquy; 'after o, ther's nowt loike feelin' as one's arnin' a livin' beawt hurtin' onybody. Wot shall I do at partin wi Cherry (her favourite cow)? I ne'er thowt o' that. Poor Cherry! Ther ull be nub'dy so kind to it as I've been. Next foak ull happen lick it, for it's vast stupid road as it teks.'

This picture brought the tears to her bright eyes. 'Poor Cherry!' sighed Peggy, and she leaned out of the open window to ponder over Cherry's probable 'licking' for obstinacy, and her fancy wandered to Tom Sparlin in his sickness. 'Poor Tom! Bod he's a stout lad, an' he'll soon be weel agen, I'se warrant.'

Peggy was but a simple country girl, with no romantic tendencies; feeling so strong herself, she could but dimly grasp the notion of any one else's weakness, or she might have indulged in that 'luxury of woe,' which sensation novelists portray their heroines as indulging in at the slightest ache developed in the frame of their adorers. Or she might have found aids to sentimentality in the pretty, straggling village, with its whitewashed cottages, here and there climbing June roses twining over their porches; or in the last notes of our northern nightingale, the thrush, trilling out its sweet liquid notes to the moon, as it rose to mingle with the twilight; or in the tower of the old church, as it reared itself—sadly rounded from its original squareness by the ivy—between her and the western horizon. She apostrophized none of these, but looked with loving, regretful eyes on all; never had they seemed so beautiful before. When the thrush had sung his last song and all was silent, she said:

'It's a bonny place, it's a varra bonny place. I'se ne'er loike onywheer as weel. God bless us o' and mek us better!' She closed the window, and was soon in the land of dreams, where she saw troops of famishing children pass before her with hungry eyes, and Tom Sparlin drinking in their own public-house, a degraded-looking sot, instead of the fine, healthy, stout, young fellow she knew him last. Waking with a start, she muttered a 'bless us,' and fell into a sound, dreamless slumber.

The next day passed with little to mark it. Jim Wilson went to Darley, and in the evening the purchaser of the cottages came to look at his property. Peggy admitted him sulkily, saying next to nothing whilst he stayed, and muttering, 'I'm fain yo're gooin',' when he went.

When her father returned, he informed Peggy that all was settled, and Ned was loud in his expressions of delight; but Peggy, who had again been talking with Tom Watson, said nothing. Her father looked keenly at her, but made no verbal remark. Ned said, 'Ar Peggy's frettin' becose Tom Sparlin's badly i'th' faver,' for which observation he received a slap on the face with Peggy's porridge spoon by way of punishment. 'Na, 'gree, will yo',' said the father. 'Aw suppose Tom Sparlin's noan so badly bud wot he can mend, an' we'd best goo to bed, or else we'se be hevin' to leet a candle soon.'

And so the next two days passed rapidly in busy preparation for removing; and now the last has come, and after everything had been put on the cart, that was taking their scanty supply of furniture to Darley, Peggy was standing with her arm over Cherry's neck at the field-gate opposite, crying in utter abandonment of sorrow at parting with her favourite. Ned was clumsily attempting to comfort her, and almost crying himself. 'Ne'er heed, Peggy, tha con coom an' see it, tha knows, an' we'se hev mooar fun by hofe i' Darley: fiddles, an' foifes, an' drums, an' dancin', an' a beef-steak dumplin' next Sunday; bless thee, lass, doant cry, tha meks me soft.' 'Coom, Peggy, let's hev no moor o' thi silliness,' called her father; so she ran across into Tom Wilson's cottage, got hold of his hand, and, after a hard, crushing grip, rushed out again.

'Come an' see me, Peggy, lass, as soon as thi feyther ull let thee,' he called after her; she nodded, and went after the cart, for Jim Wilson had found out that Tom had been talking to Peggy; he said he 'thowt it vast meon on him to set th' lass ogeon her feyther,' and he would speak to him no more, and had all but forbidden Peggy and Ned to do so.

After a dreary, toilsome walk, each burdened with some piece of furniture they were afraid to trust in the jolting cart, Jim Wilson, Peggy, and Ned arrived in Darley, and at 'The Black Swan.' Peggy was thoroughly disheartened with the dirty, dingy appearance of the house, and remarked aside to Ned, 'I ne'er sced sich a place i' o' mi loife, I'se be welly killed afoar I get th' flures anythin' loike.' The neighbours turned out to see the new arrivals, and

and many were the sneering comments they made to each other about the furniture as it was lifted from the cart. 'Ther's a good monny o' them things bin med awhoam,' said one. 'Ger eawt, it's owd fashunt furniture, mon, wuth a deol mooar ten ony o' yer new-fangled rubbidge,' said another. 'I should loike to know who med that lass's frock, an' wheer hoo geet her bonnet fro,' was a remark that brought an angry flush to Peggy's face; but the woman who had been looking after the house now made her appearance, looking as if she 'wur dazed loike,' as Peggy observed to Ned, and began to help them in with the furniture. It was soon got in, and the horse and cart were driven off by the man who had come with them.

Peggy set about her cleaning at once, and before nightfall had succeeded in making things look more comfortable. Only one day, and they were to open to the public; and so she had little time to think during the day, and was too tired to lie awake at night. A few wandering thoughts were given to Tom Sparlin, who, she had heard, was a 'bit better.'

And now the eventful day had come, and Peggy had been practising, under her father's eye, how 'to fill gills beawt spillin' ony.' Ned had been kept at work in the brewhouse, getting initiated into its mysteries, and helping his father to put things to rights in the house; but to-day he was dressed in his best to help Peggy, and fill jugs for her; they expected to be busy, as it was pay day at the foundry.

At noon many called for gills, and Peggy had to run the gauntlet of their compliments or banter, sometimes feeling, as she afterwards told Ned, as if she could 'loike to fotch 'em a slap o'th' face for their forratness;' but on the whole getting through her first attempt with more steadiness than might have been expected from a raw country girl. Some remained drinking, as work was over at two on Saturdays. Some of their wives came looking for them, and Peggy thought of Tom Watson, when a little child, so wan and dirty, came and asked, 'Is my feyther here?' 'I don't know thi feyther,' said Peggy; 'come an' see,' opening the parlour door, where about a dozen men were sitting smoking and drinking. 'Ay, that's him,' said the child, pointing to one at the end of the room, and making his way to him, he said, 'Come, feyther, we'n had nowt to wer dinners yet, un aw'm welly clammin', soa is 'tother childer, an' my mother con't ger up, hoo's so badly.' 'Ger whoam, tha little monkey, or I'll knock tha deawn,' was the response, in a brutal voice. 'Nay,' said Peggy, 'yo mun goa an' give 'em summat to ger a bit o' meyt wi.' 'I think if yo mind yoar own bizness it'll be best for yoa,' said the man. 'Well, but give 'em *summat* out o yer wages,' said Peggy, 'th' choild looks as iv it wur welly clammin';' but no, the man would not stir, but called for more drink, which Peggy refused to give him until her father came; who finding what the dispute was about, sent Peggy off at once, and when he got her out asked, 'Wot does ta meon be sich loike wark? Does ta want to ruin me? If th' fella doesn't ger it here he'll goo somewheers else, an' I may as weel hev his brass as onybody else.' 'Well, but, feyther, his childer's hed nowt to eit, an' ho's sittin' here spendin' th' brass as should buy 'em summat fur o'th' week; an' his woife's badly an' connot ger up.' 'I tell thee, Peggy, if tha begins ta think abeawt eitin' for other foaks, tha may varra soon hev nowt fur thisel; but o' this comes o' lettin' thee goo to Tom Watson's so mich; if ever I hear o' thee gooin' near him ogen, I'll lick thee, big as ta art. So, now, thee fill that mon his glass, an' let's hev no mooar o' thi nasty ways.' Peggy obeyed with tears in her eyes, for she had been proposing to go and see Tom Watson the day after, but now that was impossible. She slily took the child, who was still standing by its father, a large piece of bread, which it ate greedily. Many other poor wives and children came looking for husbands and fathers during the evening. A quarrel began between two men, and they turned out to fight; the police were called, and at length peace was restored. For the first time Peggy saw women sitting drinking, for some remained with their husbands; and when, at last, twelve o'clock came, and all had to be turned into the street, Peggy felt sickened and wearied. Ned was not so elated as at first with his new work; he had been attending to company in the rooms, whilst Peggy was in the bar. 'I tell thee wot, I'm gradely toirt gooin' up an' deawn stairs o' neet. Wot are ta baan ta mek us fur dinner to-morn, Peggy?' 'I dunnot know, an' I dunnot care; ax feyther.' 'Yo'll hev nowt beawt yo manidge better ten yo'n

yo'n done to-neet next Sunday; but to-morn yo mun hev a beef-steak dumplin', as I promised yo. I've getten three-quarters ov a peawnd o' beef to mek it on.' 'That ull not be mich apiece,' said Ned. 'It'll be a quartern o' beef, tha yung gormandizing rascot, an' heaw mich moor wod ta hev?' 'I'd hev a peawnd, an' little enuff when yo're hard warked. But I'm baan to bed, fur I'se hev plenty to do i'th' mornin', lookin' after yon barrels ov ale. I don't like public-heawse hofe as weel as I thowt I should. I'se not get to th' church, yo see, nor I'se not get to see Tom Watson, an' I wanted to goo an' see him.' 'If I yer o' thee gooin' to see Tom Watson I'll punch thee when theaw comes back, I *will*.' 'Come, feyther, I'se noan ston' punchin', so yoa'd better not toke o' that way. But I'm gooin' to bed. Good neet to thee, Peggy.' 'Good neet, Ned.'

The next morning was passed by Peggy in cleaning away the preceding night's debauch; and, as she bent over her pail, some angry tears fell into it. Ned, coming in, said, 'Wot are ta cryin' for, Peggy? Are ta badly?' 'Noa; but I thowt I med ha' gwon to Clifton to-day, fur I'm welly pisoned wi' th' smell o' drink an' smook; an' now mi feyther waint let me goo fur fear on me seein' Tom Watson. He's a gradely, good owd fella, he is! a foine seet better ten mony a one as co's him. An' if I'm to be teed to th' heawse i' this rooad, I'se run away an' go back to my windin' and dairy wark; one hed one day i' th' week, but if this hes to be th' way, we'se hev nowt.' 'Weel, Peggy, I'm i' th' same fettle misel'; tha sis I con't go nather; but thee get thee cleynin' done and I'll goo an' see Tom Sparlin, an' then I con tell thee heaw he's gerrin' on.' 'Bless, thee, Ned! it's not so mich that, but it's nobbut reet as ta should goo an' ax abeawt him, so aw'll get dinner ready, so as tha needn't be baulked o' th' eawt to Clifton, an' tha mun tell me heaw o' looks, and pull me a fleawr or two.' 'Ay, ay, Peggy, aw'se do it for thee, but get done.'

Peggy was true to her word, and dinner was soon ready, and though Ned grumbled about 'sich bits o' meyt,' as Peggy pretended she didn't want any, and gave him her share of the 'dumplin,' he was appeased. But Jim Wilson turned on Peggy, saying, 'Neaw, aw'm not baan to hev thee peawtin' an' fo'in' eawt wi' thi meyt, Peggy; tha mon eit or I'se hev thee badly, an' I con noan afford to hev onybody else to wark i' thi place, so lets' hev noan o' thi marlocks here.'

Ned went to Clifton, and Peggy sat at the window wondering if Tom Sparlin would send any message by him. Just before the time for opening the doors of 'The Black Swan' she saw him coming down the street. 'Weel, Ned, who did ta see, an' heaw's everybody i' Clifton?' 'Tom Sparlin's welly better, an' everybody else is varra weel, nobbut Tom Watson, an' he's badly, varra badly; th' doctor ses he'll noan live lung, beawt he taks a torn.' 'Whoy, tha never ses so; poor owd Tom! poor owd lad! an' nub'dy to do owt for him!' 'Yoi, but ther is, o' th' wimmin's fain to do summat for poor owd Tom; he's ne'er done owt but reet to folk, an' neaw they'n do ther best for him. Aw am sorry—an' Peggy—but wheer's mi feyther?' 'Oh, gooan to yon fella's deawn th' street; but wot are ta baan to tell me?' 'Oh, I went to see owd Tom, for o' my feyther sed he'd punch me.' 'Bless thee, Ned, tha did reet, lad; an' wot did th' owd fella say?' 'Whoy, he could nobbut speyk varra low deawn, an' he says I'm fain to see thi, Ned, bod tha monnot stop here, lad; gie my love to Peggy, an' tell her to think o' wot I towd her; an' tell thi feyther aw'm sorry he's gooan into th' public. Good bye to thee;—go whoam an' be a gradely, good lad, an' God bless thee.' This was told with many pauses and sniffs, for Ned's tears were falling fast, and Peggy sobbed aloud.

In the midst of their grief, Jim Wilson came in: 'Neaw, what's to do? wotever are ta thinkin' on, Peggy? i'ts toime to oppen th' dooar; wot are yo booath roorin' abeawt?' 'Oh, feyther, poor owd Tom Watson's deein' o'th' faver, an' he's sent word as he's sorry yo're gooan into th' public loine. Con I goo to see him, feyther? You known heaw good he wur to us when ony on us wer badly.' 'Goo to see him! naw tha connot; tha mun moind wot tha's getten to do; Tom Watson's noaan ov a deein' sort; he'll get weel ogeon, I'se warrant; an' as to bein' sorry abeawt me, I'se do weel enuff if yo'll behave yersels; but get to th' wark, lass.' 'Eh, feyther, it's poor wark when th' wages is med owt o'th' badness o' folk; I'se ne'er tak to public-heawse keepin', an' ta wark on a Sunday un o! I'm sick on it.' 'Oh dear a' me! wor ther

ther ever onybody, so mithered wi' bad childer as I am? Peggy, tha'll mek me lick thee soon; get to th' place this varra minnut, I tell thee! an' moind tha doesn't spill or give th' glasses too full; an' see of tha connot mek thi face a bit moor good tempered, fur tha'rt enuff to freeten folk.'

And now group after group of idlers dropped in: old men with tottering steps and grey hairs, that awoke no reverence; middle-aged men, and some, times their wives, with children whose wasted limbs and wan faces told of want and neglect; young men, and young women who were beginning the downward course by sipping with the young men. It was a melancholy sight. The ribald jest and coarse laugh went round, and girls whose heads ought to have been abased in shame, laughed with the loudest. The minds that ought to have been an unsullied page were blackened and polluted with the influences drink carries in its train. Mothers seemed weary of their children, and shook them roughly when the poor little creatures wailed for fresh air. About eleven o'clock, when most had gone noisily home, and only three men were left, who were disputing on theological matters, and when the millennium was to come, the same little, starved-looking child, who came the day previous, came carrying a tiny, dirty-looking baby in his arms. 'Is my feyther here?' he asked. 'Ay,' said Peggy; 'heaws thi mother, an' is that yo're babby?' 'My mother's varra badly, and this is eawr little Jane; look at it! its only hed a a sup o' milk o' day; will yo gi me a bit mooar tommy?' Peggy got up, and gave him a bit of bread without speaking, and then looked at the baby. 'Poor little thing! tha shouldn't hev it out; it should be i' bed now.' 'We hev no beds; ther o' gone to th' pop-shop,' said the child. 'Then wot is th' mother lyin' on?' asked Peggy. 'Up o' th' floor, an' nowt to cover her but an owd frock; but hoo's sent me for my feyther?' 'Well, he's in theer,' Peggy said, pointing to the door opposite her. The child went in almost staggering under the weight of its light burden. 'Come, feyther,' Peggy heard, 'my mother's sent me for yo to come whoam.' 'Ger away, tha little nowt, I'll larn thee to follow me up an' deawn.' Peggy got up, for she heard a scream and a heavy fall. On going in, she saw the man lying on the floor and the child and baby partly under him; he had fallen in bending forward to strike the child for begging him to come home. Peggy screamed for Ned and her father to come and lift the men up, for one man in trying to help his comrade had fallen partially over him. When they came and lifted him up, the oldest child was not much worse, but the baby was motionless. 'It's killed,' said Peggy. Ned ran for a doctor, whilst the three men stood staring idiotically at the poor little infant in Peggy's arms; the little lad stood with his face hidden in Peggy's gown crying loudly. The doctor came. It was too true! The life so lately given by the Giver of all Life had been crushed out of the baby by the weight of its brutal father. 'Is it dead?' sobbed the little brother; 'oh! what'll my mother say; oh, father! yo've killed it, yo hev!' and many such like expressions the poor frightened lad uttered. But who was to tell the sick mother? Peggy was forced to go with the little boy. When they got to the house there was no light. The drunken father and husband followed partly sobered, and drivelling and crying. 'Is that thee, Charlie?' asked a feeble voice. 'Ay,' said the lad. 'An' who hes ta getten wi thee?' But Peggy went forward a step or two in the dark. 'Au dunno heaw to tell yoa wat's to do as aw'm com'd, but the little babby's getten hort wi' its feyther tumblin' on it—an'—an'—.' 'Its deod, aw know! Oh! gie me my poor little babby, my poor little killed lamb—lay it deawn beside me, an' let me feel its little face.' Peggy put it down beside her, sobbing loudly. 'Ay, cowd! cowd! my little chylt! Oh, this drink! this drink! Oh, heaw aw wish thi mother wur wheer thou art, my poor inicent little chylt, as never harmed nub'dy.' Another woman or two dropped in, for the news soon spread. The father had got away in the confusion. A light was brought, and Peggy saw it was just as the child had told her; the mother was lying on the floor, and an old dress over her; paralysis prevented her rising from the floor, and she was frightfully emaciated. Peggy left as soon as she could, for she could not tell what to do, and she was in terrible grief to see such misery.

There was little sleep for Peggy that night. In the morning a coroner's inquest was held upon the child. A verdict of 'Accidental death' was returned.

The father was nowhere to be found; but many days after he was found crushed to death at the bottom of an old stone quarry, some distance from Darley, which he seemed to have fallen into, as he wandered in the dark on the night when another innocent was slaughtered by a more ruthless monster than Herod.

The poor bedridden mother and children were removed to the workhouse, where she lingered several months, then died. So was one more ruined home added to the swollen category.

A year soon passed away, and in that time great changes had come over the Wilsons. Peggy was no longer the rosy-cheeked damsel of old, but a pale, overworked woman. Ned was turning to bad company, and when he could not get money to lay bets on dog-fights or ratting matches, he slily helped himself from the bar-till. Jim Wilson found that with all his striving he was not making money very fast; for twice he had been fined for being open at unlawful hours, and though the men from the foundry did drink hard, they ran up tremendous shots; and, as they often changed places, from drinking habits not being liked by their employers, he often got left in the lurch.

Tom Sparlin remained true to Peggy, and she to him, and though he never came to see her at her father's house, yet they did manage to meet, and he fortified her in her determination to get away from the public-house keeping. If her father would not leave it Tom could marry her soon, and Peggy looked forward to the time as the beginning of happiness for her, and an escape from her father's tyrannical temper. Poor old Tom Wilson had died a few days after Ned's visit to him, and Peggy remembered his good counsels.

About this time her father got married to a woman he had known some time, and home grew so very uncomfortable for Peggy, that she walked out one morning and got married to Tom Sparlin, and went back to Clifton. She would have been quite happy in her little cottage but for one circumstance: Ned had got worse, and was found to be concerned in a robbery with violence on two lonely old women, who lived in an out-of-the-way place, and who were supposed to be possessed of a considerable sum of money. He was tried along with four others, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Peggy went to see him in his prison cell, and found him cursing his *ill luck*, and blaming his father for keeping him so short of money. No remorse for the crime he had committed was expressed by him, and Peggy bade him farewell with an almost broken heart.

Jim Wilson's career after that was not a long one. His second wife proved to be a dissolute, drunken woman, who robbed him at every turn, and finally ruined him. On the day before the furniture, good-will, &c., of 'that well-accustomed public-house, the 'Black Swan,' were to be sold, he was found drowned in the River Darron, and so ended his miserable life.

Ned did not live to return, and Peggy might have lived happy but for the recollections of the horrors related in this story. They are *facts*, and I leave them to give their own warning.

Art. VI.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Sunday-school Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament; with Explanatory Notes and Hints for Teaching. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The first volume, of which two numbers are in our hands, opens with the Gospel of St. Matthew. The author's design is to explain and illustrate the text, and to furnish materials for teaching. He undertakes to supply, not only a manual for Sunday-school teachers, but a commentary complete in itself for those whose books of reference are few, and whose leisure for study is not extensive. In addition, he indicates by references the sources whence what he deems the best additional information may be gained by those who have time and means for further

further study. 'As regards both classes of readers,' he says, 'I have sought not to supersede, but to encourage the exercise of their own judgment; believing that the highest office of the teacher (whether from the press, from the pulpit, in the school, or in the family) is not to cram the mind with other men's thoughts and words, but to help it to think wisely, justly, independently. Therefore I have given, as far as brevity would suffer, not only opinions, but their grounds; and have endeavoured fairly to state opposite views when worthy of notice.' 'The references are very carefully selected, with the view of making Scripture a commentary on itself.' 'Render the form of a commentary on our authorized English translation, this is, in fact, a close comment on the original, including, therefore, a revised translation.' 'The peculiar plan of this Commentary originated in a series of Sunday-school lessons, carried on through a considerable number of years, forming the basis of uniform teaching, and regular monthly examination of the classes.' 'At the commencement of each chapter, the parallel passages in the other Gospels are indicated, and additions, or apparent disagreements, are carefully noticed. Additional illustrated matter, geographical, historical, controversial, &c., bearing not merely on the passage expounded, but on others; or touching points which could not be passed by, yet which seldom require notice in the usual course of Sunday-school teaching, is now thrown together in the form of additional notes at the end of each chapter.'

As far as we can judge from the sample before us, the design, indicated in the quotations above, is carefully and honestly fulfilled. The work, as far as it goes, is in almost all respects much superior to the popular commentary of Albert Barnes.

Pity the Little Ones. An Appeal on Behalf of the Children of the Intemperate. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A TALE of bitter sorrow turned to lasting joy, by a very simple process. Towards the close occurs the following passage:—

'As I opened the door of the cottage, a ray of sunlight that stole in with me, lighted up an interesting group. The high striped back of the "doctor's assistant" [a nursing chair lent by the writer] first met my gaze, a very familiar and pleasant apparition; half-sitting, half-lying in its wide recess was a pale-faced little figure, enveloped in a blanket. A rough-looking man was kneeling before both, with tears running down his swarthy cheeks, as he tenderly held in his great hands one of the small ones of the child, while the doctor behind, tall and thoughtful, surveyed the two with attentive countenance. My presence was unobserved as I lingered at the threshold unwilling to disturb, and equally unwilling to go away. Was it the father's tears that bound me there? For I scarcely need say that pale-faced child was Ellen, and that kneeling, weeping man was her father. They were no idle tears certainly, but shed from true and deep emotion; and as they followed each other to the ground, lighted up on their course by that same adventurous sun-ray, I thought I had seen many really beautiful smiles in my time that were less pleasant to contemplate. Tears of true repentance are holy things; and these tears, might they not be such? I heard the voice of the rough, scanty-haired father saying, "It was all the drink! I couldn't ha' don't! I wouldn't hurt a hair of thee! Thou knows I wouldn't! An' oh my lass, if thou dost but get well, I'll never drink no more! Say you forgive me, Ellen, my darling, and I'll never drink no more! I *never, never, never will!*" Ellen leaned forward in the chair, and putting her arms round his neck, kissed his rough, tear-stained cheeks, and said, "Oh father! promise that again!" "Do you forgive me, my darling?" "Yes, yes! but promise that again!" He stood up, and looking at her earnestly the while, lifting his hand he exclaimed solemnly, "I *never, never will*, so help me God!" "A[illegible]" said the doctor's deep voice. "[illegible]

that be your resolve, God *will* help you! It is only He that can help you, remember that! And if you keep this vow, a happy day will it be for you and your children!"

'He did keep it, and from that day began a new life. It was at first a bitter struggle, but I believe he remembered the good doctor's words, "God *will* help you!" He sought strength from the Giver of strength, and there are none who go to Him that come empty away. Ellen recovered, and was one day brought by the aid of a cart, in company with her friend the "doctor's assistant," to my house, to spend the day with Mrs. Wilson, and to eat sweet pears with Billy and the baby.

'That time next year you would not have known the bright, smiling little maiden who, with neatly brushed hair, clean tidy frock and strong shoes, walked each day to and fro to school, and who answered to the name of Ellen, for the same little Ellen I once met downcast and ragged in the corn-field; nor yet the two healthy children playing by the brook, or swinging in the garden, in the care of the neighbour whom the father can now afford to pay for looking after them while Ellen is at school, for the once feeble Billy, and the wailing baby. Still less would you know the interior of the cottage.

* * * * *

'Saturday night is now a very happy time. There is no swearing, passionate, drunken father coming home; no need to huddle off the two little ones to the care of the next cottage; no need for Ellen to tremble and turn pale. There she sits happy as a queen, perhaps darning her father's stockings, or if these are done, reading some pleasant tale to Billy or singing her little sister to sleep; and when the familiar step draws near the house, both she and Billy go to the door to welcome the coming one, with outstretched hands and a cry of "Here's father!" And the father hears that cry and sees those faces with joy, he draws near and kisses them both, and is soon seated in the arm-chair by the fire, eating his supper with great content; and as he lifts the cup of tea, or glass of water to his mouth, is filled with thankfulness that he has broken the snare of strong drink, and has no more longing for the cup that brings misery and death, the cup that intoxicates and maddens.

"It is true he has his moments of sadness; he remembers—and what pictures does memory bring him! A certain corner of the churchyard, a certain seat by the fire, a look that comes and goes on the face of his little daughters, all remind him of one who used to be at his side in years gone by, of a wife whom he loved and treated well till another love took possession of him, the love of drink; a wife who was always bright-eyed and cheerful till those days when the "Blue Bell" drew him aside from the paths of soberness and wisdom, and whose life ebbed away by slow degress, from disappointment, and neglect, and want. * * * *

'So great an alteration in the father does not pass without remarks in the village. There are some who openly express their pleasure,—some who show their approval by following his example of abstinence; of these there are very few, it is true, but they are a hopeful band, and will, I trust, be ever on the increase; and there are some who laugh at him and attempt to ridicule; these last are the present frequenters of the Blue Bell, the Red Lion, and the Green Dragon. I wish I could see any probability of these "houses of entertainment" being closed, for what is it they entertain? Abundance of swearing and fighting, evil passions, poverty, and misery; these are seen near them by day, and are entertained within them by night. Here the young man first learns to leave the quiet joys of home for the seductive taste of drink and the company of the drinker, the quarreller, the swearer, the boaster, the liar; and here the father of a family loses gradually all sense of moral responsibility, natural affection, and religious feeling. To support one "Blue Bell" or "Red Lion," at least twenty families are pinched and made miserable;

miserable; to keep up the rosy fire and bright hearth at the "Green Dragon," how many little ones are chilled and starving in dark garrets or bare rooms! In vain will the philanthropist and religious man endeavour to reclaim from sin and wretchedness the *masses* of the low and ignorant, while "houses of entertainment" such as these are allowed to stand open and allure: one drunkard's soul here and there may be delivered, by God's special grace, and man's special efforts, but while these houses of Satan are suffered to entice, the houses of God will be comparatively despised and passed by. In my old bachelor residence I have no wife to cheer, no children to make me glad; and I cannot draw the contrast between their happy faces and those of the half-fed, half-drest, and ill-taught ones I see in my daily walks; but I have human feelings nevertheless, and can *pity the little ones*. And to help these truly, I would have temptation taken out of the path of the fathers, strong drink from the memory of the mothers. I would have schools established for old and young, where are now public-houses, seminaries of virtue and wisdom and love, in place of those hotbeds of vice, and folly, and hate.'

Have we any 'Word of God?' By the author of 'Is the Bible True?' London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

UNLIKE the works we are accustomed to see with Mr. Partridge's imprimatur, this is a strongly controversial publication. The writer begins by noticing the alleged fact that the Church of England, with all other Reformed churches, declares her belief in the Divine authorship of the Scriptures; then, turning to the Book itself, he finds assertions of such authorship in every part; afterwards he argues that the internal structure, contents, and general character of the Bible, differ from those of any other book; and that the points of difference are just those which would properly distinguish a work of God from a work of man. The modern doctrine that the Bible is not, but contains the Word of God, is strenuously combatted; certain other objections to the orthodox view of the Scriptures are dealt with; and points taken up by Mr. Goodwin, Bishop Colenso, and Mr. Jowett are replied to. The style is plain and clear, well adapting the book for popular use.

The Critical School and Jesus Christ: A Reply to M. Renan's Life of Jesus. By Edmond de Presseusé, Pastor of the French Evangelical Church, and D.D. of the University of Breslau. Translated by L. Corkran. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A REPLY to M. Renan; brief, vigorous, and to the point. The author is best known, perhaps, by his 'History of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Church.'

The Gardener's Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq. F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen, 20, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

WE have a very good word to say for this excellent weekly publication. Mr. Hibberd's talent for conveying instruction is of no mean order; and all he writes about gardening appears to come from a mind full of the requisite knowledge. With this magazine in his hand, the practical gardener requires nothing else to keep him well informed as to all the latest developments of his art.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street.

THIS is the only illustrated temperance serial; and the illustrations are never common-place in character. So adorned, printed so neatly on such good paper, and, above all, so well edited, this magazine deserves [redacted] on the drawing-room table, [redacted] a welcome guest in [redacted] England's circles.

number of the magazine without discovering one or more very well written and excellent articles. A new series was commenced last January; and the new shows a marked improvement upon the old.

The Evangelic Theory: or Christianity—Not Theism—Most in Accordance with Moral Development. A Popular Appeal adapted to the Times. London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row.

THE author, a layman, in his 'Introduction,' pronounces that 'neither High Churchism nor Scepticism commends itself to the practical Saxon mind;' 'but the Evangelism of the pulpit, earnestly addressed to the heart and conscience, always engages popular attention.' Inferring, hence, that it contains elements adapted to attract man's moral nature, he nevertheless charges upon 'Evangelism' that when out of the pulpit, and put into the shape of systematic theology, it is often, by the assertion of moral fictions, made repellant, except to divines of the polemic stamp. The times, he boldly declares, demand the revision of old creeds; he says it has been his object 'to indicate the way in which (with the slightest modification of accustomed phraseology) we, Evangelicals, may bring up our theology to the level of our facts; strip it of the fictitious; clothe it with the real; present it, for intellectual investigation, in a form challenging criticism; fire, rather than quench, its enthusiasm; and, if we may use so high-sounding a word, give to orthodoxy a "philosophy," by reducing it into conformity with the moral laws which govern God's universe, and with which the cultured conscience of humanity is in ever-advancing accord.'

The rationalistic protest against a doctrine of vicarious satisfaction is nowhere so ingeniously met as by the constructor of this 'Evangelic Theory.' We do not doubt but that there are many who stand aloof, and yet might be reconciled to that doctrine with such aid as is here proffered.

Rainy Days; and How To Meet Them. By Emma Marshall, author of 'Lessons of Life,' 'Rose Bryant,' &c., &c. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THIS is another of the almost innumerable tales of temperance with which the press now, happily, teems; and one of the best of the smaller description of them. The stoppage of a mill, in the opening of the tale, suddenly overtakes two families; in the one case coming with fright, and with ruin in its wake: in the other alarming, injuring, but not destroying. Differences of character and conduct in the heads of the two families account, of course, for the discrepant results of the same shock.

John Todd; and How he Stirred his Own Broth-pot. A Tale worth Telling. By the Rev. John Allan. London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

IN very rough rhyme, but not without humour and good sense, Mr. Allan tells a tale of a tippler who was converted to total abstinence by the wife of a publican. The book is capitally printed and illustrated.

Ephraim Holding's Sunday-school Illustrations. By George Mogridge, now better known as 'Old Humphrey.' London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A REVISED edition of one of the late George Mogridge's very useful publications. 'Old Humphrey' was always happy in teaching by parable, but he never produced anything more felicitous than these 'Illustrations;' and he would have been delighted could he have seen the excellent manner in which Mr. Partridge has now reproduced them.

The Divine and the Human in Nature, Revelation, Religion, and Life. By Thomas Hughes. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

UNDER the above title, the author has grouped seven pulpit discourses, delivered as part of his regular ministration

tration to his congregation under ordinary conditions and circumstances. 'Some Features in Human Life;' 'The Divine Reciprocating the Human;' 'The Forming of Human Life;' 'Some of the Constituent Elements of the Divine Order;' 'The Great Advent and Its Glory;' 'The Human and the Divine Sides of Trials;' and 'The Gospel Phases;'—such are the titles of the discourses. These are calm and reflective in style; they deal more with the facts of human life and outward nature than with doctrinal intricacies; but they appear to us neither profound enough for immortality, nor sufficiently lively to become popular.

The Wanderer Brought Home. The Life of Colin. An Autobiography reprinted from the *Bristol Temperance Herald.* With Reflections by the Rev. B. Richings, M.A., vicar of Mancetter, Warwickshire. Second edition. London: W.Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE very interesting autobiography before us, was originally printed in the *Bristol Temperance Herald,* at the suggestion of the late excellent Joseph Eaton, of Bristol. In its present form, as a neatly printed volume, it will attain, we hope, a much more extensive notoriety. It is well worthy of perusal. The writer underwent many startling experiences. A life that was intended and adapted for honour and extensive usefulness, became at a very early period warped and turned awry by one all-absorbing appetite which turned poor Colin's glory into shame, severed him from his wife and child for more than twenty years, made him the victim of almost numberless mischances, on many occasions brought him within a hair's breadth of a horrible death, yet was at length completely conquered by means of the temperance pledge in humble reliance on Divine assistance. The man, we understand, is still alive, and the facts of his very remarkable narrative are well authenticated.

Man and Apes: A Lecture delivered at the Croydon Literary and Scientic Institution, Jan. 21st, 1864. By Wm. Boyd Mushet, M.B., London, &c., &c. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE recently much-vexed question of the origin and species of man, the relation of negroes to the rest of the human family, and of this family to the apes, are very learnedly discussed in this pamphlet.

The Patent Question: A Solution of Difficulties by Abolishing or Shortening the Inventor's Monopoly and Instituting National Recompenses. A Paper submitted to the Congress for the Promotion of Social Science, at Edinburgh, October, 1863. By Robert Andrew Macfie, President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. To which are added, Translations of Earnest Contributions to Patent Reform. By M. Chevalier and other Continental Economists. London: W.T. Johnson, 127, Fleet-street.

THE title fully explains the scope of the pamphlet before us. But it does not testify, as we are able to do, to the great ability shown by the writer in working up his materials, and in producing an irresistible argument.

The Children's Party; or, A Day at Upland. by Cousin Helen. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

FIVE original tales, in verse chiefly are ingeniously tied together by the author. They are well planned, and pleasantly told. This is one of the nicest little books for children that we have opened of late.

The Monster Liquor List. Reprinted from the 'Alliance News' of 23rd and 30th January, 1864. *With an Appendix, 'The Slain by Drink in Liverpool.'* Manchester: United Kingdon Alliance. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

IN January of the present year the 'Alliance News' gave a list of cases of crime

crime and of bodily injury or death, selected from British and Irish newspapers, all of which had been published within one week (Jan. 3rd to Jan. 9th). The cases, as reported in the newspapers, were cut out, arranged under heads, and reprinted in the 'Alliance News;' and they actually filled *fifty-six* columns of that journal. The whole monster list is now reprinted in a pamphlet of seventy-two pages, with a cover, and is sold for fourpence. We subjoin a summary of the cases in this terrible list of a single week's record of the doings of the liquor-traffic.

	CASES.
Drunken, Disorderly, and Riotous Conduct through Drink	140
Violent and Outrageous Assaults stimulated by Drink	58
Public Safety seriously Imperilled by Drunkenness	7
Loss of Employment through Drink	4
Bodily Injury or Peril because of Drink	9
Female Drunkenness and Disorder	24
Drunken Indecent Assaults on Women	9
Brutal Cruelty to Wives and Children excited by Drink	17
Robbery, assisted by Drink	35
Attempted Suicide through Drink	2
Completed Suicide through Drink	9
Stabbing through Drink	9
Cutting and Wounding through Drink	7
Manslaughter and Murder through Drink	8
Other Premature Deaths	91
	418

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Events of the Month: A Magazine of News, Literature, Science, and General Information. London: John and Charles Mozley, 6, Paternoster Row.

The Maine Law Almanac for 1864. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

The Teetotallers' Almanac for 1864. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

Buy Your Own Cherries. In Rhyme. Versified from the Prose Narrative, by J. W. Kirton; by the author of 'Dip Your Roll in Your Own Pot.' London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Sketch of the Life and Labours of Robert Gray Mason, Temperance Advocate. By Wm. Logan, Glasgow, author of 'Sketches of the Temperance Labours of John Dunlop, Wm. Collins, Joseph Livesey, &c.' London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

Old Jonathan; or the District and Parish Helper. London: W. Hill Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

The British Workman. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

The Financial Reformer. A Monthly Periodical, established by the Council of the Financial Reform Association, July, 1858, to advocate Economical Government, Just and Simple Taxation, and Perfect Freedom of Trade. Liverpool: J. R. Williams and Co., 1, Manesty's Lane.

The Life-boat: or Journal of the National Life-boat Institution. London: 14, John-street, Adelphi.

'Tis Buts,' and How To Take Care of Them. By J. W. Kirton, author of 'Buy Your Own Cherries,' &c. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

The Market Pint: A Story for Working Men's Wives. By J. E. Gray. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Meliora.

Art. I.—PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Revenues and Management of certain Colleges and Schools, and the Studies pursued, and the Instruction given therein; with an Appendix and Evidence presented to both Houses of Parliament. 4 Vols. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

MORE than one parallel has been drawn between the years 1854 and 1864. There is a most obvious similarity in the European events of the two years. The agressive hostility of Germany towards Denmark has, in all its stages, offered a counterpart to that of Russia towards Turkey. The crossing of the Eider recalled the passage of the Pruth; the occupation of the Danish Duchies, as a material guarantee, reminded the spectator of the occupation of the Danubian Provinces under a similar pretext. The departure of the Austrian fleet for the North Sea seemed ominously like the entry of the Black Sea by the Russian fleet. The strong Court influence exercised in favour of one of the disputants, the universal national feeling in favour of the other; the tedious diplomacy ending in failure, the increasing irritability of the English people, all these symptoms have marked the European difficulty of 1864 as they had that of 1854. The parallel extended even to incidental minutiæ. In 1854, when England was drifting into war, she was called upon to consider the condition and management of one of her great educational institutions. In 1864, when the current of events seemed to be setting strongly in the same direction, public attention was directed to another of these institutions. In 1854, during the intervals between the anxious debates on the Eastern question, Parliament was called upon to determine a scheme for the better government of our universities. In 1864, the condition of our public schools has been brought forward between two discussions on the Dano-German question. Here, however, the parallel ex-

The debates of 1854 were excited by an actual measure before Parliament. The bill for reforming the University of Oxford was one of that splendid programme of measures which the Aberdeen Cabinet announced at the beginning of the session. It was one of the few which escaped the sacrifice that was forced upon the Government by the urgency of foreign affairs. The discussion of it occupied nearly a third of the available debating time of the session. But the discussion on public schools has been limited to four speeches, and a portion of one night in the Commons, and to some measure of attention in the Lords. Mr. Gladstone, on behalf of the Palmerston Cabinet, has expressly said that they were unprepared with any measure, and that the question must stand over till next session. But although Mr. Grant Duff's long and not very readable speech, delivered in the House of Commons on the 6th of May, led to no immediate result, it elicited a promise from Mr. Gladstone that the matter should be taken in hand during the recess, and be made the subject of legislation next year. This announcement renders it the more important, that all persons who take an interest in such an important matter as the education of that class whence 'our governing families' are derived, should give it their best consideration, with a view to prepare the way for a useful measure.

The subject has acquired its present prominence through a Royal Commission, which was appointed so long ago as July 18th, 1861, on the motion of Mr. Grant Duff, M.P. for Elgin. The Commissioners were the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Devon, Lord Lyttelton, the Hon. Edward Turner Boyd Twisleton, Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Bart., M.P., the Rev. William Hepworth Thompson, and Mr. Henry Holford Vaughan. The Commissioners had an able and industrious secretary in Mr. Mountague Bernard. They were directed to inquire into the management of nine schools: Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury. They held their first meeting July 20, 1861, and continued sitting at intervals to May 15, 1863, in all 127 times. At the first meetings, a series of printed questions were drawn up, which were subsequently sent to the authorities of the several schools, with a series of tabulated forms which they were requested to fill up, and which were not all returned until a year after the Commission was appointed. Twelve months were occupied in examining witnesses *vivâ voce*. Of these there were 130. Their evidence occupies two thick blue books, containing, together, 970 pages. The replies to the printed questions are

are given in another blue book, and the report of the Commissioners, which is founded upon all this voluminous evidence, and also upon personal inspection of each school, is in a fourth blue book, the first volume. The four books together contain nearly 2,000 pages, which, not only by their number, but by the admirable analysis with which they are accompanied, testify to the exceeding industry of the noblemen and gentlemen who undertook this onerous task.

It is scarcely necessary in these days to point out the important place which our public schools hold in the social life of this country. It is not merely that some 2,300 boys are being educated at the nine schools above mentioned, it is not that at Eton alone there are nearly 800 scholars, but that this number includes our future statesmen and warriors. The Duke of Wellington declared that the Battle of Waterloo was fought on Eton cricket ground. The memorials which have been erected by the schools to the memory of old scholars who have fallen in battle, shew how large a share these schools have had in forming the men who have helped to make England's history. One of the smallest of these institutions has recorded on its memorial column, in the Broad Sanctuary, a long roll of heroes who died doing their country service on the frozen heights of Sebastopol, or in the scorched plains of India during the mutiny. And as to Eton itself, what would English history be deprived of some dozen of her scholars? Of Chatham, Fox, Cornwallis, Wellesley, the two Cannings, Grey, Ellenborough, Melbourne, Elgin, Lewis, and Gladstone?

Nor is it only that these schools have the making of the men who make our history. It is there that the boys are trained, who, when they become men, will, though they possess no commanding abilities, be the hereditary rulers of the nation. Eton and Harrow especially are almost the appanages of the peerage. 'Our governing families,' the 'upper ten thousand,' are imbued at these schools with the flavour, which, early imparted, will be long retained. It is, moreover, in these, the most aristocratic institutions of the country, that we find the greatest freedom from exclusiveness. Puppyism and flunkeyism meet with no mercy at Eton. The new boy who, on being asked his name, replied Lord Edward Rockingham, got 'three kicks' for the Lord Edward, and three for the too patrician-like name of Rockingham. Youthful aristocracy is essentially democratic, or rather it admits only an aristocracy of worth. It is not exactly as they read in Horace, that the wise man is king, but the clever boy, the boy who knows how to handle the oar and the bat. The commoner is on equal footing with the young marquis, if he be equally

in the schoolboy use of that adjective. Thus lasting friendships are often formed, tending to promote that intercourse of classes which is so marked a feature of English society.

But, important as these considerations are, they are not of sole importance. Instruction is at least, theoretically, the first object of school-life. It is in this respect that these schools, and especially Eton, fail. There is nothing to prevent an Etonian from spending seven years at his college, and, after costing his father £1,500, leaving it without having learnt anything. It is not here, as in many private schools, that a stupid or a lazy boy gets neglected, while the clever boy is being pushed on to serve as an advertisement for the master. It is that intellectual attainments are at a comparatively low valuation. While the system of teaching offers few incentives to study, public opinion—the schoolboy's public opinion, the opinion of his schoolfellows—places proficiency in sports far above proficiency in learning. The ambitious boy, the boy desirous of winning the approbation of his fellows, will not bend his energies to the translation of an obscure chorus in Æschylus, nor to the solving of a difficult equation, but will strain every nerve to obtain a place in the first eight on the river, in the eleven that shall do battle with the eleven of Harrow at Lord's, on that memorable day of the year when old Etonians and Harrovians of every age are thronging to St. John's Wood to renew, in the feats of these young champions, the memory of their own youthful and vigorous days. So thorough is this elevation of sport into the chief occupation of the Etonian, that the prizes and the exhibitions are nearly always carried off by the foundationers, who are in number to the oppidans as one to twelve. It is the free boys, who have to earn their own bread, who are to be seen a few years later in the chapel which 'the royal saint' built. The reading boy is tolerated at Eton, but he is not esteemed. 'There is nothing that makes work fashionable among the oppidans,' says one of the masters. He adds, 'A boy has no chance of becoming one of the leading boys of the school by work.' 'If he can do anything else, if he can row, or play cricket, or any other athletic game, I do not think,' another master naïvely remarks, 'that he is *thought the worse of* for reading.' Such statements as these will no doubt scandalize the hopeful father who sends his sons to Eton in the belief that, because it is the first school in England, therefore it affords the best education. Nor can this perverse estimate of the merits of book-learning and muscularity be charged to the account of the idle boys. It is to be expected that

that in a school where the great majority of the scholars have a livelihood assured them without exertion, there will be little display of industry. But for that very reason the authorities of the school should not seem to encourage idleness by their readiness to postpone work to play. At Eton the boys live in an almost perpetual state of half-holiday. We learn from the report, that the number of hours in a regular week during which the boys are in school is between fourteen and fifteen. Besides this, they have their work in pupil-room, and so much as is necessary for the preparation of lessons and exercises. 'But,' add the Commissioners, 'the great number of occasional holidays makes a regular week a very rare thing. We were told that in one particular school term there was not one regular week. Every Saint's day is a holiday, and the eve of every Saint's day a half-holiday; and half-holidays are granted also on many other occasions, such as a birth in the family of a fellow, the appointment of an Etonian to any public office, and the like.'

Such a revelation as this will probably astonish most persons. There is a general belief that the competitive examination system has led to excessive mental toil on the part of boys, to the serious detriment of their physical development. Nothing is more common than the warning that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But at Eton the arrangement is pretty nearly reversed. There is a minimum of work and a maximum of play, and the result is that Jack is by no means dull. On the contrary, he is lively enough, and when he reaches man's estate he will probably be 'very good company.' At the same time he will be very ignorant, and will perhaps look back upon his school days with some compunction, and regret that he did not devote to the dictionary and the grammar a portion of the time that he gave up exclusively to the bat and the oar.

We have spoken thus freely of Eton because it is at once the chief of our public schools, and that at which the faults of public schools are most prominent. That an Etonian will turn out a gentleman may be almost taken for granted. That he will be an adept at the sports in which gentlemen love to excel, and that he will make many desirable friendships is very probable. But the chances are against his becoming a ripe scholar. The father who values the social advantages that are to be derived from the intimacy of his son with the aristocracy, will find the thousand pounds, which four or five years of Eton education cost, not unprofitably invested. But the parent who prefers that his son should trust to his own abilities, rather than to the

of the high-born, will get a larger return for a smaller expenditure elsewhere.

Turning to the Commissioners' general report we find the results of their two years' labours condensed into a few pages.

In the first and second of the thirty-two recommendations, which they have drawn up, it is urged that the governing bodies of the several schools should be reformed, and the statutes revised. Eton College was founded in 1441, and as originally constituted it was designed to consist of a provost, 70 scholars, 10 fellows, 10 chaplains, 10 clerks, 16 choristers, 1 head-master, 1 lower master, and 13 bedesmen. In the reign of Edward IV. the number of fellows was reduced to 7. The college now consists of a provost, 7 fellows, 70 scholars, a head and a lower master, 3 conducts or hired chaplains, 10 lay clerks, and 12 choristers, besides 10 servants. The place of the bedesmen is occupied by 10 almswomen. The provost and fellows form the governing body. So many conditions are laid down as necessary to be observed before a man is qualified to become provost, that the number of persons capable of filling that post is always extremely limited, and, on one occasion, when a provost had to be chosen, only eight persons were eligible. The right of electing a provost belongs to the fellows, but the Crown generally nominates, and the fellows elect the Crown's nominee; though, if they were to refuse to do so, there is no law to compel them. Winchester College was founded in 1387. The governing body consisted originally of a warden, 10 fellows, 70 scholars, 1 head-master, 1 second master, 3 chaplains, 3 clerks, and 16 choristers. By an ordinance of the Oxford University Commissioners, the ten fellowships are to be reduced to six, as vacancies occur; with the income thus set at liberty the scholars are to be increased to 100, and 20 exhibitions are to be founded, not tenable with scholarships. At Westminster, the government of the school, so far as relates to the discipline and instruction, belongs to the head-master, subject, as respects the forty foundation boys, to the Dean and Chapter. The governors of Charterhouse are certain eminent statesmen and ecclesiastics, such as Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Lord Russell, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and the Bishop of London. The Mercers' Company are the governing bodies of St. Paul's School, which was founded by Dr. Colet, Dean of St. Paul's from 1505 to 1519. Merchant Taylors' School was founded by the Merchant Taylors' Company, in 1560, and that body has not only governing authority, but the power to close the school

school if it pleases. Harrow School was founded by John Lyon, of Harrow, in 1571. The governors are a corporation by charter, consisting of 'six keepers or governors,' who have the power of filling up vacancies as they occur, by electing 'honest and substantial inhabitants of the parish of Harrow.' The founder of Rugby School was Lawrence Sheriff, grocer, of London, who appointed two trustees. These were succeeded by a board of twelve trustees; and after several changes in its constitution, the governing body now consists of twelve gentlemen resident in Warwickshire and the neighbouring counties, who elect as vacancies occur. Shrewsbury is one of the grammar schools founded by Edward VI. The right of management has been the subject of much litigation, and at last an Act of Parliament was passed in 1798, by which the government of the school was vested in a body of twelve trustees, together with the Mayor of Shrewsbury for the time being. These trustees were to be possessed of a certain property qualification, and to be resident in the county of Salop. On the occurrence of a vacancy the trustees were to elect three persons to fill it, and out of these three the corporation was to choose one. The head-master was to be appointed by St. John's College, Cambridge.

The amount of supervision exercised by the governing bodies is as varied as their constitution. At Eton, the power of the fellows is restricted mainly to the management of the revenues. At Winchester, the head-master says that, as regards the mere educational interests of the school, it matters little whether the fellows are continued or not, for, to use his own words, 'I do not feel their presence at all.' At Charterhouse, the fact that the governors are statesmen and divines is sufficient to show that they have little to do with the management of the school. At St. Paul's, the Mercers' Company are supposed to be represented by two surveyors. The Merchant Taylors really, as well as nominally, superintend the management of their schools. At Harrow, the administration of the school is left almost entirely to the head-master, who is appointed by the governors. At Rugby, the trustees have almost unlimited power, but they rarely interfere with the internal arrangements of the school. While suggesting certain special arrangements in each case, to meet the peculiar requirements of each school, the Commissioners recommend that the governors should not be governors in name only, but should have direct control over the property, revenues, and expenditure of the school, the appointment and dismissal of the head-master, the regulation of the boarding-house [illegible] and charges, of masters' stipends, of the [illegible]

vacations, the supervision and general treatment of the boys, and all arrangements bearing on the sanitary condition of the school. They think that in some of the schools a certain proportion of the governors should be nominated by the Crown. To the head-master they would leave all details respecting the division of classes, the school-hours, and school-books, the appointment of assistant masters, and the measures necessary for maintaining discipline. But they would not allow the head-master to alter the curriculum of study by abandoning one subject or introducing another. The governors, being professional men or men of business, are more likely to know what branches of learning are useful for active life than are the masters, who have had less to do with practical business. What should be taught, and what importance should be given to each subject, are matters for the governing body; how to teach is the province of the master. This separation of duties is, we think, wise. It provides against an undue prominence being given by the master to his favourite branch of study, to the exclusion or subservience of others; and it gives to the master at the same time sufficient freedom of action to enable him to try different modes of teaching, and to maintain his authority over his pupils unimpaired. By way of providing still more for the utmost liberality of instruction, Dr. Arnold's plan of meeting all his assistants for consultation at frequent intervals is strongly commended.

The question of endowments is very fully discussed by the Commissioners. It is one, however, in which the public is but slightly interested. It is of small importance to a parent whether the school to which he sends his sons has a large income from land, as Eton and Winchester have, or from houses, as Charterhouse and Rugby have, or a small endowment, as Harrow has; whether the school, like Shrewsbury, draws its permanent income from tithe-rent charges, or whether it depends upon the goodwill of a society, as Merchant Taylors' does. A far more important matter is the amount of the school charges. These it will be found bear no proportion to the permanent income. Eton is the dearest of all the schools, though it has by far the largest revenues. These, indeed, are most unquestionably diverted from their original purpose. Next to Eton in costliness of education comes Harrow, which has about the smallest revenues. John Lyon, the founder, left certain estates, some in the neighbourhood of London, some in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. The profits of the first were to be devoted to the maintenance of the road between London and Edgeware, and those of the last to the support of Harrow School. In process of time the values of the two properties

properties have become reversed. In Lyon's time the school estates were worth more than three times the road estates. But London has now extended to Kilburn, and the estates in that neighbourhood are more than three times the value of the property in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire; the latter, indeed, is but about £1,000 a year, and besides this there are dividends which bring up the total endowment of the school to about £1,100 a year, a small sum compared with the more than £20,000 which Eton enjoys. At St. Paul's, where the income from the estates and money left by Dean Colet is over £9,500, the instruction is gratuitous, not to a few boys only, as in the other schools, but to all the 153 boys, the number fixed by the pious Dean in memory of the miraculous draught of fishes recorded in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel. Each boy pays the entrance fee of fourpence, on the entering of his name in the school books. The Commissioners have little to say on this point. They make a few recommendations on behalf of the foundationers, but they seem to think that the parents of the other boys are able to take care of themselves, and that if they are disposed to pay £200 a year there is no reason why they should not do so.

The statutes may be considered even more briefly than the endowments. A vast number of the former are obsolete; and though a violation of them is denounced in terms of strong imprecation, common sense has made the convenience of the present generation more weighty than the curses of a generation that lived three or four hundred years ago. The fellows of Eton and Winchester systematically violate the oaths which they take, and justify themselves by stating that they qualify their oaths by a mental reservation to the effect that they will keep them only so far as is practicable. This custom is clearly objectionable. The habit of swearing to fulfil impracticable and often ludicrous provisions, is far too common both at our universities and our public schools, and it would be in the interest of good morals to remove the occasions which give rise to feelings of levity when performing what is really a solemn act.

We now come to the second and more important part of our subject, the system of education pursued at our public schools. There may be the most rigid adherence to the wishes of the founders, there may be the best possible management of the revenues of the schools; but these praiseworthy compliances with the regulations of the schools are of small benefit, unless the education, which is the object for which these institutions were founded, be a good and thorough education. It is of small interest to the public that the fellows of Eton have quietly

quietly appropriated to their personal use the fines on renewal of college leases. That circumstance alone would never have exposed Eton to the searching investigation of this Royal Commission. Faulty as in many respects is the management of the funds of the schools, it is the deficiencies in the teaching which have given rise to the bulky blue books now before us. The schools were originally intended for the gratuitous education of poor boys. The legal position of the head-master of Eton is that of teacher or 'informator' of sixty indigent boys, while he is actually the head of a school containing nearly eight hundred boys, of whom but about seventy are on the foundation. Harrow School, again, is a village grammar school, intended for the inhabitants of Harrow; but at the present time the foundationers are to the other boys, strangers from a distance, as 33 to 431. Rugby and Brownsover were but villages when Sheriff founded his school. Brownsover is a village still, and Rugby but a small town, yet the school contains about 465 boys, of whom little more than the odd 65 are on the foundation. Manifestly, then, the position of the boys for whom the benevolent founders took thought is very different to what it was in their day. It is to the credit of the schools that the foundation boys have not suffered either pecuniarily or socially from the large influx of boys belonging to a wealthier class. The evidence given before the Commissioners is conclusive on the point that the foundationers are well cared for, far better, indeed, than they were 300 years ago; and that they are not looked down upon by the non-foundationers. It is, indeed, highly satisfactory to find that, although English men are accustomed to set an unduly high estimate on mere rank, English boys are not given to 'flunkeyism.' Mr. Thackeray found snobs in nearly every class of English society, but he did not find them among the schoolboys of Eton and Harrow. Therefore, in spite of the immense change which has come over the foundationers since the time when their scanty numbers made up the whole school, they have no *special* cause of complaint against the tuition of the present day. Such as it is, they share it in common with the boy whose parents pay £200 a year for it. The real cause of complaint is the narrow and imperfect curriculum of the teaching.

Strictly speaking, most of these schools are grammar schools, and the founders had no intention that anything but grammar should be taught in them. But it would not be seemly for the men who habitually, and no doubt wisely, controvert the founders' intentions in other matters, to be very punctilious in this. The progress of society and the increase of human knowledge have rendered an exclusive adherence

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to one subject of education as absurd as would be the observance of the most antiquated regulations respecting the dress or diet. Nevertheless, the development in the system and subjects of tuition is very far behind the requirements of modern society. We speak now of the subjects which a boy must necessarily take up in his progress through the school. Even at Eton, where the payment is highest, and there is the least return for that payment, a boy may learn everything that boys are taught at the most complete schools. He may learn not only French and German, but Italian; he may learn to sing, to play on the piano, and to draw; but if he do learn he will be a prodigy of self-denial and industry. All these extra subjects are taught in play hours. It may readily be imagined that there are few boys so enthusiastic in their love of knowledge as to give up to accomplishments the hours that belong to the cricket field and the river. At Eton especially, where sports occupy the place of first importance in the minds of the boys, if not of the masters, where a boy's reputation, and the esteem in which he is holden by his fellows, depend upon his athletic and not on his intellectual proficiency, the accomplishments have no chance. Thus the French master at Eton has no recognized position in the school other than that of 'a person holding the privilege to teach French.' He describes himself as 'a mere *objet de luxe*.' The study of French is quite optional, even on the part of the pupils who profess to learn it. If a boy neglects his work, or fails to attend, Mr. Tarver has no remedy, he cannot complain. The present head-master of Eton has done an act to directly discountenance the study of French. In his predecessor's time a boy was allowed, on being examined in fifth form trials, to take up a French paper, and get marks by it. Mr. Balston has discontinued Dr. Goodford's innovation, and the schoolboy who thinks only of his place in the school, and cannot estimate the value of the knowledge of a foreign language in after life, finds that French 'does not pay.' Still, about eighty out of eight hundred boys are French students, probably at the request of their parents. In German there are but twenty to twenty-five students, and in Italian only three. 'Physical science is not taught' at Eton, is the answer to the Commissioners' inquiry; though, on examination, we find that lectures on popular science are given occasionally, and that about one hundred boys attend them. 'Music is not taught.' A few boys take private lessons, but two attempts to form a class under Mr. Hullah have broken down. There is a good drawing master at Eton, but he has only about thirty-five pupils.

pupils. This is but a poor account of the chief of English public schools, but worse remains to be told. The head-master admitted, in reply to Lord Clarendon's searching examination, that there are absolutely no measures taken to teach English. A boy is expected to acquire a knowledge of his own language by hap-hazard, or, as Mr. Balston says, by learning Thucydides. English grammar, English composition, English history, are to be studied in the works of an author who wrote in a dead tongue the history of a nation long since extinct.

What, then, is taught at Eton? The classics and the mathematics almost exclusively. The classical teaching is, moreover, of the most unsatisfactory kind. Homer, Virgil, and Horace are the staple authors, and until recently were never varied. Now, however, Cicero, Tacitus, Thucydides, and Demosthenes are sometimes read, with occasionally a Greek play. There is much that is censurable in the mode of teaching even the favourite subject. Theoretically, a boy is required to commit to memory the author he construes. Thus he has to repeat eighty lines of Homer and sixty of some other author alternately five days a week. Mr. Balston sets a high value on this exercise of memory as 'an unfailing test of industry,' and as 'a thing which the boys cannot get done for them at any rate.' Practically, they do not undergo this very severe strain upon the memory. Mr. Walter, the chief proprietor of the *Times*, says that when he was at school, 'a quick boy learned the half-dozen lines or so that he thought he was likely to be called up to say, and got off in that way.' Nor has there been much improvement since Mr. Walter's time. One of the present masters mentioned in his evidence that very few boys in the fifth form learnt the two or three hundred lines a week which they were supposed to learn. They are called up in order, and so each guessed the piece he would have to say, and 'a master would be very unpopular who interfered with that routine.' The introduction of mathematics into Eton is a recent event. Before 1836 there was no mathematical teaching at all; and when it was found expedient to introduce it, it was deemed necessary to grant a pension of £200 a year, by way of compensation, for infringing the vested rights of an old man who, nominally mathematical master, was really capable of teaching only writing and arithmetic. It was not till 1851 that mathematics were imported into the regular work of the school. Nevertheless, even now, the mathematical masters are treated as persons of an inferior position to that enjoyed by the classical masters. They have no authority over the boys out of school, and are, therefore, not looked upon as masters

masters by the boys. They do not meet the head-master in conferences; they cannot be 'tutors,' and, therefore, although they may be in holy orders, they are not allowed to impart religious instruction; while any young layman, fresh from college, who comes as a classical master, is allowed to do so. Pecuniarily, the mathematical assistant-masters are very poorly off, and their income, even with the fees they obtain from private pupils, is scarcely sufficient to support them. Three hours a week are given to mathematics. In the 'trials,' or examinations for removes, the highest marks in mathematics are allowed only one-fifth of the value assigned to the highest marks in classics. Under these discouragements it is surprising to find that Eton has had as many as seventeen wranglers at Cambridge in the course of ten years.

At Winchester also, the course of study is chiefly classical, but every boy learns both arithmetic and mathematics, one modern language, and recently natural science has been introduced. At Westminster, both mathematics and French form a regular part of the school work, and no extra charge is made for teaching them. At Charterhouse, the ordinary education includes classics, mathematics, writing, geography, history, and divinity. French, German, singing, chemistry, and drilling are extras. At St. Paul's, arithmetic and mathematics are particularly well taught, in spite of the fact that the marks for them are of only one-third the value of marks for classics. At Merchant Taylors', mathematics receive more attention than at any other school, the classics form the staple of education, English literature and ancient and modern history receive a fair share of attention, but physical science is not taught. Hebrew is a *spécialité* of this school, and its scholars have eighteen times carried off Hebrew scholarships at the universities. At Harrow, the study of mathematics has been compulsory since 1837, and the position of the mathematical masters is the same as that of the classical. French and German have been compulsory since 1851. History has been taught recently to the upper sixth form. No direct instruction is given in natural science, though there is a voluntary examination in geology, botany, chemistry, and physical science. Music and drawing are extras. At Rugby, the proportion of hours per week of the compulsory education is seventeen hours for classics, three for mathematics, and two for modern languages. Physical science, history, divinity, drawing, and music are taught in addition. At Shrewsbury, mathematics and French form part of the regular school-work, and German has been introduced. History and geography are taught, but not natural science.

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We have not space to detail the arrangements as to forms or classes which prevail at the several schools. Into these the Commissioners have entered very fully, but they constitute a technical matter in which the masters, rather than the public, are concerned. Far more interesting are the regulations affecting the supervision and the moral training of boys. It is by the moral training more than by the intellectual instruction that a school ought to be tested. It is in this respect that the influence of the head-master is well nigh all-powerful. A Rugbean of the time of Arnold ever cherishes the high model which that great man set before his pupils. His influence is still felt among Rugbeans of the present day. The Commissioners report that 'The moral and religious training of the boys at Rugby is considered by the masters as the end of a Rugby education paramount to all others. The tutors aim at this in their intercourse with their pupils, and the sixth form are looked up to by the younger boys, though still in the character of boys, yet as the guardians of the school's good name. These feelings have been fostered for years, have produced a sound and good public opinion, especially as to trustfulness and the kind treatment of each other.' Dr. Temple is of opinion that deception of a master by the use of a 'key' would be disdained by an 'upper school' boy. A general silence is studiously kept at the moment of private prayer; profane or obscene language is so far disapproved that a sixth form boy would, in a very bad case, report it to the head-master. 'Smoking is generally condemned as affectation, drinking as bravado.' This is very high praise, and it is abundantly confirmed by other witnesses. The good example set by Arnold has been followed by the other schools, and the heads of colleges at the universities declare that there has been a great improvement in the morals of undergraduates 'since Arnold's pupils began to come up.' A boy of religious convictions needs be under no apprehension that he will become the subject of ridicule. The monitors, for instance, preserve silence for a few minutes in the boys' bed-rooms, morning and evening, during which the boys are expected to say their prayers. In addition to the more scholastic training in divinity and the Greek Testament, the pupils are carefully prepared for confirmation. The attendance at the Holy Communion is left optional, and it is, therefore, satisfactory to find that it is very general among the elder boys. There is room for improvement in the religious services at some of the schools, especially at Eton, where there is much slovenliness; so much so, that there is not sufficient room in the chapel

chapel for all the boys, and a good many of them are drafted off to one of the churches at Windsor, where, of course, they do not enjoy the advantages of that special religious teaching which the boys at most of the public schools receive. There has been a marked improvement in the homiletic literature of our public schools since Arnold preached those sermons to his pupils at Rugby, which have been followed successfully by Dr. Vaughan, at Harrow, and by Dr. Temple, at Rugby. We may also notice as a symptom of the increased sense of religious obligation, on the part of both the teachers and the pupils, that much has been done of late years towards improving and beautifying some of the school chapels. The beautiful chapel at Harrow is a notable instance of this.

In strange contrast with this generally satisfactory moral condition of our public schools, is a most objectionable feature which prevails at Eton. It is known as 'shirking,' a name which implies the condemnation that is certainly deserved. The nominal bounds at Eton are very narrow, but, practically, the boys are permitted to go wherever they please. There is, however, a most offensive condition attached to this freedom. If a boy beyond the nominal bounds meets a master, he is bound to run away, and the omission to perform this ceremony is considered disrespectful to the master, and renders the offender liable to punishment. Worse than this. Boys are strictly forbidden to go to public-houses. There are, nevertheless, two places of this kind, the 'Tap' and the 'Christopher,' to which they do resort in large numbers, and yet are never disturbed. They must avoid being seen entering these houses, but once inside they need fear nothing. Thus the conviction arises in the boys' minds that the first and greatest commandment of the school decalogue is, 'Thou shalt not be found out.' Nor is this the only evil result. If a master sees a boy in what he suspects to be bad company, he naturally wishes to get nearer, and ascertain if the suspicion be well founded. But the boy runs away as usual, and this act is not an admission of guilt, as it would be if the practice of 'shirking' did not prevail. Moreover, it is quite uncertain whether a master will punish the omission to shirk or not. Some masters do, some do not, and thus the disadvantage of chance is added to other evils attendant on this most objectionable practice.

It will lessen the anxieties of tender-hearted mothers to learn that the system known under the ominous term, 'Fagging,' does, on the whole, work to the advantage of the younger boys. At Eton, for instance, it is said that fagging is a popular institution, that it creates a connection which is often

often an advantage and protection to a young boy, and sometimes leads to lasting friendships. There are, however, objections raised to some of the details of the fag's duties, on the ground that they are of a menial character. In only one instance, that of Westminster, does the system appear to have given rise to tyranny and cruelty on the part of the elder boys. But, as the Commissioners remark, it is a system that requires constant watching. The improvement in manners that has affected all classes of the present time has, in great measure, influenced the senior boys at our public schools in their behaviour to the juniors; but it is always possible that one or two boys of bad disposition may be the cause of inflicting much unhappiness, and of setting a bad example to the school to which they belong.

The Commissioners, while briefly recapitulating the principal points in which they think amendment is required, bear witness to the great advantages conferred by these schools upon the country. They dwell upon the fact that there has been a great improvement of morals and manners. 'The course of study,' they say, 'has been enlarged, the methods of teaching have been improved; the proportion of masters to boys has been increased; the quantity of work exacted is greater than it was, though still in too many cases less than it ought to be. At the same time the advance in moral and religious training has more than kept pace with that which has been made in intellectual discipline. The old roughness of manners has in great measure disappeared, and with it the petty and thoughtless cruelty and tyranny which were formerly too common, and which used, indeed, to be thought inseparable from the life of a public school. The boys are better lodged and cared for, and more attention is paid to their health and comfort.' The Commissioners also find subject for praise in 'the maintenance of classical literature as the staple of English education, a service which far outweighs the error of having clung to those studies too exclusively.'

But, after all, it is not so much for instruction as for education that these schools are most valuable. We believe that, as regards the former, they are often seriously defective, and especially in that comparative neglect of modern studies for ancient. But no one can deny the wholesome effect of public schools upon the characters of the boys educated in them. The great lessons of order, obedience, self-reliance, self-control, are constantly taught there. The public school is, in fact, the world in microcosm. The boy meets with the same difficulties and temptations that will beset him when he becomes a man. *He is* not rendered effeminate by officious screening from every

every sort of hardship. He is not taught to set an unduly high value on learning to the exclusion of manly qualities, such as is commonly the case in private schools, where the master seeks to establish a reputation by turning out a larger number of intellectual prodigies than his professional brethren. In the eloquent concluding words of the Commissioners: 'It is not easy to estimate the degree in which the English people are indebted to these schools for the qualities on which they pique themselves most—for their capacity to govern others and to control themselves, their aptitude for combining freedom with order, their public spirit, their vigour and manliness of character, their strong, but not slavish, respect for public opinion, their love of healthy sports and exercise. These schools have been the chief nurseries of our statesmen; in them, and in schools modelled after them, men of all the various classes that make up English society, destined for every profession and career, have been brought up on a footing of social equality, and have contracted the most enduring friendships and some of the ruling habits of their lives; and they have had, perhaps, the largest share in moulding the character of an English gentleman.'

Art. II.—LABOUR.

'ALL things are full of labour; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear filled with hearing.' Worlds wheel around worlds in endless course. The earth, a globular atom in the circling universe, rolls on, content not to be coalescing with the common mass, but maintaining its individuality by energetic rotation, and bearing on and within it multitudinous forms of action. Its inorganic formations, with their inexpressibly gradual upheaval or subsidence; its organic forms rising and decaying with unvaried constancy; its atmosphere bearing to the appointed place the rain torrent; its rivers rushing to their goals; its mighty ocean resisting not the unseen influences, the tidal flow and ebb, currents and counter-currents, evidencing its subjection to the great and universal law; the myriads of its animated forms; in all these it presents scenes of unceasing activity. Add to these the din of human toil, mingling with all nature's various sounds, with the roar of the cataract, the torrent's rush, the murmurings of many streams, the voices of breeze and storm over all lands, the

clash of waters on every coast, the deep music of the lone ocean, and the varied sounds of bird and beast in the wilderness and the solitary place. From these ascends a low and never-ceasing hum to the arch of heaven continually.

'Thou shalt labour' is the law of man's life. Ceaselessly, resistlessly, like the great power which works out the stupendous circle of all inanimate labour, operates the mighty principle of human impulsion. Inexorable, it acts through life and will act throughout eternity. In spite of himself man must labour; if he would he cannot rest. Like a planet, he has been launched into existence, possessing a power which he himself cannot annihilate; which, if regulated aright, will make him part of the grand, harmonious, concentric system; if not, will hurry him off at an abrupt tangent till he dash himself to destruction. Like the power of gravitation, drawing down the swollen volume of a great river's waters, or impelling the majestic march of the ocean's tides, this force may for a time be partially resisted; but ever gathering larger weight, it either tosses all obstruction out of its natural course, or sweeping away its impotent object in another direction, involves all in dire ruin, in confusion worse confounded. A mighty and wonderful agent in the hands of the Great Worker has been this principle of human energy acting in the hundreds of generations which have passed as shadows over earth's surface. Although in the great arena of universal labour it has lifted, as it were, but a grain of sand, in helping to work out one of the stupendous plans of the Omnipotent; yet in the sphere of this world's work it has done much. It has become one of the most potent and active of earthly agencies. The last to be introduced, at first isolated and insignificant, it has increased with the increase of the human race, and now forms the complement of the forces carrying out the great cosmical operations; and, dominating and controlling many of the others, it has now assumed its rightful position as chief. By its agency, in part, the glorious amelioration of the material, which shall accompany the advancement of the spiritual world in 'the latter days,' is fast progressing.

But the good God who has appointed to everything, animate and inanimate, its full share of labour, surely intended that, in the performance of it, all His living, and especially His intelligent creatures should find their enjoyment. Labour has this 'profit,' and a valuable one it is in itself. In almost all countries, under almost all climates, we find men thoroughly appreciating it for this, its first reward; with enough of satisfaction in working for their 'mere good pleasure' to induce to active continued exertion.

It

It would have been as easy for the 'All Giver' to have provided for us all necessaries, comforts, and luxuries directly, as indirectly through the instrumentality of our own labours, and to have removed from us all instant compulsion to exertion by advancing the operations of nature a single step farther. To fallen man this would have been a curse more bitter than that by the sweat of our brow we must earn our bread. God has wisely given those things as the reward of, and inducement to, that which is itself necessary; has wisely given the objects and furnished the immediate necessity for the exercise of our physical and mental powers. By its own labour everything tends to the perfection of its kind. Besides the simple pleasure in work, for which alone it is often undertaken, and the material value which productive labour creates, our faculties are silently but surely taking to themselves from every action which they perform aright that which is superior to both. When work is finished, when its tangible produce is consumed, and the evanescent joy in the performance of it has vanished, more lasting results still remain with the labourer—more power and superior skill (which is aptitude for performing again the same work more easily and successfully) remain with the members of the body which have been exercised; keener intellect from the exercise of the mental faculties; superior morality with the striving soul. Labour, under whatever name known, is the only means of human improvement.

Idleness or sloth, the attempt (and it can be no more than an attempt) to evade the universal law of labour, is only a short pause, during which all that is good in humanity is rotting, and evil powers are germinating which will soon spring up and urge to fearful activity; just as the same water, which, when flowing along in its river course an emblem of the beautiful and joyously free, cherishes the noble vegetation of trees and flowers, confers upon its country health and wealth, and bears the gallant ships that pass thereby; when stagnating in the level marsh, seems at first quiescent, then fosters every dank and putrid thing, and spreads unwholesome malarious vapours over earth's surface. Sloth is a part of that sinister bent which pervades the whole character of fallen man, and impels him to act contrary to the laws of his nature. We must admire the goodness which did not leave it at our own option, but forced upon us by the stern compulsion of physical wants to act in accordance with this great law of our being, to comply naturally and easily with the inexorable necessity, to taste the pleasure which the exercise of our faculties confers, to apply this only means for our improvement.

All that has been said of the benefits of labour refers to it when temperate and well directed. If there is decreed unto us the inexorable law of labour, most ample provision has been made by our Creator; the whole economy of nature has been adapted to secure to us seasonable rest. Compound man, possessed of many faculties, each and all ready for use, requiring for the formation of the complete man that they shall be used, is not exhausted with the exhaustion of any one of his divers powers, but is prepared and even disposed to exercise the others, and is thus beneficently furnished with recreation—the pleasant, grateful rest of one tired, but not over-fatigued, with the active, delightful employment of his faculties. To it we hope all work shall become more and more assimilated.

The wise man tells us that 'There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour.' 'Happiness is health.' And not on the workman only, but likewise on his work, does his delight in it act beneficially. It may be laid down as a rule that the highest excellence in any work, whether mental or physical, can only be attained by aid of the workman's pleasure in it. Of mind and body, the best and strongest, most vigorous and graceful efforts are put forth, not under the pressure of overwhelming and harassing tasks, but as the spontaneous, exultant efforts of a system attuned by the ease of nerve and muscle springy and elastic with the latent power, eager for use, stored up in them by rest; of a system permeated with the feeling of joy, or at least calm satisfaction, in exerting itself.

But intemperate labour destroys all the delight which a man should find in his work; instead of improving the faculties exercised by it, it grinds them down, impairs, and prematurely destroys them; instead of giving health and strength, and making bone and sinew active and skilful, instead of developing the mental powers, instead of quickening and exalting the virtues and graces of the soul, it strongly helps to make the body stunted, diseased, and deformed; to superinduce a sleepless, raving insanity, or by softening and enfeebling the brain, imbecility and idiocy. It deadens and corrupts the soul. God only knows how much of refinement and love, how much of all that most truly ennobles man, has been, 'as with an iron nerve, put down;' how much of wit and knowledge and ingenuity and genius annihilated, or altogether subverted; how much of athletic vigour and superb gracefulness changed into feeble deformity by over-exertion; how much of comfort and happiness swept as by an avenging angel from the lot of poor humanity;

humanity; how many of those good things for which itself was undertaken wasted and lost; how many persons hurried to premature graves; how many more obliged to toil on through their dreary lives without a glimpse of that joy which awaited only the bidding of relaxation to rush in like a flood; how many, endowed with splendid mental powers, have found their light of reason overclouded or wasted down into drivelling idiocy; how many poor toiling wretches have had all their virtue and all their hope crushed out by this, in many cases self-imposed, evil. We are often told—it is one of the practices of our day to write and lecture—of men whose ambitious souls fix upon some great aim, impossible of realization to ordinary wills—dazzling, glorious—the attainment of which, ever before their mind's eye, becomes the one object of their lives; adamantine resolve to succeed, the spring of all their action. We are told that by years of toil, toil from which common mortals would shrink, toil hard, unrelaxing, despotic, they do succeed; but it is seldom revealed to us, it seldom can be revealed, at what heavy, heavy cost the prize has, in many instances, been purchased. The unthinking multitude who see the outward halo of triumph around the heroes' heads, clap hands, and shout well done! well done! The ambitious, toiling far down on that same ladder which has led up to fame and fortune, look up and see them exalted, as they think, near the heavens, among the gods. They take example and encouragement, and seek to imitate by fierce effort. Many who take upon themselves to show to youth the way of 'success in life' point up to where they sit, their labour done, and bid their pupils emulate. The successful themselves often think that they have triumphed gloriously. But if some divine power would raise up in their minds' chamber of imagery the glowing picture of what their lives would have been if moulded by the influence of temperate though earnest labour, contrasting it side by side, step by step, character produced by character produced, with what their lives have been, the steel-nerved men would weep at the contrast, and execrate the poor, worthless shadow of which they have possessed themselves. And if the multitude who cite them as examples, and the fewer who make of them their pattern, could see how many sink to rise no more in their intemperate efforts; how many toil on without success, their too great eagerness marring the very ends at which it aims; how many subvert what would otherwise have been noble lives,—public opinion and practice would be greatly modified. 'Our Creator,' says Dr. Southwood Smith, 'has given us a frame capable of a certain degree of labour—capable of putting forth a certain

certain degree of energy and no more. If we disregard the limits which He has put to our capability of exertion, that beautiful and delicate mechanism, upon the action of which our life depends, must be deranged—must break.' Dr. James Copland states, 'There is nothing which can be more injurious, both mentally and physically, to the middle and lower classes of society than prolonged labour. I believe that three-fourths of the disease to which human life is liable in the metropolis actually arises from this cause.' R. D. Grainger, Esq., gives the following testimony:—'I would say, without fear of contradiction from any quarter worthy of attention, I would pledge all I know of the constitution of the human frame to the assertion, that protracted labour is nothing else than another term for sickness, suffering, and death. There is no exception to this rule.' Dr. Lankester, of London, says:—'I find that there is in this metropolis a sacrifice of a thousand lives annually through the practice of keeping shops open for a greater number of hours than the human constitution can bear. But this is not all. Where a thousand persons die annually from this cause, there are at least eight thousand whose health suffers from it.' Evidence on this point is not scanty. Similar quotations could be extracted from hundreds of sanitary pamphlets and reports. Almost the whole of these have reference, not to pure mental, but to mixed bodily and mental, or altogether manual, labours; but it is well known that all intellectual operations are carried on by aid of physical organs, the brain being the grand instrument of thought, and that this organism is, in a greater degree even than that which enables us to prosecute muscular toil, subject to exhaustion. Intense intellectual is certainly more exhaustive than the most severe physical exertion; and of the two forms of intemperate work—mental and manual—the former is decidedly the more injurious. Its baneful effects are found in the impaired digestion, general physical debility, relaxed will, (and in extreme cases), the softened brain, clouded reason, idiocy, or madness of its devotees. It is well that at the present time so much observation is being bestowed upon these its results by many of the literary and scientific, and that, owing to the melancholy fate of several giant workmen of the mind, directly traceable to this cause, the subject is receiving universal attention.

It is a common fallacy of our age and race, if not openly avowed at least largely acted upon, to suppose that it is impossible to labour too much. Intemperate labour is one of the most prominent and peculiar characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon.

Saxon. His manly, independent, active temperament, which has mainly contributed to give him his predominating influence in the family of nations, has, to a great extent, impelled him to an excess of industry, injurious and vicious. The position of prime importance which labour, mental as well as physical, occupies in the social structure, and the powerful and essential influences which it exerts on national prosperity, were never before so thoroughly understood and appreciated. The upper classes, more enlightened and refined than their ancestors, now cordially acknowledge the advantages and dignity of labour; and many of them by precept, influence, and example, are urging on and directing the industrial community in its own special pursuits. None are more zealous in diffusing and popularizing the maxims inculcating diligence and perseverance than many of our modern authors, themselves too often setting the example of over-straining toil. Cases are not rare in which men of letters wear down their brains to soft pulp in a few years. Many of our merchants and manufacturers themselves, in their too great haste to be rich, set an example of restless activity, dragging their employés up to a similar pitch of exertion. But of a truth, the workmen, in most instances, need little spurring or dragging. Their own active temperament, and the love of the greater gains which 'over-time' procures, makes them willing coadjutors in the system of long hours. Perhaps, without exception, the Anglo-Saxon workman, whether handicraft, manufacturing, mercantile, professional, or literary, is the hardest-wrought in the world. The tide of over-labour which has swept over this country with desolating effects (wherein the sufferings of the over-wrought children are perhaps most to be deplored), and which, strange to say, has received vast impetus from the introduction of our new machinery and important discoveries in the physical sciences, probably reached its highest mark before the year 1835, when the Factory Act, regulating the hours of work for women and children, was passed; and although since that time there has been improvement, yet there is still urgent need for the prosecution of the nation's work in methods more in accordance with the laws of human physiology. 'The great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this, that we manufacture everything there except men.' The Lancashire operative, dwarfed in height, thin, pale, narrow-chested, spindle-shanked, and on the average not living out half his days, is the type of a man produced by the system of labour in the formation of

which

which his own greed has borne an active share, and which, having seized upon him when a mere infant, has kept him working on, with only forced pauses of relaxation, machinery's well-paid slave, whose best friends are glad to see him subjected to the compulsory short time, knowing that only thus will the pale face get a little brighter, the bent form a little straighter, the poor fellow, whose noble endurance of privation has excited the admiration of the nation, a little more like a man; that only thus will his wife find time to attend to her natural duty instead of to the machine, and his children, though worse fed and more scantily clad, yet under a mother's care, and allowed to breathe more of the fresh air, and to bathe more in the healthful sun-light, shall not so much swell those terrible tables of mortality.*

It is undoubtedly splendid physical material which is being thus deteriorated. The British and Americans are certainly the best of any workmen. Slave labour would be deemed mild exercise, and most of the free labour of other countries would be regarded as mere apprentice work by our stalwart working men. The negro on the cotton plantations of the Southern States is quite a delicate employé compared with the sturdy white labourer from Ireland; and for the negro are reserved the lighter tasks of hoeing, picking, planting, and other like operations, connected with the culture of cotton, in preference to the more laborious work of draining, embanking, &c., on which the aristocratic planter employs the more robust Irishman who has, in all likelihood, served his apprenticeship to the turf-cutting trade at the construction of some British railway, canal, or other engineering work, and could bear testimony that the Scot and Englishman, who then wrought on each side of him, were quite as strong and expert with spade and pickaxe as himself. Mr. Edwin Chadwick, at the Social Science Congress held in Glasgow in 1860, said: 'I have been in a position to obtain the impartial testimony of foreign employers to the superior efficiency of the British labourers—that two British labourers do as much work as three modern Norwegians, or three modern Normans, or three modern Danes. Our sanitary engineer, Mr. Rawlinson, who directed works in the Crimea, avers that it would have been economical to have exported British labourers at five shillings a day to have performed the work done by the Easterns at less than one-fifth that rate of wages; and British engineers

* It is a notorious fact, borne out by the present state of affairs in Lancashire, that a stoppage of the mills, although entailing a reduction of food, fuel, and clothing, is invariably attended by a decreased registration of deaths especially of *infants'* deaths.

who

who have conducted works in other parts of the world give similar testimony. The qualities which take the lead in mining and tunnelling take the lead in penetrating forests and clearances for colonization. Volney and other French witnesses acknowledge the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon in this respect.' And this superiority has been immensely supplemented. To us has been delegated a portion of the mighty power which has upheaved the everlasting hills, and the awful nature of whose operations Etna, Chimborazo, and more than two hundred other burning mountains, still manifest to the appalled eye, giving it a glimpse of that which, though now by the beneficent will of its Author confined deep in the vaulted recesses of the earth, was at an earlier period of time in a state of fiercest activity on its surface, and was then employed to open, as with a colossal wedge, some of those deep, extensive valleys which, now covered with vegetation, form the sheltered retreats of the sons of men. The Creator has made over to us, by means of the master-intellect of one or two of His more highly endowed creatures (for every time the rude and ignorant stoker grasps the iron handle by which he unchains the snorting monster, the mighty presiding genius of Watt and Stephenson stands, as it were, by his side, guiding and assisting the more untutored intellect to use aright the giant strength), the control of one of His own most powerful and important material agencies, heat, perhaps the mightiest and most active of that array of stupendous forces by which He carries on the world's work. This terribly energetic agency has been stored up in stupendous quantity in the immense coal fields of the world. 'The coal producing districts of North America embrace an extent of 312,000 square miles. In Europe the surface so occupied does not exceed 15,600 square miles, of which England possesses about 900.' Professor Rogers estimates that 'Each acre of a seam yielding three feet of pure fuel is equal to about 5,000 tons, and possesses a reserve of mechanical strength equal to the labour of 1,600 men during their whole life; and each square mile of the same bed contains 8,600,000 tons of fuel, which is equal to one million of men labouring through twenty years of their ripe strength. The mass of coal in all the coal producing districts of Europe and North America contains a latent force little inferior to that which could be used, during their whole lives, by sixteen milliards of men of average strength.' By means of 'the great wonder and wonder-worker of the age; the greatest mechanical wonder perhaps of all ages that have been since the world began—the steam engine;

this

this gigantic latent force becomes obediently, tirelessly, active in man's service. 'Nearly one-sixth of the annual produce of our coal mines (10,000,000 tons) is used for the production of mechanical power alone, from which a power equal to that of 66,000,000 men is obtained.' There never was in all the world's past life, there is not amongst its present numerous nations as large a number of the human race united by bonds so strong and many as the population of Great Britain; nor such an example of systematized combined labour as they display. No people has been more ingenious in the inventing and handling of those tools and machines which enable most easily to subdue the material world, nor have any employed to so large an extent the power of this new agency. It has become our universal slave. It ploughs the ground, cuts the crop, thrashes, grinds, and even bakes; it spins the yarn, weaves the cloth, bleaches, prints, and finishes; to its other business has been added that of ocean-carrier; finally, it makes its own harness by beating out the iron and turning the shafts required in the construction of steam machinery. Aided by the electric telegraph it has already shown itself to be one of the most potent physical causes in linking into union yet more united the homogeneous elements of the nation, riveting by its iron rails, interweaving by its river, lake, and sea-going traffic, the separated yet nicely fitting parts into one more compact, firm-knit whole, yea, even stretching out and as with giant sweep bringing all mankind into a mighty commonwealth.

Thus skilled, thus knit into so intimate combination, possessing superior physical energy, and the vast power which a gigantic systematized united labour confers, and aided by this superb force made so deftly applicable to almost every purpose by the instrumentality of the steam engine, that grand tool placed in the hands of our highly developed civilization, which requires not so much the exercise of sheer physical strength as the calm, active, patient, and intelligent supervision so well fitted to be the work of rational man, to what ends have we directed our most extended dominion over the material world? The strength of the whole scientific machinery of this country is not less than that of one hundred millions of men; and of that we have suddenly, easily, and economically obtained an acquisition of power equal to the united strength of sixty-six millions. Might not this acquisition, in many respects, be more wisely and beneficially applied than it has been? In no other way would it do more good than by being allowed to fulfil its primary, natural duty *of alleviating* and abridging the labours of the industrial community.

community. Many of the British workmen, at the period of the extensive introduction of steam machinery, who had not time to give the subject any consideration till it advanced in gigantic importance so near as to be seen from but one point of view, could perceive only the most prominent of its probable results magnified by the apprehension of injury to themselves, and were led to predict the almost total superseding of human labour; and there was no lack of better educated and even thoroughly clever men, who, calculating its future influence from the same narrow data, did not hesitate to espouse this idea, and to advance boldly a principle which, if acted upon to the extreme, would have abolished the use of implements altogether. 'Whenever the uses of our scientific machinery in abridging labour are explained to an intelligent Chinese, the first idea that strikes him is the disastrous effect that such a system would work upon his over-peopled country, if suddenly introduced into it; and he never fails to deprecate such an introduction as the most calamitous of visitations.' But one of the primary effects of the introduction of steam machinery has been not to supersede, but aided by other causes, in many cases, to increase human labour, to incite to insane competition between human bone and muscle and the stalwart labourer of the iron limbs, and to foster a system of over-work which has been most prejudicial. Modern civilization has been so proud of her newly-invented and best material tool, so elated with its wonderful results, and charmed by the ease and dexterity with which she can wield it, that, in the first flush of success, flourishing it in her powerful grasp, she has overwrought and racked herself. The use of machinery is equivalent to the more beneficent gifts of nature—such as more fertile soil and genial climate—inasmuch as by it man is enabled to provide necessaries and comforts by a less expenditure of labour, with this difference, that these gifts, having no dependence on human activity, have ministered largely to the indolence and consequent debasement of their possessors, as the histories of many of the most richly-favoured countries of the world abundantly testify; whereas the use of machinery, inasmuch as it is the result of human ingenuity and industry (qualities incompatible with the slothful reposing upon their results), incites to ever advancing civilization. In every case in which steam power has been applied, human labour has been saved, in a two-fold, ten-fold, or hundred-fold ratio. We point with intense satisfaction to the completeness with which, under the guidance of one man, it performs what many labouring earnestly at a similar manual operation

operation cannot accomplish; we smile triumphantly as we compare our own scientific operations with those, primitive and rude, of half civilized communities, and wonder how the ancient world got on at all without the aid of our new inventions. We complacently compare the Egyptian barge or galley, propelled by scores of rowers and pole-men, with our own river and ocean-going steamers; or the Hottentot's lumbering wagon, drawn along at the rate of two or three miles an hour by twelve or fourteen pairs of oxen, with the long train of elegant, comfortable carriages rushing along at the rate of forty miles an hour under the superintendence of only three conductors. The labours of the Spanish armourer sink into insignificance when we stand beside the ponderous steam-hammer fashioning coat of mail for a nation's navy. We deplore the loss of time and waste of the labour of the poor Otaheitan or Marquesan cloth-maker working at his rough mats, when we see power-looms running off easily and exactly miles of finely finished and comfortable fabrics; we pity the dusky Hindoo printer who has as much difficulty in executing one spot of his rude pattern as our cylinders overcome in covering fifty yards of calico with an intricate, many-coloured, and beautiful design. But all this acquisition of power has been used only to increase production. The deck hand on board the British steam vessel, the stoker in her hold, work harder far than the boatmen on the Nile; the Kaffir or Hottentot wagon-driver enjoys a life of calm repose compared with the engine-driver or his assistants; the smith calmly tempering the Toledo blade would look with amazement on the activity and energy of the attendants of the steam-hammer; the South Sea Islander is used to no such long hours as the women and children of our cotton factories; and the listless Hindoo would almost as soon be blown from a cannon's mouth at once as spend his life in the active, intelligent operations of machine-printing. It is curious to think that the extensive application of this labour-saving agency has increased the work for human hands to do, not only to the British, its employers, but to an immense portion of the other peoples besides; the cheap products of steam machinery — the gaudy fabrics, metallic ornaments, cutlery, firearms, &c. (aided by the sturdy canvassing of their vendors, who have advanced from land to land, and penetrated into the most barbarous, running such risks to enlighten the darkened minds of negro, Turcoman, Affghan, Chinaman, and Japanese concerning the merits of our manufactures as missionaries with loftier aim and more valuable merchan-*dize might be* proud to emulate), having incited the lazy barbarians

barbarians to exert themselves in order to procure them. There is no fear of this country settling down into the apathetic indolence of Eastern peoples; it is the other extreme which we have to fear and avoid.

To one great end should all conquest over the material world be applied,—the freer development of the moral, intellectual, and physical life. Let this assistance of one of nature's most powerful forces which has been so liberally bestowed, and by furnishing us with which it seems to be one of the most obvious intentions of the Deity to remit a portion of the curse of labour pronounced on Adam's head, and to give to us, the poor overburdened sons of the bleak and barren North, compensation for the want of the rich soil and genial climate of the sunny lands of the Eastern and Western hemispheres, give larger respite from grinding toil. Let this huge material force, so nicely controlled and applied, do away with the long, protracted hours of children's labour, and give them time to grow up unharassed, unbent, healthy, and educated. Let it lift up in its hard, iron, adamantine arms from off the delicate, easily-crushed body of woman, the heavy or prolonged work which enfeebles and distorts her. Let it take from the shoulders of the more stalwart workman a portion of his heavy load of toil, so that what is left may be borne easily and well. The great bulk of the industrial community is far enough advanced to appreciate and use aright every facility for moral and intellectual improvement. The longer time and greater strength which abridged hours of work must confer would not be abused. The 'half time for children,' 'short time,' and 'early closing' movements are aiming in the right direction.

Art. III.—THE ORIGIN OF TEETOTALISM.

1. *A Letter on the Effects of Wine and Spirits.* By a Physician. Printed for the Dublin Temperance Society: 1829. No. 1. Price 6d.
2. *A Second Letter.* By the Same. 1829. Ibid. No. 2. Price 6d.
3. *Political Evils of Intemperance.* By J. H. Ibid. No. 3. Price 3d.
4. *Remarks on the Evils, Occasions, and Cure of Intemperance.* By W. U. Ibid. No. 4. Price 4d.
5. *The Preston Temperance Advocate.* 1834-8. Edited by Joseph Livesey.
6. *The Standard Temperance Library.* Edited by Dr. F. R. Lees. Douglas, Isle of Man: 1841.

AS the abstinence movement is now committed to the care of a second generation of reformers, and is passing from its

its first or social phase, into its second or political stage of development, the time would seem fitting for the record of a few facts and principles respecting its origin, which might else run the risk of being either forgotten or perverted. In fact, there have already found their way into the columns of some organs of literature, statements that have no ground whatever, save in the imagination of their authors; while within the circle of the reformers themselves, the exaggerations and delusions of egotism have endangered the absolute and impartial truth of history.

We propose to treat the matter in relation, first, to the significance of the name selected for the movement; second, to the doctrine developed and expounded; third, to the chief persons who constituted its early propaganda.

1. Concerning the word 'Teetotal,' there has been much divergent opinion. One of the best of the cheap periodicals has recently devoted a leader to this topic, which may be taken as representative of the errors into which so many of our half-informed and hasty essayists are continually falling.

'The great temperance movement, which was one in the right direction, for we English were desperately hard drinkers, has not only taken away our reproach, but it has added another word to the English language. From it arose, we believe, that extra branch of temperance men, those who would go to extremes—the tectotalers. Their name is the word of which we speak, and possibly no one knows its derivation. We have heard it explained in various ways. Webster calls it a cant word, formed in England from the first two letters of "temperance" and "total," signifying thereby total temperance. We doubt whether he is right. Trench, in his "English, Past and Present," does not mention the word. Other people have said that one who stammered invented it: "t—t—t—total abstinence," he asserted, was what he wanted; but this looks very apocryphal. One asserts, after some consideration and study of words, that it is a mis-spelt word, that it means tea-total abstainer, that is, abstainers to whom tea would be the very strongest stimulant. We do not make words by adding a repetition of a letter to strengthen them; we do not say that a man is dee-dead if he is quite defunct. But the stupid, vulgar, odious word is there; no one can understand it, every scholar must abhor it. Scholars cannot coin words, nor remove them: for fifty years or so the ungainly word will defile our language, and then die out, as hundreds of cant terms have already done. Other scholars thus explain, in their own fashion, the word teetotal. It is simply the word total written with two initial letters, ttotal, ffarranton, &c., a common practice in the counties which formed part of the old Danelagh, or where the Danes, as in Lancashire, held the land. The provincials sound the first *t* slightly, and hence the printers and reporters made it into a separate syllable. The word was so used before the time of Edward IV. [No example, unfortunately, is given.] It is curious that a set of common enthusiasts should have chosen so meaningless, and yet so appropriate a name; but it is characteristic of the English that they did so. Binding themselves under that one foolish but very distinctive appellation, they went to work with a will, and achieved wonders. Probably few modern movements ever did so much real good as teetotalism. Its professors, it is true, shot a great deal lower than their mark; but they reached something.'

It is quite true that the word 'Teetotal' was *applied* by [redacted] *Turnor*'—one of the first reformed drunkards of Preston—

Preston—to express total abstinence—that is, abstinence complete and without compromise; but it is a 'vulgar error' to suppose that he either invented the word, or stuttered it forth. The term has been in common use in Ireland and in Lancashire these hundred years, and was familiar to the writer when a lad in that county nearly forty years back. It can be found in the literature of England, long prior to the Preston movement, in application to various things. Banim, the Irish novelist, employs it; Maginn, in 'Maga,' uses it; and De Quincey also, a master of English, who probably acquired it in Lancashire, amidst the idioms of which county he spent his early years. Richard Turner used the word because it had an established meaning. It was one of those designations to which children and uneducated persons sometimes give spontaneous expression; and because it fell in with popular usage and feeling, Mr. Livesey, wisely or unwisely, adopted it as the name of the new society.

2. For the purpose of considering the doctrine which the word 'Temperance' symbolises, and the manner in which its definition is evolved out of the facts of the case, we cite another representative paragraph, from the same journal:—

'The teetotalers, in their endeavours to reform the world, needed a considerable amount of moral courage, nay more, of enthusiasm; and they possessed both in an extraordinary degree. When they began their work of reformation, the world looked upon drunkenness as a manly indulgence, rather indeed as an accomplishment than as a vice. * * *

'When the society first formed itself, it took, as is not unfrequently the case, a wrong name. It was afraid to call itself a sober society, or the sobriety association; but that is what it meant. It talked about temperance; but as that word applies as much to eating as to drinking, to bad language, dress, hot temper, and a dozen other things, our reformers had to spoil a word by restricting it to one sense. What we want is, to see the whole of the sense restored. We do not want people only temperate, but as the catechism teaches us, sober, temperate, and chaste. But this was not the only mistake which the teetotalers made; by their exaggerations, and almost inexhaustible vehemence, they stirred up a sufficient number of opposers to make the movement very popular; for it must be observed that he who has no opponents will have few friends, and that a good opposition will whip up the populace into something like activity of thought. * * *

'The real good and evil of drink,—strong drink, or alcohol,—seems now to be better understood. We do not now class alcohol as food; but we know that it is an agent which generates heat, and that as man continually gives off heat to his hat, coat, the room he is in, the chair he sits upon, or the clothes he wears, he must have, in our climate at least, chilly and changeable as it is, some heat-generating agent, either in alcohol, or food which contains carbon. * This, we presume, even the most intense of teetotalers will allow. On the other hand, society has had all its social vices put so prominently under its nose by the teetotalers, that it sees their enormity and determines to reform; so that the true balance seems to have

* 'Heat' is an essential condition of life in *all* climates, and the blood of man is as hot in one country as another. It is amusing to read—'in our climate at least!'—and equally so to hear the confident assertion that 'we *know* alcohol generates heat,' years after that hypothesis has been utterly exploded amongst scientific minds.

been

been arrived at, with this advantage on the side of total abstinence, that the abstinent man may be a philosopher whilst he indulges in his hobby, but the drunkard who indulges in his must be a fool. Satisfactorily as we have arrived at this virtue of liquid temperance, and excellently as we are progressing, it would be very much better if, by any means, we could compass a general temperance,—that temperance in all things which has been laid before us as the perfection of life.'

Upon a web so mixed of sense and nescience, of good design and bad dialectic, of philosophic feeling and foolish philosophy, it is an ungracious task to be critical. Let us suggest, however, that people endowed with such 'moral courage' and 'enthusiasm' could hardly be 'afraid' of calling their association by its proper name; and that a policy which makes a movement 'very popular' and compels to 'activity of thought,' can scarcely be intelligently denominated a 'mistake.' May it not be fairly suspected, indeed, that the people who have overcome such enormous difficulties, overthrown such monstrous and mischievous fashions, and achieved a position so prominent and commanding, knew better what they meant, and how to designate their doctrines and designs, than mere literary critics? If the word 'Temperance' is of wider comprehension than the term 'Abstinence,' as we concede it is,—and if the express purpose of the reformers was, not to remould humanity but simply to stop drunkenness by stopping drinking—then the word 'Teetotal' was at least an unambiguous symbol of their association. In this case, the thing needed was a distinctive, and therefore specific designation, which 'sober' is not, since that term applies equally to body, feeling, and judgment. On the other hand, we do not see on what grounds the general term 'Temperance' may not be claimed as the name of their society, if they choose; just as we may say, at will, 'my servant John,' or 'my servant man.' The major includes the minor, and neither is exclusive of the other. A man may be 'John,' and John is of course a man. Thus Hobbes actually employs both words in his famous definition:—'Temperance is the habit of *abstaining* from things which tend to our destruction.' We do not, besides, see how the use of the generic term can be 'spoiled' by its *application* to the specific things which it is expressly made to cover. Surely 'chop' may be rightly used to denote the specific thing we are enjoying, without spoiling the excellence of our mutton?—or involving us in the conclusion that chop is one thing, and mutton another?

It uniformly happens with great movements in philosophy, morals, religion, politics, and even physical discoveries, that a common thought—the outgrowth of a common tendency, *the ripening*, as it were, of the human mind—arises and seeks expression

expression in many places or persons at the same time. Professor Renan has noted this singular fact in an eloquent passage, which we will here transcribe:—

'There is no one so shut in as not to receive some influence from without. The history of the human mind is full of strange coincidences, which cause very remote portions of the human species, without communication with each other, to arrive at the same time at almost identical ideas and imaginations. In the thirteenth century, the Latins, the Greeks, the Syrians, the Jews, and the Mussulmans, adopted scholasticism, from York to Samarcand; in the fourteenth century, every one in Italy, Persia, and India, yielded to the taste for mystical allegory; in the sixteenth century, art was developed in a very similar manner in Italy, at Mount Athos, and at the Court of the Great Moguls, without St. Thomas, Barhebræus, and the Rabbas of Narbonne, or the Motecallémin of Bagdad having known each other; without Dante and Petrarch having seen any *Sofi*; without any pupils of the schools of Perouse or of Florence having been at Delhi. We should say there are great moral influences running through the world like epidemics, without distinction of frontier and of race. The interchange of ideas in the human species does not take place only by book, or by direct instruction.'

It thus happens that Cavendish and Priestley, Bell and Fulton, Stephenson and Hackworth, were contemporaneous, independent discoverers and inventors, not rivals or plagiarists, because they produced the outbirths of a common impulse. So it was with the development of the doctrine, and the actual establishment, of temperance societies. In the first quarter of this century, several societies were founded at various independent points in the United States of North America; and about the year 1826, the conviction and feeling thus indicated became organized at Boston into the American Temperance Society, with a pledge of entire abstinence from spirits.* The actual results may be estimated from the following statement, which appeared in one of the highest literary organs of America, the 'Christian Examiner,' of Boston:—

'The greatest enterprize and the most hopeful omen of the age, perhaps, is the temperance reform. Here is a moral miracle. A nation, a world, fast sinking into the gulf of sensual perdition. How stupendous, almost hopeless, must have seemed to the first reformers, who stretched out their hands to stay that downward course, the work they had undertaken! But they entered upon it; they went forward; and what is the result? Within five years the entire conscience of the world, of the Anglo-Saxon world at least, is penetrated; a new senti-

* *Vide* History of Maine Law in Alliance Prize Argument. Chap. vii.

 ment,

ment, a new fear, a new set of moral maxims is wrought into the heart of nations; millions have joined in this work,—for we do not reckon the pledged men alone; new laws have been framed, new legal restraints devised, new domestic usages introduced; and it may be hoped that the plague is stayed. We do not intend, in these remarks, to make ourselves responsible for every proceeding that has been adopted in this reform. What most strikes our attention, and fills us with astonishment, is this,—that such an impression in behalf of morality could have been made upon *whole countries*, in so brief a space of time. It is altogether more surprising than the effect produced by the preaching of Peter the Hermit. The crusades to the Holy Land, which he recommended, were entirely in accordance with the warlike, chivalric, and superstitious spirit of the age. But here our reformers have made head *against* the settled habits, and, often too, the incensed *passions* of the people. If *this* could be done, anything can be done. The success of the temperance cause is a signal and glorious pledge for anything reasonable and just that good men may desire to undertake.'

By the year 1829, many thousands of drunkards had been reclaimed by this movement, based upon a declaration or pledge, and the unwonted intelligence naturally excited great interest amongst the philanthropists of Europe. The consequence was, that in the next two years, or between 1828 and 1830,—chiefly through the earnest efforts of the Rev. G. Carr, of New Ross, the Rev John Edgar, D.D., of Belfast, Mr. John Dunlop, of Greenock, Mr. W. Collins, of Glasgow, and Mr. Thomas Beaumont, surgeon, of Bradford,—this new agency of reform was introduced into various parts of Ireland, England, and Scotland. A certain amount of good was done, especially amongst grog-drinkers of the middle class, but few drunkards were reclaimed. It was soon perceived, that owing to the fact of English drunkenness arising mainly from *beer*, the American pledge was deficient and nationally inapplicable, besides involving, in the permission of the use of wine, an inconsistency which destroyed the moral power of its advocates. 'The rich can drink their strong wines,' said the people, 'why cannot the poor man enjoy his gin?' It was felt that the pledge must be extended to every agency of enslavement, and include abstinence from spirits, wine, malt-liquor, and cider. This social necessity led to inquiry into the chemistry of the question, and investigation speedily revealed the fact, that 'alcohol' was the real agent of mischief in all these drinks, however disguised under various mixtures, adulterations, and names. Belief in the dietetic virtues of strong drink of course stood in the way of the new doctrine and the practical reform it aimed at, which compelled its advocates to look into the statistics of vitality, as well as into chemistry. Experience rapidly accumulated, demonstrating not only the needlessness of fermented liquors, but the benefit which generally and unexpectedly followed abstinence from them; and search into the opinions of learned men who had written on this point, yielded an

an astonishing *consensus* of authority in favour of the views which had been erroneously supposed to be novel.* In the list of departed worthies stand prominently the names of Baynard, Cheyne, Darwin, Trotter, Garnett, and Beddoes. The moral, logical, and scientific foundation of the movement was now prepared, and the vague feelings and perceptions of the reformers were methodized and reduced to formula and shape.

In 1829, Joshua Harvey, M.D., of Dublin, requested Dr. John Cheyne, Physician to the Forces in Ireland, to assist him in the formation of a temperance society in that city. On the 15th August, Dr. Cheyne replied in a characteristic letter, which was published anonymously, as 'by a Physician' merely, entitled 'A Statement of Certain Effects to be Apprehended from Temperance Societies.' (Dublin: printed by R. D. Webb. 1829.) We reproduce a few of the most racy passages:—

'My dear Doctor,—How could you suppose me so great a simpleton as your letter would imply? To enlist in a crusade against intemperance, indeed! Why, if an end were put to the drinking of port, punch, and porter, there would be an end to my worldly prosperity; I should be obliged to sell my house in [Merrion] Square, to pay off my coachman, and once more become a pedestrian. Nay, the whole profession, if we except the accoucheurs, would suffer. Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries would be ruined; the Medical Halls would be stripped of their splendour; and disease becoming comparatively rare, simple, and manageable, the clinical physician would lose the benefit of teaching, and the student the opportunity of learning his profession, in our flourishing hospitals. * * * *

'Have you no *esprit de corps*? Why, this would seem to be a case in which our College of Physicians, in their capacity of guardians of the interests of the medical profession, might with propriety interfere, and put a stop to your rash proceedings.

'It would be a sad thing for us were it generally known how much injury may be done by an habitual consumption of even a small quantity of strong liquor. John Hunter's experiment shows the effect on the constitution of a child, of the daily exhibition of wine. * * * *

'The observation of twenty years in this city has convinced me that, were *ten young men*, on their twenty-first birthday, to begin to drink *one glass* (equal to two ounces) of ardent spirits, or a pint of port wine, or sherry, and were they to drink this *supposed moderate* quantity of strong liquor daily, the lives of *eight* out of the *ten* would be abridged by *twelve or fifteen years*. * * * *

'There may be said to be three stages of productive disease arising from intemperance. The first stage I have just alluded to. Many individuals who belong to this commit excess through mere ignorance, and would abandon the use of strong liquors were they aware of their deleterious effect; not so those of the second class, who are the three and four tumbler men, *very* temperate also, only they find they must have an additional tumbler before going to bed, *pretty stiff*, to enable them to sleep soundly. * * * *

'Those who are interested in the prosperity of the *liberal* professions, ought not to overlook the importance of intemperance as a source of disease and crime. But ought we to confine ourselves to so narrow and selfish a view of the subject? *Humani nihil alienum*. We ought rather, in the spirit of philanthropy, to consider the multitude belonging to other callings who must fall into poverty, when this

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* *Vide* the sixth work at the head of our article, containing valuable reprints from medical authors of the last century.

great

great change in the habits of men shall take place. Distillers, revenue officers, officers of the police of every denomination, pawnbrokers, publicans, their wives, children, and retainers—and these, by the way, are almost the only bodies in this city who are, at present, in a thriving condition.'

The Dublin Temperance Society being formed, issued a series of admirable tracts, whose title we have prefixed to this article. The first letter of Dr. Cheyne thus commences:—

'It would appear to me that those who wish to encourage temperate habits ought to aim at three things.

'First. To disabuse all sorts and conditions of men with respect to the harmlessness of fermented liquors.

'Second. To show the advantage, in point of economy, of laying them aside.

'Thirdly. To prove that to use them for their own sake is irreconcilable with religious principle.'

As a physician he proposed to treat of the first proposition, and most admirably he did so. He says:—

'I mean in this letter to apply myself calmly to examine some of those deeply-rooted partialities which exist in favour of strong liquors, and attempt to prove that they are prejudices unworthy of any rational creature. This part of the subject especially belongs to the faculty, inasmuch as we are, in some measure, accountable for opinions very generally held relative to the innocuousness of wine and ardent spirits. The benefits which have been *supposed* to flow from their liberal use in medicine, and especially in those diseases which were once universally, and are still vulgarly, supposed to depend upon mere weakness, have *invested these agents with attributes to which they have no claim;* and hence, as we physicians no longer employ them as we were wont to do, we ought not to rest satisfied with a mere acknowledgment of error; but we ought also to make every retribution in our power, for having so long upheld one of the most fatal delusions which ever took possession of the human mind. * * With many an unfortunate patient, the immediate cause of death was not the fever, but intoxication during fever, while all who escaped were *supposed* to owe their recovery to wine. * * *

'The common interpretation of this practice is, that wine is given during fever *to keep up* the patient's strength, and hence, in the natural extension of error, it is supposed that as strong liquors *sustain* those debilitated by disease, much more will they add to natural vigour, and support a healthy man during an exertion of body under which his unassisted powers of constitution would sink.

'I had once the opportunity of inquiring into the habits of the workmen of a large glass factory; they generally wrought for 24 or 36 hours at a time, according as the furnace continued in a proper state, and I found, during this time, which was technically called "a journey," that to supply the waste caused by perspiration they drank a large quantity of water, in the quality of which they were very curious. It was the purest and softest water in the district, and was brought from a distance of three miles. There were three men, out of more than a hundred, who drank nothing but water, the rest porter or ardent spirits, as men of the lower class usually do when they are not under any religious constraint; the three water drinkers *appeared to be of their proper age*, while the rest, with scarcely an exception, seemed ten or twelve years older than they proved to be. * * *

'Nervous people generally entertain a notion that when strength is exhausted by want of sleep, it may best be *recruited* by wine; but this is a strong delusion, as I was first led to suspect by the result of a long journey which I once made in the mail coach, while in a state of great anxiety.

'I travelled nearly seven hundred miles almost without stopping, having been five nights out of six in the coach, during which time I could not have slept half as much as usual, and the sleep I obtained was unsound and interrupted. During the whole time I lived chiefly on bread and tea, with a small portion of animal food twice a day. I drank no malt-liquor, wine, or spirits. At the end of my *expedition*, I was scarcely more exhausted than when I set out. * * *

'Numerous

'Numerous observations enable me to affirm, that a great number of persons, and certainly all who have not injured their stomachs by excess, will materially add to their comfort, by laying aside *the use* of fermented liquors. * * I have known many individuals who have repeatedly tried to drink wine, but were obliged to desist, as half a glass at any time would throw them into a fever, which would last for several hours, and *cause great languor* on the following day.

'A gentleman of a fair complexion, and rather delicate frame, who laboured under severe pain of a periodic nature, which depended on an inflammation of the periosteum of the right tibia, noticed a circumstance with respect to the influence of fermented liquor on this affection, which, says Mr. Crampton, appears to be of considerable importance, as illustrative of the effects of very small quantities of alcohol in diseases of an inflammatory nature. He observed at first that the pain invariably recurred within an hour after dinner, at whatever time he might have taken that meal, and whether the food had been animal or vegetable. Suspecting that this might be connected with the nature of the liquid, rather than the solid matter which he took into his stomach, he kept off fermented liquors; on the first day after he made the change the pain did not return till he had been an hour in bed. This led him to institute a number of experiments upon the influence of different kinds of fermented liquors, in different quantities; the result was, that the pain could with certainty be excited within an hour by drinking a glass of any kind of fermented liquor, however weak, and a single dram by measure of port wine, diluted with four ounces of water, acted with equal energy as a glass of the undiluted wine.

'I have been engaged upwards of thirty years in medical practice, a great part of the time extensively, and all this while I have been attentively observing men who lived in all respects alike, save in the quantity of liquors which they drank, and I can conscientiously affirm, that longevity is more resisted by excess in that respect, than by all the other hurtful influences which prematurely extinguish the lamp of life; insomuch, that were an *allegorical personification* of the various vices by which men shorten their lives to be honestly painted, drunkenness would appear as a bloated giant, while the rest might be represented as obscene and deformed pigmies.'

It will be seen that Dr. Cheyne was far in advance of his profession with regard to the medical use of alcohol; and yet he was not singular in that respect, for, even at that very time, Mr. Higginbottom, F.R.S., a surgeon, of Nottingham, was carrying on an extensive practice without the use of alcohol.

Dr. Cheyne's second letter commences with an attack upon the traffic. The enemy, he says, has 'Arsenals in most of our cities, for the manufacture and distribution of his ammunition, well garrisoned fortresses in every town and village, and emissaries all over the land, who are unceasingly active in establishing his usurpation.' He states also a principle which well-meaning people are apt to forget:—'With mankind in general, those arguments against vicious habits prove the most cogent, which show that such habits are incompatible with sensual enjoyment.' He proves, by examples, that heat and cold, and enormous pedestrian exercise, are best sustained under abstinence from strong drink; and states that in his own family, which had been a little temperance society, his belief of the utility of abstinence had been confirmed by the observation of many years.

If Nos. 1—2 of the Dublin Tracts thus satisfactorily enun-

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ciate the new doctrine of the reformation, the formula and philosophy of the remedy were not less explicitly and admirably put forth in No. 4, by W. U. Reticence as regards names is now no longer needful, and, therefore, we may speak of W. U. as the Rev. W. Urwick, D.D., a celebrated and highly esteemed Congregational minister, of Dublin, and one of the vice-presidents of the United Kingdom Alliance. His tract was dated 'Nov. 9th, 1829,' and dedicated to Dr. Cheyne. It is at once the earliest and clearest statement of the new prophylactic that we have been able to discover. After a graphic description of the evils, he further proceeds to consider the causes, including (1) misconceptions of the nature of the liquor as good for health, and as an aid to thought or conversation, under which he asserts that after the use of wine 'our modes of thinking will not be marked by either depth or accuracy: we shall be incapable of that balancing of facts inseparable from real wisdom.' (2) The desire to relieve care, or abate anxiety, by numbing the sensibilities. (3) The fashions of hospitality. (4) The gratification of appetite engendered by strong drink. (5) Evil modes of recreation associated with drinking. (6) Excesses of the table, leading to the use of alcohol as an anæsthetic to make one feel comfortable, by disguising the disease, by silencing the monitors of the nervous system. (7) The example of apparent impunity in a few, who serve as decoy ducks to ensnare the less strong and cautious drinkers, who perhaps have finer susceptibilities, and warmer temperaments. Dr. Urwick then proceeds, the italics being his:—'The prescription I have to offer is simple, within the reach of all, and invariably efficacious, if it be applied. *It is the total, prompt, and persevering abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.* It has been proposed by some to change the kind, or to diminish the quantity, or to lessen the frequency of their use. But the probability, I had almost said the certainty, is, that if indulgence in them be allowed at all, the sensation produced by them will continue, the desire for them will be sustained, and the door yet left open by which temptation may return, and again lead the half-emancipated victim captive.'

Such, then, was the broad, original programme of the later temperance movement, both as to the necessity of abstinence as preventive and remedial, as to the injuriousness of all alcoholic liquors, and as to the social and legal hindrances requiring to be removed.

3. It is of more moment to the world, however, that it should have apostles, pioneers, and missionaries of the truths by which it is to be saved or ameliorated, than that it should give

give birth to men who barely perceive the thing that awaits the doing, or the truth that needs dissemination; and they who do the work, who realize the thought, and who, by their skill, courage, combinations, and fidelity, fight and overcome the giants, are those on whom the greatest weight of glory must eventually descend.

The idea of temperance associations founded on the abstinence pledge, arose, without concert, in several distinct regions about the same period. We have seen how Dr. Urwick arrived at his formula, but this awaited extension, organization, action—in fine, a propaganda. In 1830, at Dunfermline, Mr. John Davie drew up a pledge of abstinence;* and not long afterwards the idea was again expressed in Berwickshire. In January, 1832, Mr. Richmond, surgeon, of Paisley, in conjunction with others, framed a pledge of a similar character. A little later we find an association in Nova Scotia, united on the same basis. None of these, however, became the centre of the movement. The fire and force needful to the working of the machinery—that moral and social steam which men name 'enthusiasm'—had not yet been generated, though its elements were being slowly but surely collected, in a district, and amongst a class of persons, best of all suited for the work to be done. Or to change the figure for one equally apt, the torch of truth which had faintly burned in isolated places, unsustained by a free and fitting atmosphere, and therefore radiating no steady wide-spread effects, was about to be relighted in the midst of an intense social life and activity, and to be fed and fanned into an unwonted glow by the breath of the people. The union of the subjective and the objective, of the thought and the circumstance, the condition of all social advancement, was on the eve of being accomplished.

Early in 1832, the committee of the Bristol and Clifton Temperance Society forwarded a number of queries to their medical men. Dr. Carrick, senior physician to the Infirmary, in answer to the question, 'Is it safe to break off the use of intoxicating drinks by entire abstinence?' replied as follows:

'In general, perfectly safe. There may be a few exceptions; but very few, greatly fewer than the fears and fancies, or pretended fears, of the world would have it believed.

'Mankind are vastly ingenious in discovering apologies or objections for or against what they like or dislike. In the course of more than forty years practice, I have never met with an instance, so far as I recollect, of injury arising from having cut at once and entirely with the baneful habit, wherever it could be effected. When an habitual drunkard is seized with an apoplectic fit, or meets with a serious accident, a broken rib or limb, there is no hesitation in abstracting at once his wonted potations.

* See Report of proceedings of International Temperance and Prohibition Convention, 1862.

'I would here beg leave to remark that, although spirits are the most pernicious liquors, being the strongest and most concentrated poison, *all other liquors, wine, beer, cider, &c., are injurious in proportion to their strength, or the quantity of alcohol they contain.* The wines we usually drink, Madeira, sherry, and port, are vastly stronger than is commonly supposed. By accurate analysis, they are proved to contain nearly, if not quite, half their bulk of brandy. The man who drinks his bottle of wine is not, of course, aware that he drinks a pint of brandy, and the lady who takes two or three glasses of wine at dinner, would, no doubt, feel alarmed to be told that she swallowed half a glass of brandy in each of them. Such, however, is the fact. And here I would further observe, that the vulgar notion that by diluting or mixing spirits, or other strong liquors, their injurious qualities are obviated, or essentially diminished, is a most dangerous error. It is true so far as this: Were a person to swallow, all at once, a pint of brandy undiluted, it would probably kill him instantly by the violence and suddenness of the stimulus, whereas, a pint of brandy diluted with a pint of water, or a bottle of wine, which in this point of view is nearly the same thing, would not be so likely to prove immediately fatal; but were the spirits, or the wine, or the punch to be taken slowly, and at intervals, the difference as to the injury would not be material, as the quantity of spirits is, in either case, the same. I am induced to advert to this circumstance from hearing it every day alleged, by persons who are anxious to persuade themselves that such indulgences are not hurtful, "I always take water with the brandy, or with the wine." They forget, as my old and respected friend, Dr. Drummond, was wont to say, "A bear is a bear, muzzled or unmuzzled."

'To conclude: It will, I fear, be found difficult to persuade the working classes that strong liquors, of some sort or other, are not absolutely necessary to the performance of their labour. An anchorsmith, a sawyer, or a coalheaver, would deem it impossible to do without them. This, however, is not true. *There are whole nations where spirituous or fermented liquors are unknown and unused;* yet in these nations there are laborious occupations, and strong and healthy people—AN IRRESISTIBLE PROOF THAT SUCH LIQUORS ARE NOT NECESSARY TO MAN. * * * * * The fact is plainly this: Although the smith, the glassblower, or the coalheaver, may somewhat sooner get through a brush of work, may be able to do more work in a short and given time, as the space of an hour or two, by force of liquor, he would be able to work more hours in the day, and more days in the year without it; would have done more work by the end of the year, and certainly would live more years to work; and not only live, but live in the enjoyment of comparative health, and wealth, and comfort. The unnatural excitement of the muscular actions by means of strong liquors occasions a proportionate exhaustion of the vital powers, a diminished capacity for subsequent exertion, a premature old age, a life of suffering, and an early grave.'

These sentiments of the Bristol physician—who had perhaps listened to similar observations from the great Dr. Beddoes, once a resident of that city—were printed and circulated by a few quiet, wealthy 'Friends,' who had joined the temperance society in that neighbourhood; and very shortly they found their way to Preston, in Lancashire, where things were ripening to a head. Here lived a well-known local Franklin, Mr. Joseph Livesey, who, risen by self-denial, culture, and industry from the ranks of the working classes, sought to extend the blessings of education, and of social and moral reform, to the people. With keen Saxon insight, he perceived the evil in their midst, and with cautious, persevering common sense sought to apply the cure. He was a well-to-do tradesman, and by-and-by the proprietor of a printing press, and the conductor

conductor of a little periodical called 'The Moral Reformer,' and it was no wonder that the seeds of truth, falling into such genial soil, should speedily germinate into power and fruitfulness.

'So shocked have I been,' says Mr. Livesey, in 'The Moral Reformer,' 'with the effects of intemperance, and so convinced of the evil effects of *moderate* drinking, that, since the commencement of 1831, I have never tasted ale, wine, or ardent spirits.' In the number for May, 1832, the same doctrine is advocated, and the experience of Dr. Franklin given at large.

Meanwhile (on the 1st January, 1832), a temperance society had been formed amongst some young men in connection with a school which Mr. Livesey had established for their gratuitous instruction. Mr. Thomas Swindlehurst had procured some of the Bradford tracts, which were in circulation along with the Bristol one. Conversation and discussion rapidly ripened opinion within the little band of reformers, who at last took courage to constitute a provisional committee and call a public meeting. This came off on the 22nd March, when Mr. W. Pollard, of Manchester, an effective and humorous speaker, explained the machinery of action, and at the close Edward Dickinson signed the pledge of abstinence from spirits. But, as might have been expected, this was soon found to be too short and too narrow for a state of society wherein the use of fermented liquors was the chief source of the evil; and hence, with the mental and social preparation going on, the next step was at once easy, natural, and inevitable.

Many of the earnest men of Preston, in fact, were already abstaining from every kind of alcoholic liquor; as were individuals in various other parts of the country. Several of the Preston men had already advocated the doctrine in the meetings, and even Mr. Livesey, and Mr. Harrison, surgeon, had written in favour of it in the public papers. Who first advocated it in the public meetings, it is now utterly impossible to say—or at any rate to prove—though we can very confidently negative the claim to originality that any particular person might unwisely put forth. Messrs. Bradley, Dearden, Livesey, Stephenson, Swindlehurst, Teare, Toulmin, and others, are found in a glorious fraternal fellowship in the good work that was destined to spread so fast and far, and achieve such blessings for the nation, by stemming the advance and resisting the encroachments of the direst and most potent of all the foes of civilization.

The 23rd of August, 1832, is memorable on account of an abstinence pledge drawn out and signed by Joseph Livesey and John King, both of whom have faithfully adhered to it, and who are still hale and hearty living examples of its virtue.

On

On the 1st September, a second and similar pledge was subscribed by Joseph Livesey, John King, and five others. The famous 'Dicky Turner' was reclaimed from drunkenness about this time, and he it was who, a year later, first applied the word 'Teetotal' to express that entire abstinence which had been proved to be so necessary to his own safety and that of his class. On the 23rd March, 1833, the new pledge was added to the old one, as an *alternative* pledge, and part of the constitution of the Temperance Society—a plan afterwards adopted in many parts of England, until, in due time, this Aaron's rod bourgeoned and overshadowed the original declaration. In a few years, indeed, the old societies had altogether disappeared, having only been kept alive, in a painful and lingering state, by the efforts of one man—the late Rev. Owen Clarke, who was at once 'secretary' and everything else, of 'the British and Foreign Temperance Society'—an association which, once patronized by royalty, and sustained by bishops, lords, admirals, and generals, had too little practical truth within it for the needs of the populace and the necessities of the times.

In April, 1834, the more 'ardent spirits' of the movement—if the figure may be allowed in such a connection—established an exclusively Abstinence Youths' Society. Here we meet with the names of Messieurs G. Toulmin, E. Grubb, H. Bradley, W. Livesey, etc. At the first meeting, about one hundred persons signed the pledge, a fact which indicates the enthusiasm that was growing up.

In 1833-4 an active missionary spirit was brought into play; the Preston friends making raids into the towns and villages round about them, with the most astonishing success. Everywhere the working men thronged around these apostolic men. For the work of this pregnant time, should be honourably distinguished, in addition to their prudent leader and adviser, Henry Anderton, a brilliant orator and a popular poet; Thomas Swindlehurst, 'the King of the Reformed Drunkards,' a man of true power; James Teare, a native of the Isle of Man, residing at Preston; Edward Grubb, an ardent tribune of the people; Edward Morris, afterwards so usefully associated with the cause in Glasgow; and last, not least, John Finch, to whom both Ireland and Scotland owe the early introduction of teetotalism by popular advocacy.

The Preston men, zealously engaged in a momentous practical reform, never troubled themselves with the senseless refinements of a later school concerning 'moral suasion,' but using the weapon of persuasion already within their reach, zealously sought every other lawful agency whereby to remove the

the real obstacles to progress out of their path, amongst which, badly and boldly prëeminent, stood the traffic in strong liquors, propped, approved, and privileged by mistaken law.

We are not, however, attempting a history of this unique movement, so pregnant with issues which no human foresight could discern; we have merely designed to indicate a few leading facts concerning its origin. We cannot now detail the hard and often dangerous work of its first fearless advocates—that task we leave to the future historian of the enterprize: we must close, for the present, with a sketch of two or three of its most striking figures.

Foremost amongst the men of the time and occasion, as chief and propagandist, whether measured by character or influence, stands Joseph Livesey. It was he who, by his admirable lecture on 'The Great Delusion,' and his plain, Saxon speech, first planted the teetotal standard in London, and in the great towns, such as Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, Darlington, Newcastle, and Sunderland. It was he who, through the might of the press, firmly fixed the new ideas in the intelligence of thoughtful disciples throughout the empire, and who laid those goodly foundations on which many later minds have built noble structures of art, eloquence, and science. Of the name bestowed upon him by a disciple,—that of 'the Patriarch of the Movement,'—he is surely most worthy.

Pages might be occupied in describing the labours of the first missionaries. After the year 1835, one comes prominently into view, who has continued in the field to the present day—'honest James Teare,' so called, we presume, from his consistent, courageous, and uncompromising advocacy, characterized by great ethical plainness and sound argumentative sense. He has visited almost all parts of England and Wales, some of them repeatedly; planted teetotalism in many obscure and distant places; defended it where it had been assailed, or asserted it where it had been betrayed; and this with an earnestness and devotion that may well cover any slight failings of judgment, and earn his country's warmest gratitude.

Another of the original Preston men especially claims the tribute of our admiration—one who was associated in an early tour of propagandism with Mr. Teare—we mean Edward Grubb, the friend and biographer of the poet Anderton. A man of peculiar insight and accomplishments, of undoubted honesty, of dauntless courage, and gifted with a singularly fervid eloquence, he seems to have been providentially fitted for the work which he so ably performed in the first days of the

agitation. Over a wide surface—in fact, from Cornwall to Caithness—his labours have extended (latterly at intervals too wide), imparting to thousands of youthful souls something of his own fire, energy, and truthfulness.

With this brief but sincere recognition of the early temperance reformers we must close. If Preston did not originate the doctrine, it had the great and unquestioned honour of being the cradle and nurse of Teetotalism—of that living child of truth and virtue which has grown into the strong giant that now treads with assured steps the pathway that leads to conquest and victory.

Art IV.—AMELIA SIEVEKING.

1. *Life of Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking.* London: Longman and Co. 1863.

2. *Englishwoman's Journal.* 1860.

'IF I were to write my own life, I should call it the "Memoirs of a Happy Old Maid,"' Miss Sieveking once remarked; and it is not to be doubted that, besides being eminently useful, her life was very happy. Yet she had no peculiar advantages for enjoyment. She laboured almost without intermission from the time when she partly supported herself at fifteen until the last stage of her mortal illness at the age of sixty-four. Though she was sprung from a good family in Hamburg, her income was always narrow; and her shy and reserved disposition in her girlhood prevented her taking pleasure in the amusements natural to her age. She says of herself, 'I never was young,' but, it may be justly added, 'she never was old.' Nevertheless Miss Sieveking had one great advantage, *i.e.*, the power of finding her happiness in promoting the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, perhaps, one of the first among that glorious band of women who have made this century memorable by the willing devotion of their lives to some great and good work. These, as is often the case with the leaders of any great movement, had to encounter the prejudices of opponents, who imagined that a woman could not be actively philanthropic without degrading her womanhood; that contact with or even knowledge of the sin to be crushed, or the ignorance to be enlightened, must of necessity harden her character, or lower the tone of her mind. If these dangers were by any chance avoided, then it was averred that home

home duties could not fail to be neglected, and 'charity begins at home,' was the cry. In fact, a female philanthropist must be, they said, either a Mrs. Pardiggle or a Mrs. Jellaby. Nor did some fail to insinuate that these women were actuated by base motives, the desire for notoriety, or for undue influence, instead of a determination to do the work which, in their belief, was plainly set before them.

Let us give them all honour by 'whose patience in well doing' prejudice has been disarmed, and an easier path opened for those who follow in their steps. Indeed, opinion has now so changed that it is quite customary for a lady to devote some part of her time to philanthropic pursuits, and though mistakes occur, which are sometimes serious, and often ridiculous, yet women are better employed in working out these social problems for themselves, with a due appreciation of their importance, than in the trifling employments to which the other sex would have formerly condemned them.

The biography from which we chiefly draw our materials is written by a German lady, the personal friend of Miss Sieveking, and has been admirably translated, partly by Miss Catherine Winkworth, and partly by a lady under her superintendence. It is a valuable addition to our literature, and is supplemented by a volume containing Miss Sieveking's reports, and extracts from her writings.

Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking, the only daughter among five children, was born in Hamburg, July 25, 1794. She seems to have been a shy, reserved, and most sensitive child, endowed with considerable powers of imagination; but she was quick and peevish in temper, which we attribute, in great part, to the want of maternal care (her mother dying when she was but five years old), and to her weakly state of health, for she suffered much in early life from some disease in the bones of the hand. Her constitution, however, strengthened as she grew older, and when she reached adult age, she seemed to be able to endure with impunity any amount of fatigue, and any neglect of even the commonest rules of health.

From various causes her childhood was passed devoid of most of the recreations natural to that state, so that she had recourse to other means of amusement; and essays, tales, and plays, full of startling incidents and wonderful adventures, flowed from her prolific pen, and were recounted to her brothers during play hours. The vacant maternal place among the Sievekings was supplied by a young cousin, Miss Hosch, earnest and zealous, indeed, but hasty and inexperienced. One little anecdote plainly shows what was wanting to satisfy the affectionate little girl. Amelia was found crying piteously one

day,

day, and on being asked what was the matter, she said, 'There is no one to love me and call me Malchen.'

This stage of her life was cut short by the death of her father, and the consequent separation of the family, whose means were very small. Of her two surviving brothers, the elder obtained a clerkship in London, and the younger was sent to a boarding-house for boys, while Amelia and Miss Hosch went to reside with a Miss Dimpfel.

Miss Sieveking was now fifteen, and she was considered old enough to do something towards her own support. She, therefore, spent many hours in embroidering muslin. Though troubled with no false pride, she particularly disliked this task, feeling, perhaps, that her time might have been spent in a more worthy manner. 'It is something frightful,' she says, 'to have toiled as hard as I can for a whole day, and know at the end that the only thing I have accomplished is that some one will possess an embroidered pillow-case who would sleep just as well on a plain one.' This labour, humble and distasteful as it was, doubtless had its use in giving her early habits of steady industry, and helping to eradicate a disposition to indolence, which she often deplores in her letters, though, to tell the truth, we can see but slight indications of it. She was now developing into womanhood, and was of a deeply earnest and thoughtful character. She could adopt nothing merely on the recommendation of others, or until she had thoroughly worked the question out for herself. The embroidery, while it employed her fingers, left her mind free to brood over subjects which, though intensely interesting, were as yet too deep for it; while neither from her former instructions, nor from her present companions, could she obtain the help which she so greatly needed. Consequently, for several years, she appears to have been in an unsettled state of feeling, as to how far she could conscientiously subscribe to the tenets of the Lutheran faith, which she afterwards thoroughly embraced. This lasted until her mind became fully occupied in her teaching; then her doubts melted completely away, to be succeeded by a happy, trusting spirit, constantly breaking forth into expressions of gratitude to the Almighty.

A little niece of Miss Dimpfel lived in the same house, and, being thoroughly spoilt, gave a great deal of trouble. Amelia took her in hand, and, by gentle but firm control, soon reduced her to obedience. Indeed, Amelia was gifted with a peculiar talent for the management of children; and from this time she carried on to the very end of her life a course of instruction for little girls, having a class of about six or eight of the same age, training

training them up to the epoch of their confirmation,—a most important rite in the Lutheran Church, not only in a religious, but in a social point of view. For instance, no servant can obtain a hiring without a certificate of confirmation. The course being then terminated, she commenced with a fresh number, while in several instances continuing to give occasional instruction for some years to the former classes. Indeed, at one time she undertook a class of younger children as well as of elder; but finding that this was more than she could accomplish with her other occupations, she was compelled to relinquish the younger one. She would never receive any payment for her services, though it was often pressed upon her by the parents of her pupils, looking as she did upon her teaching as the chief recreation and delight of her life.

Having herself been subjected to preceptors whose lessons were tedious to the last degree, she was impressed with the necessity of making her instructions interesting, and she therefore generally passed several hours before her lessons in careful preparation, both regarding what was to be taught, and as to how the teaching should be conducted; considering the latter duty fully as important as the former. We cannot do better than give in her own words her method of imparting English to her pupils, which we quote from a letter to her brother in 1849. Her plan consisted in making

'So minute an analysis that sometimes a single phrase of an English writer will occupy us during a whole lesson. First, we fix the exact meaning of every expression. I require the analysis of the commoner words, such as *weather*, for instance, the explanation of which is often more difficult than that of more precisely scientific expressions. Then we search for synonymes, or for words of the exactly opposite signification; we examine the word in its various senses, both literal and figurative, search out its derivation, or its combination with others, &c. You will easily understand that this method requires very careful preparation on my part, and that I should be quite at a loss without Webster's excellent dictionary.'

Nor did she confine her instructions merely to the minds of her pupils. Both by precept and example she inculcated their moral duties, avoiding, however, set phrases or hard texts. She entered upon her Scriptural lessons with a sense of great responsibility, and with earnest thought and prayer that she might not lead her children astray; but, determining to have no concealment with them, in her first years, when religious difficulties stood in her way, after reading a passage she gave the usual explanation frankly, adding at the same time that her own opinion differed from that which she had set before them.

Feeling the importance of her undertaking,

'I must take care,' she says, 'that, in the ardour of my occupation, I never forget the lovingness with which it should be carried on.' 'A loving heart is far more necessary to the children than knowledge.' 'It has always seemed to me that nothing

so lowers our influence over children, and the respect they have for us, as temper and that calmness and a kindliness which shines through her most serious reproofs are those qualities which a teacher must most strive to attain.'

And, speaking of her labour in preparation, she says:—

'That with all this my method remains *most* imperfect I feel vividly; at least in my better moments, and if, as I confess not seldom happens, vanity and self-complacency for a while conceal these numerous deficiencies from me, my faithful Heavenly Teacher takes care ere long to point them clearly out anew through humbling failures.'

Her intercourse with her pupils was a never-failing source of happiness. She speaks of it continually in her letters, during a period of more than forty years, and always in the same enthusiastic terms.

On beginning a fresh class she says:—

'I cannot tell you with what delight I picture to myself my work with this new set of children; and yet the one which now surrounds me has grown very dear to me, and I wish heartily I need not yet part from it. Is not my life, in truth, over rich? What a rare happiness do I not possess, if only in this one point of having a vocation whose daily exercise opens to me daily new sources of enjoyment.' 'A few days before Easter I dismissed, as being now ready for confirmation, the set of girls to whose instruction for the last eight years I have devoted so large a part of my time and strength; but I have no idea of giving up this branch of my employments. No, that would deprive me of an essential part of the happiness of my life. * * I shall return with quickened zeal to the circle of little ones which I have formed around me, and devote myself with fresh love and interest to their education. My spirit rejoices in the thought of it, and I think to be a child again among the children.'

Before dismissing this topic we must quote an extract from a letter to her brother in 1816, as it evinces how truly she desired not to run counter to the prejudices of others, and shows how diffident she was of her own judgment when in opposition to those around her. She refers to the formation of her classes:—

'For some time past my mind has been troubled by a most disquieting doubt whether my present occupation might not be leading me too much away from my proper sphere as a woman. I felt that there was much to be said on both sides, and the conflict of opposing thoughts troubled me greatly; for, above all things, it is necessary to my peace to have a clear and satisfactory conception of my whole life before my mind's eye. At last I have attained it. I am peaceful and happy again, and I owe this to a solitary hour, when I took a courageous resolve to think over my whole position without reserve, from which I had always recoiled before—and then to take my stand on whatever I might come to see to be my duty.' Then, after speaking of home obligations, she goes on, 'The education of children—in which light, and not as mere instruction, I wish my occupation to be regarded—belongs of right, according to my ideas, to the proper sphere of woman; still it forms only a portion of her sphere, and perhaps I devote too much time in proportion to this part of the whole.'

She decides that she knows enough of housekeeping to be able to undertake the duty, should it be needful; also how to make and mend her clothes:—

'But it is not merely in particular acts, but in the whole manner and feeling, true

that true, gentle womanliness should manifest itself; and might not my present employment, which necessitates some occupation with books and scientific knowledge, have an injurious influence in this respect? I feel, indeed, that there is need to be on my guard here; but, in earnest prayer to God, I have attained the conviction that honest endeavour and watchfulness will not be in vain.'

Few women would be troubled with such scruples at the present day.

The dispersion of her family was a severe trial to Miss Sieveking. Gustavus had, indeed, remained in Hamburg, but he died in 1817, just when he had entered upon the duties of a clergyman. His loss was one of the greatest griefs his sister ever endured. He was the nearest to her in age, and had been at once her companion and friend, sharing her pursuits with the same noble-hearted spirit as herself. She was able, however, occasionally to pay a short visit to her brother in London, with whom she kept up a constant correspondence, receiving from him much valuable help and counsel. Her letters, together with those addressed to Miss Hosch, for whom she entertained a sincere friendship, are very pleasant evidences of the intimacy which existed among them. Unconsciously she gives us a vivid picture of herself. She was still the same impetuous and enthusiastic person (though her peevishness had long since passed away); impatient of contradiction, but sensitive with the feelings of others; endowed with clear judgment and consummate tact; desirous for the truth at all hazards, yet awed with a reverence for sacred things; and, above all, imbued with a most loving nature, that delighted to pour forth its sunny influence upon all around her. In all her doings she was eminently thorough, content to work out, slowly and steadily, the best methods. Her ardour was insatiable, and her capacity for endurance inexhaustible, for years it being her custom to rise at five, and continue her labours with little intermission until eleven at night.

Her inability to enter into the amusements of society as a girl was a serious distress to her; and she made strenuous attempts 'to look like other people,' even learning to dance for that sole purpose. These efforts were, perhaps, not without their reward, for in after years she greatly enjoyed social converse, and willingly spared some of her evenings for this recreation, feeling that she became thereby more competent for the tasks of the succeeding day. In music she could make no progess, notwithstanding her sedulous practice on the pianoforte under the anxious instructions of her brother Gustavus, an accomplished musician. Her intellectual acquirements appear to have been considerable, her reading extensive, and this, together with the intercourse she held with

many distinguished men, gave her considerable facility in composition, as evidenced in the books which she published from time to time. They are chiefly on devotional subjects.

In about her eighteenth year she received an offer of a home from Madame Brünnemann, a distant relation. She was to assist in nursing Madame B.'s only son, who was incurably afflicted. On his death, which soon occurred, Amelia had so endeared herself to the bereaved mother, by her devoted care of the invalid, that Madame B. adopted her as a daughter, and thenceforward received from her the attentions due to an aged parent. These ministrations were continued during a long period of blindness and sickness, until 1839, when Madame Brünnemann died.

We have not yet mentioned the chief aspiration of Miss Sieveking's life, which had its origin while she was yet a girl, and had taken fast hold of her mind, growing with her growth and strengthening with her strength. She yearned after the formation of a sisterhood for the purpose of succouring the poor. To this end she perpetually directed her thoughts, and was solaced in the midst of her daily labours by the belief that they were qualifying her for what she held to be the exalted duties attached to the headship of such an institution. For years she pondered over and thoroughly worked out her plan, she consulted with many eminent men concerning the theory and the details; and yet, when the power of carrying her long-cherished design into effect came into her hands, her wonderful self-control enabled her to resign the purpose of her life without a murmur, because she had then recognized that, although in many points the plan was excellent, yet, on the other hand, many valid objections could not be overcome.

In 1831 Europe was first visited by the cholera, and as the disease was new, and the remedies were undiscovered, its coming was awaited with a terror and dismay such as now we can scarcely realize.

In Hamburg a hospital was set apart, and a staff of medical men appointed, to succour the victims of this fearful epidemic. Miss Sieveking offered her services as nurse, after having publicly called upon others to join her in this work. Her appeal met with no response! Amelia Sieveking, the forerunner of Florence Nightingale, was assailed with the same opposition and misconstruction from her fellow-citizens as the latter encountered on setting out for the Eastern hospitals. This devotion was, in fact, but the natural result of Amelia's former life; and, unmoved by clamours, she entered upon her duties at the hospital with the arrival of the first female patient on the 13th of October, 1831. Here she soon found

found how much was to be done. At first she limited herself to nursing and taking the management of the female wards, for which task she seems to have been well fitted by her iron constitution, her winning manners, her great powers of organization, and the absence of all repugnance to the minutiæ of her task. The poor victims came in in throngs at first, only to die, and although in particular instances they might have resisted a removal from their homes, yet 'no lord could be better looked after than they were,' was their saying when they experienced the comforts of the hospital. The physicians laboured manfully (as they always do), and though they had only reluctantly given their consent to Miss Sieveking's offer of her services, they soon entertained a very high opinion of her capacity, and begged her to undertake, in addition, the entire superintendence of the men's ward.

'I objected at first,' she says, 'that the men would probably refuse to submit to my authority, but the physicians replied that they would take care of that. The ten attendants were then presented to me, and so expressly commanded to obey my orders, that I think I need not fear any open resistance.' Further on she says, 'I do not rule my kingdom with a rod of iron, however; I should not know how to manage it if I wished, and should not if I could. My orders are generally given as requests, and for myself I make as few demands as possible, that I may be able the more authoritatively to demand all I need for the patients. Any neglect of them, of course, I never overlook; but, on the other hand, I am always glad to lighten the work of the attendants, and show myself ready to meet their wishes. In this way I have succeeded so far in maintaining a good understanding with them all, and not one has caused me any annoyance by opposition to my orders.'

Her duties were manifold.

'In the morning I have to see that before the physician's visit all the wards are cleaned, the beds made, and that everything is in proper order. Three times a day, morning, afternoon, and evening, I visit the sick beds in company with the physician, the surgeon, and the apothecary, when Dr. Siemssen gives to each the directions belonging to our respective departments.

'In the women's ward, of course, I have to pay particular attention to all the medical orders, as I am responsible there for their exact fulfilment.

'In the men's wards, my special duty is only to observe what diet is prescribed, according to which I draw up the daily bill of fare for the housekeeper. Not unfrequently, too, I have to send the necessary notice of his admission to the relatives of the sick man, as the patients are often brought in unknown to their family. The linen of the wards is also under my charge. At present I also occasionally take part, where I see any need for it, in the actual nursing of the men; but if the number of our patients should greatly increase, I should be obliged to do less of this even in the women's ward, as the general superintendence would be of more importance, and would give me full occupation; but it would then be of great use to me that I have thus acquired experience in the treatment of the patients.'

'Last night I had no need to sit up, but I rose twice to make the round of the wards, and see that the night attendants were doing their duty.' * * * * * October 15th: 'The nurse in the women's ward has already had enough of this work, and this afternoon gave up her post, so that I am now quite alone. This evening another woman is coming, for if any very severe case is brought in during the night, it is absolutely necessary to have two nurses on the spot to do what is required.'—October 17th: 'I share the night watching with the two nurses and find very little inconvenience from it.'—October 21st: 'In order not to carry the watching too far, however, I have now arranged that I sit up till half-past twelve,

twelve, then lie down till three, when I am called to make a round of the men's wards; this takes about an hour or more, according to circumstances, and then I go to bed again till six.'

She was obliged to lie down for an hour in the course of the day, and with this slight respite she underwent for several weeks the labour she so graphically describes. On October 29th she says:—

'The day before yesterday we dismissed the first convalescents from the female wards, two servant maids, who took leave of me with tears in their eyes.'

Happily the worst was now passed, and the notices of recovery increased. Still for the present there was scarcely any diminution in Miss Sieveking's labours.

'Thus last night (November 2nd), when a sick woman was brought in who required close attendance, I did not get to bed till four o'clock in the morning; at half-past six I had to rise again.'

Besides her duties in the wards, Miss Sieveking extended her help to many during their convalescence; and she was entrusted by the officials of the hospital with the duty of making inquiries into the condition, and of supplying the wants, of the relatives of the dead. Though she had passed through many sad experiences during her sojourn at the hospital, and had met with many of the lowest class of women, drunkards and prostitutes, to whom she had faithfully performed her duties, she can say:—

'Yet there may be a great advantage, I think, in seeing our common nature for once on its darker side. It could not enter my thoughts to assume the office of a judge over these poor fallen creatures, when I contrast the unfavourable circumstances in which they have grown up with those wherein I have been placed in the free grace of my God.'

We may charitably hope, and happily experience teaches us that our hope is not without foundation, that these poor creatures would receive an indelible impression of what pure womanhood is from the patience and devotion with which they were tended by Miss Sieveking and her pious fellow-nurses. Few of them had ever before come in contact with a gentlewoman, and assuredly such ministrations would assist them in forming a conception of the Master of whom she was the avowed and lowly servant.

On the 6th of December Miss Sieveking returned to her home, and the next day resumed her classes as the sweetest and most soothing of recreations after her toils and danger. But now she saw an opening for the introduction of her long-cherished scheme in a modified form, and abandoning, as we have said, the sisterhood, she formed, within a short time from her leaving the hospital, an Association for visiting the sick and

and poor. At first only a few ladies joined with her, but soon, partly perhaps owing to her personal influence, no doubt greatly enhanced by the esteem and confidence she must now have won from her countrywomen, numbers flocked around her, and she was obliged to find some larger building for the weekly meetings than her own house. The purpose of the intended visitings was, that there might be a closer supervision of the sick and poor 'than is possible for the General Poor's Board, with care to promote order and cleanliness, and whatever else may be helpful to them in body or in soul.' There were many difficulties in the way, and objections arose on every side. It was desirable not to lessen the helpfulness of the poor towards one another, or to make them dependent henceforward on the Association. The nurses must not supplant the doctor; and it was necessary also that the services performed for the Association should not interfere with the home duties of its members. One by one these objections were overcome by Miss Sieveking's tact and good common sense. She always yielded when she could, resisting only where a principle was involved. By these means the Association was soon firmly rooted as one of the institutions of Hamburg. Before the ladies joined her she says :—

'I had chiefly in view the co-operation of women of the lower middle class, because, repelled by the disapprobation I had met with among the higher classes, I did not venture to approach them. I also thought that this class of persons were nearer to the poor, and could better judge of their necessities. Originally I had several of these in the association, yet there is much to be said against such a plan, because, as a rule, higher cultivation creates a sounder judgment, which is often wanting in this middle class; nevertheless, no institution of the kind should be without some of these women, and the mixture of ranks appears to me to make it more truly a type of a real Christian community. My scheme at that time required of the members of the association, that they should take part with their own hands in cleaning and setting in order the dwellings of the poor when it should seem desirable; that they should undertake to watch by the sick, &c., &c. In practice, these things took another shape. The first principles of the plan however remained the same, personal intercourse with the poor, and the exhibition of a love towards them, manifested by action and rooted in faith, nor do I believe that a work founded on any other principles could endure.'

Speaking of the effect upon the members, she says :—

'They cannot, indeed, fail to perceive that a great blessing does rest on personal visiting of the dwellings of misery, and this quite as much for ourselves as for the poor and suffering persons to whom we bring the little helps and alleviations at our command. These are, indeed, in a much higher sense, real benefits than many of the richest gifts which people lavish, without making themselves acquainted with the actual condition of the needy, or caring about the disposal of the money they give.'

As president, Miss Sieveking wrote the annual report of the society, mentioning the progress made and the difficulties surmounted.

She had been accustomed to pare down her comforts on all sides, in order to squeeze out money for her charities, walking many miles in the course of the day, to save the expense of a vehicle, and often dining on 'a slice of bread and butter, a hard boiled egg, or a bit of cold meat, generally eaten standing.' Her brother, fearing the effect upon her health, for she had suffered once or twice from gastric fever, sent her in 1846 a sum of money to be spent in luxuries for herself, promising a subscription to her Association if she should have spent it before a certain time. She writes, 'Although I have used it to pay my doctor's bill, and had an egg for breakfast every day (besides riding in omnibuses), there are still, alas, about thirty-two marks,* and how to get through it before the first of August I really cannot see.' A novel subject of lamentation!

Miss Sieveking was now so well known throughout Northern Germany as a practical and earnest philanthropist, that she received several solicitations to become the head of institutions either already existing or about to be established. Pastor Fliedner, the excellent founder of Kaisersworth, invited her to become the directress of the nursing department of his institution. Here was, in fact, a Protestant sisterhood, and she was strongly tempted to accept his offer, being restrained alone by the difficulty of finding a successor to her presidency of the Hamburg Association.

When her native city mourned under the terrible calamity of the great fire of 1842, Miss Sieveking lent her energies to relieve the distress. Fully perceiving the dangers, she also saw the way to avoid them. Many of the poorer quarters were destroyed, and the workmen, besides being burnt out, had lost their tools in the fire; so that the principal object of the Relief Association, of which Miss Sieveking was a member, was to procure tools, that there might be the least possible amount of gratuitous relief, which is so apt to demoralize the poor. Miss Sieveking's own house was not destroyed, but when at one time it was considered in danger, her goods were eagerly conveyed to a place of safety by her 'poor people.' She also received a very gratifying proof of the influence she had silently exercised over many of her German sisters:—contributions were sent to her as marks of personal affection from similar associations to her own in seventeen towns, and it was thus she first learned the existence of several of them.

Her account of the fire is contained in a letter to the late Queen of Denmark, who had entered into cordial friendship with Amelia, which remained undisturbed until the Queen's

* £1. 12s. 2d.

death.

death. A similar happy connection existed between Miss Sieveking and the Queen of Prussia, and had a like duration. The former she visited at her palace at Sorgenfrei, near Copenhagen, where she spent her time very pleasantly in conversations with Her Majesty, and in visiting the various institutions of the neighbourhood which were calculated to interest her.

In 1855 Miss Sieveking caught a severe cold while on a visit to her brother, in England, and from that time her health gradually gave way, weakened as it must have been by the fatigues she had undergone. For a time she rallied, and for a still longer time delayed giving up her usual occupations, but they told fearfully on her exhausted frame. She conscientiously followed the prescriptions of her physicians, in the attempt to restore her health, visiting, at their request, different German Spas. But it was all in vain. Her cough and weakness steadily increased throughout the winter of 1858-9. She occupied herself with settling her worldly affairs, leaving the management of the Association in the hands of five of her assistants, of whom one was to be chief, so that there might be a recognized head in its dealings with other bodies.

She continued her lessons almost to the last, taking leave of her children on the 5th of March, 1859. From that time till her death, on the first of the succeeding month, her sufferings were extreme. The privilege of nursing her was greatly prized by those who were permitted to do so, while many whom she had benefited vied with each other in anticipating her every want. Her funeral, by her own request, resembled strictly that of a pauper, but it was followed by a stream of mourners of all ranks and both sexes, desirous to pay a last mark of respect to one who had poured out her love upon them when living, and now that she was departed would ever dwell in their memory as a most beloved and lamented friend.

Never have sixty-four years of life been better spent than those of Amelia Sieveking. Her standard of personal excellence was lofty, and she attained its summit by labours which exalted her spiritual being in exact proportion to their beneficent effects on her fellow-creatures. Her noble aspirations, under the guidance and control of a pure and humble spirit, accomplished great objects. Her success has, by the consent of all, enlarged the bounds of female usefulness, and her sex may well regard her as one of the foundresses of their moral and intellectual freedom.

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

LIFE IN ENGLAND IN THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.

In the 'Journal of the Statistical Society,' Professor J. E. T. Rogers has a carefully written paper on a Continuous Price of Wheat for 105 years, from 1380 to 1484. At the end, he gives the following inferences from the facts under consideration.

Our forefathers were far from ignorant of the advantages of laborious adaptation, and of the value of agricultural improvements. They ploughed their land repeatedly, were alive to the profit of sheep dressing, manured the soil diligently, drained and ditched it regularly, marled it when needed, and used lime largely to destroy weeds and divide stiff clays. They spent much labour in hoeing their crops, and, as is evidenced by the wages paid to sowers, and the rate of seed per acre, had a full sense of the significance of agricultural economy. Half of their land was left, however, to unproductive fallow. Not that the arable acreage was probably much less than at present. No doubt some soil which is now under the plough was in those times poor pasture. But, on the other hand, some land which has been for time out of mind only poor upland pasture was in past days brought under cultivation. I have seen myself on some of the Hampshire and Sussex downs the evidence of ancient culture. The arts of peace leave more durable signs on the surface of the earth than those of war, and the marks of the plough may still be traced on spots which tradition only declares to have been the scene of battle and destruction.

But the produce was very scanty. The seed was invariably or almost invariably two bushels to the acre, the produce rarely exceeded twelve bushels, even in the best years, and this, it may be concluded, is nearly the limit of unscientific—to use a phrase applicable to modern improvements—and uninstructed agriculture. Cicero tells us that eightfold was a good rate in Sicily, in his time the granary of Rome.* A crop of thirty-five bushels on average land under modern culture is by no means excessive. Land under tillage then, at the present time, yields 2½ times more than it did in the days of our forefathers.

But though much land was tilled then, very little was productive. Half the soil was in fallow, and the fallow was ploughed over and over again that it might recover its vigour. Add to the amount under fallow that which has been rendered available for crops at the present time, the downs, for instance, at Brighton and Eastbourne, and similar places, and we shall find that there is now probably 2½ times more wheat-bearing land than at that period.

But this is not all. Our forefathers had no winter roots, no artificial grasses. Turnips, carrots, parsnips, and I need not mention beet and potatoes, were things of the future. They had coarse cabbage and the unimproved kinds of onions. They flavoured their poor soups with 'Jack-by-the-hedge,' a weed known to most of us by its spike of white flowers, and coarse alliaceous smell. In spring they sold their nettles which grew in their gardens. It is said that nettles are wholesome and pleasant spring food; such an impression must be historical. They were, perhaps, in those days of salt meat, six months of herbless winter, and endemic scurvy. But the eagerness with which our forefathers gathered nettles and such wild herbs reminds one of the danger which the owners of those pastures run where

* Cicero in Verrem; iii., 47.

the

the autumn crocus grows profusely, when their cattle fed all the winter on hay are turned loose among the spring meadows. Potatoes, the great remedy for scurvy, have occurred to me as priced in 1590, when they were bought at 2s. 6d. a pound for Queen Elizabeth's table.

Clover, too, and the best of other artificial grasses were unknown. I am not botanist enough to determine what are the natural grasses of our country, but entertain a strong suspicion that they are of the least nutritive kind. It is not too much, at any rate, to think that the absence of these modern but familiar conveniences diminished the rate of production by 2½ times more.

Lastly. Cattle and sheep were poor, small, and long coming to perfection. Stunted by the winter's privation, they took double time to be eatable. We have often laughed at the story of the Irishman's plan of making his bacon streaked, by alternate starvation and plenty in the diet of his pig. With our forefathers the variation was a permanent necessity. I have before me the weights of oxen purchased by the Comptroller of Edward VI., and find that the average of thirty oxen was about 4 cwts. Besides, fat was six times the price of meat. Such causes may fairly diminish the rate of production by another unit. I am disposed, therefore, to conclude that the rate of production was about one-eighth of that which is customary at present. Now the population of England and Wales is about, in round numbers, at present twenty millions, of whom about fifteen millions are maintained on the agricultural produce of this country. If to those diminishing forces in population be added the insecurity of some regions, and the relatively backward state of others, as the condition of the Welsh and Scotch marches, and that generally of the Principality, especially during the time of Owen Glendower, there is no great rashness, it may be conceded, in fixing the miximum of population in the fifteenth century, and indeed long after, at from one and a half to two millions, and in inclining to the less rather than to the greater number. * * * *

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the ordinary rent of arable land was from 4d. to 6d. the acre. The rioters of Blackheath demanded, and by the charter (afterwards annulled in 1381) procured, that the rent of land should not exceed 4d. an acre. It has been stated that our forefathers, as far as manual labour went, employed most of the modern arts of agriculture; that is, they developed the artificial fertilities of the soil. But the rent of the same parcels of land in purely agricultural districts, and where no virtual improvement has been induced, or what may be called the merely mechanical junctions of the earth, has risen eighty or one hundred times since the period which this paper deals with. * * * *

The labour of procuring the means of subsistence then, with the appliances which the agriculture of the fifteeenth century afforded, was so great that the rent of land, except under the compulsory service of villenage, absorbed but a small portion of the produce. But the continual recurrence of dearths and pestilences proves, among other evidence, that population pressed closely on the means of subsistence.

Villenage still subsisted; but the course of time, and the disposition of the law towards those persons who were held to predial servitude, but who were free to all others except their lords, had greatly mitigated the earlier theory of the bondsman's obligations and liabilities. Their tenure was secured on the terms of labour. Such labour, however, as was extorted from them was, as might be expected, unprofitable, as the labour of serfs was unprofitable in Russia. Hence it was the interest of the landlord to exempt them from personal labour on the payment of money rents, the incidents of villenage, valuable as liable to escheat, being retained. This commutation of service for payment begins very early, and, I imagine, spread very rapidly. By the middle of Henry VI.'s reign, that is about

1440,

1440, labour rents had, I am convinced, altogether ceased, and some of the claims of the rioters of Blackheath were silently accorded to the operations of economical causes. In so unnoticed a change as this, which transformed a great part of the community from serfs to occupiers of land held to low fee-farm rents, we must not, I am convinced, look for any exceptional cause. The most natural and sufficient reason for the change was the greater convenience of fixed payments compared with a service or labour rent. Of the same stock with the small landowner near them, engaged in similar occupations, and possessed, except in the single particular of personal dependence, of the same rights with freemen, there was no room for the antipathies of race, or the discredit which enforced labour brings on labour itself.

It was certainly during this time that the class of small freeholders arose. The fact is traceable, not only in the suggestions of legislation and history, but in the change made by the owners of land in the management of their estates. In the fourteenth century the landlord invariably cultivated his own estate by a bailiff. It is from the numerous records of such farming, the account being presented annually to the employer, that the greater part of the facts which I have gathered about prices in the early part of the middle ages are derived. Between the last thirty years of the fourteenth and the first forty of the fifteenth centuries this practice is almost universally abandoned. The landlord ceases to cultivate his own land, and two persons appear on his estate, one a collector of rents from the tenants, free and copyhold, the other, a farmer who cultivates the soil for his own profit, at a fixed rate, sometimes for a long term, but with his landlord's stock, which he is pledged to restore, or its equivalent in money (the amount of such liabilities being annually endorsed on the account rendered at the expiration of his tenancy). After a short time, however, this practice ceases; the tenant finds stock himself, and occupies an estate, either under a lease or very often by purchase. In the estates with which I am most familiar it was not to be expected that those who held to their successors would finally alienate their lands, but it was the case beyond doubt with those who had lay tenures.

That the tenant, at will or on lease, should become an owner in fee, could, I think, only take place under such favourable circumstances as those which affected the great mass of society at this time. Food, during the greater part of the period before me, was more abundant and cheap than it had been before, or than it was afterwards, except at the commencement of the eighteenth century, when, as is well known, there was a long succession of abundant harvests. And the exigencies of the great lords who were involved in the civil wars of the period must have disposed them to part with portions of their lands to husbandmen on advantageous terms. The Wars of the Roses almost exterminated the nobility, but hardly affected the great mass of the community. In the accounts of the fifteenth centuries, hundreds of which it has been my fortune to consult, I have never yet met with the least allusion to the strife which was raging, or with any complaint of loss from the ravages of war. The violence of the storm burst in a region far above the heads of the people, and did not generally affect them except as a means for fertilizing their labour. The barons and their retainers were worsted in the struggle, and the husbandmen reaped the profit of his exceptional position.

THE ENGLISH NON-RESTRAINT TREATMENT OF LUNATICS.

A communication to the 'Journal of Mental Science,' from Baron Mundy shows that the humane English system of treating lunatics without restraint is

is at length beginning to establish itself upon the European continent. Baron Mundy says:—

Dr. Ludwig Meyer, of Hamburg, has had the courage to defend the non-restraint system in Germany, and also himself to practise it in the Hamburg Asylum with the best success. It is true that Dr. Meyer had previously visited England, and examined with careful eyes, impartial goodwill, and practical mind, the non-restraint system. * * * *

'More than a quarter of a century has passed,' writes Dr. Meyer, 'since the English asylums undertook to do away with the last remnants of imprisonment and restraint. The immense importance of this idea is shown by the magnitude of the opposition raised by the alienists of England. The enthusiasm of Conolly and his adherents was not less than the bitter excitement of his opponents. When the former made the abolition of mechanical restraints—the chief aim and test of the efforts of alienists—when they saw, in these restraints which then in English (and still in many French and German) asylums, were regarded in the light of therapeutical agents, only the embodiment of all the gross mismanagements which had so often raised a storm of public indignation against these institutions, their opponents were not slow to declare the results of the so-called new system mere delusions, chiefly intended to lead public opinion astray, and to aggravate the unhappy lot of the patients. The harmless strait-jacket was, they said, only exchanged for the rough hands of the warders, and they added, "Is this the success of the new system that violent patients are deprived of fresh air, and exchange the movements of the whole body for the narrow limits of the padded-cell merely to abolish the strait-jacket, which for the moment protects the useless limbs better than fetters?" * * * *

'The condition of the Hamburg Asylum has acquired a kind of celebrity more from the philanthropy than the professional reports published. However much exaggeration and falsehood these descriptions contain, they at all events prevent the necessity of my mentioning the insurmountable difficulties which would stand in the way of removing the restraint system and introducing a new arrangement based on Conolly's ideas. The physicians of the asylum themselves, although all of them persuaded of the propriety of the non-restraint system, would have rejected any plan for its introduction, three years ago, as perfectly Utopian, but for two years past the application of restraint to the male patients has been unnecessary; in the female department, which contains 100 more patients than the male, it has occasionally been found necessary to apply the foot or chest straps to some of the patients to prevent their disturbing the peace of the dormitory. For a number of 330 female patients, there are only at disposal four isolated rooms (and these only to be had with difficulty) for protecting the quietness of the night's rest, and restraint, therefore, must assist when this scanty accommodation does not suffice. There were rarely more than two patients restrained, never more than four; the period of restraint was generally from four to five hours, no patient being ever restrained for an entire day. These cases of restraint were of so mild a character that disciplinarians would have resorted to more violent means. These cases of restraint, however, stand in no relation to our question, and in all essential points we may consider the introduction of non-restraint in our asylums as established. The abolition of restraint in this position, surrounded by local difficulties, has been highly instructive, and the result, therefore, is so much more striking.

'I have no hesitation (adds Dr. Meyer) in fully bearing out the maxim of the English physicians, that the abolition of restraint has a beneficial influence on the temper of all the insane, and disposes them to submit more willingly to the wishes of the physicians.

'The number of really raving maniacs has in a department of 230 males so completely diminished, that many weeks often pass without the four

isolated

isolated rooms being used at all. Since the introduction of non-restraint among females, no case of regular furious mania has occurred among 500 lunatics, no bodily injury of any moment to the insane or the attendants, and no continued refusal of food. The number of workers is continually increasing, and that of the sick diminishing. The accidents and escapes have not increased, though the opportunity for both is not wanting, considering the situation of our asylum, the garden, which is cultivated by patients, lying between a deep town moat and two frequented streets, from which it is merely separated by a light railing. With the introduction of the non-restraint system, we feel the local difficulties less, which oppose a consistent psychiatric treatment, whilst the insane endure their painful position with more patience, and at times even with gaiety. Facts are stronger than the will of any individual! As long as the German asylums must waste all their best energies on the care and discipline of the miserable and neglected insane, so long will they be unable to bring forward their experience for or against the question of non-restraint; and the often cited words of Conolly, "Restraint is neglect," receive their full signification when applied to the condition of the insane in certain countries.'

Thus writes and acts Dr. L. Meyer, of Hamburg; can any one judge more simply, truly, and honestly of the non-restraint system, or write more rationally concerning its merits than this distinguished German physician does?

ROTTERDAM.

In a Report of a Visit to the Continental Temperance Congress at Hanover, by Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, a recent number of the 'Bromley Lecture Hall Chronicle' gives the following account of things seen in Rotterdam.

To those who see Holland for the first time, this fine town, characteristically Dutch, appears very entertaining. There are as many canals as streets, all flanked by good quays, covered with merchandize, and planted with rows of trees. The streets and promenades thus beautified, and the sight of their fresh verdure in the heart of this busy town, give to it an indescribable charm; while the combination of streets, water, bridges, trees and masts, forms a sight at once novel and picturesque. * * *

In addition to the canals before referred to,—lined with houses, bordered with trees, and crossed by innumerable drawbridges,—I was particularly interested in noticing the tall, red, quaint buildings, with variegated tiles and variously pointed gables facing the street, and often considerably overhanging the foundation; the houses and shops so faultlessly clean; the shoes of the horses sounding as if they were pattened; the angular mirrors projecting in front of the windows of the houses, by which the inmates may see all that passes in the street; the comely figures of the buxom little Dutchwomen, in their Sunday attire; the picturesque barges gliding to and fro with their gilt prows, round sterns, and painted sides, looking as bright and shining as if they had come fresh from the painters' brush; the brass milkpails of the dairymaids, glistening like polished armour; and the rude busts of the 'Gapers' or Moors' heads, formed with the mouth gaping, the eyes protruding, and the whole countenance expressive of agony, placed as a sign in front of the druggists' shops. I observed, also, that the lower classes here wore clumsy *sabots*, pipe-clayed outside, in which they moved along with wonderful dexterity. There were no beggars abroad about the time of divine service, but every one seemed to possess an expression of genuine good nature and unsophisticated kindness, which did one's heart good to see.

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It was curious at first to observe the costumes of the women, so prim, neat, and picturesque. The females of the lower classes are certainly better looking than in any country I ever visited; having excellent features, beautiful complexions, and plump tidy figures, with generally a good-natured smile on their face. They indulge in most singular head-dresses. All the females, even down to little girls, wear caps; and these caps are marvels of plaiting, trimming, and curious needlework, and are as white as the driven snow. The women have a great taste for jewellery, and wear large, heavy, and long ear-drops and ear-rings of different patterns; heavy glittering breast-pins; strings of showy beads, sometimes fastened by a monstrous clasp in front; and forehead-bands of gilt brass, which span the skull from ear to ear. The dress generally worn is a long jacket, made of clear cotton print, worn over a red or black petticoat; and these jackets, which are often made of elegant patterns, set off their comely figures to great advantage, and are really at once becoming and picturesque.

The cleanliness of the town was something marvellous. It is not an exaggeration to say that the streets, even along the quays and busiest parts of the town, were so clean that one might almost eat his food from them. I had previously been informed that the passion for cleanliness is carried to excess in Holland, and was therefore prepared to see everything bright and shining, and possessing an air of freshness and purification. It would seem that every day the housemaids are seen hard at work, scrubbing away 'with a will.' You may see them running across the streets to the canal, dipping their brightly-painted, brass-hooped pails into the water by means of a long pole and hook, and off they run to wash the paint or scrub the windows with the most assiduous industry. By means of brushes, attached to poles about twenty feet long, they attack dirt-spots which lie beyond the reach of their hands; and ever and anon they squirt the water over the windows and house-fronts with a pump, similar to those used at home for watering gardens.

But it is on Saturdays, I learned, that a most extraordinary cleaning, or '*schoonmaken*' takes place. 'Every house-door then presents a scene of most energetic activity; the brushing and mopping, the scrubbing and scraping, are not confined to steps and doorways; the pavement, wall, windows,—however guiltless of impurity they may be,—are all equally subjected to the same course of ablution.' Within doors equal purity and precision reign; and the mop or the broom itself, however worn out or old, is subjected to a similar process of cleansing. It may safely be affirmed that spiders stand a worse chance in Holland than in any country of the globe. This rage for cleanliness is carried to such an extent throughout the whole country, that even the cows' tails, proverbial in other countries for growing downwards, are here made to grow upwards; for with the view of promoting the cleanliness of the animal while in the stall, the tail is tied up to a ring in he roof of the stable. In some cow-houses it is managed by a pulley, with a weight at one end of a line, the other being fastened to the end of a cow's tail. The cleanliness of their dairies is notorious; in the country, the family of the dairy-keeper often make one end of the cow-house their sitting-room, having a fire-place at one end, and always at least one comfortable bed for a labourer or servant, who sleeps in the cow-house.

OZONE.

An interesting article in the 'Social Science Review,' by Dr. T. Wood, F.C.S., recites the history and describes the properties of ozone.

The discovery of ozone is attributed to Professor Schœnbein, of Bazil, who in the year 1839-40, while decomposing water by means of electricity, observed

observed that the liberated oxygen possessed a peculiar odour similar to the one generated by the action of a common electrical machine: he commenced a series of experiments to determine the cause of this electrical odour, which experiments have led us to our present knowledge of the uses, nature, and manufacture of ozone. It must not be supposed that the smell emitted from the electrical machine when in action had never been noticed before the year 1839; it had been noticed, and Priestly had especially remarked on the phosphorescent smell of the electrical spark; but to Professor Schœnbein is due the honour of bringing this smell prominently before the scientific world, and giving it a name, the one it now bears, ozone (from *ozu*, I smell), on account of its peculiar odour, the well-known smell of the air of the deep blue sea. * * * *

From the dissimilarity between oxygen and ozone, and the peculiar way in which the latter acted, it was not long before the idea was suggested that ozone might be a new and distinct body, belonging to the same class as chlorine, bromine, and iodine, which it much resembles both in smell and in its property of uniting with hydrogen and the metals.

Fiercely has the point been discussed in miles of print whether ozone contained hydrogen and had the composition HO_3: it is, however, now generally admitted that both ozone and antozone are but modifications of oxygen. Ozone is now supposed to be oxygen negatively electrified, while another body called antozone is oxygen positively electrified, and just as opposite electricities neutralize one another, so ozone and antozone when they come together, neutralize one another and produce common oxygen gas. Antozone has its head-quarters in the peroxide of hydrogen, while ozone is contained in the peroxide of lead and many other bodies. * * *

Ordinary oxygen is slightly soluble in water, but ozone appears to be quite insoluble in that medium, which fact in a great measure contributes to the continued presence of ozone in sea air, there being on the sea no foul odours or steaming alleys filled with human beings and the filth of all kinds that is constantly generated and collected wherever man makes his home, to remove it. Its presence or absence in the air may be determined by its peculiar action on a chemical substance called iodide of potassium: strips of blotting paper are dipped in a very dilute solution of this body in which has been boiled a small quantity of starch. The ozone has the power of turning such paper blue by liberating iodine. Ozone is not always to be found in the air, as it is frequently removed as quickly as formed by the many decomposing bodies which emit compounds to the atmosphere fatal to the existence of the substance. So active and energetic is ozone that in warm weather the presence of feathers, old straw, or any fusty body, will prevent it from being detected, even while it is being artificially produced and passed over them, until they are sweetened, then the ozone will pass through them untouched, as there is nothing now to destroy it. When breathed, the effect of ozone is at first pleasant and refreshing, but if large quantities are present in the inspired air, a disagreeable sensation of pricking of the nose and a sense of tightness at the chest, with a fearful headache, are the first symptoms noticed. On continuing the breathing of ozone, as was noticed with a guinea-pig and a rat, the pricking sensation of the nose appeared to increase, from the violent way in which they scratched that organ; the breathing became quick and laboured, and death ensued in about one hour. On a *post mortem* examination the heart and lungs were found be quite full, and the blood so thick and clotted as to impede its circulation. * * * *

The antiseptic properties of ozone are peculiar. Meat that has once been well ozonized will keep longer than a piece not thus operated on. A snipe, whose smell was anything but that of myrrh, removed all smell of ozone from four quarts of strongly ozonized air, but, put into the fifth quart, the

ozone

ozone was no longer removed. The bird was now hung up by the side of an offensive fellow bird, and remained so for three or four days, when the exigencies of the cook put an end to the experiment. On the feathers being then removed from the two birds, the ozonized bird was still nearly fresh and sweet, while a lively green pervaded the back of the bird not ozonized, not to mention the presence of a powerful perfume. When sent to table, the difference between the two birds was apparent from the greater sweetness and freshness of the disinfected animal. A safe, supplied with ozone, in which the butcher could hang rumps of beef in summer until they were tender, would be a great boon to the community at large.

Ozone, although nothing practical has been done with it during the twenty-five years that it has been known, is destined to prove as important as oxygen. By the discovery of oxygen the old ideas of 'phlogiston' or hidden fire were exploded. It was the discovery of oxygen that enabled Priestly to prove beyond doubt that such bodies as the candle when burnt yielded products that weighed heavier than before, and that they did not give out phlogiston, and lose in weight, as was supposed. This was a great fact gained for science. And when ozone can be produced at will, at an expense that will enable it to be used generally, we shall have made a discovery not less useful for sanitary science, the advantages of which will be as remarkable as beneficent.

SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B.

The honorarium of Twenty Thousand Pounds awarded at length by the Queen and Parliament to Sir Rowland Hill, in recognition of his immense services to the nation, and, indeed, to the whole civilized world, comes somewhat tardily, in addition to a pension, to smooth the declining years of a great benefactor of his race; but there is some comfort in the thought that it does come whilst yet it is possible to be of service to one who has merited so well, and who would only have shared the lot of most of his honourable class had he passed away from a world too ungrateful to reward him except by a tombstone or a statue.

At this juncture, we turn back with renewed interest to an interesting sketch of Sir Rowland Hill's earlier life and labours, which appeared a few years ago in 'Our Exemplars, Poor and Rich,' a valuable work edited by the Recorder of Birmingham, and with a preface by Lord Brougham.* As the learned Recorder is brother to the eminent postal reformer, the correctness of the facts detailed may be thoroughly relied upon.

Rowland Hill, the third son of Thomas Wright Hill, and Sarah his wife, was born at Kidderminster on the 3rd of December, 1795. In the year 1802 his father succeeded to a boarding-school at Birmingham, and here Rowland was educated.

To an observant eye indications of his future distinction were not wanting, even in his childhood, although his progress in the usual acquirements of our early years was somewhat retarded by debility and precarious health. He ever displayed a perseverance not to be wearied in the pursuit of any object on which he had fixed his mind; bearing delay and disappointment with calmness, but never remitting his endeavours, or relinquishing his hopes. As his body grew stronger, and his mind developed itself, he evinced abundant fertility of resource for the attainment of his ends. His faculty of mechanical invention was great and precocious; and his love for

*London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

its

its exercise urged him to the acquirement of proficiency in the use of tools. Thus he promptly surrounded himself with apparatus for experiments in natural philosophy, not fabricated according to pattern, but adapted by his ingenuity to his particular purposes, and modified by his limited command of pocket-money. Among these constructions was one with which, by the aid of his electrical machine, made by himself at twelve years old, he produced a vivid representation of the heavenly bodies of the southern sky—invisible to us in the north – stars, nebulæ, and all, and caused them to rise and set. He became expert in drawing, and at thirteen gained the first prize for excellence in that art against the youth of all England. These prizes were offered by Sir Richard Phillips, the publisher of the 'School Magazine,' a work long since extinct. For the mathematics he had a very remarkable gift, but he was debarred from availing himself of it in its full amplitude by the demands upon his time, which arose from his becoming a teacher in his father's school, at an age when boys are generally mere learners. Teaching, however, as a means of learning, is not to be disparaged. Yet restricted as his application to the mathematics thus became, he carried his inventive powers into that region also; and often surprised and gratified his father by striking out original and improved methods of solving problems of no slight difficulty. He made himself an adept in land surveying. Possessing only a small theodolite, he hit upon a way of using it which endowed it with the accuracy of Borda's Repeating Circle; and so employing his instrument, he was enabled to effect a somewhat extensive trigonometrical survey of Birmingham and its neighbourhood, on a base line very carefully measured, according to the plan (a little changed) pursued by Colonel Mudge on Hounslow Heath, the first step towards the great trigonometrical survey of the British Islands, which has been in progress now for more than half a century. After he had grown up, he felt that he had too much neglected demonstrative geometry, and, availing himself of a Christmas vacation, he went through the whole of Simpson's Euclid in a month, demonstrating every proposition in each book to his father, as if he had been a schoolboy.

His faculty of invention in what may be called physical mechanics, was accompanied by a similar talent for moral mechanism. He devised and framed a constitution for his father's school, which, through the intervention of a committee of the pupils chosen by the whole body, aided greatly in developing their powers of self-government. The little community in 1819 (the year following its constitutional epoch) was moved into the country, a short distance from Birmingham; and established in a large and convenient house built for the purpose, from Rowland's designs. From this site, which was called Hazelwood, the school was eventually removed to Bruce Castle, at Tottenham, near London.

In 1833, Mr. Rowland Hill, finding his place in the school well supplied by a younger brother, turned his attention to other pursuits; the profession of a teacher never having been one to which he felt any strong vocation, notwithstanding his success in it.

Shortly afterwards he associated himself with a small number of gentlemen desirous of reducing to practice a scheme of colonization then lately promulgated by Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield. * * *

The association which Mr. Rowland Hill joined obtained in the year 1834 an Act of Parliament for establishing the colony of South Australia, now containing a population of 120,000. * * *

South Australia was at first managed by royal commissioners, who appointed Mr. Rowland Hill their secretary; and, of course, upon him fell the principal charge of framing the rules for conducting the colonial affairs, regulating the emigration of labourers, &c.; and, in short, of carrying into action the whole scheme, so far as it could be guided from the seat of Government at home. Such of the emigrants as were selected for transit at the

the expense of the colony were, upon their landing, at liberty to hire themselves to any employers who chose to engage them; indeed, they were free to work for others or themselves, according to their own option or their resources. The success of the experiment has completely verified the soundness of Mr. Wakefield's principle, and has led to its adoption in other Australian colonies. No small portion of that success may, with perfect justice to the other labourers in the cause, be claimed for Rowland Hill.

Although the formation of a new settlement demanded great exertion on the part of all engaged in the enterprize, and especially on that of the secretary, yet the business of colonization did not absorb his whole time and attention. He was a member of the committee of the celebrated Society, founded in 1826 by Lord Brougham, for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The rapidly-extending demand for cheap literature—of which he became cognizant while taking part in the labours of the society—suggested to his mind the pressing need for some apparatus which should outstrip the printing machine of that day; and, ultimately, he attempted himself to supply the desideratum. He invented a machine, the characteristic of which was that it printed by the revolution of a cylinder armed with type, under which the paper was passed in long sheets. Having, with the assistance of his brother, Mr. Edwin Hill, the inventor of the envelope-folding machine, perfected this invention, he took out a patent for it; but his machine, although it printed with great velocity, and although the impressions were beautifully executed, yet never came into use. * * * *

A short experience convinced him that he had better turn his thoughts in some other direction. In no wise cast down by his disappointment, he abandoned physical mechanics, and turned his mind to what we have called moral mechanism. From childhood he had often heard his father express an opinion that the rate of postage was too high, not only for the comfort and convenience of the people at large, but for the productiveness of the revenue. This remark was repeated so frequently as to produce a permanent impression on the minds of his children, and the evils of dear postage were for years a topic of conversation in the family circle. Rowland Hill now determined to enter upon a laborious investigation of the subject, and to make himself, so far as opportunity served, fully acquainted with that intricate and multifarious department—the Post-office. Seeing that he had never, either in town or village, penetrated more deeply into postal mysteries than could be accomplished by a momentary glance through the half-opened little door which suffices for a somewhat uncomfortable communication between earnest and, perhaps, loquacious inquirers without and the reticent postmaster within, this was to inaugurate a labour of Herculean magnitude. The hope of obtaining information by personal interviews with the possessors of postal knowledge was but faint. Whether by nature or art, or by the force of the *esprit de corps*, taciturnity seems in all countries to be a virtue largely shed upon the order of which we are speaking. We have carried on our researches in various parts of Europe, but we never met with a postmaster or his deputy who did not remind us of the verses repeatedly uttered by the prophetess in Gray's 'Descent of Odin:'—

> 'Now my weary lips I close,
> Leave me, leave me to repose.'

Fortunately, however, the means of knowledge were not confined to oral communications. For many years the Post-office had been a favourite subject for inquiry through parliamentary committees and royal commissions; and thus a pile of blue books had been brought into existence, in which a huge mass of facts, embedded in a still more enormous heap of rubbish, was to be obtained by the due application of labour and skill. Rowland Hill set himself to work, and, in a few months, he

ore, but had smelted it, and cast away the dross. Still on some points he was in doubt. He put his queries into writing, and, through the introduction of friends who had influence at St. Martin's-le-Grand, he succeeded in obtaining answers to some of his questions; but the amount of information he was able to procure was neither abundant nor accurate. For instance, it was very desirable, and, indeed, essential, that he should ascertain within certain limits the number of chargeable letters passing through the British post-offices in each year; but no satisfactory information on this head could be obtained. Employing the best data he was able, in the first instance, to procure, he computed the annual number at about eighty-eight millions and a half; but, after some time, having succeeded in obtaining additional information, he revised his estimate, which he finally settled at seventy-nine millions and a half. About the same time, the Postmaster-General of that day gravely stated in the House of Lords that the true number was only forty-two or forty-three millions! Towards the close of the year 1837, the House of Commons appointed a committee to investigate the merits of penny postage. In the course of the inquiry, which continued throughout the session of 1838, the gentlemen of the Post-office submitted an amended estimate of the number of letters, which brought it up to fifty-eight millions. These figures being sifted, were soon shown to be fallacious, and the Post-office again amended their return, bringing up the amount to nearly sixty-seven millions, and finally advanced it to seventy millions. But the committee, after a most laborious and searching scrutiny, conducted with untiring zeal, and with a degree of ability which cannot be too highly appreciated, arrived at the conclusion that the real number passing through the British post-offices was seventy-seven millions and a half. Eventually, the number was fixed by the Post-office itself at seventy-six millions.

We have a little disturbed the chronology of our narrative, in our attempt to give the reader a glimpse of the difficulties which encompassed Rowland Hill in his task of acquiring that thorough insight into the state of the Post-office which he justly felt to be necessary before he could presume to frame a new system. His preliminary labour being brought to a close, his mind fastened on the leading facts upon which his plan is founded. The cost of a letter to the Post-office, he saw, was divisible into three branches. First, that of receiving the letter, and preparing it for its journey, which, under the old *régime*, was troublesome enough, as the postage varied first in proportion to the distance it had to travel; and, again, according as it was composed of one, two, or three sheets of paper, each item of charge being exorbitant. For instance, a letter from London to Edinburgh, if single, was rated at 1s. 1½d.; if double, at 2s. 3d.; and, if treble, at 3s. 4½d.; any—the minutest—enclosure being treated as an additional sheet. The duty of taxing letters, or writing upon each of them its postage, thus became a complicated transaction, occupying much time, and employing the labour of many clerks. This, and other duties, which we will not stop to specify, comprised the first of the three branches of expense which each letter imposed on the office. The second was the cost of transit from post-office to post-office. And this expense, even for so great a distance as from London to Edinburgh, proved, upon careful examination, to be no more than the ninth part of a farthing! The third branch was that of delivering the letter and receiving the postage, letters being, for the most part, sent away unpaid. Rowland Hill saw that, although a considerable reduction of postage might and ought to be made, even if the change rested there, yet, that if he could cheapen the cost to the Post-office, the reduction to the public could be carried very much further, without entailing on the revenue any ultimate loss of serious amount. He therefore addressed himself to the simplification of the various processes. If, instead of charging according to the number of sheets or scraps of paper, a weight should be fixed, below which a letter, whatever

whatever might be its contents, should only bear a single charge, much trouble to the office would be spared, while an unjust mode of taxation would be abolished. For, certainly, a double letter did not impose double cost, nor a treble letter threefold cost upon the Post-office. But, if the alteration had rested there, a great source of labour to the office would have remained; because postage would still have been augmented upon each letter in proportion to the distance it had to travel. In the absence of knowledge as to the very minute cost of mere transit, such an arrangement would appear just; or, to place the question in another light, it would seem unjust to charge as much for delivering a letter at the distance of a mile from the office at which it was posted, as for delivering a letter at Edinburgh transmitted from London. But when Rowland Hill had, by his investigation, ascertained that the difference between the cost of transit in the one instance and the other was an insignificant fraction of a farthing, it became obvious that it was a nearer approximation to perfect justice to pass over this petty inequality than to tax it even to the amount of the smallest coin of the realm. With regard to the third head, all that could be done for lessening the cost attendant on delivering the letters from house to house, was to devise some plan of prepayment which should be acceptable to the public (so long accustomed to throw the cost of correspondence on the receiver of a letter, instead of the sender), and which, at the same time, should not transfer the task of collection to the receiving-office, while it relieved the letter-carriers attached to the distributing-office; otherwise, comparatively little would have been gained by the change. This led to the proposal for prepayment by stamped labels, whereby the Post-office is altogether relieved from the duty of collecting postage. Thus, one by one, were the impediments all removed to the accomplishment of a grand object, uniformity of postage throughout the British Isles.

The facile attainment of this end being thus demonstrated, it became easy to reduce the rate of postage to an enormous extent. And such reduction giving, as it did, so large a boon to commerce and the correspondence of all classes, particularly that which stands lowest in the social scale, reconciled every one to the changes of habit and usage, which would have presented a series of obstacles to the adoption of the scheme, had the advantages been less manifest or of inferior magnitude.

The discovery of Mr. Rowland Hill that uniformity is the necessary condition of extreme cheapness, and that when the various items of cost to the Post-office connected with receiving, transmitting, and delivering a letter were thoroughly analysed, none of them presented any insuperable difficulty to the establishment of a uniform rate, appears, now it is made, to be extremely simple. But it is exactly that union of importance with simplicity which is the true stamp of discoveries destined to take their place in the highest rank of mental achievements. * * *

In the year 1837, Rowland Hill published his plan, which he explained to his countrymen in a brief but lucid pamphlet. The splendid project overran the three kingdoms like wildfire. Party spirit, then strong and bitter, was for a time silenced. It stood rebuked in the presence of this noble benefaction. But neither the Ministry nor the Opposition were its friends. It was an object too large for the tiny grasp of party; and it would inevitably have fallen to the ground, had not the unanimous voice of the people called on Parliament to register its edict that Penny Postage should become the law of the land. And promptly was that voice obeyed.

Here, then, our narrative draws to its close. The development of a system of cheap and uniform postage within our own shores is part of the history of England. Yet our shores do not form the limits of its extension. It has spread itself over the whole civilized world; and its progress belongs to the history of civilization itself.

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The labours, the discouragements, and, we must add, the persecutions of its author, were, however, far from ceasing on the adoption of these plans. The Whig Government which was in office in 1839, the epoch of the Penny Postage Act, although they had yielded to his project with reluctance, treated Mr. Hill with justice, gave him their confidence, brought him into the Treasury, and aided him, in perfect good faith, to work out his measure. After a time, however, they were displaced; and their Tory substitutes, while acknowledging the great ability with which its author had carried his scheme into execution, discovered that he had done his work, and that his services were no longer wanted! Therefore, amidst a profusion of compliments, they bowed him into the street, and shut the door of office in his face. They left him, it is true, the consolation which the famous old Spartan, Pedaretus, drew from the loss of his election into "The three hundred," he was glad, he said, to find that his country possessed three hundred men better than himself. Rowland Hill had even greater cause for self-gratulation than Pedaretus. Among the thousands of appointments which compose our civil service, no vacancy could be found which an abler and more deserving public servant than the author of Penny Postage was not ready to fill! Happy England, so redundant in merit; but, alas! we must add, ignorant or ungrateful country, not to know, or knowing, not to avow its wonderful good fortune! Yet such was the benighted state of the English mind, that the treatment of Rowland Hill, which the perspicacity, moral and mental, of our rulers, adjudged to be right and expedient, was condemned, nevertheless, by all but that sagacious few, as flagrant ingratitude towards him, and a contempt of the public interest as regarded the nation. And they ended by taking the matter into their own hands. To restore him to office was beyond their power; but they would not suffer him to depart from Downing-street empty-handed; on the contrary, by a munificent subscription of fifteen thousand pounds, they at once rewarded their benefactor, and marked his dismissal with a stigma never to be effaced.

Thrust out of office, Rowland Hill sought a new occupation, sustained in his bitter disappointment by the hope that another Government would permit him to complete the plan he had been only able to commence. He became a director of the Brighton Railway Company, and was soon chosen their chairman. Under his superintendence the business of that body was conducted with a precision to which no other railway company had then attained. As usual, his habit of persevering and minute investigation accomplished its objects. For instance, finding that the signals employed along the lines to communicate with the engine-driver were sometimes mistaken by the men, he placed himself on the engine to journey to and fro between London and Brighton, until he had discovered the cause which led to error, and soon found that it lay in an arrangement by which the same signal did not uniformly express the same meaning; so that the mind of the driver, while engaged in his anxious duties, was taxed, and sometimes his memory confounded, by these absurd inconsistencies.

In 1846, when the Whigs returned to power, they invited Rowland Hill to take an appointment in the Post-office. Resigning his chairmanship, he accepted their invitation, and in a short time the public had cause to know that the futility of the reasons given for his dismissal was not less manifest than the meanness which could devise and publish them. Since his return to office improvement has thickened upon improvement; and measures are yet in progress for still further ameliorations of our postal system. These we cannot find room even to enumerate. One change, however, is so striking in its effects, and can be told in so few words, that we will not omit to specify it. We all know the benefits resulting from the establishment of the Money-Order Office. In 1847, Mr. Rowland Hill found its arrangements in a state of complication which most unnecessarily swelled its cost; its

its expenses exceeding its income by an annually increasing sum, which then amounted to £10,000 a-year. He took it in hand. It quickly became self-supporting, then profitable, and it now clears a net produce of £29,115 per annum, making a difference to the State of £39,115. But, as every year is more profitable than its predecessor, it is to be expected that even this sum will hereafter be far exceeded. This great saving is attributable solely to the simplification of the arrangements commenced by Mr. Rowland Hill, but extended by his youngest brother, Mr. Frederick Hill, who, in 1851, mainly with a view of relieving Rowland of part of his excessive toil, resigned his office of Inspector of Prisons, and undertook the far more laborious duties of Assistant-Secretary to the Post-office. Nor is this the only assistance which Rowland Hill has received from his family. It may be doubted if he would have found it possible to bear up for so many years under his never-ending labours, but for the cheerful and intelligent aid rendered by his wife, whenever the nature of his task admitted of her co-operation, and but for her watchful care of his health, at all times easily deranged.

When Mr. Rowland Hill returned to office in 1846, he was made Secretary to the Postmaster-General, and was, in effect, joint-secretary with Colonel Maberly; but, in 1854, the latter gentleman having become one of the Commissioners of Audit, Lord Aberdeen's Government appointed Mr. Rowland Hill Secretary to the Post-office. It is but common justice to state that the Conservative Ministries which have come into office since his restoration have shown, by their treatment of the author of Penny Postage, that they have no sympathy with their Tory predecessors who dismissed him. In the present year, 1860, the Queen has been graciously pleased to invest Mr. Rowland Hill with the dignity of Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.

From an address, recently read at a large and influential towns' meeting at Liverpool assembled to recognize Sir R. Hill's public services, and signed by the Mayor of Liverpool on behalf of the municipality, we extract the following justly appreciative passage.

Occasional attempts have been made to dispute your just claims to originality in the suggestion of a uniform rate of one penny for all ordinary letters. We believe these attempts to have been as unfair as they have been ineffectual. They have mainly rested on the fact that a penny rate had been previously suggested, and even adopted within very limited distances. But we regard this as widely different from your suggestion of a uniform low rate per letter for every distance, and that justified by the fact, which you then developed for the first time, that the average cost of transit for a single letter within the limits of the United Kingdom hardly exceeded one-third of a penny, and was much more dependent upon the number of letters than the distance they were carried. We remember also your other suggestions of charging letters only by weight, instead of by single sheets, and making the lowest rate depend upon prepayment by means of the stamp. To these essential arrangements are perhaps owing, to a very large extent, the brilliant success of your scheme. We desire, therefore, thus publicly and formally to record our belief in the entire originality of your plans for postal reform. It is a proud tribute to their excellence that they have been adopted more or less in their integrity by every country in Europe and America. The revenue derivable from the Post-office department should always be regarded as a very secondary consideration. The advantages arising from frequent, punctual, and cheap means of communication by more efficiently maintaining that industry which must be the permanent source of all taxation, would, in our opinion, certainly compensate for any diminution of the amount previously derived

derived from that source. But all those advantages have been secured, not only without diminution, but with an actual increase. For twenty-four years previous to the adoption of your plan, the number of letters passing through the Post-office, and the revenue derived therefrom, had been something less than stationary, but every year since has witnessed an increase in the number of letters—from 76,000,000 in 1838 to 642,000,000 in 1863—while the revenue has not only recovered its first loss, but now stands higher than ever. It is difficult to over-estimate the benefit which so vast an increase in the correspondence of the country must have secured to every interest comprehended within our national life and policy. Nor would we forget that, under your able direction, the money-order system has been developed into a most important branch of the public service; that it has been extended to nearly all our colonies; and that the total amount passed through that department has risen from £313,000 in 1839 to nearly £16,000,000 in 1862, or upwards of fiftyfold. The Post-office has been made available also for the transmission of books, packets of newspapers, and of samples, to an enormous extent, with corresponding advantages to both literature and commerce.

To the foregoing we need only add that in the present year, 1864, Sir Rowland Hill, from failing health, resigned his connection with the Post-office; and that a sum of £20,000 has been awarded by the nation in acknowledgment, rather than in payment, of his signal services.

FLOWER SHOWS BY THE POOR IN TOWNS.

The following extract is from 'Window Gardens for the People,' a recent publication of the Rev. S. Hadden Parkes, noticed amongst our 'Reviews of Books.'

The district in which it has been my privilege to work is one narrow street about ninety yards long, with six courts, all *cul-de-sacs*, running right and left at right angles with the street, and containing a population of about 1,700 persons. The condition of these people as a class is as distressed and as low as any in London. The policeman on the beat has informed me that it is the most likely place in the neighbourhood in which to find any who were 'wanted.' When I state that it is an offshoot from the well-known 'Rookery' in St. Giles, which was demolished at the time that the improvements were made in New Oxford-street, it will give a tolerably fair idea of the general character of the people. * * *

The houses in which these persons generally dwell contain six or eight rooms, each of which is occupied by one family. Some of these houses are in a fair state of repair, but the majority are in a very unhealthy and dilapidated condition. The cellars are almost invariably inhabited, and in some instances there are families residing in both the front and back cellar or kitchen.

Their occupations are various. Some have no recognized calling, others are washers, *i.e.*, men who wash the cabs; these have generally been cabmen themselves, but have lost their license through misconduct or crime. Others are overworked and underpaid sempstresses, eking out a wretched hand-to-mouth existence by army work, straw-bonnet-making, and shoe-binding; while the largest and most aristocratic are costermongers, under which division I place those who sell fruit, flowers, water-cresses, dried fish, and cat's meat in baskets and barrows, and those who make and sell penny toys.

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It was in this place and among these people that first the flower show, and then the clean-and-tidy-room experiment was tried. * * *

A few handbills announcing the proposed show were printed and placed in the various shop windows in the district. In these bills, the conditions upon which plants would be allowed to compete, and the amount of the prizes, were announced. The conditions were simply that none but those living in Little Coram-street and the courts adjacent would be permitted to exhibit; that all plants intended for exhibition be registered at a shop in the street, at least four weeks before the show, and remain in the exhibitor's possession until the show; and that the prizes would be given for the best plants of any description provided they had fulfilled the above conditions.

Of course it would be desirable for the poor to retain the plants in their possession for a much longer period, but as this was the first experiment, I thought it better to avoid all extremes than to risk the consequences of a failure. I felt therefore that, for a first show, four weeks would be a period long enough to test the value of the experiment, and not too long to try the patience and perseverance of the poor. By causing them to register the plants, with their names and addresses, a kind of security was given, though not in all points a satisfactory one, that the plants had been in the exhibitor's possession in the street for the required time. To increase this security, an inspector went round, ostensibly to see how the plants were progressing, but in reality to see that the registered plants were actually in existence and in the exhibitor's possession. This precaution was found absolutely necessary, not only to guard against deception, but also to protect the more honourable exhibitors. If this had not been done, I should not have been certain that the plants had not been purchased a few days before the show. * * *

No effort was made to induce the poor to register the plants. At once they felt an interest and a pleasure in the scheme, and without hesitation or solicitation they came forward spontaneously to register their plants. The result was that about 140 plants were registered for exhibition; but, as some of them died, and others flowered too soon, and others not at all, the number was reduced to ninety-four actual exhibitors.

The exhibition was held in the Bible Mission Room, to which we endeavoured to give a flower-show aspect, by arranging the forms in tiers around the walls of the room, and then covering them with green tissue-paper, thus making them look like first-rate flower-stands. The day of exhibition was one of no small excitement among the poor. Each exhibitor delivered his own plant in person, with a card attached, upon which was written his name and address.

It was indeed a pleasing sight, and an instructive one too, to see the flowers which had grown and the failures which had been made, in the homes of these wretchedly poor people. The pride and pleasure with which they showed the plants which they had reared and trained, proved that every human feeling had not yet been banished from their hearts, notwithstanding the sin-hardening process through which they had passed. But perhaps the most amusing sight in the whole exhibition was the different domestic articles which had been made to do duty for the day as flower-pots. There were old cracked tea-pots, of the most approved antique pattern, which doubtless years before had brewed the refreshing Bohea in the drawing-room of the neighbouring squares. There were jugs with dilapidated noses, which doubtless had paid regular visits to the public-houses. There were even washing basins and other articles of domestic use, the makers of which could never have dreamed that they would ever be put to such singular uses.

Nearly all the flower-pots and quasi flower-pots were either freshly raddled or tastefully adorned with old scraps of gaily coloured paper-hang-

ing. The flowers, of course, were not such as are to be seen at the Botanical Gardens, but yet, considering the bad atmosphere in which they had been reared, the badly ventilated rooms in which they had lived, and the little experience which their owners possessed, it was a marvel to all that there should be any flowers at all.

The important office of judge was undertaken by a local gardener, assisted by Walter H. Bosanquet, Esq., who has largely helped to secure the success of all the Bloomsbury shows. It was no easy matter to judge fairly which were the best plants among so many, and such various kinds; and there were some dissatisfied persons who ventured, with little grace and less judgment, to dispute the decision which had been made; but a few kind words put this matter in a different light, and all acquiesced in the selection which had been made. Those who had exhibited were admitted free, while those not exhibitors paid—adults one penny, children one half-penny—for admission to the show. And some test of the interest which the non-exhibitors took in the scheme may be gathered from the fact that upwards of two pounds were taken at the door for admissions.

In the evening the successful competitors were gathered together, when the Rev. E. Bayley presented the prizes. And thus our first experiment proved a success, not only in reaching the lowest class of our population, and in affording a common interest for both minister and people, but also in being self-supporting, the money taken at the doors being found sufficient to cover all the expenses. * * *

The prizes offered were only for fuchsias, geraniums, and annuals. Competition was confined to these, because they are inexpensive to purchase and easy to rear. * * *

The day of the [second] show was one of unusual excitement. Under a spacious tent, well shaded by trees, were arranged in various classes, according to the order of the published handbill, 547 plants, the property of 274 exhibitors. The tent, decorated with flags of all nations and with various devices, with the flowers ranged on tables on either side, presented a most pleasing effect. Of course, within this tent there were no new plants from China or Japan, no large and fragrant roses like those of Paul, no wondrous masses of pelargonium bloom like those of Fraser; but there was that which was more remarkable still, for there were plants grown in areas by domestic servants; in the mews by the wives and children of stablemen; in the garrets by poor sempstresses; in kitchens by water-cress girls; in first and second floors by costermongers; in any imaginable nook and corner by the children of National and Ragged Schools, and one even in the sick ward of the parish workhouse.

Of course, the blight of London smoke was upon many of the plants, and the dinginess of the rooms in which they had been reared was but too evident, but all bore signs of care and attention, and, as was repeatedly said, all the specimens were very creditable, considering the quarters whence they had come; while some of them were fit to be exhibited at shows of far loftier pretensions.

The frequenters of more fashionable shows, perhaps, would have been amused to hear so much praise lavished upon such unpretending floral specimens. 'There's my little girl's fuchsia got the second prize! well, I never expected it.' 'See how fine Billy's geranium looks yonder!' and similar exclamations of pleasure and pride were heard in all parts of the tent; and the eyes of a pale little fellow with a crutch attained a brightness almost painful at the discovery that some marvellous honour had befallen the pot of annuals which he had seen his sister watering so carefully, morning and evening, for many a week.

CLEAN-

CLEAN-AND-TIDY-ROOM PRIZES.

From the same interesting little publication, we select the following illustration of philanthropic effort in another direction.

Eighty-six sent in their names as candidates for the prizes, and it was not a little singular that some of the rooms were the dirtiest in the whole street. So soon as the last day for registration had arrived, it was necessary for the work of inspection to begin. And here there was no little difficulty in determining upon what plan the inspection should be carried out, so as to prove satisfactory to us and also to the poor. At one time we thought of entrusting the work to several ladies, and then going round at last ourselves and making our final adjudication, based partly upon the report of the ladies and partly on our own inspection. But this scheme fell through, in consequence of the ladies who were invited being unwilling to take the responsibility; and then the work devolved upon Mr. Bayley and myself. We thought of giving marks one to twenty to the various rooms, according to their condition; but this plan was rejected on the ground that it would be impossible to decide whether a room was, for example, five or six, or fourteen or fifteen. The line was too fine for us accurately to draw it. At last I determined simply to mark the rooms in our lists A, B, C, D, respectively, as descriptive of their condition at the time of inspection.

A	represented	clean and tidy.
B	„	tidy, but not clean.
C	„	clean, but not tidy.
D	„	dirty.

This system of marking, simple as it seems, is not without its difficulties. It is not easy, when called upon to judge and decide, to give the right mark, for there are so many small circumstances, such as the order and arrangement of the furniture, ornaments, &c., as well as cleanliness, which have to be taken into account, and which cannot be comprehended in any general rules. But a similar difficulty will be encountered upon any plan, and I am inclined to think that this is the best that I have heard of, and, on the whole, will work well. * * *

The work of inspection was undertaken by Mr. Bayley and myself, each of us taking alternate weeks, and visiting the whole of the rooms during one week. In the first week we went together, and determined the A and D standard, so that when we went alone our judgments might agree. We went at all kinds of odd times, and when we were not expected, and frequently caught the poor, often the children, in the act of scrubbing the floors of their rooms. One poor child, about nine years old, whom we thus caught, expressed her distress at the disorder of the room, saying, 'Please, mother's out; didn't expect you to-day. Please, the room was all ready yesterday, and now I am putting things to rights, and cleaning up a bit for you.'

At the conclusion of our inspection, Mr. Smithies met Mr. Bayley and myself, and we all three went together to the best rooms to decide which should have the prizes awarded to them. The 'best rooms' we defined to be those which had the greatest number of marks. In arriving at certainty on this point, I caused A to represent four, and B and C each two, and D 0; then by adding up these together, we arrived at almost an absolute certainty as to those rooms which had been the best during the whole of the inspection.

After he had visited together the thirty best rooms, and each made our own notes, we met in my rooms for the final adjudication. As regards the first, second, and third prizes, the most important to decide, it was very

pleasant.

pleasant and satisfactory to find that our opinions agreed. After a little discussion we were equally agreed in reference to the others. Mr. Smithies was so gratified with the result of his inspection, that he agreed to divide another £5 among the best of the unsuccessful ones. This unexpected gift was distributed in 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. prizes, the award being made according to the marks the rooms had received during the whole of the inspection, and especially in reference to their state at the time of our last visit.

I have made an analysis of the marks given, because it will enable others to gain some idea of the result which was attained.

7 began with A, *i.e.*, clean and tidy, and continued to receive the same mark all throughout the inspection.
3 began D, *i.e.*, dirty, and continued the same all throughout the inspection.
4 began D and ended A.
10 began D and ended either B or C.
6 began B and ended A.
7 began C and ended A.

From this tabular statement it will be seen that among the eighty-six competitors, thirty-one of them made real progress in cleanliness and tidiness of their rooms; while only three remained in the same state as that in which they began.

If the character of the people and the nature of their occupation be considered, and allowance made for sickness and other causes, I think every one will agree that this gain for the poor themselves is very great indeed. I have since visited, only recently, a number of the rooms which received prizes, and some of them continue in the same state, are a credit to their owners; but others, and I fear I must add the majority, have relapsed into their old habits. This only brings out more forcibly, what all will be prepared to allow, that these new habits cannot be fixed except by repeating again and again the experiment we have made. We cannot expect to change habits so deeply seated and so long continued in by an experiment of a few weeks; and it therefore only remains for us to repeat again this year the plan of last year, and so on again and again until we have in lieu of these dirty and desolate homes clean and tidy rooms.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

The subjoined very striking illustration of the power of Christian sympathy is taken from a report of a speech delivered in Exeter Hall by the Rev. Stenton Eardley.

'I will give you another example, for I could occupy four hours in giving a rapid narrative of cases in which I have been engaged. Some time ago a gentleman of large influence and large wealth called upon me, and said, "I wish to see you respecting a relation of mine, who has run through £10,000." I said, "Send him here on Monday morning." "Oh," he said, "I do not think you will get him to speak to you—he is very reserved." I said, "Let me try." On the Monday morning the young man came, a young buck about eight-and-twenty. He made a bow down to the last joint of his vertebræ to me, as much as to say, "I am here, but if you think I am going to kiss your shoes you are very much mistaken." I think God has taught me a way that I have of taking to lay hold of the fellows, to touch them, and I said, "Sir, let us sit down," and I got him by the hand, and we sat down together. I put my face right up to his, so that it nearly touched, and I said, "I know exactly where you are; it is despair. You break out, and

and you are angry, and denounce others, and so on, and get into a rage when we speak to you. The real fact is you are in despair; you have fought your battle, you have fought ten thousand battles, and it has always been too strong for you; you have resolved, and you have struggled and vowed, but when the moment has come you have been carried away." I saw it was impressing him—the feeling that I understood him—sympathy, that is all, that is the only weapon we have, it is the mightiest power in the world. I saw the tears begin to gather in his face, and when I went on to describe that it was possible for him, by taking a prescription which I was going to give him soon, but which I had not given him yet, and said, "Under the influence of that prescription it is possible for you to stand and look me in the face, and smile upon all the world, and say, 'I am a free man.'" He bounded up from that sofa, clasped his hands with agony, and cried out, "My God! it is too precious to be true." What interest it gives one to help poor agonized souls like these to go healing their wounds. For an hour and a half in that room it was just this: I was endeavouring to persuade this man, in some way or another, to get the belief into him through the power of my own warm, prayerful sympathy and brotherly love towards him, that he had never conquered it, because he had never looked to the stronger than the strong man armed. Sir, it was like a hand to hand battle of man and devil in my dining-room for an hour and a half. Down we went upon our knees. I said, "Now, try to pray." "I cannot pray," he said. I said, "I will pray for you, now try and pray," and again and again I saw the strong man armed, the giant keeping his palace and his goods in peace; there was no danger of his coming forth—he was too strong. And then we got to the stronger than he coming down upon him, taking his armour from him wherein he trusted, and dividing the spoils, and I said, "You shall not perish at twenty-eight years old, you shall be redeemed yet by the power of Jesus Christ!" The poor fellow trembled under it all, for one gets earnest—I admit I get passionately in earnest about these poor fellows, and cannot let them go. What did I find? Again and again I saw that young man, and heard the whole story of his life. When he first came to me he would lay his trembling hands upon me, and I felt he was in my hands like a bit of plastic clay, and I believe he loved me as a brother, and he would say to me sometimes, "You are the truest friend I have got upon this earth." It is very simple, is it not? At length I took this man home to his wife. We went in a splendid carriage. We had many miles from London to drive, for the house had been broken up. He showed evident excitement before we got there. When we arrived I was introduced to a most sweet and gracious young thing of twenty-four, and four little children, and I was bringing these together again. Imagine what a scene it was! I thought I must now go to the very bottom of the hearts of both these people if I am to reconstitute these together, and bring this holy bond into all its beautiful sweetness in which it was at first; because you know hearts were torn asunder, heart from heart. I sat down between them, and I took her hand, and I said, "Let me speak to you as a father." I took his hand, and I said, "I wonder whether his neglect of you, and his scorn of you, has crushed all the love that you once had for him out of your heart;" and when I went on thus speaking, she sprang to her feet and clasped him in her arms and covered him over with kisses, as if there was not a man on earth worth looking at besides her own husband; and then I asked her, there was a little bit of craft about this, "Be good enough to let me have the children in." The eldest little chap came in, and I took the little fellow on my knee, and he looked at me with comical gravity, and I began to talk to the father through the child. "Oh," I said, "when thou growest up to be a man, will it ever shame thee, to say 'Father?' Will there ever be some dark place where thy young feet may stand and look and say, 'He lies here?' and the poor fellow laid his hand on his shoulder,

and

and was sobbing his heart out. He said, "Do forbear." I said, "Can you come together again?" and before me, hand to hand, and face to face, I believe that as pure a kiss did he implant upon her face, and she on his, as ever was given by man to woman and woman to man. Then down we fell at that table, and I could hardly speak, and they could not speak. After an hour and a half I left that house and saw them standing at the window whilst I got into the carriage, he with his arm about her neck, and she with her arm about his waist, and so the home was reconstituted. Did not I, as I sank back, almost overcome with emotion, lift my heart in a joy that none of you have ever felt that have not been abstainers, and bless God that I was one.'

IVY COTTAGE; OR, THE SORROWS OF A FRIEND.

IT was becoming twilight. I was walking backwards and forwards on the railway platform at G————, waiting for my train. I had yet an hour to remain, and with the impatience of a traveller who wishes to be at his journey's end as speedily as possible, was wiling away the weary moments, as best I could, among the various attractions and distractions that a second class station presents; neither too many nor too exhilarating, as my very tired feelings assured me.

The day had been fine, and the journey, part of it at least, very pleasant, for it had led me through varied and agreeable scenery. I had seen, near or far away, more than one or two grand ranges of hills, their purple sides dight with masses of flowering gorse, and their heads sunburnt and brown, upreared boldly beneath the morning sky; and distant mountains cutting the grey horizon-clouds, clear and sharp with perfect line, their mass one dark blur, till the sun lit them up at occasional moments, and revealed salient features, sharp spur and cliff, and angle and watercourse. Many a quiet hamlet and village had I seen also, with quaint tree-bosomed church in the midst, with ruddy cottages, rows of moss-grown apple trees, farmhouses crowned with ancient thatch, and farmyards with immense dove-cotes, and barns and cow-sheds; and in the near pastures and orchards, slumbering or half-awake animals, lifting lazy eyes from their resting places at the well-known train whirring on with its human captives through the heat in an insane way, not half so sensible a pastime as their own cud-chewing and tail-whisking one, stretched upon beds of buttercups and daisies and flowering grasses. I gained quick glances at the squire's house, large and prosperous looking, the clergyman's modestly fixed behind its holly and privet hedge, the churchyard with its gravestones of all sizes and at all angles, the winding lane, the field-path also winding among mowing grass and growing corn, curves being dear to the eyes of our forefathers, as straight lines are, perhaps, too much with us; and then all had vanished—farmhouses, church, cottages, clergyman's house and winding lanes—the whole village had fled away as quickly as a morning dream, and the open, houseless, moorland, or woodland, or meadowland alone remained. Anon, came a cutting through beds of greasy blue clay and marl, or great blocks of gritstone, and with eyes shrinking from the constant pricking of sharp pointed fragments, or with a half headache at the near proximity of dull fatnesses of sweltering clay, I reclined back on my seat, to be roused again in awhile by the sight of another nameless village (the wilderness cutting being happily passed through), charmingly like, yet different to the last, and to be seized by another enthusiastic fit; for the sun now shone out, and threw delicious bits of shadow upon the earth, clear and bold, if from a building; tremulous and shifting, if from a tree, but always lovely and transparent. And the warm vermillion of the cottages, the purple and gold of the mossy roofs, the

the rich reds and browns of the ploughed meadow behind, the glowing colour of the pinks and roses in the garden, the inimitable thousand-tinted greens of trees, and fields, and hedges,—how enchanting, how perfect was the delight with which I viewed these! But rapidly as they had made their appearance, as rapidly they passed by, and, bit by bit, went behind me the village and its details of form and colour; and I lost it, as every night our horizon loses the sun, by swift motion; always, however, to find a new morning dawn, a new beauty succeed; and the railway journey, with its leaps over rivers, its passings by of villages and towns, its stoppages, its noisy drivings through cuttings and tunnels, and windings over embankments, and its hasty changing of views across the country, had brought with it many pleasures and many exhaustions.

Therefore it was that I was specially anxious to be back to the repose of my home, and therefore it was that another hour's delay at the station was a weary look-out for me. But it was my doom, and among boxes, and porters, and trucks, and pre-occupied passengers, to whom my presence or absence was of course a matter of the supremest indifference, I had to remain and glean what comfort I could. But an hour is not so very long a period after all; so, checking my impatient feelings, I placed myself upon one of the long platform benches, and watched, with as much curiosity as I could command, the usual *émeute* attendant upon a newly arrived train. Porters ran to their places, a bell was rung in the darkling distance of the further end of the station, and two fiery red eyes approached slowly, the visuals of the great dragon of commerce (we had heard the monster's fearful scream the moment before), and panting and snorting the creature dragged itself beneath our roof of glass, and disgorged its heaps of passengers from twenty mouths, while they all, unterrified and with unnatural and inappropriate nonchalance, stood beside its bulky length, or sought out for boxes, and parcels, and portmanteaus that its stingless tail had just deposited.

With some interest I surveyed the busy, much-engaged new-comers; men, and women, and children, all arrived from some unknown *whence*, and bound to some equally unknown *whither*: all as great strangers to me as though they had been dwellers in the moon, just come down for an evening's trip to our mighty earth. That stout gentleman, with the great crimson rug and black leather case, who was buttoned up as warmly as though it were a December night instead of a June one (it may be the lunar world, like the antipodal, has opposite seasons to ours), and who walked with a slight halt on both legs, as from tight boots or cramp:—that tall thin lady, with the poke bonnet of immense height to add to her stature, and the short limp veil, and the kid gloves, that must have consumed at least a quarter of an hour's precious time in the getting on, so skin-tight were they, and with the much ornamented dress-skirt, who rustled past me with eyes fixed steadily in advance:—those little boys in knickerbockers and high-heeled boots, and immense cravats, and pale faces, who walked beside papa, a gentleman with huge whiskers flowing on to his shirt-collar, and no beard; his white, well-shaved circular chin, an oasis in the hairy desert, suggesting a full-grown ring-worm;—were all moon-people, quite foreign, utterly unknown. To what part of our planet were they bound? How should I know? While I looked at them, like the hills and villages of my journey, they passed by and were lost, and fresh, ever fresh faces and people streamed by me, to be lost also. And to particularize again that lady who made her way towards me with no luggage to encumber her, unless the small travelling bag hanging from her arm could be called such, who was dressed in black, with a deep crape veil to her bonnet, that might or might not be meant for widow's mourning, who was she? From what valley or lonely mountain side in those upper regions of silver was she come?

The gaslight fell upon her face as she passed close to me. I regarded her earnestly. Surely that was no strange moon-face. It was older, thinner, paler than of old, the hair laid plain that used to be in ringlets, the eyes sunken and sad, but a something, a peculiar yet most familiar something, lay over the whole, undefinable but well remembered, *there* sure enough, yet somehow like the face, older, sadder, and greyer. Who was she? Where had I seen her before? I advanced, just as she was about to pass me, put out my hand, and exclaimed, 'Maria Benham, do you not know me?'

I must have startled her, and

wonder, for she stepped back and threw upon me a quick half-alarmed glance. Then a flush came into her pale cheeks, another expression to her eyes, and she took my offered hand with a warm pressure, replying by another question, 'Is it you, Patty, is it really you?'

'Really and truly. How strange to meet you after all these years! How glad I am. Are you staying here?'

'No,' and she hesitated; 'I have not made up my mind exactly, but I had half intended to proceed by the next train to Clinton.' 'How fortunate, the very train I go by. We can travel together and talk of old times.' And I led her into the ladies' room, where, out of the immediate bustle of the newly arrived, we could sit in comparative quiet and talk at our ease. And we did talk, hard and fast. What to us were the frequent entrances and exits, the ladies who swept by us in silk and satin and full blown magnificence of crinoline, the young Eugénie-haired demoiselles, with bright drawn-back tresses, and cool bare outline of well moulded cheek; the children even, with their pretty innocent faces, and abundance of petticoats? We two middle-aged women, in third rate fashion of attire, and sixth rate, perhaps, of form and feature, admired and distinguished as flowers of parsley and rosemary would be amongst beds of tulips and narcissi, had our own world of life and conversation and quick-coming remembrances to abide in, and felt rich as the richest, and far too absorbed in our own individualities to notice those of any others. If our present was not so brilliant, over the past we could throw rainbow tints that made ample amends.

'You look just the same as ever,' said Maria, at length, with a half smile on her melancholy face.

'Do I?' I questioned, remembering what that *same* used to be considered at school, when I was told that I looked like nobody else (a fault I did not know how to appreciate), and my personal appearance was the reverse of flattering. 'Queer—little—cross-looking thing,' (I defy any one to say I *was* cross!) were the epithets bestowed upon me, not ill-naturedly, but pityingly. And I looked the same still, did I?

I could not return the compliment, which would have been a real compliment in her case, as she had been reckoned the beauty of the school, with *her* brilliant eyes, tall, elegant figure, and ringlets of luxuriant length and softness, and with her youthful roses and fair skin. But what beauty looks so well at forty as at sixteen?

Time went quickly by, and as the period approached for us to take our seats in the Clinton train, I said, 'You are travelling my way, why not get out at the same station with me, and spend the night at my cottage? Or am I asking an impossibility? Is there any one waiting for you elsewhere?'

How I ventured to ask this I scarcely know. In most cases it would have been absurd to expect that a traveller like Maria should not have friends awaiting her, to whom her absence might cause serious alarm; but I had almost unconsciously come to the conviction that she was lonely and of little account in the world, and that my invitation would not be refused.

'No,' was her answer, with a half-suppressed sigh; 'I am not expected anywhere, and if you really desire it, it will be to me a great pleasure to go with you.' And so it was settled.

The night was dark, and I saw little of my companion on the journey, for the feeble glimmer of the carriage lamp did not penetrate to much purpose beneath her crape. At the station where we alighted the pony carriage was in waiting, and Thomas stood beside it expecting me. 'Let down the back seat, Thomas, there are two of us to accommodate,' I said, and he obeyed with a little grumble that was only audible to me who expected it and listened for it. It was only his way of uttering a protest against a surprise, whether good or bad. My friend refused the front seat under plea of nervousness, I therefore took it, first seeing her placed as comfortably as possible behind, and away the pony started, right glad to use his impatient little legs on the level road. The five miles were soon completed; we drove through the large village of Elmhurst, and at the further end, among lilacs and rhododendrons, stood Ivy Cottage, my home, with the door already opened wide, and ancient Janet on the steps, ready to receive us and our cloaks and packages. Our dismounting was quickly done, and then how cheery looked the little cottage, how pleasant the parlour with its lighted lamp, and the tea-table ready set out, and what a joyful home feeling possessed me, as I entered my white curtained bed-room, and disrobed myself

self of shawl, and bonnet, and gloves, and introduced my guest into a similar room, with dimity hangings. And when, on returning again to the parlour, Pincher jumped and clambered about me, having only just discovered my advent, endeavouring thus to express his joy in his own awkward fashion, I sank back into my easy chair, it may be imagined I was neither very discontented nor very unhappy. Soon Maria joined me, and tea began, Pincher sitting at my feet, with upturned face. 'So then you are not married?' observed my friend, as we were seated at the meal, on either side the table. 'And you have had a quiet, happy life, no doubt?'

'Pretty well. Not at all too quiet till lately. Had you met me five years ago, you would have found me in the midst of a large boarding-school, of sixty young ladies, or more. But all that is past, and I am quiet enough at present.'

'Made your fortune, I suppose?'

'If it be my fortune to live here, I suppose I have. But I don't know yet what is my fortune. What made you think I was not married?'

Maria glanced meaningly at my left hand, on which certainly was no plain gold ring. 'That is no decided proof,' was my answer; 'many married ladies go without rings.'

'Well then, for corroboration, I have your face, with not one married line in it. There is something about it which says—disengaged, free!'

'A label, you mean—such as we see on empty houses—"This house to let." I am much obliged to you.' And I laughed.

Perhaps my laugh puzzled her, and shook her faith in her own physiognomical powers, for she asked more seriously, 'Tell me truly, is there or is there not a master to this house? and if there is, who is he?'

Pincher was at that moment near my friend, and was becoming rather too eager in his attentions.

'Come here, Pin, you great simpleton! tease those who love you,' was my reply, 'and tell the lady who is the master of this house?' Pincher looked sagacious, pricked up his short ears (I regret to say he was not a handsome dog), and was evidently aware something important was expected from him, but his tongue remained silent. He looked at me. however, with eyes of fixed and loving brightness.

'Pincher says,' I began, taking up the office of interpreter,

'That *you* are master and mistress too. Yes, it must be so. Don't deny it. You are not married, and I suppose never have been.'

'I have never had that honour, certainly. I am still Patience Hastings, neither more or less. Patience Hastings, at your service.'

'Happy for you!' exclaimed Maria.

'Why?'

'Why? Can you ask? You have a home, are independent of the world, with no one to interfere with you, or bring sorrow upon you.'

'And no one to love.'

'That is your own fault, if it be so, but I know it is not. Think of *my* case. Look at me, and tell me if I am much happier for having been married. Do *I* look as if life had all been a summer's day? *No.* Again I say, happy for you that you have never been married!' And Maria played nervously with her handkerchief.

'See how different people are! When I visit Mrs. Scott, my neighbour, a very cheerful, active little woman, I hear quite a different tale. She calls me "Poor thing," and pities me amazingly that I have no husband. Nay, she is so anxious to find me one, that she has herself proposed to me on behalf of three or four friends of hers. I forget whether she had the gentlemen's leave first, but rather think not; and she is much annoyed that I still remain absolute owner of Ivy Cottage and Pincher.'

'You joke about it,' responded Maria, 'but I am in sad earnest. My life has for years been an unhappy one, and I don't think it has been an exceptional one; I have heard of so many unhappy marriages. And you too must know of many. Though mine might have been tolerably happy but for one thing. And I also have been much to blame.' As she spoke the tears started into her eyes, but she wiped them away hastily.

I longed to ask her the particular causes of her grief, that I might, if possible, sympathize with and comfort her; but thinking she seemed anxious to conceal them, I sent away the tea-tray, talked on indifferent subjects, and in awhile repaired to the piano, playing to her some old school tunes we had once thought delightful, and getting from her at last a smile, as I recalled one odd circumstance after another

another connected in my memory with those jingling tunes. Maria played also, and gave me some beautiful airs of Mendelssohn's, well rendered. I listened with half-shut eyes, and found her music, fine as it was, almost as melancholy as her voice.

We both retired to rest early, for we were both weary with our journey. In the morning, according to my usual custom, I walked in the garden before breakfast. How sweet and fresh was the air! How odorous were the newly awakened flowers! They thanked God with perfumed voices as I did with a glad heart, and as the birds did with twitter and chirp and warble, while the morning mist rolled gradually from off the eastern hill, and with gold and crimson touches the sun-artist painted his great cloud canvas. What was I? Ah, what was I, that I should be there under the wide heaven, wandering about among God's trees and flowers, with so many beauties and blessings around me? I could not answer. I could only keep joyful, humble silence.

Entering into the parlour by the French window, to a prospect of breakfast ready-prepared, I found my friend already seated near the white tablecloth. By the clear morning light she looked even more faded than at night, and amongst her braids of hair many white lines were lying. Her dress did not help her appearance, it was rusty and faded like herself, and had neglected wrinkles about it, suggesting want of care and attention. But she had a smile at command with which to answer mine.

'I saw you in the garden—merry as a lark among your flowers, but felt too languid to come out to you. Do you know, you haven't grown an inch since we were at school? you are just as little as ever.'

'Yes, I fear I am. But you shouldn't tell me so. I'm not very philosophical even yet, though I have attained the necessary age for that accomplishment—forty. However, I mustn't keep you here fainting without your breakfast. Will you have coffee or tea?'

'Coffee, thank you. But, let me tell you, you shouldn't feel at all disappointed at your height. I like little people best, and I know many others who do.'

'But I am so very little.'

'Yes, four feet ten exactly. You see *I remember*! Dear, dear, it seems only the other day when we were all young together. I wonder what has become of that walking maypole, Hannah Ball? and Lydia Evans, and Kitty Warner, and Hester Jackson? What *does* become of all one's schoolfellows, Patty? I feel as if I had dug *you* up from the grave, almost.'

'No, it was I that dug you up. You would have passed me by without a look, if I hadn't put out my hand and spoken.'

'So I should—you are right. Ah me, and I must part from you as soon as met, almost!'

'You are not obliged to go away to-day, I hope?'

'Obliged? No. But I may as well tell you, Patty, how it is with me. I am out seeking employment, and the sooner I can find it the better for me.'

'What sort of employment?'

'Just the old advertisement sort. "A lady accustomed to tuition wishes for another engagement, where she can undertake the education of young ladies," &c., or, "would not object to act as companion to a lady." I can't say, "salary no object!" for I really need salary, as my poor much-used clothes testify,' and she glanced at the rusty, frayed crape flounces of her gown.

'Then you have been out before?'

'Oh, yes, in several places.'

'Should you feel competent to undertake the care of two young ladies of from ten to fourteen years of age, we'll say? Accomplishments will be expected, of course; but I know you are a good musician, and understand French. Anything else?'

'The rudiments of German and Italian. A little notion of some of the "ologies;" and, as for English, I suppose I am quite equal there to the average of teachers.'

'That would do very well. I can speak for your lady-like manners to my friends; for by asking you these questions you may imagine I have a particular motive. I know of a place that I think is just suited to you. It is with very particular people, however, and they would expect testimonials.'

There was a short silence. I looked at my friend. She was playing with her teaspoon with a trembling hand, and the expression on her face spoke of disappointment and indecision. At length, with a kind of desperate energy, she exclaimed, 'But I have none to give!'

Surprised,

Surprised, I asked, 'Not from any of your recent places?'

'I fear not from one.'

A species of uncomfortable wonder possessed me. Of Maria's late life I knew little or nothing. That her parents had been highly respectable I was well aware at school. That she had had an unhappy life since, she had told me in general terms, but I knew no particulars. Was this unhappiness something more than the result of misfortune? Still, her frank acknowledgment was favourable to her. Had she been very guilty, or conscious of moral wrong, I thought she would not so freely have avowed her position.

'And you really cannot obtain testimonials at all?'

She looked distressed. 'I do not know that I have a friend in the world to whom I could apply.'

'That is very unfortunate; so unfortunate, that I fear I cannot hold out to you the prospect of the situation. Of your ability there can be no doubt, but it would be absolutely necessary to produce some credentials as to character and moral fitness. Had I known you recently, Maria, my word would have been enough; but twenty-eight years is a long gap. *Do* think again, and bring out some half-forgotten friend who is willing to testify.'

A shake of the head was the only answer I obtained. Janet's entrance to remove the breakfast things put an end to our conversation for a time. But when afterwards I had seated myself somewhat sorrowfully to a little work, and there had been a stillness in my little room for a ten minutes' space or so, Maria rose, and putting her hand upon mine, said with tremulous voice, 'Will you hear the confessions of a miserable woman, Patty? I feel that I must tell you my story, and, though it will be to my shame, I shall be glad to unburden my trouble to any one who will have patience to listen. Then you will be able to tell me if you can help me, or if I must let this last chance go by, and sink at once into—into—despair.'

Her face was flushed the deepest red, but she turned it away from me, not wishing I should see too much of her emotion. Much affected, I pressed her feverish hand in mine, and said with energy, 'No—you shall not sink into despair if I can assist you. Tell me all—do not be afraid. I will listen, and if it be possible, help you.'

I led her to her seat, and tried to calm her, for she was very much excited, but she gently pushed me from her. 'Wait,' she said, 'wait till you have heard all—for I mean to tell you *all*. I lay awake last night many hours, thinking all things over, and determining to do what I am now about to do—unbosom myself to you. For I am come to such a pass, and am so hedged up, that I know not how to get on without the help or advice of some friend, and till I saw your face last night I did not know I had one on the wide earth. It seems strange to you no doubt, to hear a person of my age talk thus. But all I say is true. My best friends, my parents, died long ago. I never had a brother, and my only sister is married, and would not speak to me if I were dying. I had abundance of friends when I was young, but they are all parted from me by death, or alienation quite as effectual in sundering. But I will pass by all that. Do you remember my talking at school of my cousin Robert? (I did remember it, and said so.) He was very handsome then, and for years afterwards; just six years older than myself, and had been mine and my sister's playmate from very early days. Afterwards, when we were grown up, no companion was more liked than our cousin Robert. By and by, how it came about I scarcely know, he found that he loved me, and I, when he told me this, was glad to believe that I also loved him. We kept our mutual love a secret from my parents for some time, for I had strong misgivings that my father would not approve of any engagement between us. And my misgivings were not without foundation, for, when he did know, he at first refused utterly to give his consent, and strove hard to make me see with him the propriety of saying "*No.*" His principal objection to my cousin lay in the fact that he was a commercial traveller. "He can seldom be at home; nine months of the year you must be as a widow, if you marry him; and who knows the companions he may associate with when away from you? A traveller's life is a life full of temptations, such a life, in fact, as I should not wish for my daughter's husband. Very few travellers indeed are really sober, steady men." Such were my father's words. But I [illegible] him unreasonably [illegible] kind towards Robert, [illegible]

see the propriety of his reasoning. I was inclined to be angry with my kind father for hinting at any probability of *his* falling into evil habits. I was obstinate in my preference, and in a while my father gave a reluctant consent, and we were married. I had wished to live in the same town with my friends, as I must of necessity have so many lonely days, but Robert from the first objected to this. He could get a pretty house for much less money at Danesby than at Horton, he said, and it would be more central for him, so that he should be able more frequently to see me. So to Danesby we went, and my married life began in a town I had never seen before, and among entire strangers. Still, at first, I was quite content. I had many letters from my husband, full of affection; and now and again he made hurried visits, at unexpected times, travelling night and day, that he might give me a joyful surprise. Another companion came in a while, one that was always with me, a baby, and my lonely house brightened up wonderfully for me. How can I describe to you my baby, Patty? He was a beautiful boy, my joy, my pride, and every month his beauty seemed to increase, and my love with it. Robert, too, was very fond of our baby—every one admired him, and I seemed to have nothing left to wish for. Of course I knew little of Robert's habits when he was away from me. When he was at home the wine merchant's bill was a consideration, but then he was so seldom at home, and it seemed right he should have every indulgence *then*. I know I did not grudge him a single penny of it all, nor did I strive to restrict him from a single glass. Why should I? I had never seen him tipsy, and if at times he was a little elevated, that was pleasant rather than otherwise, he was so good natured, and merry, and hospitable. It was not that I was indulgent to his fault so much, as that I scarcely saw fault at all about it.

'For one whole month in the middle of the summer my husband was with me. It was his longest holiday in the year, and this month was looked forward to by me, long before it arrived, with extreme delight. When our boy was about two years old I was expecting daily the coming of his father. He came, and I went to meet him at the *station, with our little* Frederick. The welcome face was soon discovered by us, and Freddy clapped his tiny hands, shouting, "Papa, papa!" When Robert stepped out of the carriage his face was flushed, and giving me a noisy greeting and kiss, at which I felt ashamed before so many spectators, he took from me our boy, and began thoughtlessly to toss him aloft as he used to do when he was younger. But the child was frightened now, lifted up its arms, gave a spring, and fell out of the unsteady grasp of his father; my boy fell between the platform and the carriage, the train moved on, and I had the horror and anguish of seeing my darling crushed under the wheels.

'Oh, Patty, that was a horrible moment! I cannot describe what I felt. I fainted, and I believe Robert was almost frantic. He was sobered in a moment, for I scarcely need tell you he had been drinking, or he would not have suffered the child to fall. But it was too late now, his repentance and grief were too late. Great commiseration was shown to us, people were very kind in those days, but my heart was crushed. I was stunned by the terrible blow, and for months afterwards could not bear the sight of a baby or young child. I went home to my parents for a while, but they could not rouse me. It was my first great trouble, and unused as I had been to troubles of any kind, it had all the more effect upon me. Then, too, my heart whispered, was it not a punishment fitted for me, who had, against my father's will, married one beset by temptations to indulge in strong drink, and who had not firmness sufficient, and but little inclination I fear, to resist those temptations? I began to see the evil of drink then. Was it not by its means my first-born, my only child, was murdered?

'Robert endeavoured to be very kind; and, to cheer me, took me out with him on one of his long journies, that I might be diverted from my melancholy. He felt the loss of our boy deeply, and, I believe, endured keen remorse for his share in bringing it on; but the distractions of constant travelling, and the necessary cares about his business, had blunted the edge of his sorrow. Mine remained sharp as ever. I think if my child had died by sickness, I could have borne it better, but by such a cruel accident, so suddenly!—oh, Patty!—and by his father's want of care!

'Of course when I was with my husband

band at the various inns on our journey, we had wine and spirits brought to us, which must be partaken of, for the good of the house, Robert said. I was shocked to see how much more he thought it necessary to take now than formerly. Poor fellow! He took it to drown care—he said—and frequently pressed me to take some also, for the same purpose. But in those days I had no longing for stimulants, and thought too much of the cause of my baby's death to be able to enjoy the taste of strong drink. And if I have fallen into the snare since, it has not been *my* fault! No—it has not been entirely *my* fault! When I returned to my lonely, desolate home, I besought Robert to be temperate, and never to exceed the quantity of wine or spirits he knew he could carry off well, and he promised me. And then began my solitary life once more. How slowly the months went by! I did not wish for society, and when my friends found I was only made more melancholy by their presence, they ceased to annoy me with visits. My chief pleasure consisted in wandering to the graveyard, to a spot where stood a gravestone over a tiny grave, with a few words cut upon it, very short and uninteresting words to any one else, but of great and sad interest to me; and I believe I wore a path across the smooth-shaven grass with my constant footsteps to and fro, that annoyed the orderly eyes of our clergyman, who had the churchyard kept as neatly as his own lawn close by. His garden adjoined, a low wicket-gate and wall dividing it only; and more than once he has approached me as I have been standing before the grave, lost in my sorrow, and tried to give words of consolation. But if I heard them, they passed through me unheeded—my poor heart, like a broken sieve, letting slip through both wheat and chaff.

'That is long ago now—nearly twenty years. And I have outgrown the deepest of the grief. I would not trouble you now with it, only that it explains what has happened since.

'Robert did not keep his promise, at which I was very angry, but I suppose he couldn't. I have more pity for him now than I had then. And several accidents occurred to him through rashness or carelessness while travelling *when not quite himself*, through the influence of strong drink. We had been married only about six years, and already his fine handsome face, that I had so much admired, was getting altered for the worse, and his manners were becoming coarser—the last a change I perceived keenly on his home visits. He had a severe illness in a while, through which I nursed him night and day in a distant town, and which the doctors said was caused by frequent spirit-drinking. He was less kind and attentive to me than of old, and we had frequent quarrels, even while he was recovering from his illness. No doubt I was often to blame, but his temper was so irritable at times that it was impossible to please him. Soon afterwards my parents died—another serious calamity to me. Clouds seemed to gather in my sky, very heavy ones, too. I became doubly dispirited and melancholy. An illness seized me, a nervous complaint, that lingered long about me—indeed, I have not recovered from it to this day. And now I was only wishing to die, to leave this troublesome world, where my once fair hopes seemed all destroyed. *Hope*, as you will perceive, I have by no means in excess in my constitution, and the buoyant spirits that carry many safely over seas of trouble and distress were never mine. What was there for me to live for? I asked. Perhaps I was selfish. I think I was. So I longed to die—to pass quickly away from a world that had proved lately such a wilderness to me. And now, Patty, looking back upon it all, I feel that it would have been better if I *had* died!—far better than to be dragged back to life again in the way I was. The doctors were puzzled with me; there were many consultations. From the first they had prescribed for me *wine*, which I had hitherto refused. At length, under many solicitations from Robert and the old family doctor especially, I was induced to take as a medicine that which I at that time really disliked, and would fain have avoided. Three times a day a dose was swallowed—a very small one at first, but increased as my strength increased, to have due effect. Certainly, I felt better from its use. The melancholy gradually left me, or returned at intervals only; the cloud was lifted, and the sensation of light-heartedness and excitement I experienced was like the renewal of my youth. I had long believed it impossible on this side the grave to have pleasure in anything; now I had only to fill a glass from a bottle of ruby liquid and drink

down its contents to be raised and cheered and invigorated. I went once more into society, and forgot the way to the little grave. The grass grew boldly again over the worn path, and moss filled in without stint the deep-cut letters on the headstone.

'Don't think my days were quite happy, however. Even wine three times a day is not sufficient for happiness. *Happiness* is, in fact, a word out of place. It was excitement, change, I gained—a quickening of the slowly creeping blood, a temporary lightening of the heart's heavy burden. Then the dose had to be increased, or it lost its effect; and thus, from one glass, two became necessary to produce the desired effect, and frequently three were taken, or more, from *liking*, which had come in now to help to fix the habit. Do you think doctors know the mischief they are doing when they order to nervous patients, or indeed to any, so pleasant and seducing and dangerous a medicine as alcohol?

'The years went on. Robert's intemperate habits became known everywhere. He had delirium tremens once or twice. But he managed to keep in with his employers, for he was clever, and could even when partly intoxicated manage his business better than many men when sober. At length, one dark night, when crossing the Irish Sea, the steamer he was sailing in was run into by a larger vessel, owing to the neglect of the helmsman, who was partially drunk, and sank soon afterwards with all on board. One or two were saved by the boats of the other ship, but Robert was drowned, and his body was never recovered. The news came to me one morning as I lay on my couch, my bottle of *medicine* before me, taking my noon-day dose. A friend who had been written to, to communicate the sad tidings of his death, came in to break to me the news. I suppose he found out the state I was in—half overcome, and no doubt smelling strongly of drink—for it was soon noised about Danesby that Mrs. Thorpe drank to excess, and was intoxicated when the news of her husband's death arrived.'

Maria paused. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes cast down, and she was trembling with painful excitement. I wondered at the courage with which she laid bare to my eyes the disease from which she was suffering. Did she think I had a cure to offer for this terrible cancer of drink? But I sat silent, to listen to what else she might have to disclose. Alas! I saw too plainly to what point her tale was tending. (I relate her words as I remember them; if I have here and there made an unconscious alteration in the language, I believe I have made none in the sense.)

'Robert's death was a great shock. Not that I felt it so much in some respects, as I had done Frederick's death. Our married love had had many rude jars to suffer. We had quarrelled, as I told you, many times. His short home visits had come to be looked forward to with dread instead of pleasure, and I had long given up trying to make him comfortable. Patty, how is it I have to tell you all this? To confess to you my sins and sorrows? I cannot tell, but it seems that to-day I must. I have been so long without a human being who could or would listen to my troubles, that now they all flow out, and I have even a sort of melancholy satisfaction in condemning myself. A small sum at an insurance office was all there was left for my support. Robert's employers would no doubt have made me a present of more, but at his death so many complaints poured in of his inattention lately to their interests, and of his unsteady habits, that their hearts were closed against me. What I must do for a living soon became an anxious question. My proficiency in music was known to my friends, and I was advised to look out for a governess's situation, *at some distance from Danesby*. However, I obtained one, sold my furniture, and went out to a stranger's house. I should have done very well, but for the unfortunate habit I had contracted by the advice of the doctors. For a few months all went on pretty well; then, one of the young ladies discovered me asleep, one afternoon, on the sofa of my bed-room, with a tell-tale bottle beside me. The alarm was given, and I was dismissed with a quantity of good advice, and a promise that my failing should not be named—out of pity for me, I suppose. And yet those people had wine on their table every day, to which I was invited, thus keeping alive my love for the stimulant, and making me unable to refrain from getting more in secret, even if I had wished to do so. I *did* wish very frequently, but had reached that stage of

of weakness in which the temptation to exceed is too great, if once the thing is tasted.

'I need not detail all the experiences I have had in many different places. For a longer or a shorter time I have been able to hide my weakness; sometimes I have fancied I had conquered it; but everywhere I have lost the places through this unfortunate habit in one way or other. My friends have given me up; my relatives—I have not one, as I told you, who would look at me. I have spent all the money left to me, and to-day I am all but destitute, and do not know where to look for a shelter to my head. I think if I might have *one* more chance; but it is foolish talking. You, of course, will give me the cold shoulder, now you know what I am, and you will be right to do so.'

She ceased speaking. There had latterly been in her voice a something reckless and half-defiant, and the shame-blush had died from her face—except one spot of intense red on either cheek. She shut her lips tightly, and affected to await my verdict or reply with indifference. But I pitied her from my soul. I had no harsh words for her, and I longed to point out the way of safety for this poor wandering sheep.

'What you have told me,' I said as gently as I could, 'is, of course, a great grief for me to hear. I have a horror of drink, but I have great pity for the drunkard, especially when he or she really wishes and endeavours to be something better. You say, dear Maria, if only you might have another chance—you shall have it, if you will. There is only one plan for you—*total* abstinence. Will you try it, and in my house?'

'If I could. If I thought it was of any use. But oh, Patty, it is very easy to talk, very easy to *say* abstain—and *very, very* difficult to do, to one like me, I have fallen so many times!'

'Do you remember the spider? In whose prison was it? I forget. Robert Bruce's? How many times he fell before he could fix his web securely? Take courage!—your task can scarcely be harder for you than his was for him.'

'But I am so weak—my strength is not sufficient.'

'That is exactly it. *Your* strength is not sufficient. But you know *who* it is has promised strength for the asking. Ask earnestly, unceasingly for strength from Him, and you will be able to overcome.'

'How can He hear prayers like mine? I am too sinful, too unworthy.'

'Do not say so. Do not think so. *He loves you.* Think what *that* means, and give up despair!'

A deep sigh was the only answer to this; but, taking my own lesson to heart, I did not despair, and I determined I would not, till I had tried every imaginable means for my friend's recovery. Her story filled me with the deepest concern, and throughout the day, while about my usual employments, it pursued me.

In the evening when we were once again seated beside the lamp in the little parlour, I spoke to her, and told her my wish that she should stay with me a short time, till some employment should offer for her elsewhere. 'But'—and I emphasized my words here—'my dear Maria, I must trust to your honour that no strong drink shall cross my threshold. It is entirely for your good I say it. You will have no temptations to encounter at my table, for I do not myself take anything of the sort. I have no alcoholic drink whatever in my house. Not seeing it, or tasting it, you will have every possible help given to enable you to overcome your evil habit, as far as I can give it, and I do not see why you should not, with God's assistance, redeem your life, and have a happy and honoured future.' Maria's eyes filled with tears.

'You dear, good friend!' she exclaimed, fervently; 'I am not worthy of your trust and kindness, but I will try to be ——.'

Then her emotion was too much for her, and she hastily left the room. In half an hour she returned, calm, and with a happier look upon her face than I had yet seen. Seating herself at the piano, she filled my room with delicious sounds, to me doubly pleasant, because I thought I perceived in their sweet burden a promise of peace and good for the future. It was soon known among my friends that I had with me a lady companion, and Mrs. Thorpe's manners were highly approved. Consequently she had many invitations out with me, and through the summer she and I did our little share towards enlivening the drawing-rooms and parlours of the Elmhurst people. Maria was not lively, but she had an interesting melancholy about her that accorded well with her widow's dress, and she could talk agreeably on many subjects.

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By and by a little employment came to her in the shape of musical lessons, given to three little girls in the neighbourhood, and some manuscript copying, so that her dress was able to be improved, and she waited as patiently as she could for more work. As patiently as she could, I say, for she was often restless and feverish, or unreasonably despondent. Still I could see she fought bravely with her complaint, and whatever I could do to divert and assist was not wanting. Pincher was by no means a weak ally. He conceived a great attachment to my friend, and followed her about with his queer antics and whimsical ways, and put sparkles of frolic into many an otherwise weary hour. Ugly and uninteresting as he was in his outer *dog*, he had something so peculiar and intelligent, so—may I use the word?—*thoughtful* in his demeanour, that I have many a time argued gravely with myself whether the doctrine of metempsychosis was not true, and whether in Pincher's mean form might not be the soul of some human being mysteriously encaged. Maria would sometimes sit for half an hour together watching him with a smile upon her lips—a more decided smile than I ever saw brought there at Mrs. Tomkins's brightest and gayest evening gatherings. Early one lovely morning in autumn a brilliant thought struck me, as on first awaking I looked out from my bed, and between the dimity window curtains saw the sun light up the rapidly fading leaves of a fine ash tree. Why should not Maria begin a school in Elmhurst? She was clever, and tolerably well known now; and as my brilliant thought grew into fuller shape, family after family came trooping in between my eyes and the ash tree, with daughters at the opportune age, just ripe for such a venture. There were those two rooms of Mrs. Harding's could be had for a reasonable sum. I would guarantee the first quarter's rent, and lend my friend money enough to provide her food, firing, &c., for that time, which she could repay me when she felt able. It would be an excitement, a sphere of activity for her—a means of independence, if well conducted, which I knew she aimed at. Why not? Already I saw her rooms full of willing scholars, herself busy among them, and if not happy, at least well content, a real dawn *of a new life* opened to her. Impatiently I arose, and dressed in more haste than usual that I might at once communicate to her my bright idea.

She was delighted with it, as I had expected; and that very day we went out to Mrs. Harding's, bent on taking the rooms, if the sum asked was not too much. It was even less than I had expected, and with a beating heart I took the rooms in the name of my friend. In less than a month she was settled there, and circulars announcing her intention of opening a young ladies' school were distributed over the length and breadth of the parish. The school opened early in October; and, to our great satisfaction, eight pupils attended for the benefit of Mrs. Thorpe's instruction. Eight—and a promise of at least double that number next quarter.

'I can only thank God and you,' was Maria's expression as I bade her adieu that first night.

My room looked very lonely on my return home, and to make its loneliness worse, Pincher was absent. He had stayed behind with my friend. But I took his desertion philosophically, and retired early. 'He will come back in the morning,' I thought; but the morning did not bring him. Ungrateful Pincher! However, my garden could not run away, and amongst its treasures and rapidly decreasing beauties I found consolation. Pincher came back, but he did not settle with me so kindly as of old; he parted his favours between the two dwellings, and when I playfully complained to Maria that she had stolen his love from me, she looked so grieved, and yet besought me so earnestly to let him remain as much as I could possibly spare him, that I was obliged to laugh, and aver she might have his society as much as she liked.

Whether after this she used double blandishments to influence Pincher's weak mind, I do not know, but I half suspect it, as he came less and less frequently to Ivy Cottage, and evidently considered his home to be with Mrs. Thorpe.

Half a year passed by, and the money I had advanced was partly paid back; then another half year, and still the pupils increased at Mrs. Harding's rooms. Mrs. Thorpe was becoming a popular teacher. So much success was very cheering. I had begun to put Maria out of my catalogue of solicitudes. Her "*habit*" was surely after all this abstinence subdued, and, as she was wonderfully

wonderfully economical in dress and general expenses, she would soon be able to think about housekeeping on her own account. So hope said—and was surely not unreasonable in saying it.

One evening, as seated by my lonely fire, I was finishing a piece of sewing—thought the while busy, as it often was at that hour with the past—Pincher entered the room with a bound, and at once made up to me with some of his old winning tricks, the hypocrite! I knew by his presence that Maria could not be far behind, and her entrance the next minute confirmed my expectation. With a smile I exclaimed, 'Your four-footed herald let me know who was approaching!' She made no reply, and then looking up, I saw an unusually troubled expression upon her face. 'What is the matter? No bad news, I hope,' I asked.

She sat down as if exhausted, in the chair opposite, and said in a hurried way:

'You have had a visit from Mr. Bullen.'

'Yes, certainly I have. Who told you? He is a very old friend of mine, and called upon me to introduce his second wife. They were but married this summer, and they are both on a visit to the Tomkins's.'

'Do you know who she was?'

'Mrs. Bullen? No, I have heard; but have quite forgotten.'

'She was a Miss G., and the eldest daughter of my old doctor, at Danesby, who knows all about me, and will therefore tell the people here,—and—in other words, she has brought my ruin with her, Patty!'

I was aghast at this information. 'But'—I began—'she can never be so unkind, and besides, she may never know it is you ——.'

'I met her in the street just now, and she knew me *well*, I am convinced.'

'Do you feel really sure she would be so cruel as to speak about you?'

'Do I feel sure that the sun will rise to-morrow? Yes, she is a gossip—an inveterate gossip, and so choice a piece of scandal will be too good to be withheld.' And Maria, as she said this, put on a very bitter smile. Then the moment afterwards the bitter smile had faded, and she burst into tears. 'Is it not hard, Patty, *very hard?* Ah, how I have striven to gain this chance—this last chance!'

I rose up. 'Be comforted, dear Maria. Do not distress yourself. I will go at once to Mrs. Bullen—and ask her in secret, as a great favour to *me*, that she will say nothing about you, if you are as sure, as you say, that she knew you.'

'Quite, quite sure. But it is of no use your going. I have had a heavy feeling upon me the last two days of some coming trouble. I knew it must be so, and this is it!'

Nevertheless I proceeded at once to put on my out-door garments, and in ten minutes was on my way to Mrs. Bullen.

On reaching Mrs. Tomkins's door, I had the mortification to hear that she, with Mr. and Mrs. Bullen, was gone to spend the evening at the Hawksworth's, two miles away. I returned to Maria with as cheerful a face as I could command. I found her looking into the fire with the most melancholy expression possible.

My attempt at cheerfulness must have been a bad one, for she at once knew of the fruitlessness of my errand without a word being spoken. 'I will see her the first thing in the morning; I would have gone on to the Hawksworth's to-night, but I feared my sudden irruption there might have excited remark, and so perhaps have brought on the very thing we wish to avoid.' This was my consolatory speech, the best I could make at the time; but Maria did not look much comforted by it. However, she departed in a short time, a little cheered, I fancied, by the promise that, whatever occurred, she would find in me a firm friend.

When she was gone, I brooded over Maria's apparently contrary fortune with a good deal of discomfort and unhappiness. Why could she not be left alone to pursue her path of amendment? And I thought over the words she had spoken in her bitterness ere she left me: 'And to think that my ruin should come by the daughter of the man who brought me to this state. The very doctor who did all but force the stimulant down my throat, by accusing me of a wish to commit suicide, because at first I refused to take it!'

Yes, certainly, with her I could say, it was *very hard*, and wished, rather savagely I fear, that I had Doctor G. by me just then to administer to him a cutting reproof. Supper-time arrived at last, and afterwards, as Janet and I were fastening all up for the night—we

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are early people at Ivy Cottage—a rap of unusual length and vigour at the front door startled the sleepiness in a moment out of both our eyes. Janet looked at me in dismay, and hesitated ere she went to the door; but, assured by a glance from me, proceeded to unfasten lock and bolt. Then, to my surprise, appeared the familiar faces of Mrs. Tomkins and her daughter Sarah Augusta, and in their company those of Mr. and Mrs. Bullen also. Very lively and wide-awake seemed the whole party. They had sent their carriage on home, and had called at this untimely hour for the special purpose of inviting me to a grand picnic, to come off on the morrow, at Spruce Firs, a hill near Elmhurst commanding a fine view.

'It is very late to ask you, dear Miss Hastings,' said Mrs. Tomkins, apologetically; 'but we really did not know of it ourselves till to-day, and we cannot by any means do without your company.'

'What time do you go?'

'Eleven o'clock, if it be fine.'

I accepted the invitation, and then, as ingeniously as I could, and under cover of showing Mrs. Bullen a chalk sketch I had taken of her husband twenty years ago at least, inveigled her into another room to see it for a minute or two. When we were alone, with an earnestness that may have startled her at first, considering how unexpectedly it must have come upon her, I at once named Maria and her school, and the particular favour Mrs. Bullen would confer upon us both if she would preserve complete silence about her antecedents. As I pleaded for my friend, Mrs. Bullen looked confounded, then interested, and finally, in a sudden burst of generosity, assured me it should be as I wished. 'Poor thing! Poor thing! I would do her no harm, I am sure! And you say she is quite reformed? How pleasing! Certainly, Miss Hastings; no word shall be breathed by me. Already spoken of her, do you say? Well, I *have* named her to Mrs. Tomkins; but nothing particular, nothing to hurt her in the least—and to no one else, I assure you!'

Here was a comfort! With a relieved heart I cheerfully led the way back to the rest of the company, who may have wondered at Miss Hastings's special attention to her newly-found friend, I am sure Mrs. Tomkins did, and would talk the same over the next day with Sarah Augusta. After a little more general conversation, I bade them good-night at the door.

I would have sent a note on, with the news that night, but remembered Mrs. Harding closed her house punctually at nine, and that all would be gone to bed half an hour ago. So, well pleased with the thought of the morrow's good tidings to be revealed, I repaired to bed, and to quiet and happy slumbers.

While I was taking an early breakfast, preparatory to my call on Maria, Pincher entered the parlour. But he was not the same Pincher as of old; he had a dejected, almost sulky air, and his tail, that usually stood out at a joyful angle of forty-five degrees, hung low, sweeping the ground. He walked slowly towards me, and gave me the dreariest look. 'Why, Pincher, what now? Why are you here? And so miserable?' An apprehensive thought flashed across my brain. 'Quick, Janet! Bring me my shoes—my bonnet—my shawl!' And to Janet's amaze I donned these habiliments and departed, my last cup of coffee left untasted on the table. As I stood at Mrs. Harding's front door, waiting till it should be opened in answer to my ring, I perceived a figure stealing out from the back door. It was clothed in mourning—it was tall; I knew the bonnet, the veil, the mantle, every flounce of the dress; and rapidly following it, I reached it ere it had turned the corner of the street. 'Maria!' No reply. The tall figure did not turn round. I was out of breath, so giving a quick pluck at the gown, I forced it to halt and notice me. From under the veil two red and swollen eyes fixed a solemn stare upon me. The despair expressed in that gaze appalled me. 'I have good news!' I panted out, 'but where are you going?' She stood quite still now, and a bewildered look flitted over her eyes. She could not speak, so I put my arm in hers, and led her back. We sat down in the schoolroom, empty at present, and then I told her all that had occurred since we had parted. She was relieved, but the good news did not exhilarate her as I had expected. Her hands remained tightly clasped upon her knees, her face a little turned from mine, looking out of the window. I saw the marks of intense suffering upon it; of something more I could not understand. I said, 'You have had a wretched

wretched night, I see, dear! But all that is over. You have nothing now to do but go on your way quietly, as you have done before. Take courage! God has made your way plain and easy once more.'

'But'—she interrupted me with a hoarse voice—'I have made it rough and thorny! Leave me, Patty. Let me die my own way. I am not fit to live. What do you think I did last night?' She drew from her dress pocket a small bottle, containing a dark fluid, and from some mysterious hiding-place beneath her mantle, a larger one, quite empty, and laid them on the school desk before me. She pointed to the last with an hysteric laugh. 'I emptied *that* last night. It was full of gin, which I bought as I left you, for I made up my mind I would die sooner than live to be put to shame *here*. And this morning I was going out into the fields to empty *this*,' pointing to the little bottle. 'The gin didn't kill me, though I hoped it would. It would have been a pleasanter death, but *this* is quicker.' She put out her hand as if to take it up, but I was too quick for her, and transferred it into my own pocket. It contained laudanum. 'The mischief's done,' she said, sorrowfully. I turned pale. 'You don't mean to say, Maria, you've taken poison? It cannot be!'

'Not laudanum, no, but gin!' I sat down again somewhat relieved. 'Isn't that poison enough? I have broken the promise I made you. But I could not bear myself last night. I was so miserable that I thought I had better kill myself. Now, I loathe myself for what I have done! Let me die my own way.'

I took hold of her hand; it was burning with fever. 'You are ill, you must go at once to bed. I will tell your scholars, and send them away for the day.'

She let me do with her as I would. So, sending an excuse to Mrs. Tomkins about the picnic, my post as nurse was taken by her bedside, and through that gloomy day and night I combated with her despair, and tried to reduce her mental and bodily fever. She had a week's serious illness; then she recovered slowly, and in a while was restored to her usual health, with the exception of one delusion that had pursued her in her moments of delirium. This was, that in Pincher's form was hidden the soul of her little Frederick. 'And I beat him from me, the morning I was going to kill myself!' was her self-reproachful exclamation as she told me this.

But I must not linger over this part of her history. Perfect mental sanity came at last, when her weary feet had climbed the ladder once more, from which she had in her despair allowed herself to fall. It was doubly hard work; but, honour to the brave! she accomplished it. School recommenced, it progressed, it prospered, and no one knew but ourselves from what a terrible death she had been rescued.

Is it in a dream that I have seen it? or has it been accomplished?—that from my porch a procession takes its way towards the church, a wedding procession, with a sober, middle-aged bride and bridegroom, a bridesmaid (myself) as sober and middle-aged, and with a touch of gravity about us all that the wedding finery cannot remove! But the wedding bells do not ring the less merrily because we are an ancient set, and in their peal there is not one melancholy note to remind of the sorrows of the past. A few young ladies, lately pupils at Mrs. Thorpe's school, await us in the churchyard, and strew roses—yes, actually *roses*—in our path; and there are a few tears in some eyes at the thought of losing an old friend and a kind schoolmistress. Mrs. Thorpe is gone away, and Mrs.—; well, I must not give her name lest you should find her out, is going also, to the other end of our island.

'I think she will be happy,' pleads my anxious heart, as I see her sitting in the carriage that is to convey her to the station with her husband. '*He* knows her history, and is kind and good.' And when I say that he is a vigorous champion of total abstinence, you may be sure she will have no temptations at her own table to lead her astray.

Pincher and I stand looking, as the carriage rolls away, to get the last glimpse of our friend; for in my dream, or reality, he is again with me, true as before those troubled days.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Observations on the Laws Referring to Child-Murder and Criminal Abortion, with Suggestions for their Amendment. By G. Greaves, consulting surgeon, Chorlton Union Hospital, &c. Reprinted from the Transactions of the Manchester Statistical Society. Manchester: David Kelly, 53, Market-street. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Mr. Greaves published some time ago a paper read before the Manchester Statistical Society, showing that the great and probably increasing prevalence of infanticide and cognate crimes in England might, in part at least, be ascribed to the present state of the criminal law. By arguments, the soundness of which we fully admitted when noticing the paper in this Review, he demonstrated that the law of this country as written, interpreted, and administered, does not tend to deter from the commission of such crimes, but rather holds out the prospect of impunity to those who are disposed to perpetrate them. In a second pamphlet, of which the title is quoted above, Mr. Greaves now proceeds to specify such changes as he considers would bring the law into greater accordance with morality and science, and make it a terror to evil-doers, which it is not now. In the earlier part of the pamphlet Mr. Greaves describes the present state of the law; and he afterwards traces the process whereby it has gradually fallen thus low. He recommends, firstly, the recognition by the legislature of the cardinal principle that the *fœtus in utero* is a living human being. Mr. Greaves says:—'The attempt to cause abortion would then be a felony of the greatest magnitude, not [merely] because declared to be so by Act of Parliament, but because it would be an attempted violation of the commandment—"Thou shalt not kill." To kill a child which, although still unborn, should have attained to such maturity as to manifest, to the most ordinary apprehension, the signs of independent, extra-uterine life, would *a fortiori* be an act of murder. In case of abortion it would, as now, be for the prosecution to show that means had been used designed for the production of such a result. In the case of a child born dead, at, or near, the full time of delivery, with wounds or marks of injury on its body, it would be for the prosecution to show, by medical evidence, that the child was living when those injuries were inflicted; that they had caused its death; and that they were such as could not be produced by the accidents naturally attending birth.

'I would next repeal the statute against concealment of birth. That law appears to me to be a clumsy, roundabout, and illogical mode of inflicting a very inadequate punishment on a woman, of whose guilt of child-murder no doubt is entertained, although it may not be technically proved. It is an offence created entirely by statute, and meeting with no response from the moral sense of the community. At the same time, it cannot be denied that the secret interment of any dead body ought not to be permitted. There might, as in the Prussian Code, be an enactment specially forbidding it, and making the penalty, in the case of a new-born child, more severe than in other cases.

'This law also, as has been already shown, opens a wide door for the evasion of justice. If a woman, after delivering herself in secret, should murder her child, and should then produce its body as that of a still-born child, she would entirely escape legal censure. And another case is perfectly supposable. A woman conceals her pregnancy until labour has actually commenced; the violence of her pains then compels her to make known her situation; but the case is one of some difficulty, effectual assistance is not at

at hand, and before it can be obtained she is delivered of a child which is born dead, but which might have been born alive had she sooner made known her condition, and made suitable preparations for her delivery. The child's death would be strictly attributable to the determination of the mother to conceal her pregnancy; yet, under the existing law, the woman would go unpunished, because, with a manifest intention to conceal the birth of her child, and most probably to destroy it if born alive, she had yet involuntarily betrayed her situation.

'Far different would it be with an enactment rendering the concealment of pregnancy a felony. Such concealment is manifestly criminal, not only because it justifies a presumption of the intention to murder the child when born, but because it involves the neglect of the precautions and preparations necessary to the safety of the child during or after birth. Such a law would, therefore, recommend itself to the reason and conscience of mankind.

'If, in any trial for child-murder, or abortion-procuring, the evidence should not fully bear out the charge of murder, but it should appear that the death of the fœtus or child was due to neglect on the part of the mother, she might be found guilty of manslaughter. By wilful negligence or omission to cause the death of a child which has been born alive, is already a most grave offence at common law. I can see no substantial reason why it should not be so in reference to a child still unborn, or only partially come into the world.'

'The proposal to substitute a charge of manslaughter for one of murder, in some of the cases in question, is not now made for the first time; and there is legal precedent for it. In a case tried at the Warwick Lent Assizes, in 1854 (Reg. *v.* Tommey), the judge (Coleridge, J.) instructed the jury that if they believed that certain wounds on a child's throat, of which it died after its birth, had been inflicted, not wilfully with the intent to kill, but carelessly and negligently, in the attempt at self-delivery in secret, it would be manslaughter. The jury brought in that verdict. Such a verdict might, perhaps, also be adequate to a case in which a newly-born child is destroyed by wounds wilfully inflicted, but under the influence of partial temporary derangement, or, as it has been styled, sudden homicidal impulse. If in such a case there had not been total concealment of pregnancy, if there had been some attempt at preparation for the birth of a child, some provisions for its safety, then the plea, in defence, of temporary insanity or delirium might be available to the extent of total acquittal. But had there been no preparation or provision of any kind, no communication of her state to any human being, then the presumption would fairly be, that the homicidal act was the carrying out of a fixed determination that the child should not survive its birth.'

Such are the principles on which Mr. Greaves would legislate; and for our own part we entirely approve of them. He proposes that it should be declared by statute that the administration of any drug, or use of any instrument or means with intent to cause death or premature birth of the child, should be held to be felony, involving the highest degree of secondary punishment; that thorough concealment of pregnancy up to birth should amount to felony in case of the death of the child before or shortly after birth; that concealment up to the point of parturition should be felony with a minor punishment, if a call for help were not given in time to obtain efficient help which the child died for the want of; and lastly, that 'if a child, recently born, were found dead, with wounds, or other marks of violent injury upon its body, it should not be necessary, in order to substantiate a charge of murder, to prove that the child was born alive, but only that it was living when the wounds or injuries were inflicted, and that they were the pro-

cause of its death, and that they were such as could not, naturally or accidentally, be caused in the act of birth; or if it should not be proved that the child's death had been wilfully caused, but had been produced by criminal negligence, it might be lawful for the jury to find the woman or her accomplices, if she had any, guilty of manslaughter; or a woman acquitted on a charge of child-murder might, if it should so appear in evidence, be found guilty of concealment of pregnancy.'

Wholesome changes resembling these will some day, we are confident, be effected, and we cordially thank Mr. Greaves for his persistent exposure of the evil, and for these remedial suggestions. We are disposed to add the recommendation, that the rapidly-increasing crime of the 'overlaying' of infants (for a crime it is, no matter whether it be caused by carelessness, drunkenness, or undisclosed design) should be invariably treated as manslaughter.

Window Gardens for the People, and Clean and Tidy Rooms; being an Experiment to Improve the Homes of the London Poor. By Rev. S. Hadden Parkes, M.A., curate of St. George, Bloomsbury. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A THOROUGHLY interesting little book. The author's object has been to explain the plans, rules, and results of certain efforts made in Bloomsbury for improving the home-life of the very poor. These efforts assumed a two-fold direction; aiming, first, to promote the ventilation of rooms, the cleaning of windows, the cultivation of love for home-pursuits, and admiration of the vegetative works of God, etc.; and, secondly, to induce habits of cleanliness, tidiness, and self-respect.

The author adds his testimony, in the outset, to that of Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Derby, and other philanthropic observers, regarding certain evil tendencies of the model house building system, as well as of the demolition of the 'rookeries' by railways and other works. Model houses, substituted for ill-built, and ill-designed dwellings, become tenanted by respectable artizans, who reap, indeed, no trifling benefit; but with these the former inhabitants of those neighbourhoods are seldom identical: for these persons model houses are unsuitable. They do not, for instance, supply the kind of accommodation required by costermongers, who have barrows or donkey-carts; or they are let at too high a rental, and the former inhabitants are driven away to overcrowd doubly some already too populous neighbourhood. And even if the model dwellings were suitable in plan, and low enough in rent, the fact that a certain amount of cleanliness is required of the tenants would of itself drive away those who have lived so long in filth that they cling to it with tenacity, and cannot be elevated into cleanliness by any kind of compulsion. For such persons, at first, some plans are requisite by which can be created a taste for cleanliness, order, and the self-respect which combines with those virtues; and two such plans the author believes are to be found in the flower-show, and in the clean and tidy room competition of which his book supplies a very welcome account. As he truly remarks, 'The clergyman in his parish, the lady in her district, the Bible-woman in her mission, the ragged school teachers among their scholars, may all successfully carry out a flower-show. It needs no cumbrous committee to start it, no elaborate management to make it succeed, and no funds to carry it out. The clergyman, aided by his lay agents and district visitors, will have a large field of usefulness opened before him among those masses which are confessedly the most difficult to deal with. The district visitor, on her sole responsibility, may have a flower-show among the poor she visits, and offer them prizes for clean and tidy rooms; while those ladies who fear the responsibility of district visitors, may work in the mews at the back of their

their houses, and thus benefit their neighbours. The Bible-woman, without infringing on parochial rights, may have her show in the mission-room. And the Sunday-school teachers, whether belonging to the national schools or ragged schools, without the aid of either ministers or secretaries, may themselves inaugurate their little plan among their Sunday scholars, and with good effect, not only to the scholars individually, but also to the school at large. It is adapted for a west-end parish equally with one at the east-end of London; for the town as well as for the country. It needs not bring sects and parties into hostile collision, for surely all can work upon such broad and common ground harmoniously together.'

Some further extracts from the volume are given in our Social Science Selections.

The Christian Code, contained in the Scriptures. By Sinceritas. London: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

THE compiler of the work before us has endeavoured to collate, under proper heads, the declarations of Scripture concerning the nature and perfections of God, and various other points of Christian doctrine. As he has worked strictly upon the basis of King James's translation, he has, of course, somewhat marred his book by citing such passages as the spurious verse, 1 John v., 7, and the text, Job xix., 26, which the old English translators so elaborately built out of shape with their italics. Notwithstanding, the manual of 'Sinceritas' would be a very welcome assistant to all but the more thorough students of Scripture. At a glance the compiler enables his readers to see what the common translation of the Bible teaches upon any one of a large variety of points of doctrine; and if he has not quite succeeded in accomplishing this unwarped by sectarian bias, he has evidently intended and honestly tried to do so. We are certain that there are many thousands of Sunday-school teachers, Scripture readers, and other lay ministers of the Word, who would be highly delighted with this volume; because, on all the emergencies of their ministration, it would give them a rapid and easy command of long lists of appropriate passages from the Bible. For the author's information, we add that a somewhat similar compilation was published at Bridlington, in 1794; it was entitled 'The Christian's Pocket Companion; being a Collection of Scriptures Classed under Proper Heads;" but it was less copious both in its heads and in its quotations than the very serviceable work we are now reviewing.

The Family of God: Seven Sermons, Preached in St. Bartholomew's Church, Gray's Inn Road, London. By the Rev. Edward Garbett, M.A., Incumbent. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 33, Paternoster Row.

AFTER a ministry of about thirteen years' duration, the author resigned his incumbency of St. Bartholomew's, and took leave of his flock in a series of discourses, delivered on the Sundays immediately preceding his removal to a new circle of duty. Those who heard these discourses so highly valued them that they requested that they might be published, and the volume before us is the result of the author's acquiescence. The seven discourses thus bound together are severally entitled, 'The Family Circle,' 'The Children at School,' 'Home Pleasures,' 'Family Trials,' 'The Imperishable Bond,' 'Temporary Separation,' and 'Home.' The 'Family of God' is not understood to be the universal family of man, for 'if when Scripture speaks of God as the Father of His people, and tenderly expatiates on the blessedness of those who become His children, the language means no more than the relation between a beneficent Creator and a fallen creature, which exists perforce by the very fact of their mutual existence, then are the great hopes of the Christian voided of [redacted]

significance, and his lofty expectations reduced to a miserable shadow;' 'for if all men are equally God's sons, equally heirs of the same inheritance, then must sonship consist of an outward dependence, and not upon an inward and spiritual relationship;' 'and if they are God's sons in the true sense of the word, certainly it is a sonship, equally without a child's love and without a father's blessing.' 'Take away the confidence, the mutual trust, the close, living sympathy, the love which delights to give and finds it a joy to obey, and we take away from the relation between a father and his child all that makes it beautiful.' The family circle being thus described, the 'Children at School,' 'The Home Pleasures,' the 'Family Trials,' and all the other titles of the seven sermons before us, are self-interpretive. The book is correct in style, thoughtful and earnest in character, and evangelical in doctrine. The author writes as one who knows, feels, and lives up to the solemn verities of which he discourses. Those readers, then, who do not object to the doctrinal school to which Mr. Garbett belongs, will find no cause to be dissatisfied with anything else in the volume.

The Fall of Babylon. An Epic Poem. By the Rev. Hibbert Newton, B.A., officiating minister of St. Michael's, Southwark. London: Charles Westerton, 27, St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner.

THE author of this epic proves to be one of an increasing class of inquirers who find that in proportion as the alleged facts of what is called 'spiritualism' are investigated, the vulgar theory that they are mere impostures becomes less and still less tenable. The inquiry is, indeed, rapidly narrowing into this corner; that either the results are wrought out by some purely natural but heretofore unrecognized law of mental action, or that they are of the operation of spiritual intelligences more or less trustworthy and respectable. Amongst those who adopt the latter branch of the alternative, the author of th 'Fall of Babylon' has place; but t him modern mediumship appears t be all necromancy, and 'the apos tacy of demonism.' He neverthe less assigns, in his poem, guardia spirits to his favourite character and inhabitants of the angelic worl are amongst the *dramatis person* whom he causes to appear upon hi mundane stage. He represents him self as falling more than once int the trance of seership. His whol poem is, indeed, full of the super natural; and the leading events o the stage of this lower world where in his plot is developed, are generall prefigured by scenes in another, an not always by any means a bette world, to which, in separate canto he directs the attention of his reader The misgiving that these specia cantos might, after all, have bee better spared, seems almost to hav crossed the mind of the author; fo he even suggests that they may b skipped on a first perusal of th poem, by those who desire to get a the gist of it! Few readers, we sus pect, will decline to avail themselve of the hint; for the author's style i so condensed, so closely packed an elliptical, that much patience i requisite if the epic is to be under stood, and, when all is done, the re ward and patience are scarcely com mensurate. Originality in epithet felicity in comparison and metaphor belong only in small proportion t Mr. Newton. Incisive wit is his and great power of condensation and fair average ability in represen tation. He is very severe upon, an in one case very unjustly abusive of theological schools other than hi own; and he is very private an narrow, so it seems to us, in his in terpretation of prophecy. Of poeti beauty of expression, we do not find much in his poem; nor, in its ab sence, any compensating profundity or wide reach of thought. But good descriptions of landscape occur, an some vivid passages of action.

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Sin and Suffering Reconcileable with the Divine Benevolence. Four Discourses. By Joshua Priestley. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row.

Four discourses, delivered in the ordinary course of the author's ministry, and published by desire. The themes wrought out are, that God's benevolence is indubitable; that moral probationship involves the demand of faith in God, and the supply of means and opportunity alike for ill-doing and well-doing; that much of our suffering is the sole and inevitable result of our own ignorance or folly; and that all the rest is benevolently designed for a salutary and invaluable discipline and culture. We have read these discourses with pleasure. They are marked by a treatment of the topics at once manly and pious.

The Alexandra Magazine; and Woman's Social and Industrial Advocate. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row. May, 1864.

The first number of a new upholder of woman's rights and duties. It contains contributions by Mrs. Sewell, Mrs. Bayly, Mrs. Meredith, Miss Jessie Boucherett, Miss Bessie R. Parkes, and others. Throughout Miss Parkes's letter to Women on Money-earning runs a rich vein of sterling good sense. Mrs. Bayly's excellent article on Parental Responsibility is the one prepared by that lady for the Social Science Congress last year. 'Benefit Societies for Women' are the theme of Jessie Boucherett's. Besides essays like these, there are tales, notices of books, and, on toned paper, a somewhat hard and unpleasant illustration of a foolish little poem.

On the Practice of Employing Certain Substitutes for the Genuine Ingredients in Some Articles of Daily Food; Considered as it Affects the Health of the Community. A Paper read before the Brighton Literary and Scientific Institution. Contributed by a Lady. London: H. K. Lewis, 15, Gower-street. North.

This is a "counterblast" to baking powder, the use of which is strongly objected to by the author, on grounds which, as stated, appear to us to be somewhat deficient in force.

The Condensed Argument for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic. By Dr. Frederic Richard Lees. London: J. Caudwell, 335, Strand.

The famous essay, for which one hundred guineas were awarded as a prize by the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, has been condensed by the author, and is now offered in its concentrated form for a single sixpence. Besides condensing the old, however, Dr. Lees has added new matter, so that the 'Argument' is now offered in a form suitable for the present stage of the question of the suppression of the liquor traffic. An egg is not fuller of food than is this volume of facts, figures, and pithy reflections upon them. It has already attained a wide circulation, and ought, indeed, to be dispersed abroad wherever the English language is spoken.

Newspaper Press Fund; for Affording Assistance to Members, their Widows, Children, &c. Established 1858. Report and Rules. Office, 6, Beaufort Buildings, Strand, W.C.

We can see no valid reason why newspaper pressmen should be the only class of persons connected with literature for whom there should exist no eleemosynary institution. More liable than many classes of toilers to be disabled by irregular and excessive work, and by no means overpaid, they need assistance in sickness and in penury as much as any other class, and the only wonder is that no such provision has hitherto been made. The objection urged against such an institution by the *Times* comes with a peculiarly ill grace from a journal many of whose employés have, of late years, been signally and shamefully ready to accept substantial favours from politicians. My

My Account with Her Majesty. By Andrew Halliday. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

How to put money in the Post Office Savings Bank, and the advantages consequent upon doing so, are well explained in this tract. The narrative form assumed, and the liveliness of the style, must make 'My Account with Her Majesty' readable by all classes.

The Wonder-working Bedstead. By J. W. Kirton. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

ANOTHER of the popular Temperance tales for which Mr. Kirton is becoming famous. The natural conversational style in which the tract is written, the tale it tells, and the woodcuts that set it off, will make it welcome even where there may be beforehand not the least affection for the lesson it teaches.

Limpley Springs: A Visit to Limpley Springs. By Charles Williams, author of 'The First Week of Time,' etc., etc. London, Jackson, Walford, & Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

A WORD, cleverly spoken, in advocacy of hydropathy, homœopathy, and the movement cure. Limpley Springs is the name of a water-cure establishment, near Bath and Mr. Williams, having been there, has written this little book, as he says, "not from the suggestion of any one whose views they advocate, but only from strong sympathy with the sufferin and especially with disabled Christi labourers, with the hope that, und God's blessing, they may lesse debility and pain, and increase healt for work."

The Gardener's Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet. Con ducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq F.R.H.S.

RACY in style, valuable in matte a perfect treasure to the gardene this weekly magazine does not cea to maintain its excellent character.

The Church of England Temperanc Magazine; a Monthly Journal o Intelligence. New Series. London Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Old Jonathan; or the District and Parish Helper For The Street and Lanes of the City, for the Highways and Hedges, to Bring in the Poor, and the Maimed, and the Halt, and the Blind.' London: William Hill Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

The Baptist Magazine. Vol. LVI. May 18, 1864. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Sunday-School Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament; with Explanatory Notes, and Hints for Teaching. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. Vol. I. The Gospels. No. III. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

[ERRATUM.—Page 135; line 17; *pro* Nova Scotia *lege* St. John, New Brunswick.]

Meliora.

Art. I.—OBSOLETE LEGISLATION.

IN a recent Session of Parliament (28th July, 1863), an Act was passed for 'Promoting the Revision of the Statute Law, by repealing certain enactments which have ceased to be in force or have become unnecessary.' The measure grew out of the discussions evoked by the question of the consolidation of the statutes. The archives of English legislation have been in a very chaotic state. Those who desired to consult them (previous to the passing of the act named) had no fewer than forty-three folios placed at their disposal—a wealth of legal literature exceedingly embarrassing; unsimplified by any show of method in arrangement. A daring and skilful practitioner might possibly take a professional 'header' into this turbid sea and return to land with some desperately-recovered treasure; but no ordinary mortal could dare its depths with the faintest hope of safety or success.

It must be regarded as an especial blessing, therefore, that the forty-three folios have collapsed to eight, the number at which they stand, minus those enactments 'which have ceased to be in force otherwise than by express and specific repeal, or have, by lapse of time and change of circumstances, become unnecessary.'

The Statute Law Revision Act is exceedingly brief and simple. It consists of a few paragraphs and a schedule. Its object is to cancel what is useless; to expunge what is inoperative; and to erase what is obsolete. A short declaratory statement embraces the whole act; the first paragraph stating its scope and exceptions; the second its limit (extending to England only); and the third its brief and suggestive title, already quoted. It is, in fact, a sort of legislative besom by which the legal dust and *débris* of ages have been swept away. After such a purgation, classification and consolidation have become possible.

It would be unwise, however, to part with the old statutes

without a word or two of notice. In a certain limited sense they comprise the history of our legislation, and, in a wider, the history of national development. Dating from the reign of Henry III. they commence at the beginning of our recorded law. The first act in the schedule is that of 20 Henry III., entitled 'Provisions de Merton' (the provisions of Merton), which carries us back to purely feudal times, when the monarch's will was frequently the only authority, and the brief assertion *Le Roi le veut* was the basis of law. The *provisions of Merton*, however, exhibit the growing influence of the barons, who, assembled to discuss certain charges (an old practice mooted by the King), or to assent to new laws, were not slow to give an opinion. To one of the proposed enactments (that relating to bastardy), all the earls and barons, with one voice, answered that they would not change the laws of the realm which hitherto had been used and approved. It is not a little startling that such ancient statutes should remain virtually unrepealed for so many centuries. But such is the fact. No less than six of Henry III., containing many provisions under various chapters, were only disposed of by the act of 1863. Some of these are curious. 37 Henry III. is the '*Sententia Excommunicationis lata in Transgressores Cartarum;*' the sentence of curse given by the bishops against the breakers of the charters. The confirmation of the Great Charter by the monarch was, as it deserved to be regarded, a proceeding of the highest importance; and, in accordance with the spirit of those 'demi-religious' times, it was invariably followed by an ecclesiastical edict, in which all the terrors of religion were hurled at those who violated the Bill of Rights. In the '*Dictum de Kenilworth*' (the award made at Kenilworth) we have the introduction of the words 'the King and his Commons,' 51 and 52 Henry III., and the influence of the popular element is distinctly observable. The last statute of this reign in the schedule (52 Hen. 3) is entitled '*Statutum de Marleberge*'—the Statute of Marlborough—and is quoted to recall another illustration of feudalism, as exhibited in the fact that all these statutes were enacted at different places. Royal convenience or necessity seems to have determined the locality of a council or parliament; and it was not till the following reign of Edward I. that a change in this respect took place, and the sanction of custom began to be given to assemblies at Westminster. History tells, however, of frequent disregard of this arrangement,—the monarch not hesitating to summon a parliament around him at any place, should emergency demand or policy suggest it. One of the earliest of the obsolete

obsolete statutes (20 Hen. 3, cap. 6) relates to matters which were of great social importance,—the practice of wardship and the customs pertaining to marriage. Few topics can more strikingly illustrate the reality of social progress. For several centuries after the Norman Conquest various kinds of guardianship were recognized by law; the offspring of chivalry and of feudal customs. There were guardians by nature, such as the father or mother; guardians in soccage, who were next of blood; guardians by nurture, who were appointed by will; and guardians in chivalry. The first three classes are easily understood; they are natural and reasonable, but the 'guardianship in chivalry' was a remarkable social institution, not abolished until the time of Charles II. We may briefly summarize an explanation by stating that this guardianship arose in the case of an infant who held estates by descent. Males under twenty-one at the ancestor's death were liable to it. Females were not thus liable, unless under fourteen. It extended not only to the person of the infant, but also to all lands within the seigniory of the guardian. If the infant held lands by knight's service of several lords, each had the wardship of the land within his seigniory. As to the person, it fell to the care of that lord of whom the tenure was most ancient, he being styled the lord by priority. If the infant held lands of the King by knight's service, the monarch was entitled to the wardship both of body and lands, to the exclusion of all others. This kind of guardianship had a preference over every other kind except that of a father, and gave its possessor extraordinary power. It permitted (and justified) *the sale of the marriage of the ward,* provided there was no disparagement. If the infant refused the marriage tendered by his guardian, 'or married after such a tender and against the lord's consent,' the unfortunate infant who chose to please himself 'was liable to the payment of a sum equal to the value of the marriage, that is, to the profit which the lord might have made by the sale of it.' It may be added that the guardian in chivalry was not bound to account for the profits made of the infant's land during the wardship. He was only required to furnish his charge with a bare subsistence; all that he could make by farming the estate was his own fair profit. In accordance with such a practice, guardianship was viewed rather as a means of emolument to the lord than of benefit to the ward, and was 'saleable or transferable, like ordinary property, to the best bidder; and if not disposed of was transmissible to the lord's personal representatives.' How numerous and great the evils arising out of such a state of things may be

better imagined than told; and its sufferance for so long a period can only be explained by the proverbial longevity of vested interests. One of the obsolete statutes of Marlborough (52 Hen. 3, c. 6.) was intended to defeat fraudulent acts in connection with this practice of guardianship in chivalry, but the frequent recurrence of similar enactments proves how seriously it affected the whole conduct of society. Cap. 7 of the same statute relates to the 'Refusal of heirs to marry.' In the following reign, the 3 Edw. I., cap. 22, deals with the 'Marriage of Wards'—male and female; and the penalties on such wards refusing marriage. Cap. 36 refers to 'Aids' for knighthood and marriage (of which more anon), and we find these titles frequently recurring, 'Wardship,' 'Infant made Knight,' 'Waste during Wardship,' 'Sale or Gift of Wardship,' 'Marriage of Heirs,' 'Wardship of Heir of the King's tenant in chief,' 'Marriage of Heir of the King's tenant.' Evasions of duty on both sides, with fraudulent acts, were constantly creating feuds and bloodshed, as well as interminable litigation, and piecemeal legislation went on till Henry VII. interfered in favour of the lord, giving him more stringent authority over the infant. The result of 4 Henry VII., c. 17, was to defeat its purpose, for the profits of the guardian were rapidly reduced from various imaginable causes; and in the next reign (Henry VIII.) the Statute of Wills gave the power of devising so as to deprive the lord of two-thirds of 'the land holden by knight's service; in which contracted state this odious species of guardianship was suffered to languish till it was entirely abolished, with the other oppressive appendages of military tenures, by the famous statute 12 Car. II., c. 24.' It may be well admitted that the abolition of military tenures and the Habeas Corpus Act give to Englishmen in practice what the vaunted Bill of Rights bestows on them in theory. Before leaving this part of the subject, a word or two about the 'Aids' afforded or permitted to knights and others. These were nothing more in principle than charitable gifts from a tenant to his superior or lord in times of difficulty or distress. The system was an importation from the continent, and the practice which obtained in Normandy became rooted in England. The most important and clearly acknowledged 'Aids' sanctioned by feudalism were (1) to make the lord's eldest son a knight; (2) to marry his eldest daughter; and (3) to ransom his person. But all kinds of tributes were exacted, *vi et armis*, when necessity compelled. In those vigorous times necessity had no laws, moral or physical; might and right were always synonymous when the interest of the baron was at stake, and the social reformer of to-day may

may not unprofitably ponder these old statutes with a view to the fair measurement of the speed and amount of progress which mankind has made in matters of special interest to him. In these earliest statutes we find the first legal distinction between 'murther' and homicide; and we may comment by the way on the remarkable clearness and brevity of statement which many of them display. Our ancestors were not willing subjects of legislation. They relinquished their freedom with manifest reluctance, and gave up their rights, licentious though many of them were, with an ill grace. But there were those amongst them who had clear heads and ready wit. They could say what they meant, and some of their statutes are models of simplicity and directness. Perhaps our modern law-makers would do well to turn to them; the literature of the law is by no means beyond improvement. After the chapter (3 Ed., 36) on 'Aids for Knighthood and Marriage,' we meet with another suggestive reading,—'Champion's Oath in a Writ of Right'—(cap. 41.) A champion did battle for himself or another. The custom was eminently feudal, and one of the vital elements of chivalry. In the Act of Edward I. it refers to the person recognized by law as the maintainer of a quarrel. Such champions were usually hired, and can only be ranked as a little higher than the bravo. In the time of Henry III., one '*Henry de Ferneberg*, for thirty marks' fee did by charter covenant to be Champion to Roger, Abbot of Glastenbury.' The act to which we refer recognizes the existence and position of such persons as champions. Any person having a cause to defend might hire them, 'except parricides and those who were accused of the highest offences.' Before they did battle on behalf of themselves or their employers, they were by law compelled to take oath of their belief in the righteousness of their cause, and in token thereof they shaved the head; a custom evidently brought from the East, and there practised from immemorial time. While the champion of chivalry was a knight armed at all points, splendidly mounted, and fully equipped, the champion of the law was armed only with a stick or club, and a shield, and fought on foot. An offering to the Church preceded every combat. Victory, of course, proved the justice of a champion's cause; defeat brought conviction, disgrace, and punishment; punishment alike to champion and his employer. 'If it was the champion of a woman for a capital offence, she was burnt and the champion hanged; if it was a man, and not for a capital crime, he not only made satisfaction, but had his right hand cut off, and the man was to be close confined [illegible] the battle was over.' To show how thoro[illegible]

into the details of such combats, it may be stated that in cases of disputed land, or goods, or title, victory was awarded if either champion yielded and admitted his personal defeat. The utterance of the word *craven* was all that was necessary, on which the vanquished man was declared infamous, and not to be accounted *liber et legalis homo;* being supposed by the event to be proved forsworn, and therefore adjudged to civil disabilities. Another sort of champion was he who, at the coronation of kings, used to ride armed *cap-à-pié* into Westminster Hall, and by the proclamation of a herald make a challenge, 'that if any man shall deny the King's title to the crown, he is there ready to defend it in single combat.' Such a champion appeared at the coronation of King Charles II., in the person of Sir Edward Dymocke, and one of the same name performed the office at that of King George III. The *wager of battel* was witnessed as late as 1571 (13 Eliz.), in Tothill Fields, Westminster; but an instance occurs in which the retention of the old statute on the books all but compelled the judges of King's Bench, so late as 1819, to put the *wager of battel* into force. In that year, 'an appeal having been brought against one Thornton by Ashby, the infant brother of a young woman whom he was accused of having murdered (after violation), all the judges of the Court of King's Bench narrowly escaped the necessity of being compelled to sit from sunrise to sunset to see the defendant prove his innocence against the infant's champion.' Only a slip or informality in the proceedings relieved the judges from this barbarous method of award; but it was absolutely necessary to meet such an emergency in the future by the passing of an appropriate act. Thus 59 Geo. III., c. 46, declares 'that the trial by battle in any suit is a mode of trial unfit to be used; and it is expedient that the same should be abolished.' Not the least interesting fact in the affair is the existence of the *wager of battel* within the memory of the present generation.

We may take in this connection the *Articuli Cleri* (Articles for the Clergy), 9 Ed. II., which are in the schedule now before us. Cap. 4 relates to defamation. Cap. 10 to 'Protection of Persons fleeing unto the Church and abjuring the Realm.' Caps. 11, 12, and 15 refer to details of the statute; and cap. 16 declares that 'The Privilege of the Church shall not be denied to a Clerk becoming an approver.' *Sanctuary*, or the right of safety from pursuit and execution, was one of the oldest of feudal ecclesiastical practices. The faintest echo of it still survives in those royal residences where debtors of a certain

certain class find refuge at this day. The mind naturally reverts to the 'cities of refuge' ordained for the Jews, whither a man might flee from the 'avenger of blood;' and *sanctuary* originally bore this meaning, and not an escape from monetary or legal difficulties. The idea itself was beneficent and good. It was in harmony with the exercise of the highest prerogative of the Crown—the quality of mercy; indeed, it flowed from it, and bore all the solemnity of a sacred act in its association with a religious shrine. We need not go into details upon the subject; history and fiction have illustrated it largely. In the reign of Henry VIII. the privileges of sanctuary were in full force; and several recognized houses afforded timely relief to many in danger and peril of life; but the reforms of the 'bluff' Harry included a limitation of the rights of sanctuary, which had been long and greatly abused; and during the reign of James I. 'all privilege of sanctuary, and abjuration consequent thereupon,' were utterly taken away. The *abjuration* of the world, it may be necessary to hint, was compulsory on all seeking the protection of sanctuary. From the moment of passing the sacred precincts, the fugitive renounced all authority save that of the Church; otherwise there could be no security given. So late as Henry VIII.'s time it was legal for a man guilty of felony to make an oath *renouncing the realm for ever;* on which, if he could fly to a church or churchyard, he might not be taken to be tried for his crime. This *sanctuary* lasted forty days only, but there were modes of continuing the protection from time to time in other sacred places, and also, if the felon chose, for the whole of life, by further abjuration of his liberty. Such a practice amounted to perpetual confinement; for, the moment the refugee passed the limits of the hallowed building or space, he was liable to capture.

In these early statutes trade and commerce are rarely mentioned. Of the half-dozen remaining to be abolished and which bear the seal of Henry III., one only, and that relating to Ireland, suggests the existence of business relationships; it is the 'Statute of Ireland concering Coparceners,' but all are eminently feudal in their spirit and intention, dealing with land, the legal relationships it entailed, and the rights of barons and monarch in the social positions they respectively held. The 3 Edward I., cap. 4, relates to 'Wreck. Custody of goods wrecked, for the owner, for the King, and to penalties on offenders.' This is the earliest *commercial* statute in the schedule, and as such deserves notice. The question of wrecked vessels and goods has always been of great importance to England as an insular country.

Wreck, or goods thrown upon land by the sea, belonged of old to the King, or, in some special cases, to the lord of the manor. What constituted a *wreck* was variously settled. Henry I. ordained that if any person escaped alive out of the ship, it was no wreck. Henry II. extended the provisions of the law in favour of the owner, and his charter declared 'that if on the coasts of either England, Poictou, or Gascony, any ship should be distressed, and either man or beast should escape, or be found therein alive, the goods should remain to the owners, if they claimed them within three months; but otherwise should be esteemed a wreck, and should belong to the King, or other lord of the franchise.' The statute of 3 Edward I. (the one now before us) still further improves the arrangement in respect of the owner. The time of limitation of claims is to be a *year and a day*, and it enacts (as did a similar statute of Henry III.) 'that, if a man, a dog, or a cat escape alive, the vessel shall not be adjudged a wreck.' In this reign, too, it was enacted that 'goods lost by tempest or piracy, and not by wreck, if they afterwards come to land, shall be restored to the owner.' Such statutes exhibit the better side of feudal legislation, and illustrate the working of natural justice in the consideration of general questions. If they betray nothing else, they show strong good sense and a quick-witted appreciation of social rights, with the disposition to see them enforced without circumlocution or red-tapeism. Unfortunately, with the birth of specific trades, law and its phraseology became involved and intricate, and, what was worse, there grew up a system of class legislation and monopoly which only culminated in the abrogation of our own modern but iniquitous corn laws.

The 11 Edward I. is a *Statut' de Mercatoribus*, and the 13th of the same reign is entitled '*Statutum Mercatorum*.' Their main purpose was the protection of traders who should come to this country to exchange goods. This wise policy has been characteristic of England from the earliest times. Montesquieu remarks, 'that the English have made the protection of foreign merchants one of the articles of their national liberty.' And this is true, for Magna Charta itself—an instrument relating, it perhaps might be thought, solely to the internal affairs of the King and his subjects—deals with the question of the personal safety of foreign merchants; and it was occasionally ruled in actions at law that such persons were not bound to sue by the law of the land (13 Edward IV.) Such legislation proves great anxiety for the extension of trade and the encouragement of commercial relationships with other nations. Few statutes, however,

however, having reference to trading or business transactions, remain in the schedule. There is nothing in Edward I.'s. reign beyond the *Statutum Mercatorum;* and nothing at all in that of Edward II. In the statutes of uncertain date we find one concerning bakers. By the 51 Henry III., and others, bakers who did not observe the *assize of bread and ale* were to be set in the pillory. This assize was intended for the protection of the consumer. Adulteration and false weight were the evils aimed at in this and all subsequent and similar acts. There is amongst these statutes also an *assize of weights and measures* (in Ruffhead's edition entitled *Tractatus de Ponderibus et Mensuris).* The standard of weights was based upon corns of wheat; hence the lowest denomination of weight is a *grain,* thirty-two of which, by the statute called *Compositio mensurarum,* were to make one pennyweight. The first standards of measurement were, as is well known, parts of a man's body, as the hand, the foot, the arm from the wrist to the elbow, &c. Diversities of size, however, caused inequality and confusion, and King Henry I. commanded that the ell should be made the exact length of his own arm. The vices attendant upon ignorance and low morality necessitated frequent legislation on *weights and measures.* King Richard I., in his parliament held at Westminster, 1197, ordained that there should be only one standard of weight, and one measure, throughout the kingdom, and that proper persons should be appointed custodiers of the assize or standard in all important cities and boroughs. It is supposed that the ancient office of *aulnager* was derived from this statute. The *aulnager* was the King's servant whose duty it was, for a certain fee, to measure all cloths for sale. In the time of King John this office was purchasable for money, that rascally monarch being ready to 'turn a penny' in any mode, legal or illegal, as gain or necessity might prompt; but the Magna Charta, which was wrung from him at Runnymede, contained a provision for enforcing the honest administration of the *assize of weights and measures.* The charter ordained that there should be but one measure throughout England, the standard being kept in the Exchequer or the King's palace; but in all cities, market towns, and villages, the copy or duplicate of the royal standard was kept within the inviolable precincts of a church. The office of *aulnager* was abolished in the reign of William III. As the eye runs down the summary of obsolete statutes, those affecting trade become more frequent. The 2 Edward III., cap. 9, enacts that 'all staples shall cease,' and the 4 Edward III., cap. 12, 'that all wines shall be assayed and sold at reasonable prices.' The staple for wines, and their

prices,

prices, was fixed by great officers of State, and the sale of 'corrupted or adulterated wine,' was punished with severe penalties. The 14 Edward III., cap. 12, refers again to the uniformity of weights and measures; to the sending of standards into every county; and to the appointment of persons to survey measures, and levy the penalties. Not unfrequently statutes are met with on the subject of *purveyance*, a curious and instructive point in the history of feudalism. *Purveyance* was a very profitable prerogative to the monarch. It gave him the right of pre-emption; of buying up provisions, necessaries, luxuries, and royal requirements, at an appraised valuation, in preference to others and in defiance of private rights. By such laws the King could compel the use of horses, carriages, or conveyances of any kind for such payment as his authorized servants thought proper; in other words, at his own price. In the time of Edward I. the practice of this kingly right became a frequent and unendurable grievance. This fact is acknowledged in the statute 28 Edward I., cap. 2, which is intended to define the duties of purveyors, 'what they shall take, payment thereof; and to compel them to show their warrant, to take no more than is needful, and to answer for things taken.' The neglect of these ordinary distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* is admitted to have been a 'great grievance in the realm.' The same subject comes up again in 5 Edward III., c. 2. In process of time the oppressive character of such laws brought them into desuetude, and by the 12 Charles II., c. 24, it was provided that no person should on any colour or pretence take anything from a subject without his full and free consent. But the same monarch suspended this honest statute immediately afterwards for his own convenience during a 'progress,' as also did James II.; the expense of royal journeys to these monarchs supplying, it was thought, just reason for reverting to feudal claims. From royal purveyances to royal subsidies is but a short step, and caps. 20 and 21 of 14 Ed. I. contain the first enactments of the kind which remained to be cancelled by the act recently passed. Subsidies were the germs of taxation; the first forms of national contribution to the maintenance of royalty and the State. Our Saxon forefathers obtained subsidies chiefly in money and personal service for special and definite objects, such as war, building of cities, castles, bridges, &c., and each kind of payment was distinguished by such affixes as *bote, fare*, and *geld;* as in *Burgbote, Brigbote, Herefare, Heregeld.* We learn that King Ethelred, when driven to his wit's end by the Danish invaders, agreed to purchase peace by the payment of large sums of money. To raise these amounts of *Danegeld*, every *hide* of land

land was taxed, and the tax got the name of *Hydageld.* When it was transferred to cattle it was called *Horngeld.* The Normans introduced the name of Taxes, or Tallages, and the Conqueror received and perpetuated their payment. Here in the act before us, the subsidy granted to the King by cap. 20, 14 Ed. III., is 'of the ninth lamb, the ninth fleece, and the ninth sheep. In cities and boroughs, of the ninth part of all goods. Elsewhere of the fifteenth. Poor persons excepted.' The following, cap. 21, legalizes a subsidy on 'Wool, woolfells (sheep's hides), and other merchandize exported,' for a certain period. 'It is here provided that exporters of wool shall give surety to import silver in return;' a plain proof of the immediate necessities of the kingdom and the true object of the statute. In this enactment we find the phrase *Cocketing Wools,* followed by the statement that 'no other custom shall be levied but by assent of parliament.' The *Cocket* is 'a seal belonging to the King's custom house; or rather a scroll of parchment sealed' and delivered by officials to merchants as a warrant that their goods are customed. The same word occurs in the statute of *Bread and Ale,* where mention is made of wastel bread (finest kind), cocket bread (seconds), and bread of common wheat. Subsidies are frequently met with in the schedule, occasionally as such under the name of grants, as when the Commons allow 'to the King a grant of two-fifteenths and two-tenths,' or as an aid (25 Ed. III., stat. 5, c. 11.) 'to make the King's son knight, and to marry his daughter.' Such a statute can be well appreciated at the present time, when large royal families demand support from the nation. But the difference between the old and the present modes of raising money from subsidies or taxes consists mainly of two points: the *assessment* and the *permanency of the tax.* Assessments were formerly made at and with every subsidy; and the subsidy was levied for a specially-named purpose or emergency. Now, the rateable value of property can be averaged, and taxes are levied for the general purposes of government from year to year. The long reign of Edward III. permitted the accumulation of many statutes, and witnessed their extension and application to a large variety of subjects. It is not a little astonishing to learn the titles of many of those which, until recently, remained on our statute book, and are of so purely temporary a kind as to be interesting only from their curious character. Immediately following the mention of the subsidy of fifteenths and tenths to Ed. III., cap. 3 permits *all persons to buy wools,* and declares the '*sea open to all merchants.*' The sea does not appear to have been open to travellers leaving the country.

Persons

Persons could only go abroad by permission, and in a late reign, that of Richard II., we find a statute regulating 'at what ports persons going beyond sea shall embark.' There is an act on 'Abuses by the King's Butlers in Purveyance of Wine.' The butlers seem to have made very free with other persons' wine, and this act assigns their punishment. Purveyors for the King, we are told, are not to take the 'trees about the mansion,' nor are they, under penalty, to take 'more sheep before shearing time than are wanted.' Mention is made in this part of the schedule of 'Companies of Lombards,' who are made liable for the 'debts of their fellows.' Plate is to be received at the Mint, and coin delivered by weight. Iron is not to be exported, and its price is regulated. There is much legislation on wool, its sale, exportation, and taxation, showing how important an article of home trade it then was. The 'Statute of the Staple' is confirmed with certain amendments, and the 'freedom of alien merchants secured in coming to England and selling their goods.' There is 'freedom of trade in Ireland,' and there are several enactments upon the subject of hired labour and labourers. Labourers and skilled workmen were evidently not to be depended upon. They avoided bargains, neglected work, or ran away from employers. Thus it is enacted that labourers shall be punished by fine, 25 Edward III.; and then again, that 'labourers shall not be punished by fine' (31 Ed. III.), 'but only by imprisonment;'—there is a penalty on bailing them; carpenters and masons are included in the provisions and penalties of this act; and (curiously suggestive phrase) *their conspiracies are annulled.* Then comes a section for 'fugitive labourers; the process of outlawry; imprisonment; *burning on the forehead;*' and a further passage ordaining 'no wages on festivals.' By cap. 11 of the same statute, 'Mayors and Bailiffs shall deliver up fugitive Labourers.' A very picturesque *résumé* of the condition, habits, and prospects of the English workman of the time of Edward III. might be written from the mere preambles of these obsolete statutes. Bad as the condition of the operative may have been in recent years, it must be considered as infinitely superior to that of the workman of mediæval times. Legislation seemed to be aimed at him as at some wild beast of the forest, only manageable under the heaviest restrictions and the direst penalties; and as the 'Statute of Labourers' was repeatedly enforced by special enactment, we must believe that the labour question in its elementary forms was as great a trouble and anxiety to our ancestors as it has been to ourselves. Perhaps the only other remarkable statute of this extended

extended reign is that which refers to the duration of parliament. A clause legalizing annual parliaments occurs in cap. 10 of 36 Ed. III., by which it is ordered that parliament shall meet every year. The same statute—cap. 15—assigns 'reasons why the laws should be pleaded in the English tongue.' Pleas (it enacts) 'shall be pleaded in the English tongue, and be inrolled in Latin.' When we come to the reign of Richard III., a change in the language of legislation is noticeable. Titles of statutes are given in 'Old English;' the use of Latin being less frequent, and gradually ceasing altogether.

A few of the older enactments relate to the subject of *usury*—money given for the use of money—a practice forbidden by the common law. The censure and punishment of usurers fell to the priests. The Church held jurisdiction over them, '*Pro reformatione morum et pro salute animæ.*' Excommunication was occasionally resorted to when lesser punishment failed; and pardon was only granted on condition of entirely forsaking the obnoxious system. Gradually the civil power interfered in the correction of usurers; on which, complaint was made by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops, that the justices had punished usurers. Edward III., in whose reign this took place, replied by claiming 'cognizance of usurers dead, that his Majesty might take possession of their wealth; and the ordinances of the holy Church, the cognizance of them in life, as to them appertaineth, to make compulsion by the censures of the holy Church for the sin, to make restitution of the usuries taken against the laws of the holy Church.' Usury was a crime second only to murder, and punishable by the forfeiture of the usurer's goods and chattels to the King, and by the disinheriting of his heir. The Church having failed to check usury, many statutes were passed against it. The first act legalizing the taking of interest on loans was the 37 Henry VIII., c. 9. By this act £10 per cent. was allowed. In the following reign it was observed that the above statute, allowing this rate of interest, 'had been construed to give a license and sanction to all usury, not exceeding the rate named; and this construction was declared to be utterly against Scripture;' and therefore all persons were forbidden 'to lend or forbear by any device, for any usury, increase, lucre, or gain whatsoever, on pain of forfeiting the thing, and the usury or interest, and of being imprisoned and fined.' The 13 Elizabeth, c. 8, revived the act of Henry VIII., and forbad all usury, introducing those who practised it by the name of 'brokers.' By the 21 James I., c. 17, the rate of interest was reduced to £8 per cent., and it was further ruled that 'nothing

'nothing in the law shall be construed to allow the practice of usury in point of religion or conscience.' During the year 1650 the rate was lowered to £6, and the some reduction was re-enacted after the Reformation in the reign of Charles II. By the 12 Ann, st. 2, c. 16, the legal rate of interest was fixed at £5 per cent. Clearer views and juster legislation were the results of extended trade and intelligence. In our days the sale or loan of money has become a subject of immense social importance, but has by no means received anything like adequate discussion. Indeed, the intense competition which exists and creates an incessant demand for money, appears to drown all reasoning upon the subject, and men are allowed to lend or borrow on any terms mutually agreeable. Late commercial revelations have brought to light a strange system of money-dealing; so astonishing, indeed, as to alarm people who concern themselves about the tone of public morals. Social science may find a new and not unprofitable sphere of discussion in the questions of credit; commercial modes of payment by bills and cash; and the principles involved in the loan or sale of money. We believe that much of the prosperity of the people, and no small part of their physical comfort and moral happiness, rest, and must rest, upon true views of these questions. The old statutes on which these suggestions are based may not be found unworthy of consideration in any such discussion, obsolete though they be. The last of these social topics we shall mention is that of *witchcraft*, against which there are statutes of greater or less stringency in various reigns. Upon the schedule we find the 33 Henry VIII., c. 4, 'The bill ayest conjuracons and wichecraftes and sorcery and enchantments.' There is another curious statute of the kind in Elizabeth's reign, 'An act agaynst fonde and phantasticall prophesyes.' The first-named act was repealed (along with the 1 James I., c. 12, of similar intent) by the 9 George II., c. 5, which declares that no prosecution shall be commenced against *conjuration* and *witchcraft;* but where persons pretend to exercise such things, or undertake to tell fortunes, or, from pretended skill in any crafty science, to discover where goods stolen or lost may be found; upon conviction they shall be imprisoned a year, and stand in the pillory once in every quarter in some market town. *Fortune-tellers*, and professors of *palmistry* and 'any subtle craft' for purposes of deception, are further dealt with by the 3 George IV., c. 83.

The great subject of the birth and growth of parliamentary representation and legislation is, of course, brought under notice frequently in this schedule. But the space that remains to

to us may perhaps be most profitably occupied with the recital of a few of the curiosities of legislation; and the transcription of their titles will be sufficiently suggestive and amusing. As to the history of parliament itself: a parliament held at Coventry, 38 Henry VI., was called the *Parliamentum Diabolicum.* It was in this that Edward, Earl of March (afterwards Edward IV.) and many of the leading nobility were attainted. The *Parliamentum Indoctorum,* or the *Lack-learning Parliament,* held 6 Henry IV., won this undesirable title because 'by special precept to the sheriffs in their several counties, no lawyer, or person skilled in the law, was to come.' Another assembly obtained the still more unwelcome epithet of *Parliamentum Insanum,* from the madness of its proceedings. 'The lords came with armed men to it, and contentions grew very high between the King, lords, and commons, whereby many extraordinary things were done.' This mad parliament was held Anno 41 Henry III. It can scarcely be asserted, however, that this was the only one of an insane kind ever held. Mad parliaments have not been so uncommon as to justify the use of the phrase *insanum* in this case of the quarrelsome nobles alone. Of curious acts the following may suffice for examples: The 13 Richard II., c. 10, permits that 'Cogware and Kendal cloth may be made of their usual length'—previous legislation having, for special reasons, limited the number of ells in a single piece. The next act is one of a great number referring to the trades of curriers, tanners, leather dealers, and shoemakers or cordwainers. These trades, with those of wool and silk, rapidly grew into importance and required or invited legislation. It is ruled by the act now alluded to that 'no shoemaker shall be a tanner, nor any tanner a shoemaker.' In the next reign, shoemakers are relieved to some extent, and it is enacted that 'shoemakers may tan leather till the next parliament' (4 Hen. IV., c. 35). In the 7 Henry IV., c. 17, the statutes of Edward III., and Richard II., respecting labourers are confirmed; and it is provided that 'no one shall put his child apprentice unless he have 20s. per annum in land or rent.' And it is graciously added that '*every one* may put his child to school.' Amongst several enactments respecting those once troublesome people, Welshmen and Irishmen, we find many quaint and suggestive titles of statutes. By the 1 Henry V., c. 6, it is provided that 'no actions shall be brought by Welshmen in respect of injuries sustained in the late rebellion;' and the very next chapter commands that 'Irishmen and Irish clerks mendicant shall depart the realm.' In Henry the Sixth's reign the privilege of tanning is withdrawn from cordwainers, and the statute respecting

Irishmen

Irishmen is recited. Under certain sureties they may reside in England; special persons being appointed to take such securities as the law directs. In this reign action was taken against 'Rovers of the Forest of Dean,' on account of 'robberies and injuries on the Severn.' The town of Calais figures frequently at this period in the list of statutes. Money was allowed to be coined there; regulations were made for the collection and appropriation of its revenues; and certain old arrangements for the repair and maintenance of beacons in that French town were revived. Further on we find the 27th Henry VI. dealing with Sunday trading. The holding of fairs and markets on Sundays and on high feast days was 'a scandal,' and was, therefore, forbidden, 'except on the four Sundays in Harvest.' Passing over the reign of Edward IV. we remark (as before stated) the change of language. Henry VII.'s reign is full of quaint old titles. There is 'An acte that the citizens of London maye carry all manner of wares to forrayne marketts:' 'An acte agaynst the excessyve price of longe bowes:' 'An acte agaynst captaynes for not paying theire Soldyers their wages, and agaynst Soldyers going from their Captaynes wthout licence:' 'An acte that the Master of the Rolls and other offycers of the Chancery shall not go to the warrs,' and a long list of similarly miscellaneous enactments in the same kind of English, and others in a barbarous species of Latin. Henry VIII.'s important reign exhibits also a great number of remarkable statutes. The shooting with 'longe bowes,' 'cros bowes,' 'crosbowes and handgunnes,' seems to have called for frequent legislation. The 1 Henry VIII., cap. 14, is 'An acte agaynst wearing of costly apparell;' further on, 'An acte agaynst disguysed persons, and wearing of visours.' Special trades meet with frequent attention, such as the 'making of worsteds,' 'gatherers of wulles,' 'bakers,' 'surgeos and scryveners,' 'bochers,' 'brewers of beer or ale,' 'cordwayners,' 'clothyers in stuff,' and (the first of the kind) 'prynters and bynders of books.' There is an act for the punishment of 'Welshemen attemptinge any assawtes or affrays upon any the inhabitants of Hereff, Glouc, and Shropshire;' 'An acte concernyng pyrottes and robbers of the see;' and one for the 'punysshement of sturdy vacabundes and beggers.' The 33 Henry VIII., c. 8, is 'The Bill ayest conjurations and wichecrafts, and sorcery, and enchantements.' The same statute, c. 8, is an act 'for the Sanctwary off Manchestre,' and cap. 21 is 'the bill of atteynder of Mestres Katherin Hawarde, late Quene of England, and divers other psones, her complices.' In Edward VI.'s brief reign we notice

notice the following as curious: 'An acte against fonde and fantasticall prophesies:' and 'An acte for the true stuffynge of feather bedds, mattresses, and Quyssheons.' After the recital of thirteen acts, under the name of Mary, we come to a longer list, bearing the authority of 'Philip and Mary,' of which one of the earliest is 'An acte repealing all statutes, articles, and provisions, made against the See Apostolick of Rome since the XXth yere of King Henry Height.' This is followed by 'An acte for the punishement of Traterous Woordes against the Quenes Matie,' and this again by 'An acte whereby certayne Offences bee made Tresons; and also for the government of the Kinges and Quenes Majesties Issue;' the latter, as it happened, a very needless provision. In Elizabeth's reign the statutes to be cancelled are more numerous than in any other; but so much has been written of late upon this portion of English history, that we need not attempt to analyze the character of the statutes, or to make lengthy extracts. Selecting on the principle of quaintness and curiosity, we may transcribe the following: 'An acte agaynste suche as shall sell any ware for Appareill without readye Moneye;' 'An acte agaynste the bringing in and putting in Execution of Bulls and other instruments from the Sea of Rome;' 'An acte for the setting of the Poore on Worke, and for the avoyding of Ydlenes;' 'An acte for the grauntinge of Fowre Fiftenes and Tenthes, and twoe entier Subsidies to oure most graciowse Sovraine Ladie the Quenes most Excellent Matie.' Following this is an act for 'the Quenes generall Pardon;' and it is worthy of remark that in all the cases of granting subsidies to the monarch (and they are neither few nor far between), an act of pardon succeeds.

We could extend, if need be, these selections of strange statutes, but enough has been done to illustrate the character of obsolete legislation, and to show the necessity of the recent 'Statute Law Revision Act.' Its compass extends from the reign of Henry III. to that of James II., inclusive; and the schedule recounts more than thirteen hundred acts or divisions of acts which still encumbered the statute book, but had become worthless by 'lapse of time and change of circumstances,' or had ceased to be in force 'otherwise than by express and specific repeal.'

Art. II.—JOSEPH STURGE.

Memoirs of Joseph Sturge. By Henry Richards. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row; A. W. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

JOSEPH STURGE was sprung of a Quaker family, settled for many generations as substantial yeomen, in or near Elberton, in Gloucestershire. At an old manor house turned farmhouse, he was born on the 2nd of August, 1793, the fourth child and second son of William and Mary Sturge, who had, in all, twelve children, and eleven of these survived to middle age. Joseph is described as having been a very healthy and lively infant, 'whom it was a pleasure to nurse'—happy in the companionship of brothers and sisters, and free, in that secluded district, to roam at will through the meadows and over the downs which border on the estuary of the Severn. A wild, free life in the open air was usually his when a child; and thus, as he had an excellent constitution from his parents, the strong, good health of his after years was built on a firm foundation.

It is probably to his seventh year that the following characteristic little anecdote pertains:—An eccentric old Quaker, annoyed by the trespassings of a neighbour's pigs, saw the child sauntering along, and half in jest, ordered him to drive the animals into a pond. Delighted with the fun, Joseph readily obeyed. Very soon, however, with broom in hand, alarmingly brandished over the boy's head, appeared upon the scene a woman, to whom the pigs belonged. To avert her anger from himself, the old man shook his head at the child, and said gravely, in Dr. Watts's words, 'Ah!—

> 'Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do.'

But the ruse failed; for the child looked up at the old hypocrite indignantly, and said, 'Thee be'st Satan, then, for thee told me to do it.'

At Kingley, the house of his maternal grandfather, near Alcester, Joseph spent three years;—an enterprizing, nut-gathering, bird-nesting boy, exuberant in animal spirits, and of a most fearless temper;—a boy apt to climb trees and to plunge headlong into hedges, reckless alike of clothing and of skin. 'Ah, Joseph, Joseph,' said his grandfather one day, 'we must make thee a pair of tin breeches, and then all the children in the village will cry out, "Here comes the boy with the tin breeches."' It was whilst residing at Kingley that, under the misguidance of a servant boy, he became a party to obtaining

obtaining change for a bad sixpence from the landlady of a public-house in a neighbouring village. Sixty years afterwards, when Joseph Sturge was revisiting the scenes of his boyhood, the long-forgotten event flashed across his mind; and the good old man could not rest until he had made some restitution. A needy granddaughter of the defrauded and long since departed landlady was discovered, and the Christian of between seventy and eighty years of age insisted on paying £5, or two hundred per cent., in memory of the offence of the boy of nine.

Not until he was ten years of age was Joseph sent to school. There, although remarkably athletic and of a dauntless spirit, he solemnly resolved never to permit himself to fight. It was not always easy to keep the vow. His temper was at that time somewhat fiery; and boys will be so very provoking! Once or twice, indeed, he only avoided actual boxing, by closing with and throwing down to the ground some vexatious antagonist.

After spending about a year at Thornbury Day School, he was sent to a boarding school at Sidcot, in Somersetshire, kept by a member of the Society of Friends, named Benwell. Here he remained about three years, acquiring nothing but the rudiments of a plain English education. A schoolfellow at Sidcot long afterwards said to Mr. Charles Sturge: 'Your brother was a kind friend of mine for many years; and one circumstance that occurred to me when at school, is so characteristic of his whole life, that I will relate it. He was one of the oldest boys, I was one of the youngest. A boy oppressed me; I appealed to Joseph, he saw me righted, but said I must shake hands and make it up with my opponent. I demurred to this; but he insisted, and said, "William, never let the sun go down on thy wrath." I immediately complied; and often have I since then thought of that boyish advice.'

At fourteen years of age, he finally left school, and returned to his father's house. Now first came into vividness the religious feelings that in the sequel became the masters of his life. As a youth at home, he retained a buoyancy of spirit, an exuberance of joyous, active life, in spite of some probably only fancied partiality shown by his parents to the other children, wherewith he at times allowed himself to feel distressed. He was especially fond of horse exercise, and loved to spur up the steepest and roughest banks that he could find. The bailiff on the farm, an old servant of the family, sometimes was heard forbidding exploits like these: 'Thee shan't break thy neck, if I can help it.'

For some years it seemed as though his father's wish that Joseph

Joseph should become a farmer would be fulfilled. In his early journals are found frequent records of journeys to markets and fairs, of sheep-shearing and barley-sowing. A small farm at Aust Cliff was taken for him. Business, however, was not allowed to absorb him wholly. There were pleasant family excursions up the Wye; there was skating by moonlight; on fine autumn days there was shooting and coursing, for awhile. Of coursing he was passionately fond, but he soon gave it up, strongly convinced that it could not be right for a Christian to follow any mere amusement involving suffering to God's creatures. The 'Endeavour Society' was the name of a mutual improvement class to which he belonged at this early period; and before it he read papers on astronomy, optics, and meteorology, having found out for himself that science is a pursuit 'above most others worthy the attention of an intellectual being.'

His first activities in associated benevolent enterprize were in connection with the Bible Society, in 1813. He became member and secretary of the Thornbury branch; and he visited the poor to see who were in want of Bibles, and the rich to obtain donations. Temporary intercourse with some excellent ministers of the Society of Friends about this time led him to feel very strongly 'what a glorious work it is to be engaged in, to turn men from their evil ways, and lead them towards a land of eternal peace.' It was in the same year that, whilst occupying his small farm, he was 'drawn' for the militia; and not feeling religiously free to bear arms either *per se* or per proxy, he had to pay the penalty in the loss of his small flock of sheep, which he returned home one day just in time to see being driven off by the distraining officer.

He was not to be a farmer. In 1814, whilst visiting his friends the Cottrells, at Bewdley, in Worcestershire, he very unexpectedly received a proposal to enter into business as a corn factor in partnership with the son of his host. After demur, the offer was accepted. Leaving behind him at home, a parcel, containing a present for each member of the family, with a letter bidding them an affectionate farewell, he took up his abode at Bewdley. At Wribbenhall, on the other side of the Severn, he became in 1815 for the first time a householder. Small was the tenement, for his business operations were not then extensive; but it enabled him to live with his beloved sister Sophia, who fulfilled the dearest wish of her heart when she became her brother Joseph's housekeeper. Except in one brief interval, she remained with him, his faithful counsellor and companion in all good works, until her death in 1845. A *paper* which he wrote prior to commencing housekeeping, gives 'a

'a proposed plan of life,' which he hoped to pursue. Having, like King Alfred, arranged the disposal of his time—so many hours to business, and to his religious duties, and home enjoyments so many,

'I hope,' he continues, 'in this, as in all other instances, I shall try to do, according to my poor ability, my duty, and endeavour to live acceptably in the divine light. The management of my domestic concerns to be left entirely to my sister, whom I hope to have to live with me, or to my wife, should I ever marry. The whole of my expenses, including everything out of my own pocket, not to exceed £1,000 for the first four years, after beginning housekeeping. If Providence should so render my endeavours successful as to make my income, during that period, far exceed this sum, rather than increase my own luxuries, lay it out in relieving the distressed, making sufficient allowance for casualties, &c. But should my expenses be found to exceed my income, look over the accounts of the preceding year, and, if it be possible, retrench, rather than presume on the possibility of having a better return next year. To sacrifice many of my own comforts, rather than not be able to entertain a friend or relation with pleasure, and give him a cordial welcome. As I am placed almost alone with regard to our Society, I trust that, however far I may be from attaining a true state of religious experience myself, I may be able so to conduct myself as not to be a stumbling block to others.'

Thus piously did he lay out, early in life, a chart of conduct, as thousands also have done; but how few have succeeded in living, as he did, nobly true to the scheme!

In 1817, when Joseph Sturge was in his twenty-fifth year, his father died. As far as an elder brother could supply the loss to the family, our hero did so. Members of the family now living retain a vivid recollection of his extreme tenderness to his mother at all times, but especially during her brief widowhood. She, in less than two years, followed her departed husband; and as the old home was then necessarily broken up, Joseph, having, with this object in view, removed into a larger house near Bewdley, received under his roof, with a welcome, warm and generous, his brothers and sisters who were not settled in life. With the utmost delicacy and affection he acted as a father to them until they all found homes of their own. Papers and letters still extant, show with what thoughtful care he watched over them, and with what disinterested love. His early experience in business was full of severe struggles and discouragements; but when the light of prosperity began to shine around him, his first thought was how best his orphan brothers and sisters might be enabled to bask in its rays. Those who still remember the home at Netherton, describe it as the very abode of peace and love; and they testify that the brother who was its head, was regarded by all its members with the deepest reverence and the warmest affection.

Of his experience in business, with all its trials, checks, losses, and gains, we do not propose to write. Energetic, careful, and industrious though he was, he always held that business ought never

never to be the principal object in view. 'Under all circumstances,' he said, 'endeavour to act acceptably in the divine sight; let this be the paramount object. This disposition of the mind is, I believe, by no means incompatible with a full occupation of the mind with our proper affairs; but it requires great watchfulness.' 'His industry,' said a lifelong friend of his, 'was exceeded by few, and his power of endurance was scarcely less remarkable. Bewdley meeting was united to Worcester as a preparative meeting, and I have known him, at a time of great feverish excitement in the corn trade, come over to Worcester on a first-day morning and attend the preparative meeting; take the mail at night, and travel (on the old coaching system) an eleven or twelve hours' journey to London; attend Mark Lane market on the second day; proceed by that night's coach to Bristol; attend market there on third day, travel thence to Gloucester, and, reaching there late at night, obtain a few hours rest before proceeding sixteen miles to Ross to attend his quarterly meeting on fourth day; after which he again mounted coach and undertook another long journey to Liverpool.' It was by many years of hard struggles and deep anxieties that Joseph Sturge laid the basis of a commercial fabric, which afterwards arose so loftily and covered ground so wide. But his finer nature was not damaged in the process. In tenderness of conscience, in a large and generous interest in all moral questions, in a heart plenteous in gentlest charity for the failings, and sympathy with the errors of others, he remained always the same. The secret of this was, that he never, in the busiest times, allowed himself to neglect his pious engagements on the one hand, or to yield to the least temptation to take any unfair advantage on the other. Not merely at home, but also in the crowded town visited for business purposes, he delighted to retire for meditation and prayer. And alike in his early manhood, when business embarrassments were heavy upon him, and in his later years, he was determined, and acted on the determination, to keep his soul clear from every least stain of fraud. Never for a moment did he yield to the temptation to resort to the questionable expedients in business by which so many permit their consciences to be scared. Twice, at least, after heavy losses, he promptly reduced his expenditure to suit his altered circumstances. For three years in succession he limited his outlay to £100 a year, and during that period was known sometimes to deny himself a dinner that he might have wherewithal to bestow upon the needy. Being poor, why should he desire to seem otherwise? If his business suffered through thus declining to keep up false appearances, let it suffer.

suffer. What was morally wrong, he said, could not be commercially right; and that which was right, he would do, defying all consequences.

Such being the character of the man, it is no wonder that when, a quarter of a century ago, the temperance star began to shine brightly in the English sky, and Joseph Sturge, receiving its beams in his heart, became known as a friend of the temperance reformation, the large dealings in malt, which up to that time his firm had been engaged in, were at once relinquished, and premises which he had let for storing wine and spirits, were no longer suffered to be so used. Not even then was his conscience satisfied. On further reflection, he failed to see how he could properly take any part whatever in buying and selling barley required to be malted or distilled; and the result was, that that part of his business also was abandoned, with all the large annual profits that it would have brought in. In a letter written to a remonstrating acquaintance, he thus lucidly exhibited his ground of action :—

'Intemperance produces such an incalculable amount of vice and misery, that I consider it right to use my influence to promote the principles of total abstinence. This I feel the more bound to do, as nearly twenty years' personal experience, and much observation in this and other parts of the world, have convinced me that fermented liquors are not necessary to health, and that those who refrain even from what is termed the moderate use of them, are, in consequence, capable of more bodily and mental exertion, and exempt from many maladies which afflict others.

'In accordance with these views, our firm has long altogether declined the sale of malt, or the supply of any grain-distilleries, and converted to other uses, cellars, which many years ago we let to wine and spirit merchants. Our continuing to take commissions for the sale and purchase of barley for the purpose of malting, has for some years caused me much uneasiness; and I have recently been so fully convinced that it was wrong to do so, that I must have withdrawn from our concern had it not been relinquished. The belief that we are responsible for the means of acquiring, as well as for the use we make of our property, and that we cannot exercise too rigid a watchfulness over our *own* conduct, is compatible with perfect charity towards those who differ from us in opinion.'

The following interesting glimpse into his secret history was accidentally afforded at an hotel in Harrogate, where a friend of his biographer chanced to lay on the table a letter he had just addressed to Joseph Sturge. Observing the address, a gentleman in the room inquired if the writer was intimately acquainted with Mr. Sturge, and then volunteered this pleasing testimony :—

'He is' said he, 'one of the most honourable and upright men I know. I reside in Ireland, and am in the corn trade, and have had business transactions with the Messrs. Sturge. Some years ago, a cargo of grain was passing between us, and by some unavoidable circumstances the vessel met with serious detention, entailing very considerable loss. A question arose between us as to the party on whom the loss should devolve; and not being able to settle it ourselves, it was mutually agreed to refer it. The award was given, and the transaction accordingly arranged. A few months afterwards, our firm received a letter from Messrs. Sturge, stating that on deliberate reconsideration of all the circumstances, they had reached the conclusion

conclusion that the decision of the referee was unduly in their favour, and they therefore enclosed a draft for £300, which would be to them an equitable and satisfactory adjustment of the affair.'

And not only was he thus distinguished by a stern conscientiousness; his religion was equally potent at benevolence, the opposite pole of the battery. At no time, not even during those herculean struggles and harassing crises of business which beset him in the earlier years, did he deem himself at liberty to become wholly absorbed in his own affairs. Amidst losses and embarrassments, anxieties, and strenuous toilings in commerce; amidst yet more bitter disappointments that wounded his deepest affections; he still found time and heart to care for the sufferings of others, and to aid undertakings aiming at the general good. Thus it was that his life, supported on the axis of truth, rolled along, always diffusing blessings. He not only talked with God, that is easy; he walked with Him, which is much less easy; and was led ever by His right hand in the paths of holiness and philanthropy.

From the first formation of the London Peace Society, Joseph Sturge felt deeply interested in its object and operations. In 1818 he founded at Worcester a branch society, to which he gave much time and labour, travelling regularly for several years from Bewdley, fourteen miles, to attend its committee meetings. At Birmingham, where he carried on business in partnership with his brother Charles, he was soon recognized by his fellow-citizens as a fitting man for the town council; and he did not shrink from accepting the election thus accorded to him. He had a deep and strong conviction that to him it was a part of Christian duty to be actively concerned in the affairs of the community amongst whom he lived, and to endeavour to give them a bias consistent with Christian principle and the general weal.

To a dear friend he wrote in 1839:—

'The difficulty for a true Christian to act consistently while engaged in political matters is no doubt very great. But this is not a sufficient ground for him to desert his post, if, in the ordering of Providence, he is placed in such a situation, so long, at least, as he can fill it without any compromise of religious principle. The other alternative leads to consequences which many who take it up do not, I believe, at first sight perceive; for I think that, if carried out consistently, it must lead to a withdrawal from all active exertions for the amelioration of the miseries of mankind, and appears to me to be at variance with that part of our Saviour's prayer for his disciples, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."'

This sound and manly sentiment being held by Joseph Sturge, he threw himself into political contests with rare ardour, and spent much time and money in promoting the cause of political party, whenever he believed that to be identical

identical with the cause of right and truth. But it was, above all, into the great philanthropic struggles of his day that he projected his whole soul and strength; and especially, in the outset of his career, into the struggle of anti-slavery.

The slave trade was abolished by British law in 1807: but the first motion in the House of Commons affirming (it was but mildly) the unlawfulness of negro slavery, was brought forward by Mr. Buxton in 1823. In the course of the sessions of 1824-5, eight motions were made in the House dyslogistic of slavery, at the instance of a band of earnest and able men, including Wilberforce, Brougham, Lushington, Denman, Whitmore, William Smith, and Buxton. Out of doors, Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, Stephen, Cropper, and others were indefatigable in the work of public instruction. But for a long time, action was impeded by a timid and compromising spirit, full of moderation, compromise, and delay. The great issue of total and immediate abolition was not placed fairly before the country; extreme measures were deprecated; popular agitation was dreaded. Another order of men, bolder, more robust, if less refined, was needed to supplement the labours of the more wary and hesitating. For this kind of service, Joseph Sturge was eminently qualified; not, indeed, that he was a great orator, but that he was a thorough 'man of the people.' His moral courage was unlimited; where conscience led, he followed without fear; intensely resolute, no difficulties daunted him; indefatigable, no amount of labour seemed able to exhaust him. And such was his sincerity and singleness of character, that he easily won at once the confidence and the co-operation of those who saw and heard him.

In 1826, he was appointed secretary to the Birmingham Anti-Slavery Society. It is true that his modesty led him for some years to prefer a comparatively private course of labour for the cause to which his large heart had inevitably committed him. But he was none the less active. He corresponded much with Zachary Macaulay whilst that gentleman was the main-spring of the anti-slavery movement in London. After some years of vigorous labour, Joseph Sturge made up his mind that he would be no party to demanding or accepting anything less than total and immediate emancipation. Of course, he was reproached as an extreme and impracticable man. His first care was to try to convert to his own views, the members of the Society of Friends, who were then, as they had been from the first, and continued to be to the end, amongst the most active and urgent movers in the anti-slavery enterprize. At the Friends' yearly meeting in 1830, he delivered an earnest addre[redacted]

address, imploring his brethren to assume decisive ground. He was convinced that by taking gradual and not immediate emancipation as their motto, the conductors of the movement had retarded the day of success, and he, with others, worked hard to infuse a bolder spirit into them. After much clashing and heart-burning, the moderates and the 'impracticables' found that two cannot walk together unless they be agreed; and the formation of a new society, 'The Agency Committee,' was one of the consequences of this conflict of policies.

The Agency Committee was formed in 1831. Although conducted on terms of perfect civility with the 'Anti-Slavery Society,' and counting some of the members of the latter amongst its executive, it followed an entirely independent course. Its one business was, to teach the public how abominable a thing is slavery, how intolerable to Christians, how absolutely necessary to be destroyed. So teaching, it evoked a popular opinion, which acted as an outside pressure upon the Government, and even upon the parliamentary leaders of the cause.

'It seems strange to us,' says Mr. Richard, 'now that everybody in this country is, professedly at least, opposed to slavery, to be told that, at the period to which we refer, nearly the whole power of the public press was bitterly hostile to the cause of abolition. In the first report of the Agency Committee, they say that "scarcely a newspaper or a magazine could be found which, on this topic, was just enough to be neutral, and by far the greater number combined to oppose the abolitionists, whatever might be the distinction of their party, or the tenor of their politics."'

It is well to have this testimony now that at least one other social reform, quite as necessary as the abolition of slavery, meets with so much of the opposition of the press. The pulpit and the platform were largely open to the abolitionists; but their principal instrument was a regularly organized lecturing system, carried on by agents wholly devoted to the work, followed by the establishment of auxiliary societies all over the country. Amongst the lecturers thus employed, were Mr. Scoble, Mr. Baldwin, and Captain Stuart. 'Mr. George Thompson especially, with a matchless power of popular eloquence, stirred most deeply the heart of the multitude by his graphic delineations of slavery, and his passionate appeals to the national conscience.' In all this agitation, one of the most active and constant helpers was Joseph Sturge; so much so, that Birmingham, next to London, was for many years the most important centre of activity for all anti-slavery operations. His labours throughout the whole of the Midland counties were untiring, in promoting public meetings, corresponding with friends of the cause, and moving to action all who could be brought within the influence of his benevolent enthusiasm.

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A band of able and earnest men surrounded him, thoroughly sympathizing with his wishes, and aiding his exertions.

Having done much to secure the return of an anti-slavery House of Commons in 1832, the friends of the cause nevertheless found themselves likely to be betrayed by the faithless Reform Ministry. The Agency Committee blew a loud blast in the ears of all the anti-slavery societies, urging them to send delegates to London to interrogate the Prime Minister and the representatives. To make the alarm effectual, a number of leading friends divided the country into districts for personal visitation. Ireland and a part of Scotland were undertaken by Joseph Sturge. There were no railways then; and the labour and fatigue he had to undergo in making a rapid tour through those districts were very severe. By day and by night had he to travel, to meet committees, to hold interviews with individuals, and otherwise to secure a powerful response to the appeal. When the Ministry at length came forward with plans for apprenticeship and compensation, Joseph Sturge and his friends counselled strenuous, uncompromising resistance.

'They believed that the apprenticeship was worse than a delusion, either as a substitute for freedom, or as a preparation for it. They clearly foresaw that to retain the negro in a state of absolute subjection to the masters for a series of years, at the end of which he was to escape from their power, was a sure way to stimulate both their cupidity and their cruelty. They would naturally argue that since the law was going to snatch their victim from their grasp at a given period, they would get out of him the most that they possibly could, whether of service or of submission, while their opportunity yet lasted. As to the compensation, the objection of the abolitionists was not monetary, but moral. They would not have grudged a hundred millions for the redemption of the slave, had they thought the principle a just one; but to pay the slaveowner for relinquishing his property in human beings, seemed to them an acknowledgment of the right to make merchandize of the souls and bodies of men. In their view, it was the slave rather than his owner, that was entitled to compensation.'

Mr. Buxton and others, though not liking the apprenticeship and compensation clauses, were for compounding with the Ministry; but they lived to acknowledge that, at all events, a much better bargain ought to have been struck.

Not long, indeed, after the passing of the Emancipation Act, rumours of the frightful severity with which the 'apprentices' were being treated by the planters reached these shores. That act reprieved slavery in all its worst features for seven years beyond the day when it professed to make it cease and be unlawful; and not only so, but it gave power to punish a slave long after the expiration of the 'apprenticeship,' and to 'apprentice' children under six years of age, till they were one-and-twenty, at the option of a magistrate, often largely interested. And besides all this, various colonial acts, with fiendish

fiendish ingenuity, were made to add to the sufferings of the negroes. In 1835, therefore, an elaborate memorial in remonstrance was presented to the Colonial Secretary on behalf of the anti-slavery and abolition societies of the United Kingdom. On the opening of Parliament, Joseph Sturge went up to London, and remained there for a long time, indefatigably working to secure the ear of the Ministry, by appealing to the popular mind and heart. And when Mr. Buxton permitted himself to be *bamboozled* by the pretence that great vigilance had been and would be exercised by the authorities, on behalf of the negroes, the anti-slavery agitation began more and more to revolve around Joseph Sturge as its firm and true pivotal man.

The British abolitionists found themselves at this time very much embarrassed for want of evidence that could be adduced openly. In the colonies, any known friend of theirs was a doomed man; therefore, whilst abundant testimony of the wrongs of the apprentices was in their possession, they were restrained from using it except anonymously. In this emergency Joseph Sturge determined to go to the West Indies, that he might investigate the case for himself. To him this was necessarily a formidable enterprize. Except to Ireland, he had never voyaged; and ocean steamers were then unknown. The voyage was perilous and of uncertain length. The climate was reputed dangerous. It was foreseen that the white population of the colonies would regard such a visitor with intense enmity. Only a few years before, the missionaries in Jamaica had been mobbed, their chapels burnt down, and themselves driven from the island. It was amongst a people thus filled with malice and apt for violence that Joseph Sturge proposed to go to collect information of facts which the planters desired to conceal. Barbadoes, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Jamaica, were amongst the islands that he visited, taking with him in the voyage his friend Thomas Harvey; with whose assistance on their return, he published a volume of testimony, entitled 'The West Indies in 1837,' which sold rapidly, and rendered incalculable service.

From one of Joseph Sturge's companions on the voyage has been derived an anecdote, slightly illustrating Joseph Sturge's faithfulness to duty. Sitting on the deck of the vessel with a friend, Mr. Sturge remarked a fine old gentleman of the old school, who had been in the army and at the capture of Trinidad, and had afterwards settled as a planter on that island. His want of reverence for the name of God was abundantly made manifest in his speech. Joseph Sturge, who had

had appeared lost in thought, suddenly started up, saying, 'I must speak to that old man;' and he went and did so; and took several turns with him in his promenade on the deck. Marked respect and increased cordiality from the old man whom he had admonished were the result of this conference.

On his return from the West Indies, Joseph Sturge showed that it was his fixed resolve never to rest until he had effected the overthrow of the apprenticeship system. This was an arduous undertaking. Many and formidable were the obstacles. The Cabinet were firmly opposed to any disturbance of the existing arrangement. None of the leaders of parties would lend him their countenance. Many of the old friends of the anti-slavery cause, even, held aloof from a movement which they regarded as imprudent and impracticable. Scarcely anything is more difficult than to rekindle the ashes of an old agitation; and the public mind was somewhat exhausted by the long and strenuous exertions which it had made in obtaining the Emancipation Act. Difficulties great as these had no power to daunt the spirit of our hero. He courageously addressed himself to the mighty task. Convening and attending public meetings; publishing and circulating pamphlets; travelling from town to town to stir up moral and religious feeling; appearing before a committee of the House of Commons, by whom he was examined during seven days; such were some of the methods he used, and the labours he endured. When the old anti-slavery committee in London refused to take in hand a work which they considered rash and hopeless, he formed a provisional committee at Birmingham, and convened a conference of delegates, which sat in London during three days. Provincial societies were reorganized. Ere long, Lord Brougham, who had been at first extremely averse to any proposal to disturb the settlement under the Emancipation Act, became aroused from his indifference. In February, 1838, he delivered a masterly and eloquent speech in the House of Lords, and moved a series of resolutions, for which, however, only seven peers were found willing to vote. Another conference of delegates was convened in March. On the 29th of that month, Sir George Strickland proposed, and Mr. Joseph Pease seconded, a resolution in the House of Commons, to end the apprenticeship on the 1st of August in that year. Public excitement waxed hot. The Ministry, with its whole weight, sought to suppress the motion, and succeeded in defeating it by a majority of fifty-four, in a House of four hundred and eighty-four. 'It was a struggle between the moral and religious sentiment of the country and the obstinacy of a routine officialism which rallied round it all placemen,

past, present,' and expectant. Joseph Sturge and his friends allowed themselves to be no whit discouraged. More meetings were held. Sir Eardley Wilmot gave notice on the 22nd of May, 'that negro apprenticeships in the British colonies shall immediately cease and determine.' The friends of the planters and the quietists allowed themselves to be taken by surprise. Sir Eardley Wilmot moved his resolution which Mr. C. P. Villiers seconded. Lord Stanley (the present Earl of Derby), the most accomplished orator in the ministerial ranks, and the author of the Apprenticeship Act, was put up to oppose the motion. Happily the Ministers were defeated by a majority of three. The galleries were crowded with Quakers and other abolitionists, and when the result of the division was known, such a shout arose from those worthies, that they were all 'turned out for rioting,' as Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton said. Sir Thomas wrote next day to a friend that 'Sturge and his party, whom we thought all in the wrong, are proved to be right.' Still success had not been quite achieved. The Whig Ministry refused to yield. Within a week of their defeat, they persuaded the House of Commons into a vote virtually undoing what had been done. But the colonial legislatures took the alarm. They saw how inevitable was their ultimate discomfiture, and with the avowed wish to prevent the further progress of an agitation, the increasingly unpleasant effects of which they dreaded, the authorities in Barbadoes, Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat, the Virgin Islands, and at last Jamaica, declared that the apprenticeship system should end on the 1st of August. The British Ministry was forced to acquiesce. The slaves, held so long in fetters under false pretences, were finally set free.

How correctly his biographer ascribes this victory to Joseph Sturge, is shown by abundant evidence. Lord Brougham, in a speech delivered in the House of Lords, on the 16th of July, 1838, said:—

'He gave honour to those men who had been the objects of calumny which they regarded not, of suspicions which they despised, of vituperation which they allowed to pass by them as the empty air; he gave to such men as Joseph Sturge, John Scoble, Josiah Conder, and George Thompson, with whom he had been united as a most humble but most zealous coadjutor, the glory of that day; being as thoroughly persuaded as he was of his own existence that, but for their efforts, that day would not have dawned upon them.'

And Lord Brougham gave further testimony, which we shall quote by-and-by. Daniel O'Connell, in a letter to Joseph Sturge, dated July 7th, 1838, said:—

'What ineffable delight it must afford you, my esteemed friend, to reflect that *your* exertions have created a flame before which the chains of two years slavery of half

half a million, at the lowest calculation, of your fellowmen, have melted away. But for *your* exertions, the two years more of apprenticeship would certainly be inflicted, and every hour of these two years would become more and more aggravated in cruelty. If you had remained at home, it is perfectly clear—clear beyond any doubt—that these two years would have continued without remission. This is, indeed, a proud thought for you, and in spite of any shrinking from praise, all good men on earth will thank, and may our gracious God reward, you, with eternal happiness, is my fervent prayer.'

The Reverend John Angell James, who had cheered Joseph Sturge on by his sympathies, labours, and prayers, wrote to the like effect :—

'To you, under God, this blessed emancipation is to be traced. You were the chosen instrument of Providence to awaken our sympathies, excite our energies, and elicit our efforts. I say not this in the way of flattery, but of grateful and holy acknowledgment.'

Dr. Lushington, an earnest and devoted friend of the slave, declared at a public meeting held in Birmingham after the victory :—

'My principal motive in coming here, was to pay my humble testimony to the undaunted courage, the determined resolution, the powerful and unshaken principles of my honoured and excellent friend, Joseph Sturge.'

Sir T. F. Buxton, writing to Mr. Sturge in July of the same year, thanked God for what the latter had done in this matter. And Mr. Cobden gave the following anecdote, in a letter to Mr. Sturge's biographer :—

'I remember a very graphic description which Lord Brougham gave me in a conversation at his house in Grafton Street, of Joseph Sturge's conduct in the matter of the apprenticeship system, which he adduced as an illustration of our friend's indomitable energy. He told me of Mr. Sturge coming to him to arraign the conduct of the masters in the West Indies for oppressing their apprentices; how he (Brougham) laughed at him, deriding him in this fashion for proposing to abolish the apprenticeship: "Why, Joseph Sturge, how can you be such an old woman, as to dream that you can revive the anti-slavery agitation, to put an end to the apprenticeship?" how the quiet Quaker met him with the reply; "Lord Brougham, if when Lord Chancellor, thou had'st a ward in Chancery who was apprenticed, and his master was violating the terms of indenture, what would'st thou do?" How he felt this as a home-thrust, and replied, "Why, I should require good proof of the fact, Joseph Sturge, before I did anything;" how our friend rejoined, "Then I must supply thee with the proof;" how he packed his portmanteau, and quietly embarked for the West Indies, made a tour of the islands, collected the necessary evidence of the oppression that was being practised on the negro apprentices by their masters the planters; how he returned to England, and commenced an agitation throughout the country to abolish the apprenticeship, to accomplish which it was necessary to reorganize all the old anti-slavery societies which had been dissolved, or had laid down their arms, happy to be relieved from their long and arduous labours; how he brought them again into the field, and attained his object. This was the narrative of Lord Brougham; and well do I remember the very words in which in conclusion he awarded the whole merit to our friend. "*Joseph Sturge*," said he, "*won the game off his own bat!*"'

Mr. Sturge's interest in the coloured people of the West Indies did not expire on the attainment of their liberty. To the end of his stay in this world, he regarded them as his

clients still, and he was ever watchful over their rights and anxious for their well-being. When the local legislatures of several of the islands passed statutes intended to introduce a modified form of slavery, the Birmingham Anti-Slavery Society immediately appealed to the Colonial Office; and the result of the alarm, thus promptly sounded, was the issue of orders in Council, which balked the local authorities in their efforts to entangle the liberated slaves. When the missionaries were persecuted and heavily fined by the planters, because they had protected and befriended the blacks, Mr. Sturge and Mr. G. W. Alexander headed a subscription with £50 each, for the help of the sufferers. To defeat the attempts of the planters to place the freed men at their mercy in the matter of work and wages, he promoted a 'West India Land Investment Company,' for the purchase of real property to be sold or let in small lots to the negroes; and on the defeat of this scheme by the Board of Trade on technical grounds, he advanced large sums on loan to the missionaries to enable them to purchase land for the use of the coloured people. This was followed by the happiest results. The blacks, their independence being secure, were in a position to treat with their employers as free labourers on the question of wages; at the same time the prospect of investing their savings in small freeholds was a strong stimulus to industry and thrift. A circular which he issued led to the formation of the 'Jamaica Education Society,' which raised large sums during many years, for use by the missionaries in educating the children. He assisted largely the establishment of schools; a female normal school was opened and maintained for three years, chiefly at his expense; and his educational efforts did not cease until the negroes became able to provide the means of instruction and improvement for their own population. When the cholera raged in the island of Jamaica, decimating the population, he gave and got from others large contributions to aid the sufferers, and mitigate the evil consequences of the plague. An immigration law, which would have reduced the immigrants to semi-slavery, was disallowed by the Queen in Council, mainly through his efforts and influence. And not alone for the welfare of the negroes in the West Indies was he solicitous; he yearned to deliver captives from thraldom all the world over; and expended much time and money to this end. What had been gained, he said, must be brought in aid of what yet remained to be accomplished; past successes were no finalities with him, but were regarded as means for the realization of new ones. In 1839 he caused a conference to be convened in London, to establish the 'British

'British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,' which is still in active operation. The foundation principle stands thus:—

'That, so long as slavery exists, there is no reasonable prospect of the annihilation of the slave trade, and of extinguishing the sale and barter of human beings. That the extinction of slavery and the slave trade will be attained most effectually by the employment of those means which are of a moral, religious, and pacific character; and that no measures be resorted to by this society, in the prosecution of those objects, but such as are in entire accordance with these principles.'

To the employment of armed cruisers to put down the slave trade, Joseph Sturge never consented. He thought it impossible to promote philanthropic ends by violence and bloodshed.

In June, 1840, at his suggestion, was held a 'World's Convention' in London, to promote the great object of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. To ensure the success of this project, he put forth marvellous activity both of body and mind. He planned that deputations should visit beforehand all the countries both in Europe and America where slavery existed, to obtain accurate information, promote anti-slavery associations, and obtain the delegation of representatives to attend the great convention. He offered to go personally to the United States and Cuba; and, when circumstances arose to prevent his voyage, he laboured hard to find a good substitute, and personally undertook the tour of the midland and northern counties of England, with North Wales, Dublin, Belfast, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, for purposes of agitation, besides meeting committees at Stroud, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Worcester. Finally, as the result of extraordinary pains, the great conference was held. Five or six hundred delegates assembled, with a large number of visitors, in Freemason's Hall; a remarkable gathering of the leading philanthropists of the world. There were the veterans of the anti-slavery cause, Buxton, and Lushington, and O'Connell, and Villiers, in person; and Brougham was there too, in spirit and by letter, albeit shattered health compelled his bodily absence. 'There were the men who, by their varied and vigorous eloquence, had evoked and organized the public sentiment out of doors, who had clothed their parliamentary leaders with such resistless power before the legislature;'—John Burnet, and George Thompson, John Scoble, and Samuel Bowly, and a score besides hardly less worthy to be named. There were a faithful few amongst the too generally careless literary men of the day:—Thomas Campbell, John Bowring, Josiah Condor, and Colonel Thompson. There were William Knibb, and John Clarke, and other missionaries from the West Indies. The United States had sent Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, Birney, and Stanton, and 'of honourable

women not a few.' From France had come a large delegation, including Isambert and Cremieux. There, as president of the assembly, sat the venerable Thomas Clarkson, with body bowed with the burden of more than eighty years, but with heart still full of concern for the welfare of the enslaved. And there, as in some sense the leading spirit of the scene, was Joseph Sturge, to whose energy and influence the convention owed its existence, and to whose ardent zeal, yet gentle and generous temper, it was largely indebted for its harmonious operation. There, lastly, was Haydon, the painter, drawn thither reluctantly, perhaps contemptuously too, as to a gathering of men whose ways and thoughts were unlike his, by a desire to see whether such an assemblage might not present materials for a picture. He came away from the scene not as he went. How his feelings changed and became not only interested, but powerfully moved, let his own words tell:—

'On entering the meeting at the time appointed, I saw at once I was in the midst of no common assembly. The venerable and benevolent heads which surrounded me, soon convinced me that materials existed of character and expression in the members present, provided any one moment of pictorial interest should occur. In a few minutes an unaffected man got up, and informed the meeting that Thomas Clarkson would attend shortly; he begged no tumultuous applause might greet his entrance, as his infirmities were great, and he was too nervous to bear, without risk of injury to his health, any such expression of their good feeling towards him. The Friend who addressed them was Joseph Sturge, a man whose whole life has been devoted to ameliorate the condition of the unhappy.

'In a few minutes the aged Clarkson came in, grey and bent, leaning on Joseph Sturge for support, and approached with feeble and tottering steps the middle of the convention. I had never seen him before, nor had most of the foreigners present; and the anxiety to look on him betrayed by all was exceedingly unaffected and sincere. Immediately behind Thomas Clarkson were his daughter-in-law, the widow of his son, and his little grandson.

'Aided by Joseph Sturge and his daughter, Clarkson mounted to the chair, sat down in it as if to rest, and then in a tender, feeble voice, appealed to the assembly for a few minutes' meditation, before he opened the convention. The venerable old man put his hand simply to his forehead, as if in prayer, and the whole assembly followed his example; for a minute there was the most intense silence I ever felt. Having inwardly uttered a short prayer, he was again helped up; and, bending forward, leaning on the table, he spoke to the great assembly as a patriarch standing over the grave, or as a kind father who felt an interest for his children. Every word he uttered was from his heart—he spoke tenderly, tremulously; and, in alluding to Wilberforce, acknowledged, just as an aged man would acknowledge, his decay of memory in forgetting many other dear friends whom he could not then recollect. After solemnly urging the members to persevere to the last, till slavery was extinct, lifting his arm and pointing to heaven (his face quivering with emotion), he ended by saying: "May the Supreme Ruler of all human events, at whose disposal are, not only the hearts, but the intellects of men—may He, in His abundant mercy, guide your councils, and give His blessing upon your labours." There was a pause of a moment, and then, without an interchange of thought, or even of look, the whole of this vast meeting, men and women, said in a tone of subdued and deep feeling, "AMEN! AMEN!"

'To the reader not present it is scarcely possible to convey, without affectation, the effect on the imagination of one who, like myself, had never attended benevolent meetings, had no notion of such deep sincerity in any body of men, or of the awful and

and unaffected piety of the class I had been brought amongst. That deep-toned AMEN came on my mind like the knell of a departing curse; I looked about me on the simple and extraordinary people, ever ready with their purse and their person, for the accomplishment of their great object; and if ever sound was an echo to the sense, or if ever deep and undaunted meaning was conveyed to the depths of the soul by sound alone, the death-warrant of slavery all over the earth was boded by that AMEN!

'I have seen the most afflicting tragedies, imitative and real; but never did I witness in life or in the drama, so deep, so touching, so pathethic an effect produced on any great assembly, as by the few unaffected, unsophisticated words of this aged and agitated person.

"'The women wept, the men shook off their tears, unable to prevent their flowing; for myself, I was so affected and astonished that it was many minutes before I recovered sufficiently to perceive the moment of interest I had longed for, had come to pass—and this was the moment I immediately chose for the picture.'

In 1841 a desire to promote unity of action between the British and Foreign, and the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Societies, and to procure, if possible, a conference of nations in favour of universal peace, led Joseph Sturge to visit the United States. Whilst there, he did much to induce a healthier feeling both within and outside the Society of Friends to supersede that connivance with evil which he found so prevalent. He sought, and at length obtained, an interview with the President of the States; he drew up an address to the abolitionists, expatiating on the sorrowful scenes he had witnessed in the district of Columbia, under the shadow of the Capitol; copies of this address he sent to the President, and all the members of the Federal legislative houses; and had them published in newspapers, North and South; his presence at Washington during John Quincy Adams's brave struggle to prevent the passing of what was called the 'Gag law' for the district of Columbia, was even declared by the base *New York Herald* to have exerted a 'sinister influence;' he honestly remonstrated with the Society of Friends in America on their timidity and unwillingness to bear faithful testimony against slavery, and he gave away large sums of money to promote the good cause. His visit was considered by his friends in America to have been largely beneficial.

On his return, he published an account of his tour, with much valuable information on slavery and the slave trade, on the sufferings and dissensions of the abolitionists, on temperance, peace, juvenile crime, prison discipline, the condition of the aboriginal Indians, and of the Society of Friends in the States.

We must hasten very rapidly over his subsequent services to the anti-slavery and other benevolent movements. He went to France to attend a convention in Paris, in March, 1842, which, however, by order of the French Government, was suppressed, and in its place was held a private conference

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of some sixty or seventy friends of the anti-slavery cause. In the following year he devoted much time and attention to two large meetings in London, one on slavery, the other on peace. In such work, indeed, his labours were enormous. For years he was almost constantly attending public meetings, committees, and conferences; he travelled much, and kept up an immense correspondence. In the very midst of exertions like these, a crisis in the corn trade involved his firm in losses which threatened to sweep everything away, and did for a time very seriously diminish his pecuniary resources. But he fought his way bravely through all, and never ceased to care or work for the afflicted and oppressed, however grievously his own worldly interests might be suffering.

Peace and anti-slavery were only two of a large number of the philanthropic movements into which Joseph Sturge threw himself with tongue and purse, with heart and soul. Finding that Sunday railway travelling was absorbing in unceasing, and, therefore, mentally deteriorating, labour, an increasing number of operatives; he, as a director of the London and Birmingham Railway, strove strenuously to check the evil; and, not succeeding after twice testing the shareholders, he retired from the direction. In the Chartist agitation his sympathies were all with the unenfranchised, whom he regarded as being deprived of a right when devoid of a vote. His mode of settling this question of organic change appears to have been a very simple one. What might be the result of heaping up all the political power in the lap of a single class, he seems scarcely to have considered. Had not all men an equal right to the franchise? Who was he, that he should grudge it to them? What right had any man to seek to deprive them of it? At Nottingham, in 1842, he contested an election and obtained 1,801 votes, but not the seat. In 1844 he was candidate for Birmingham, but again without success. On the suffrage question, the course he took—for manhood suffrage and no surrender—deeply grieved, it even alienated, some of his friends; but whilst many questioned his judgment, none for a moment doubted the sincerity and benevolence of his motives. He had no personal end to serve, but was guided throughout by what he believed to be the highest dictates of conscience and religion. When, in the Chartist movement, the current of physical force set in, under the leading of Feargus O'Connor, he manfully did his best to stem the tide, calming the excitement of the multitude, and warning them against evil counsels that were misleading *them.* By indefatigable exertions he succeeded in procuring that

that the capital sentences of some rioters in Birmingham should be commuted to transportation; and he moved the appointment, and was made chairman, of a committee of the Birmingham Town Council to investigate the causes of the riot. When the control of the police force was put in the hands of a Government Commission, instead of in those of the municipal body, he opposed the arbitrary and centralizing measure with all the ardour and energy of his nature. In the anti-corn law agitation, he very early and very actively exerted himself. In 1838, Lord Brougham gaily wrote to him that he heartily rejoiced at his coming into the corn-law controversy, and his lordship constituted him his 'lieutenant-general' against 'those equally vile and silly corn-laws.' To the League, when it arose, Joseph Sturge attached himself, and was one of the earliest who did so. His counsel was sought by the leaders of that movement almost from the first, and they rejoiced to enlist such a man in their ranks. For some years he was invariably present, as the representative of Birmingham, at the meetings of delegates that were held in London or Manchester to promote corn-law repeal. One of the leaders of the League has written in reference to one of the meetings of delegates to constitute the anti-corn law association:—'I remember how little the great majority were prepared for anything so strong and uncompromizing [as the total and immediate abolition which Joseph Sturge urged], and how gladly nine-tenths of us would have avoided the question at the time. But I believe that it was our late friend, who, fresh from the experience of the anti-slavery struggle, pointed out the necessity of taking our stand on the rock of abstract truth and justice; and I must say we found it our rock of safety during our seven years' struggle.'

His biographer very justly observes that—

"In all large bodies like that into which the League gradually grew, there will always be found a class who shrink from the full and firm maintenance of a principle, and are for ever counselling surrender on some plea of compromise. There seems to have been a time in the history of the anti-corn law movement, when the influence of this class threatened to turn the body aside from the broad path of right to the entangling by-ways of expediency. This was especially the case when a considerable Whig element got infused among them, who wished to subordinate what they saw was becoming a power in the country to the purposes of their own party. But from his experience in the anti-corn law agitation, Mr. Sturge had learnt utterly to distrust such compromises, as tending only to distract and bewilder the public mind, and to weaken by dividing the force of those who were demanding justice, while they left the root of the evil still in possession of the soil. He was determined, therefore, that, so far as he could prevent it, he would not permit his colleagues to swerve from the high ground which from the first he had persuaded them to assume. He thus became a sort of conscience to the League, taking alarm and giving warning at what he deemed the first sign of deflection from the right, and no doubt proving, as a sensitive conscience is very apt to do, rather troublesome and irritating in moments of strong temptation and of wavering virtue.'

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The most abominable war waged by this country against China, in defence of the wretches who were smuggling opium into that vast human hive, excited Joseph Sturge's unqualified abhorrence. 'The trade in opium,' says his biographer, 'for which no defence has been or can be urged, except that it is a *profitable* iniquity, always appeared to him hardly less infamous than the slave trade.' And when he saw the strength of this Christian country about to be applied to massacre heathen people in support of so execrable a traffic, he was stirred up to an extraordinary vehemence of indignation. He issued an address to the Christian people of Great Britain; he caused a large meeting to be held in London in opposition to the war; and again and again he lifted up his voice in protest against the forcing of a pernicious drug upon a people whose government was striving by legislation and remonstrances to preserve them from it. When, in 1843, a great educational controversy arose, Joseph Sturge advocated voluntary as against State education, and on that account withdrew from connection with the British and Foreign School Society, of which he had for many years been a cordial supporter. He contested an election in Leeds in 1847, by desire of the 'Voluntaries,' and polled 1,976 votes, although unsuccessfully. On several occasions afterwards he was invited to 'stand,' but firmly and without hesitation he declined; humbly deeming it one of the things for which he owed thanks to Providence that he had not been sent into the House of Commons.

The free labour movement, to which Joseph Sturge gave much time and work, was a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to drive the produce of slave labour out of the British market. To the last, nothing was allowed to be used in his own household that had in its origin any taint of slavery. During the progress of the Oregon difficulty between the United States and our own country, he worked hard in promotion of peace; and, indeed, we may say, summarily, as long as his strength lasted he watched with vivid and unwearying interest every public event of his day, and was always eager and prompt to throw into the balance all the influence he could command in behalf of humanity. Only a very small section of thinkers will find themselves able to admit that in all that he took in hand he was guided by a profound knowledge of mankind, or that his action was never in its effects injurious to the cause he had at heart; but none can doubt the purity of his intentions, and the noble depth and width of his philanthropy.

His efforts in the Crimean war; his visit to Finland as healer of the wounds inflicted by our forces on the innocent merchants

merchants of that country; his exertions in founding a daily journal in London which still represents the principles he espoused; his laborious solicitudes during the Indian mutiny; his opposition to Sir James Brooke, of Sarawak; his benevolent purchase of an estate in the West Indies; his dedication of a field in Edgbaston for the recreation of the people of Birmingham; his establishment of a juvenile reformatory at Stoke Prior; the interest he took in freehold land societies, baths and washhouses, and the temperance movement; and his immense public and private charities—we have left ourselves no room to describe. All through life he was an ardent friend of the temperance cause. Time, personal exertions, money, he always held at its service. At a meeting in London in 1850, over which he presided, he said:—

'This was not the place to make any political allusions, but he might state that one of the dearest wishes of his heart was to live to see the day in which all his fellow-countrymen, irrespective of the possession of property, would enjoy equal political rights, because he believed it would greatly promote their moral elevation; but there was a reform of far more importance than this within their reach—that of becoming a strictly temperance people, and he could hardly desire political equality without this, for if the windows of heaven were opened to pour its blessings upon Britain until it was a Garden of Eden, an intemperate people would soon convert it into a desolate wilderness.'

It was his delight to encourage 'Bands of Hope:' to give the young people tea and cake in his own grounds, to present little books to them, and to take them out—sometimes to the number of 3,000—on excursions to the country. 'What charity,' rightly asks his biographer, 'has not profited by his generous benefactions? What benevolent institution, what scheme for the relief of the poor, for the succour of the wretched, for the reclaiming of the criminal, for the education of the people, for the advantage of the working classes, did not number him among its foremost promoters and supporters?' His liberality in money giving was very great, and it was systematic. He positively and deliberately declined to accumulate wealth. It was his deep conviction that increase of riches brought augmentation of spiritual danger. A letter is extant wherein he speaks of the difficulty he had found to keep a disposition to give in proportion to increase of means. The difficulty, little or much, was nobly mastered. 'The more I have reflected upon the subject,' he says, 'the more I am convinced that, notwithstanding the almost universal practice to the contrary, the laying up of a large future provision for children or relatives is not a justification in the sight of God for the present neglect of anything that duty appears to require; and the curse which such provisions almost invariably prove to those who receive them, would have strongly confirmed

confirmed me in this view, even had not our Saviour's words been so very explicit on this point.' 'One of the things which has struck me most forcibly with regard to wealth, is the curse it often proves to children. Really, both in our society and out of it, I find that if I want any young person to help me in any benevolent or religious object, I must, with rare exceptions, go to those who are dependent upon their own exertions for support; the children of the rich, too often, will not only do nothing themselves, but, like the dog in the manger, try to obstruct those who do.' Considerations like these are of great and solemn interest to all who find their worldly riches increasing. They know not what snares and pitfalls, what deadness and hardness of heart and contempt for God's word and commandment, they do, in fact, too often accumulate, who set themselves to lay up much of this world's substance for their babes.

Vast, however, as were Joseph Sturge's contributions of money, time, and labour, to the public good, he was no neglecter of his own family. In all needful things he well and carefully provided for his own. 'Indeed,' says his wife, 'in tenderness and love he was an uncommon son, brother, husband, and father, and in these relations my belief is his example is most precious.' He was no imitator of Mrs. Jellaby. His servants and dependents were all thought for and cared for with unswerving solicitude. One of his business establishments was at fifty miles distance from his home; but he kept up a close knowledge of his servants there; visited them at their houses, seventy or eighty in number; talked to their wives and children; entered with them into their struggles and trials; helped them by counsel and otherwise; and all this, not patronizingly, but as a warmly interested friend. Every year he met them and their families at a social party, between two and three hundred strong, and addressed them, and got others to address them on matters connected with their welfare. They never went home from one of these gatherings without taking a present of books with them to be added to the little library in the bookcase which his thoughtful liberality had given to each household. In all this, he was supported by his brothers, who were his partners in business, and by whose good aid he was enabled to devote so much of his time to philanthropic works. After his death, fifty-eight of his servants voluntarily testified, in a written address to his widow, their regard for Joseph Sturge as a 'dear friend,' and their grief at the loss of him.

We must still delay the conclusion of this brief account of one of God's own noblemen, whilst we advert summarily to some

some facts in his more private history. In 1834 he married Eliza, only daughter of James Cropper, the eminent philanthropist, of Liverpool. His wife was of sentiments congenial with his own, and eminently qualified to be his helpmeet; but in less than a year after marriage he lost both wife and child. It was a hard lesson set him,—that of resignation under such a calamity; but, after a brief interval of staggering, he learned it fully. The following memorandum shows how bravely and religiously he bore the blow:—

1835, 12/31. *Near midnight.*—How eventful have been the occurrences of the past year to me! How has death destroyed my pleasant pictures! O Lord, grant that it may be sanctified to me! that if before the close of another year it may please thee to call me home, I may, through the boundless mercy of a crucified Redeemer, find forgiveness for my sins, though they are, indeed, as the sand of the sea for multitude, and if Thou shouldst see meet to continue me a sojourner upon earth, and take away more of my pleasant gourds, grant, I beseech Thee, a continuance of that resignation to Thy divine will which I have thankfully to acknowledge Thou hast in the past year so mercifully extended in my times of greatest need. Enable me faithfully and diligently to fulfil Thy divine requirements in any path Thou mayest point out to me.

'The principal duties, it appears to me, in which I may be called to labour in the ensuing year are:

'The cause of the poor African, both in our own colonies and in other parts of the globe;

'The question of birthright membership in our society;

'The prevention of first-day travelling on the London and Birmingham Railway; and

'The promotion of the recognition of the free Gospel ministry.

'But grant, O Lord, that I may not take one step in regard to any of these questions but as an humble instrument in Thine hand, and in entire accordance with Thy will.'

Profound and lasting was the effect upon his character produced by the sad events of the year 1835. The sister, faithful and noble-hearted, who had kept his house during many previous years, hastened back to his side when his wife was removed, and did all she could to wean him from the 'selfishness of sorrow.' Something of what his sister was to him is revealed in the following extract from the private correspondence of two souls who cannot now be grieved by this exposure of their secret thoughts.

My dearest Sister: The attendance of my brother directors at the Lord Mayor's dinner has left me an evening alone, which, under other circumstances, I might have found a difficulty in securing, and which I was very desirous of, as being the anniversary of the death of my dear Eliza. I cannot spend a part of it more agreeably, and I think more profitably, than in writing a few lines to thee, my dear sister. Have I reaped any, and what, benefit from the strokes of affliction with which I have been visited, and which, while the wounds were fresh and sore, I think I have seen clearly were needed? I fear that if I honestly examine my own heart, I must acknowledge that its inward corruptions and attachment to the things of time (while convinced of their utter vanity) remain unsubdued; that it is still as cold and insensible as ever to the influence of Divine love, and as incapable of adequately comprehending and appreciating the boundless nature and extent of the redeeming mercy of God through Jesus Christ. I do, indeed, my sister,

never, often feel much discouraged on this account; and in comparing the present with the past, the only point, or nearly so, in which I can trace anything like an alteration for the better, or ground for encouragement is, that since my heavy bereavement this day twelve months, I think I have ceased to expect or desire a place of rest on this side of eternity. Until then I could hardly have said so, except very occasionally; but how far this my state of mind from what constitutes a true discipleship of Christ, I deeply feel and mourn. Am I not, however, my dear Sophia, in thus dwelling on the gloomy side of the picture, casting discouragement upon thee, whom I should esteem it one of my highest privileges to strengthen and encourage? I do, I trust, often feel not insensible to the mercy of the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that He has been pleased yet to spare thee to me; and that while thou art encouraging my feeble desire after that which is good, and warning me when my feet are about to slip, I have the clear and cheering evidence that thou art steadily advancing on thy own path towards "that city whose builder and maker is God."'

Another glimpse of the high character of the mutual relationship sustained by these noble souls, is afforded through a strictly private memorandum, written for his own comfort soon after her decease:—

'Feeling that her end was approaching, early on the afternoon of First-day, the 26th, when I was alone with her, she said that before her death she wished to have had ability to converse with me and to encourage me, but intimated she now feared she might not have strength to do so. But she went on to express her unshaken confidence that I should be preserved and supported. In reference to an inquiry of mine, whether I had not better withdraw altogether from public affairs, when I should no longer have her to watch over me, and to warn me of danger, she remarked, in substance, that she was not prepared to give me this advice, as, if I was preserved in a state of mind properly prayerful, humble, and watchful, it was a position in which so few bear a faithful testimony to our dear Saviour, it might not be right for me to desert it; that if I lived in humble dependence upon Divine aid from day to day, I should be able to see my path of duty, and faithfully occupy it, saying at the same time that I had suffered from over-anxiety and mental pressure, and want of sufficient time for quietude and retirement. She remarked on the inexpressible comfort it had been to her to have me so much with her during her illness, and signified that though she was then suffering so much from physical weakness, she was still favoured with a continuance of humble trust and faith in her Redeemer.'

On another occasion, when still nearer to her removal, she said:—

'She had no doubt of the soundness of the principle on which I had advocated the rights of the people, and was quite satisfied with my having espoused their cause when they were oppressed and trampled upon, and when to do so was so unpopular that it was at the sacrifice of my own reputation. I had, however, committed many errors in the proceedings connected with it, greatly arising from acting too precipitately and yielding too much to the opinions of others, but that I had been, in an almost miraculous manner, preserved from difficulties which might have been inextricable and irremediable. . . . . She believed I had asked aid at these times of extremity where alone it was to be found, and that it had not been withheld from me.'

It was in the year 1845 that Joseph Sturge was called upon to suffer unspeakable loss by the departure of his sister Sophia to another world. What she was to him it is impossible fully to describe. She was his colleague, his counsellor and helper. On her death-bed she declared that her affection for him had something

something in it approaching to idolatry. In his public life she watched over him 'with the trembling tenderness of a mother.' Sharing in his principles, appreciating his plans, benevolent and devout like him, she lived in his life, and was his ever-constant partner and helper. For some months before her death, suspecting danger from her illness, he scarcely ever left her side. When she was gone, this world, he declared, was a wilderness without her; and for several months it was difficult for him to overcome the keenness of his grief. After awhile, his home was once more made glad by womanly affection. In October, 1846, he married Hannah, youngest daughter of Mr. Barnard Dickinson, of Coalbrookdale; by her he had several children; and, when he passed away, his eyes were closed by her loving hands.

His last labours were in promotion of temperance, anti-slavery, and peace. An affection of the heart, which grew upon him, scarcely abated his efforts until 'he ceased at once to work and live.' On the 13th of May, 1859, in the evening, he went to the bed-chamber of his little boy, gave him loving counsel, as he had often done, and prayed with him fervently, closing with the petition that in heaven not one of his family might be missing. Next morning he rose at six o'clock, his usual hour, and a distressing fit of coughing which came on did not prevent him from retiring to his closet, to read the scriptures as was his wont, and to kneel before Him who seeth in secret. He then called one of his little girls to prepare to join him in their customary ride on horseback; but the cough grew worse, and he said to his wife, 'I am very ill.' Such aid as could be obtained was given to him, but in vain. After a brief struggle he passed away, to the great and profound grief of thousands. In the words of his friend Whittier, written on learning that Joseph Sturge was dead:—

'For him no minster's chant of the immortals
Rose from the lips of sin;
No mitred priest swung back the heavenly portals
To let the white soul in;

But age and sickness framed their tearful faces
In the low hovel's door,
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places
And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,
The vagrant of the street,
The human dice wherewith in games of battle
The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no outward draping,
All swell'd the long lament
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble shaping
His viewless monument.

For

For never yet with ritual pomp and splendour,
In the long heretofore,
A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and tender,
Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand old steeples
No crash of brazen wail,
The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues, and peoples,
Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted meadows,
And from the tropic calms
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows
Of occidental palms;

From the lock'd roadstead of the Bothnian peasants
And harbours of the Finn,
Where war's worn victims saw his gentle presence
Come sailing, Christ-like, in.

* * *

Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,
Who in the vilest saw
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
Still vocal with God's law;

And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing
As from its prison cell,
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying
Of Jonah out of hell.

* * *

The very gentlest of all human natures,
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as a woman; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him; but his zeal seem'd nourished
By failure and by fall;
Still a larger faith in human kind he cherished,
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife,
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life.'

It is from the volume named at the head of this article that we have drawn the materials of this scanty memoir. Mr. Richard's book is one which we are glad indeed to have as our own. It shows considerable skill in the disposition of the very ample materials which the author's signally patient research has collected; and from beginning to end of its six hundred and twenty-two pages it is to ourselves as interesting as a novel.

novel. Its great value is in that it really gives a faithful representation of the right noble man to whom it will serve as a long-enduring monument. We thank Mr. Richard sincerely for having preserved for us the at once kindly and majestic lineaments of this admirable character; and we cordially recommend all those for whom the foregoing slight sketch of Joseph Sturge has any interest to turn to Mr. Richard's book, where they will find a much more adequate and worthy portraiture.

Art. III.—HELPING THE POOR.

Thy Poor Brother: Letters to a Friend on Helping the Poor. By Mrs. Sewell. London: Jarrold and Son, 47, St. Paul's Churchyard.

WE cannot complain of a deficiency of books of advice. Wives, mothers, daughters, boys, and girls, have all had volumes innumerable written for their especial benefit; and if ignorance must still be blamed for much of the evil that exists, it is surely wilful rather than of necessity.

Among the various agencies established with the design, and hope, of benefiting the home-life, and raising the moral and religious condition of the poorer classes, there is still one, which we think has, as yet, scarcely received its fair share of attention. We refer to the system of district visiting, which is now so generally adopted in every parish, that it deserves a conspicuous place amongst the institutions of the country.

Service, voluntarily rendered, for the good of others, and often at great personal sacrifice, requires to be commented upon with much gentleness and refinement. The reason why little has been either said or written on the subject to which we allude is, that very few possess the tact, or, what is of far more importance, the loving, Christ-like spirit, which would enable them to speak to the hearts of those for whom they write; and everything which falls short of this heart-influence, would be more likely to aggravate than to ameliorate.

Influenced by considerations of this nature, we hail the appearance of a book, bearing the title which heads this paper, from the pen of a lady, who, by her former writings, has proved herself to be admirably fitted to treat appropriately any difficult and delicate subject. As the author of 'Homely Ballads;

Ballads,' 'Mother's Last Words,' 'Our Father's Care,' &c., Mrs. Sewell has found her way into our homes and hearts, and we are prepared to give her a quiet hearing, even though her subject be one upon which we feel uncommonly tenacious, and rather more than usually inclined to resent any dictation or uncourteous interference.

Whenever machinery is the agent relied upon for the accomplishment of work, we can calculate on results with considerable accuracy. Wheels turned by water or steam are expected to perform a certain number of revolutions within a given time; this they seldom fail to do, imparting motion also to a number of smaller wheels, each performing some appointed duty. Sewing machines are advertized which can make 500 stitches in a minute, and they do make them; there is consequently little difficulty in reckoning how much work can be 'turned out' in a certain time. But when we get away from the region of machinery, and come to calculate the influence of mind upon mind, the case becomes very different. It is true that large minds, like large wheels, do exercise a considerable controlling power over smaller ones; but so many disturbing influences will be ever at work, that all attempts to reduce moral results to anything corresponding to figures which can be cast up, and the sum total shown on a balance sheet, must ever end in failure and disappointment.

A clergyman may find himself surrounded by a staff of district visitors, so numerous and well appointed, that he can feel sure no house in his parish is neglected. Accounts are kept with such precision and accuracy, that he can tell to a penny what is expended, and what number of tickets for relief have been given away. His balance sheet at the end of the year is pronounced by his subscribers as most satisfactory. But is he satisfied? The printed sheets lie on the table ready for circulation, the hour is late, but he still sits by the fire, pondering over moral and religious results; and does he feel that all has been accomplished which he desired, or which he might reasonably have expected to realize from so large an outlay of time and money? Perhaps a new book has been received in the course of the day, which he has scarcely had time to observe; he now takes it up as a relief from thoughts which press heavily upon him and drive sleep from his eyelids. He opens it and finds it to be on the very subject just then occupying his attention. The name of the author assures him at once that the book is worthy of a thoughtful perusal; but he will not begin it that night, he will only glance at a page or two, and presently he alights on the following passages:—

'I

'I once lived in a large town, where the inspection was so universal, and gift charity so abundant, that indolent mothers might almost support their families by begging, whilst their husbands spent their earnings in drinking. The inhabitants of a district know that the lady comes on purpose to discover and relieve want; she enters every house with a sort of authority to do so; she holds an office which empowers her to give gifts. Why should they not get something from her? and why not quite as much as any of their neighbours? If the lady do not come to help them, why does she intrude herself at all? They will naturally argue thus, and use their best skill to make a good tale for themselves. They will hide their means and helps, and display their wants; they will slip the piece of meat into the cupboard, and place the "beautiful tract" upon the table; they will privately slander their neighbour for their own advantage, and impose upon the credulity or good nature of their visitor. It is in human nature to do all this, and much more, under the temptation of such circumstances; and what is to prevent the character of the poor from being lowered by it, unless the visitor be able to weave the warp of her material charity, with a wisdom so truly high-hearted and beneficent that it should have power at least to neutralize the evils of almsgiving? *Bare almsgiving neither satisfies God nor man;* the heart has cravings far keener than the body, which no soup kitchen, no money fund, no ticket system can possibly appease; but "draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul," then both will be nourished together.'—Page 30.

'In this great country of ours, overlaid with prosperity, underlaid by adversity, we doubtless must have societies, institutions, combinations manifold, to prevent the rising of the under-currents to swamp the whole; but the finer, more delicate, more heavenly work of Christian charity is not often done by these. It is not great power that is required, but the electric touch of love, of self-denying help, and sympathy.'—Page 33.

The clergyman closes the book; he is satisfied that it answers to something passing in his mind, and on which he needs sympathy and help. He feels the same confidence in it which he would probably feel in a doctor who, without prompting, had described in detail the symptoms of a disease from which he suffered, and he resolves the next day to make himself acquainted with the writer's moral prescriptions.

The conclusion thus arrived at, that the author thoroughly understands her subject, will be shared by all the readers of the book now before us. From a child she has been accustomed to mingle much with the poor; and, as we proceed from chapter to chapter, the impression grows upon us that we are communing with the matured mind, and not with the 'prentice hand.' The volume abounds with facts narrated with great simplicity; and the suggestions arising out of them are chiefly the results of her own experience. There is no attempt to make a fine book; no new and wonderful schemes are started, which must supersede all others before anything can be accomplished. She is deeply conscious that whatever the defects of the system may be, they have arisen not from without, but from within, and her own mind is imbued with the sentiment of one of her chosen mottoes;

> 'Oh merchant! at heaven's mart for heavenly ware,
> Love is the only coin which passes there.'

The

The following observations occur in the same chapter from which we have previously quoted :—

'Is it not wonderful how little at present we seem to comprehend the true working principles of our common nature? Thus, in judging of the class beneath us, how are we apt to imagine them influenced by motives, and in ways altogether different from ourselves, and to perplex ourselves to devise schemes to produce [illegible] effects we desire. We may be safely assured that we never get so [illegible] from the original stock but that we may use our own key, to unlock [illegible] heart, and find that "Whatsoever ye would that men should [illegible] unto them." In a language and practice that he is quite able to comprehend and appreciate.'

[illegible] of the identification here described between the [illegible] and the visited, is we believe at the root of most of the [illegible] which have been, and are still being made. It is [illegible] to think how much precious time is every week [illegible] in house-to-house visitation, the result of which is [illegible] than to unite the two classes of society.

A missionary with whom we are well acquainted, called one day at the house of a poor woman, where he was generally received with much kindness. Instead, however, of the usual welcome, he soon discovered, by the impatient replies to his questions, that something had gone wrong, and that most than his room was more desired than his company, so he rose to go. As he was leaving the house the woman called him back, and said: 'Sir, I'm sorry to be in such a temper, but I can't help it. The visiting lady's been round here, and it always takes me an hour or two to get over the temper she puts me in. I wish these people 'd stop at home, and mind their own business. What's 't them whether I go to church or chapel, or where I send my children to school? That's my look-out. I never goes spoonin' into their houses to ask no questions. They talk about our bad management; I wonder how they'd manage to keep six children and pay rent and firin' for sixteen shillin' a week; let 'em try, that's all.'

The morning on which this incident occurred was cold and damp. It must have called for a considerable amount of self-denial on the part of the lady to have left her comfortable chair by her own fireside to traverse the dirty streets; for hours enduring alternately the close atmosphere of crowded rooms, and the raw, foggy air without.

The incident reminded us of the lines of Cowper, which occur in his piece entitled 'The Yearly Distress:'

> 'In sooth the sorrow of such days
> Is not to be expressed,
> When he that takes and he that pays
> Are both alike distressed.'

But to '*distress*' all parties is the very reverse of the object for

for which district visiting societies are instituted. The occasional presence of an educated Christian lady in the humble homes of the poor should be an occasion of both profit and pleasure to the various members of the family, and be looked forward to as the 'red-letter day' of the week. We trust that such cases as the foregoing are rare indeed; and, as a contrast, we may relate the following expressions uttered by a poor woman to a friend of ours, after the visit of a lady to her cottage. 'I haven't been able to get a dinner to-day, but Mrs. —— has been here, and she's better than a good dinner any day. My heart was all down in my shoes when she come. I couldn't do nothin', but I've worked away ever since, and felt as strong as a lion,'—thus making good the words of the wise man, 'The mouth of the righteous is a well of life.'

An excellent lady, whose family have grown up a great credit to her management, once remarked: 'I was always very anxious about the observations made by visitors in the presence of my children. Children usually take no part in the conversation, but sit listening attentively, and few things impress their minds more deeply than the remarks of visitors. All the good advice they receive from their parents and teachers they take as a matter of course—a thing to be expected; but that Mr. and Mrs. So and So should approve or disapprove of this or that is quite a different thing; and I have known a few words spoken unadvisedly appear to undo months of careful training.' It is natural to suppose that among the families of the poor, where a lady is only occasionally seen, her words and actions would be likely to have more weight even than among a higher class. That such a mighty influence for good or evil should ever be used for the latter is deeply to be deplored.

Mrs. Sewell has rendered us great service by the way in which she has treated this important subject, and we rejoice that its difficulties did not deter her from the attempt. We can scarcely imagine that any visitor could read her book without becoming inspired with, at least, an earnest desire to turn the hours which she spends with her poor neighbours to better account than she has ever done before. The form of letters has been chosen in preference to chapters; it has certainly the seeming advantage of enabling the writer to meet individual and peculiar difficulties, and fewer pages are taken up in either vague or general observations. Although each letter has its own value and peculiar interest, some demand more attention than others, on account of the importance of the subject on which they treat. The 'Pauper Spirit' is one which should not be passed lightly over. It is one of the

most melancholy facts of the day, and one which demands the gravest attention from all directors of charitable movements, that a large proportion of all direct gifts to the poor, tends to increase rather than to diminish their poverty, or, rather we should say, to confirm them in habits which effectually prevent their taking an independent position. Do what we may, the external condition of the poor will, with few exceptions, remain on a level with their moral and religious condition. In a vast proportion of cases the gift, instead of answering to the intention of the kind donor, and adding to the ease and comfort of the family, acts instead as an incentive to the father or mother to spend so much more on some self-indulgent habit. On a Saturday or Sunday evening, men and women may be seen in the majority of public-houses in London, who are spending the last shilling on drink, on the plea that the visiting lady will be round in the morning. Many suppose that, if they actually give coals, bread, or soup, these can only be devoted to the right purpose, but they are mistaken. A ready sale at a reduced price can be obtained for all these things, and the halfpence thus obtained go for gin and beer. Whichever way we turn, the supply of the temporal wants of the poor through gifts, is beset with difficulties. It is no wonder that the writer of the book under our notice, makes little of plans, and committees, and general detail, and takes for her lever instead—the loving spirit.

There is one bright thought connected with the work under our consideration which redeems it from much of the doubt and difficulty attending it, and that is, we have one perfect example. More than 1,800 years ago One came who 'knew what was in man.' He took the world for His 'district,' and 'visited' from day to day, and all who want to know how to go out and how to come in, must study the life of this pattern Visitor.

The value of Mrs. Sewell's book is that it has been written whilst she was sitting at the feet of this Heavenly Visitor; and, as the hand guiding the pen, passed from page to page, the eye remained fixed on Him who 'spake as never man spake.' Plans, or systems, or books of advice, will be little needed when all who take up this work do it 'looking unto Jesus.' The vexed and vexing questions as to the name and place of worship they attend, the school they patronize, and [illegible] inquiries, which Mrs. S. truly observes, 'only an angel or a government officer can make without giving offence,' will never be asked again, because the visitor will know that the only acceptable worshippers are those who 'worship the Father in spirit and in truth,' and will remember

ber that this great truth was revealed to one outside of the pale of the then established church, belonging to a company, numerous in every age of the world, who 'worship they know not what.'

There must have been many amongst the crowds of people who surrounded Jesus, upon whom He exercised no healing power, and to whom, indeed, He imparted no temporal gift, 'but when He saw the multitudes He had compassion on them.' They knew it, they felt that His heart was large enough to hold them all, and they went away saying that 'a great prophet is risen up among us, and God hath visited His people. All bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth.' But when the case came, or was brought to Jesus, upon which He chose to exercise His power of healing, the simplicity of the narrative is remarkable: the spirit of the sufferer was not wounded to the quick by a series of questions. Where was he brought up? What had he been doing? Had he not brought all this upon himself? Where, throughout our Lord's ministry, do we meet with this inquisitorial spirit? The simple words 'He took him and healed him' might teach some of us a lesson, who may be inclined to pride ourselves on our sagacity in searching to the bottom of things.

We were once speaking to a lady about a young girl in her district 'who was a sinner.' The lady said, 'I am sure I have done all I could. I called almost every week at her mother's house, and always gave the girl a good lecture.' We thought of another sinner, and another visitor, and how few were the words spoken on that occasion, 'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.'

A lady, at the particular request of a friend, paid a visit to a penitentiary in a town in the west of England. She inspected its general arrangements; they were faultless as far as order, cleanliness, and outward decorum were concerned; but the prison dress, the close-cut hair, the silence, the cold stone floors, the sleeping cell in which each was locked in at night, and the hard-visaged matron, all impressed her mind so gloomily that she said, 'I walked about with a heavy heart and tearful eyes, thinking how these girls must be longing to be back into a world, which, though it might be more cruel to them, was less cold.' A few days after, the lady met her friend, who eagerly asked her what she thought of the refuge provided for these poor prodigals. 'I fear,' replied the lady, 'that after all the trouble and expense you have so kindly incurred in behalf of these poor girls, it must seem most ungracious to use any other language but that of admiration.

But

[redacted] I must be truthful, and tell you that if this place is a refuge for poor prodigals it does not in the least remind me of the "Father's house," or "anything like the best robe," or "the ring on the hand," or "shoes on the feet," and least of all did I hear "many mansions and the angels," and I thought if man had no better reception for the returning sinner, she had better go to the house of the "Father."

We have referred in an earlier part of the article, to the power of the world's example in her influence and power over the poor. From the life of Jesus we learn the secret of her power. In the 27th verse of the 11th [redacted] and all things are delivered unto [redacted] All things! Yes. And what is the first [redacted] With all the wealth of the universe [redacted] unfailing supply [redacted] that He knew that the great craving, [redacted] might have its rest-giving, never-failing [redacted] all things" of this world, and be restless, [redacted] as ever, until she did rest after that. His [redacted] man with exactly what he does want, and so [redacted] unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy [redacted] will give you rest.'

[redacted] in the service, perhaps no part of God's word [redacted] more needful for us than the waiting of the disciples [redacted] to be endued with power from on high. Ten [redacted] have seemed long for them to wait, whose hearts [redacted] burning within them, and who had at last caught the [redacted] the Master, in His intense love for perishing souls. [redacted] would not yield to impulse: they would wait, and [redacted] the promised blessing came, what was it? 'Cloven [redacted] which sat upon each of them.' This gift of tongues [redacted] not only a power to enable them to speak in various [redacted] it was special wisdom from on high enabling them [redacted] the right thing at the right time; 'the tongue of the [redacted]' spoken of by Isaiah, 'that I should know how to [redacted] a word in season to him that is weary.' There was [redacted] Peter, who by his unwise thoughts and ill-chosen words [redacted] have often grieved his Master; if he said a true thing [redacted] minute and was praised, he said something so foolish the [redacted] that he had to be rebuked. But, after this waiting for [redacted] Spirit, through the holy teachings of this once headstrong, [redacted] man, thousands were added to the church, not of [redacted] who endured for a little while, and in time of temptation [redacted] away, but 'of those who should be saved.'

In the three or four hours passed by a visitor in her district, how many words she lets fall which can never again be gathered

gathered up! She returns home and says she has done her work. But the words she has spoken are registered in heaven, and it is a law of that kingdom, 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.'

We are too much in the habit of supposing that this 'waiting to be endued with power from on high,' applies only to those who are expected to fill high and influential positions; but in the Scripture narratives we are told that the 'apostles continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the *women*.' Would that we could have known these holy women, and followed them through their future lives, and recorded their sayings and doings. Peter must have known them, for he speaks of men being 'won by the conversation of their wives.' Their children must have grown up to call them blessed, and have told of their mothers to succeeding generations, that they had 'opened their mouths with wisdom;' and neighbours on every side would proclaim that 'in their tongues was the law of kindness.' How they would have smiled at much that is written of 'woman's rights' at the present day, and have wondered how it could have come to pass, that woman had grown dissatisfied with the deep, holy, spiritual post assigned her by the Creator, of training the whole human race to carry out God's great purposes for the world—of influencing all around for good—or to walk in some path so lowly and self-denying that she is ever reminded of the words of the Master, 'I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me.' We repeat, we think these 'honourable women not a few' of the apostolic days who considered their work to be as high as Gabriel's, because 'doing the pleasure of the Lord,' would wonder at some of the things which are said and written in this nineteenth century on the 'rights of women' to ascend the world's platform, and there compete with men for some of its poor prizes.

The writer of the book which has called forth these observations, has certainly no sympathy with the ambition to which we have alluded. The following quotation, with which we will conclude, will show how she shares the faith and hope of those holy women of old, and is 'looking unto Jesus as the true preparation for carrying out every high and holy work:'

'You feel discouraged in your work because you are not able to do anything well; and discouraged in yourself because you find that you often act from mixed and unworthy motives. My dear friend, I could readily take up this lamentation with you; but I know it would be wiser and more profitable for us both to accept in its fullest meaning the declaration of our Saviour, "Without Me ye can do nothing;" and then with the Psalmist say, "My soul wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him." I have often found that to live in a confused

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and hurried state of mind leaves a wide door open for the entrance of mixed motives and false arguments; and if our time be too fully occupied with other things to admit of our waiting upon the Lord, to renew our strength, and for the Comforter to bring freshly to our minds the words and works of our dear Master, it must needs be that we are both downhearted and very feeble. But "they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." In this promise is our constant source of encouragement.

'From your other remark I see that you have been taking a few steps on the road to "Doubting Castle;" that you fear if you do undertake any work which appears to be good and right for you to do, you shall not find in yourself the needful qualification to carry it out, and may break down in the middle or fail altogether. Do not be discouraged; unassisted human capacity never yet was equal to the performance of any good work, but do not shrink despairingly within the compass of your felt ability; use your talents diligently, and make the best preparation you can; and then be assured if your cause be the Lord's cause, He will let down ability upon you, and will furnish you with thoughts, words, and arguments when you want them, and give you a blessing beside. It is such a comfort to know when we are feeling empty and helpless that God can say unto the weak "be strong."

'There is nothing like work to show us our own weakness; nothing like work to convince us of God's help; nothing like our most perfect work to convince us of our imperfection and to make the perfect, all-sufficient Saviour and the great salvation increasingly dear and important to us.'—Page 281.

Art. IV.—PARLIAMENT AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

1. *Theory of Legislation.* By Jeremy Bentham. Translated from the French of Etienne Dumont, by R. Hildreth. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row. 1864.

2. *Review of Speeches in the House of Commons, on Mr. Lawson's Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill; with full Report of Mr. Lawson's Speech on Moving the Second Reading of 'The Intoxicating Liquor Bill,' &c.* Manchester: United Kingdom Alliance. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

3. *The Last Two Speeches of the late Washington Wilks on behalf of the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill, delivered in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, May 23rd, 1864, and in Exeter Hall, London, June 6th,* 1864. Manchester: United Kingdom Alliance.

THOUGH the pledges of Government to deal with the question of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors, on some comprehensive, uniform, and efficient system, have not been redeemed; the past session of Parliament has been fertile in discussions on various branches of the traffic, prolific in independent

independent proposals for abating some of its admitted evils, and even notable for the passing, and now successful operation, of one Government measure based upon a just and radically effective principle. A glance at these proposals and debates will open up a view of the parliamentary mind—a thing always worth the study of the sociologist, because a phenomenon of the utmost significance in regard to current and possible legislation; and while this review indicates the exact position occupied to-day, it will clearly point to the work to be done to-morrow, by the social reformers, whose toilsome but glorious mission is to plant in the public mind those truths which shall surely grow and ripen into the laws of the future.

First, there came before the Commons, on the 14th of April, 1864, like a bill a fortnight after the proper date, the proposal to remit the Malt Tax, in preference to reducing the Sugar Duty. The real motive, though of course disguised under many pretences, some of which misled the innocent farmerdom of the country, was the benefit of the great brewers, who, wiser than the temperance party, have taken good care to get a strong representation in the House. Six millions sterling were to be turned into their pockets, with little droppings, of course, into the tills of the tied houses and publicans; and the deficit was to be made up by the universal Sugar or Income Tax!

This is capable of easy demonstration. A duty of 21s. 8d. is levied on every eight bushels of malt. This, on the average, makes four barrels of beer, which equals one hundred and forty-four gallons, or five hundred and seventy-six quarts. (Table-beer, under a certain percentage of alcohol, is free.) This is less than one halfpenny per quart. Beer is drunk by retail by the glass, gill, or pint. Now, as it is clear that the publican will not return more than the fraction saved, and could not practically return even the exact farthing upon the pint, he and the brewer (as when the old Beer Tax was remitted) pocket the difference of cost. The country, of course, has the six millions to make up.

But the pretences were very different. First: 'Malt feeds cattle faster and better than barley. If the tax, therefore, be remitted, beef will be cheaper, if not beer; an increased demand will be originated for malt, and therefore for barley; and the price will rise, and the farmers will be enriched.' Mr. Gladstone outflanked this attack by conceding the remission of the tax on malt used for cattle, taking the guarantee that the malt should be spoilt for brewing purposes by being mixed with linseed. The fallacy of the

cry,

[redacted]

necessary

necessary of life'! Either then, by this logic, poison is a necessary of life, or the 'pure home-brewed' is necessary to a peasantry that have lived a generation without it!

In the progress of the debate one gallant colonel pleaded for the remission of the tax, on the ground that 'the labourer would be enabled to drink the natural drink of every Englishman.' But the climax of confusion was capped by Mr. Cobbett (the son of a wiser father), who became a kind of medical adviser to the House, and, in proof of the virtue of beer, told a story about a man who, as shown on the *post mortem*, 'had not a sufficiency of food in his stomach!' He further testified, that the beer sold in the country parts of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, was very bad, for he had 'walked' that circuit; and 'those who lived in the country know that nothing was more destructive to the labouring man than the habits of going to the public-house, and this was the consequence of the tax upon malt!'

How the levy of a fraction of a farthing per pint on beer can drive men to the public-house, where they pay more than that; or how the sale of dear, bad beer there can prevent them from brewing 'good beer' at home; or how they can be injured by the 'house' while they are benefited by the 'beer' we leave Mr. Cobbett to explain.

On behalf of three millions of teetotallers, a few manly, plain words fell from the lips of Sir Francis Crossley. 'He had himself been an abstainer for twelve years, and he knew that hundreds and thousands of working men in the country were abstainers, who could stand as much, or rather more work than those who drank beer. No doubt beer was pleasant when men were accustomed to it, but to talk of its being 'a necessary of life' was mere moonshine. For every one man killed by taking too little beer, there were ten killed by taking too much. The working classes had made the discovery that for healthy persons alcoholic drinks were not a necessary of life.'

Even Mr. Cobden seems to have become troubled with this agricultural fallacy, for he declared that there was 'not the smallest danger of the agricultural labourer, with his limited wages and general habits, becoming intemperate on cheap beer.' How then did the Beer Bill effect so much mischief? And how shall we explain the actual intemperance of counties where the peasantry have access to cheap beer and cider? In many counties this last article is iniquitously made a part of their wages, and with the worst results.

Temperance reformers may draw one lesson from this debate, at the least—namely, that the confused ideas of their representatives

questions require to be clarified by the action of the constituencies. It is very evident to impartial observers, that while the most intelligent of the electors are thinking one way, their members are talking another.

On Friday, the 6th May, Mr. Somes moved the House of Commons for leave to bring in his bill to impose restrictions on the sale of intoxicating liquors between eleven o'clock on Saturday night and six o'clock on Monday morning. He proposed to except (reluctantly, but at the suggestion of several friends of the bill) an hour each for getting the dinner and the supper beer. The proposal was made at an unfortunate time, the fag-end of a long sitting; the Government, contrary to expectation, if not promises, summoned its impatient followers to oppose it, and after a violent and undignified discussion, in which the social was complicated with the theological question, leave to introduce the bill was refused by one hundred and twenty-three to eighty-seven votes. The temper and quality of the opposition will be best shown, perhaps, by extracts from the debate. Mr. Somes said:—

'The House would, no doubt, consider that, provision having previously been made for travellers and lodgers—(loud laughter)—and two hours being allowed for everybody else—(continued laughter)—it could not be for the benefit of the working man and his family that he should have six hours extra for drinking in public-houses. (Cries of "Oh" and disapprobation.) Let them remember that the working classes prayed for this bill. (Laughter and cries of "No.") The number of persons in favour of the total closing of public-houses on the Lord's Day was 903,987, or about one in twenty of the whole population of England and Wales. The great bulk of those who signed the petitions were of the working classes, who, most of any, were directly interested in the passing of the bill. (Cheers and laughter.) The working men said to him: "Do not the aristocrats pray, every day, 'Lead us not into temptation?' and should not the working men also be preserved from temptation?" (Hear.) The convictions from Saturday and Sunday nights exceeded those of every other day in the week. Sunday was the high day of England's drunkenness, caused by spending the wages that should go to the wife and family. (Hear, hear.)'

Mr. Pease, in a strain of quiet irony and rebuke, said that

'The bill had evidently produced a sensation among honourable members. The subject required to be better understood, that it might be duly appreciated. Did not the House believe that the chief difficulty in the way of all philanthropic and religious institutions was the drinking customs of this country? (Hear, hear.) In favour of the bill he seconded, all clergymen, all moral men, all religious people, and all Sunday-school teachers were in favour of it. He hoped the House would not oppose it, and he was satisfied, if they perused the bill, they would find it was not objectionable in its provisions. (Hear, hear, and "Oh, oh.") It was a measure much desired. He had presented petitions signed by tens of thousands of persons in favour of it. (Hear, hear, and "Oh, oh.") Those petitions were before the House, and it would be found that they were largely from the working classes, who were in the habit of using the public-house. They asked to be delivered from the temptations by which the law now surrounded them, and their prayers were seconded by clergymen of all denominations, and he was quite sure such authorities were of some weight with this House. (Hear, hear.)'

Mr.

Mr. Roebuck followed, screaming out the coarsest invective, and appealing to the lowest prejudices of his audience. Even 'Tear'em' never dealt out a series of more illogical and incohesive utterances. He said:—

'The ground of this bill was twofold. There was a body of people in this country who were Sabbatarians; there was also a body of teetotallers. These two muddy streams had concentrated. (A laugh.) Running side by side for a long time, they had at last united their waters, and now they formed one foaming, muddy river, which it was difficult to stem and very disagreeable to see. [An Hon. Member: "And to smell."] Aye, and to smell. (Laughter.)'

The comparison may be 'muddy,' but wherein shall we detect the pertinence of the figure in the facts to which it is applied? How can those who love and use clean water be called 'muddy' people? Temperance men may occasionally stir up a muddy stream—as Mr. Roebuck's eloquence—but how are they to be identified with the dirty current itself? The honourable gentleman, forgetting the decencies of the place, screeched out with hysterical action, 'I spit upon your paltry pretence.' If there be nothing 'muddy' in drinking pure water, can it be said, with any more truth, that persons who desire to abate drunkenness on the Sunday, and who love a quiet Sabbath day, unbroken by the riot and blasphemy of the public-house, are therefore 'muddy?' We ask Mr. Roebuck, in his quiet moments, to consider why the House has already prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors both on Saturday night, and during Divine service and other hours of the Sunday? Are he and his compeers, concerned in this past legislation, 'canting hypocrites?' He is in a 'muddy stream' of his own feeding, and we leave him to scramble out as he may.

Mr. Roebuck, who taunted Mr. Somes with making the dinner and supper beer compromise, can, by his own confession, vote against his own convictions:—

'Parliament,' he said, 'had put a tax upon malt, and he had always voted with the Chancellor of the Exchequer on that subject, but he had always felt he was preventing the poor man having his own beer in his own house, and driving him to the public-house. (Hear, hear.) He wished the House to understand that every man who went into a public-house was not a tippler. (Cheers.)'

This undeniable fact seems a very unsatisfactory reply to the evidence of the gigantic social evils of Saturday night and Sunday drinking, and as usual proves far too much. It is surely quite as good a refutation of the right of past, as of proposed, Sunday restrictions on drinking, unless Mr. Roebuck—who affects to have studied to be a statesman—can show that logic which is bad after Divine service, or between the morning and evening prayers, becomes good during Church hours! Since the truism, that every visitant to a public-

house

house is not a tippler, is one applicable to every degree of restriction, it becomes impertinent to any. Mr. Roebuck continued:—

'If the hon. member for Hull and his friends were really in earnest—if they were anything more than canting hypocrites—they would propose a law for the rich as well as the poor. Not only would they shut up every public-house—not only would they shut up the Star and Garter at Richmond, and the Trafalgar at Greenwich, but they would also shut up every club in London. (Cheers.)'

It is humiliating to observe that any number of gentlemen could be found to 'cheer' language so coarse, so reckless, so untrue, and even so self-refutory. Are not the 'Star and Garter' and the 'Trafalgar' both rich men's public-houses? These would be as much closed by the proposed measure as the lowest beershop. And again; are 'the clubs' of London really public-houses? If so, then they would be closed along with the 'Star and Garter.' Why then does Mr. Roebuck confound and confuse these private establishments with the public-houses, with which alone the law can deal? Working men can have 'clubs' if they please; but whether or not, and even supposing that riches did confer some peculiar conveniences of dissipation upon the aristocracy, how is that a justification for the continuance of a system that degrades the working classes, and casts burdens upon all?

'Last session he presented a petition signed by 20,000 people, and when he went down among his constituents during the year, what occurred? Several gentlemen came to him and said, "Oh, this is a people's measure, and you must support it." His reply was, "Prove that to me, and I will vote for the bill." They had a meeting in the open air, and it was carried against them by a majority of thousands. (Hear, hear.)'

This statement as to a 'majority of thousands,' in regard to a meeting which was hastily and unfairly summoned, is exaggerated and inaccurate; and even if it were true, Sheffield is happily by no means a type, morally and socially, of the majority of our great towns. Leeds, for example, gave a very different verdict; and we feel sure that even Sheffield, tested by a quiet canvass, would support, by a great majority, the principle of prohibition. But Mr. Roebuck is both practically and theoretically inconsistent; for, when the proposal was that the people should be permitted to veto all licenses if they pleased, he voted against the proposition, and on this occasion he argued thus:—

'A working man who had expended his week in hard labour was naturally glad to get out of Sheffield for a few hours on Sunday, but if the hon. gentleman's bill passed, he would find the door of every public-house shut against him. That man was not necessarily a tippler. What right had they to say to that man that he should only have his luncheon at one o'clock, and not at three, if he liked it best then? Public-houses in the country were only open now from twelve to three, and from five to eleven. What harm was there in that?'

It

It is a matter of surprise that Mr. Roebuck never asked a few other questions. For example, what harm there was in public-houses being shut up to twelve o'clock, and from three to five? And, to ordinary minds, untrained to statesmanship, the question of luncheon time, and the 'rights' it involved, would seem to be the same whether before or after one o'clock. What right, we ask, had Mr. Roebuck and the 'House,' some years back, to say to any man, 'You shall not have your luncheon with beer until sermon and prayers are over—the public-house doors shall be closed until the church doors open?' When Mr. Roebuck has justified the past legislation of the House and the existing law, he will have answered his own question. The honourable gentleman makes 'pretences' to be a tribune of the people, but facts negative his claim. As the *Liverpool Courier* justly observed, in commenting upon the speech of Mr. Roebuck—

'If the matter were to be decided by those who have most interest in its decision, Mr. Somes would require the aid of neither the Lord's-Day Society, nor the temperance party. Thirty-four thousand labourers and artizans out of the 36,000, in Liverpool alone, petitioned that the public-houses should be either altogether closed on the Sunday or opened for only two hours. In Liverpool there are more drinkshops in proportion to the population than in any other town in the kingdom. That is to say, the working men of Liverpool know better than the working men of other towns, the full extent of the harm done them by the cruel interference of the legislature to prevent the publican from being amenable to the law which regulates all other Sunday trading.'

Temperance men may see, from this debate, the work that lies first before them. Outside agitation, the moral suasion of the platform, goes but a little way towards illuminating St. Stephen's. Rabid tongues must be silenced, adverse votes neutralized, strong interests and fears overcome, the legally-intrenched traffic sapped and mined, by firm, united, persevering political action. That party must either keep away from Parliament altogether, or act in such a decisive and patriotic a manner as will ensure attention and respect.

On the 30th May, Mr. Whiteside proposed in the House of Commons a resolution for reducing the duties on spirits. After a debate, adverse to the resolution, it was withdrawn. Some of the concessions are worth recording. Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in replying to the mover, said:—

'The principle on which Parliament had always acted with respect to the spirit duties was to impose on that article the highest amount of duty which it was possible to levy without increasing "distillation;"—"that whatever revenue was to be raised from spirits it was desirable that it should be raised from as small a consumption as possible;"—"that in dealing with tea, sugar, and such articles, the principle was to raise the revenue by a duty as low as possible, in order not to interfere with the expansion of trade; but the exact reverse of that principle was applicable to spirits, and it was sought to raise the largest revenue which could be got

got from the smallest area of consumption;"—and that "ardent spirits were not only evils in themselves, but fruitful parents of crime." Alluding to Ireland, he quoted an old distich:

"Poor Paddy, of all Christian men, I think,
On basest food pours down the vilest drink."'

Sir Stafford Northcote said that the feeling of the 'House had never been to stimulate the consumption of ardent spirits as it had done in the case of tea and coffee.' And Lord Naas 'had always been of opinion that the spirit duties ought to be fixed at the very highest point at which they could be put, without increasing illicit distillation.'

With such a unanimity of feeling, how shall we account for the prior and subsequent conduct of the House? The thing is bad, and must be discountenanced, but houses for the sale of it must be forced upon the people, because some of them may think beer or brandy to be good! The House taxes this opinion 'as much as possible,' but will not give the population the power of suppressing the traffic in the article! Spirits are 'the fruitful parents of crime,' and are therefore to be discountenanced by taxation and disseminated by license! The sale of spirits, it is true, produces crime, but not nearly so much as the sale of alcohol in the form of beer, which is consumed so much more widely; yet the one is declaimed against as evil in itself, and the other is to be praised in the most outrageous rhetoric! Parliamentary opinion is obviously in a chaotic and curdy condition, and will require much 'pressure from without' to put it into any solid and consistent shape.

About the same time, Sir Robert Peel's Irish Beer Bill was introduced, making it legal to drink beer on the premises,—it had been an illegal fact previously,—and endeavouring to subject the Irish beershops to more effective surveillance. This purblind legislation provokes questions from the social reformer. Beershops were set up long ago to cure the evils of dramshops; and now the proprietors of these force Government to interfere with the former on the ground that they are the source of the mischief. Even yet, Government cannot or will not see that it is the thing which intoxicates, whether whisky, wine, or beer, wherein the evil resides, and from which the mischief inevitably flows. What matters it to the nation, whether it is bitten by the 'worm of the still,' or the snake of the vat? By 'pure' spirit, or adulterated? By what is called 'good ale,' or by the 'horrible stuff' of the brewers and publicans? All these things turn out the same, for they have all been tried, as regards drunkenness and its dark fruits. The weaker intoxicant prepares for the stronger, the wine for the brandy, the beer for the whisky. In this debate, however, we failed to hear the persuasive speech of Mr. Gladstone, maintaining his favourite dogma. And, in fact, not one of the apologies

apologies so plentifully cast out in behalf of 'liberty' was urged here. Why should the rights of the 'one glass' of spirits man be less respected than those of the single-pot-of-beer citizen? Neither, in the case of a parallel question, but of minor importance,—Mr. Bass's Street Organ Prohibition Bill, as it should be called,—did we hear from Mr. Roebuck, or Mr. Packe, or Sir W. Jolliffe, or anybody else, the 'canting cry' of invasion of liberty. The press, as well as Parliament, gave it a general support. Even the *Saturday Review* talked common sense on this subject. It said:—

'The question ought to be settled in the most summary way. It lies in a nutshell. Law only exists to secure the happiness of the greatest number. Somebody must yield something. Are those who disapprove noise—and they are certainly a majority—to yield to those who like it? We have no doubt that there are people who really like hurdy-gurdies and barrel organs.

'We must make up our minds not to interfere at all with what, by a ghastly raillery, is called street music; or we must interfere effectually, and we can only interfere effectually, by total and absolute prohibition.'

This concerns the barrel organs; but what about the beer barrels? Mr. Roebuck did not say, 'I have no doubt there are poor people in London who really like hurdy-gurdies and barrel organs. They cannot afford to buy them, what right have you to hinder their gratification? If you are sincere, put down the rich man's piano; and his concerts at St. James's Hall, unless you are canting hypocrites. Mr. Bass, and Mr. Hope, and Mr. Delane, "I spit upon your pretences."'

Nobody said this; they agreed, Tory, Whig, and Radical, very much with the *Saturday Review*. Yet how much more pertinent, by how much more serious, the question becomes when directed to the drink traffic! 'Law exists only for the happiness of the nation. Somebody must yield something. Are those who disapprove of drunkenness, riot, blasphemy, beggary, lunacy, crime, and the heavy burdens which these cast upon them,—and they must certainly be a large majority before the Permissive Liquor Bill could operate,—are those, thus exposed to the wide-spread evils enumerated, to yield, not simply to those who like the drink, from which the mischief flows, but to those who merely dislike the trouble of home-brewing, or other trifling inconveniences involved in obtaining drink in other ways?'

On the 10th of March, Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, the member for Carlisle, son of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., and nephew of the late Sir James Graham, brought in 'The Intoxicating Liquors Bill.'

On Wednesday, 8th June, 1864, Mr. Lawson moved the second reading of the Intoxicating Liquors Bill, which was seconded

seconded by Mr. Bazley, M.P. for Manchester. The motion was preceded by the presentation, by various members, of an extraordinary number of petitions, bringing the total of signatures up to that time to nearly half a million. The speech of the introducer was a condensed argument, relieved by flashes of satire and dry humour, not too long, and admirably adapted, both in tone and matter, to the purpose and the House. It was an intellectual triumph, and remained, at the close of the discussion, absolutely untouched in any one of its positions. In looking over the debate, we do not observe, with one exception—that of Sir George Grey—that even any pretence was made of meeting the arguments.

And that exception reminds us of a seeming peculiarity in the intellect of Sir George, who is perpetually stumbling in his logic over false analogies; his smartest arguments being fallacies of that description. Take this example:—'The honourable member said that they prohibited the sale of immoral books, why not the sale of intoxicating liquors? His honourable friend, to be consistent, ought to propose a measure to prohibit the sale of books altogether.' Now a child might see, if not playing the lawyer, that as all books are not immoral, so all liquors are not intoxicating. Sir George, however, boldly shuffles his cards, and, amidst the plaudits of his audience, confounds the knave with the whole pack—the special with the general. Instead of concurring, formerly, in the act of legislating for the destruction of diseased meat, why did he not tell the House that, to be consistent, it should decree the destruction of all meat?

The grounds of objection embodied in the speeches that followed were fully anticipated by Mr. Lawson, but the honourable gentleman, having prepared them, went on to let them off, as if they were still quite pertinent to the occasion.

First came Captain Jervis, son-in-law of Mr. Cobbold, M.P., the Ipswich brewer. In one of the most incoherent speeches we ever perused, he moved that the bill be read that day three months. Though the 'choice' of just one hundred and fifty-six of the independent electors of Harwich, the Captain boasted that 'no man more *directly* represented the working classes than did he!' He had 'had the misfortune of spending five months, against his will' (on a business commission?) 'in the Maine Liquor Law States,' and could unfold a traveller's budget. And he certainly did so, though we do not find him adducing a single column of official or reliable statistics. Whether or no he went to see certain things, and saw them accordingly, we are prepared to affirm, from a personal knowledge of those States and their laws, that

that he saw, or rather says he saw, what does not, and never did, exist to be seen. But before he comes to the facts, the Captain diverges to the philosophy of legislation.

'I altogether object to the principle of the bill. I cannot see that two-thirds of the ratepayers should have power to force the other third to become total abstainers. It is contrary to the whole of our constitutional system. If nine hundred and ninety-nine men drink water, I cannot see what right they have to compel me to do so.'

The case is put broadly, but not as the bill itself puts it, or as Mr. Lawson put it. The Captain, who 'cannot see' facts, can see and fight with fictions. His party were a little before pleading for 'home-brewed.' Now, the bill would clearly allow that, and even club-brewed. It has no machinery, then, for forcing men to abstain; it simply proposes to put into the hands of the ratepayers the identical power of veto on public-houses which the House has already put into the hands of the landed proprietors and the magistrates,—that is, its own class. An extension of an identical power from sixteen ratepaying justices of a locality to one hundred and sixty or one thousand and sixty ratepayers, or to a town council elected by them, does not contravene our 'constitutional system;' on the contrary, history shows that the power to do such things is the peculiar virtue of the constitution, its vice beginning where that power stops short. What else was the measure of municipal reform? How otherwise were 'close corporations' transformed into open councils?—how poor-law guardians originated?

Seriously, we commend to the members of the House, more especially to Messrs. Jervis, Scourfield, and Roebuck, the perusal of that able and timely publication, the 'Theory of Legislation,' by Jeremy Bentham, ably translated by Mr. R. Hildreth from the French of Dumont. Mr. Roebuck, in the days of a promising youth, was a disciple of Bentham, and we regret most deeply that, reversing the ordinary rule, he should have exchanged dialectic for declamation, calm philosophy in manhood for passionate invective in age. No one, however, can show more clearly than does his old master, Bentham, that the subject of intoxicants necessarily comes within the scope of both preventive and protective legislation. But, says Captain Jervis—

'I saw the futility of the operation of such a bill as this, and the total absurdity of the system. I say that, so far from the system tending to reduce intoxication, there is more of it than before the law was introduced—but it is hidden.'

If there be more drinking than ever, there must be more drink sold, and being sold in secret and with risk, it must

necessarily fetch a much higher price. If this be so, how can we explain the extraordinary fact of the opposition of the American liquor traffickers to this system? If more drinking, then more crime, more pauperism, more taxation. How, again, can we explain the delusion of the people in so tenaciously adhering to their prohibitive policy? The publicans, in a *furor* of philanthropy, cry out for the repeal of a law which enriches them; and the educated, 'thrifty people,' on the other hand, madly adhere to a law which increases the burdens they complain of! Does the gallant member expect us to credit this? Did it never strike him that if the drinking be 'hidden,' its fruits can hardly be so? Why, then, did he not gather some police statistics to make his statements credible?

'Instead of going to the bar and getting what they want, they go down to a cellar and dwell there; and they are kept down, because the landlord knows that f they come up drunk, he will be punished.'

We never read a more striking testimony to the efficacy of the law. What a blessing if the hundreds of thousands of men and women nightly drunk in this land of ours could be made to dwell with the rogues who make them drunk, instead of being sent out amongst honest and sober people, a peripatetic pestilence and nuisance; a danger, disgrace, and burden to the community; a curse and terror to their homes. Would that every publican in Britain knew that if their customers come out or come up drunk, they would be punished as the makers of vicious, dangerous, degraded men. What a blessing to England it would be had we a law which should thus separate the sober citizen from the excited or intoxicated madman.

But the travelled Captain, like the German baron, has another version of the story, equally credible, consistent, and logical:—

'I saw this carried out in the State of Vermont; but I soon learned that the people went to the next State and got what they wanted. How does the law really act? Suppose you are travelling, and get a dinner of oysters and molasses placed before you, you find some milk and water set down before you. Your companions don't drink anything. After seeing this for some time, I applied to a friend of mine, who said he would introduce me to a friend of his. He introduced me to his friend; and he, in return for a "present of so many dollars," made "a present of so many bottles of sherry" to me.'

The people, after all, have no need to go into a cellar, or into a cupboard, much less to the next State, to drink! They have only to see 'Our Mutual Friend,' and exchange presents with him, instead of dollars and drink! The inconvenience is only nominal—but the objects aimed at, somehow, are accomplished. The drunkard no longer goes reeling, blaspheming,

pheming, or rioting through the streets; the wife is no longer beaten and bruised; the almshouse is no longer filled; the house of correction becomes solitary, and the gaol is locked up. Such are the facts (we challenge Captain Jervis to refute them by statistics from the States); how they are to be reconciled with his curious stories, or the stories with each other, we leave the honourable gentleman to explain. We ask him, however, if for similar reasons alleged in this country concerning 'betting' and 'gaming,' that much of it is 'forced' to be private and 'hidden'—that men can be bribed by 'presents' to give the *entrée* into the London hell—or that gentlemen can bet with impunity in their clubs or houses (whether with shutters up or down)—or that the law compels a man who wishes to indulge in gaming, modestly or excessively, to travel from one county to another, or from country to town,—we ask whether this choice representative of the 'working classes' is prepared to move the repeal of the Acts of Parliament for the suppression of betting and gaming houses, and to propose that these establishments shall be licensed by law, and planted freely, like grog-shops, amidst the dwellings of the people? If not, the argument of the Captain is practically a *non sequitur* and an absurdity. But the gallant member has discovered the secret, hitherto unavowed reason for the enactment of the Maine Law!

'What was the real reason that guided the people in introducing this law? They are a very hard-working thrifty people, but not a very hospitable people. You may live a precious long time in Connecticut or Massachusetts, before you are asked out to dinner—(laughter)—and very often their excuse is, that they have nothing to give you but water.'

Why an 'excuse?' People knowing the gallant Captain's proclivities—and that rich and varied foods and natural beverage, or even tea and coffee—were 'nothing' in his sight, without the beer, brandy, or burgundy—could hardly be expected to invite him to an unsatisfactory feast; and we think no gentleman had a right to expect that people would violate their moral principles and social usages to please the son-in-law, or the agent, of an Ipswich brewer. We have visited the States named, and, known to be a water-drinker, were frequently invited to tables loaded with rich and relishing viands. We have the honour to know the author of the Maine Law—General Neal Dow—and can testify that he is a liberal and hospitable gentleman, who would bear comparison with any bibulous captain in the British army whatever—though far too enlightened and moral to introduce at his table what he believes to be the bane of moral and civilized existence.

'But

'But in case you do go out, you look with a curious feeling at a jug of water. Then they tell you to go to a cupboard, where you will get every delicacy of the season—brandy, and spirits of every kind. ("Oh," and "hear!") You have to mix it in there, drink it by yourself, and never take it out of the cupboard. I am not exaggerating in anything I have stated (!) You will often find that people, in their own houses, have the shutters down before they put the wine on the table, in case that somebody should report them.'

We do not recognize, in this description, the parsimoniousness previously hinted at. Nor do we see the necessity for that solitary 'cupboard,' in a room with the blinds and shutters down. Neither can we divine the reason why people should put 'wine' on the table, but confine brandy most sacredly to the cupboard? The Captain may say, 'Lest somebody should report them!' But report to whom? Is it only to the moral ear of society? Then, what has that to do with the Maine Law? Is it to the police? That will be the general impression and natural construction, no doubt. But in that case the gallant member was deceiving the House—and none the less on the supposition that some Yankee wag had hoaxed him previously. This is the second palpable, unhistoric statement of his speech. He began by talking of 'such a bill as this.' There is no such bill, or any act like that bill, in America. The Maine Law is a State act, operating at once upon the people of every locality, not a permissive act for the people of a locality to work at their own will. Lastly, we observe, there is no more any law in America, to prevent either poor or rich from drinking intoxicants at their own table, or elsewhere, than there is in England. The law affects the sale, and the sale only; and the Captain has himself shown that that is very different from 'forcing' people to abstain.

Next rose Mr. Bright, the member for Birmingham, who missed a splendid opportunity of adding lustre to his name, and aiding a cause wherein he first learned to be eloquent. He admitted that the question could not be treated as that of a few enthusiasts; drunkenness *was* a great evil; but education was the true remedy. The present licensing system, he allowed, was not satisfactory to the country; but Mr. Lawson's proposal was, to some extent, a revolutionary measure. The representative system did not imply the vote of thousands on each particular question; it meant that men selected from these should have confided to them the discussion and enactment of whatsoever measures might please them. He objected altogether to disposing of the interests of a great many families and a large amount of property, by vote of two-thirds of the ratepayers. He feared *lest there might* be, and he thought there probably would be, violent,

violent, sudden, capricious, and unjust action upon the bill, which would have a very unfortunate effect upon the interests of those immediately concerned, might create violent discussions, and might even produce a pernicious reaction against the very honest and good object which Mr. Lawson had in view.

The country, after this, will see that it had been labouring under needless alarm in supposing that Mr. Bright is a friend of revolutionary 'democracy' (at home), or even a 'Radical Reformer,' who would give the people the power to protect themselves from a vicious system, which he cannot defend. All must be done through a 'representative,'—that is the end, and the people exist for the sole and natural purpose of 'electing' representatives? Our notions are different altogether; we think that a direct vote of the people of Birmingham, on a question so simple as the veto of the liquor traffic with the fruits whereof they are so familiar, is far more likely to be right than a direct vote for a member to represent them in matters of manifold interest and vast complexity. But is it not an astounding circumstance that Mr. Bright should forget that the present system is not 'representative,' in his use and sense of that word? And because it is not, he suggests that it be made so through town councils—the worst form of representation on which he could have fixed for licensing purposes. Mr. Bright's, then, after all, was the revolutionary proposal, since Mr. Lawson's would simply extend an existing absolute veto to a larger number of persons. Mr. Bright said:—

'There might be, and I think there would be, in all probability, violent, sudden, capricious, and unjust action upon the bill, which would have an unfortunate effect, of course, upon the interests of those immediately concerned; and I think might also create throughout the country violent discussions on the question, and I am afraid might even produce a great pernicious reaction against the very honest and good objects which my hon. friend proposes to carry out.'

This seems singular language to fall from the lips of the great anti-corn law agitator! and from one who has so often excited 'violent discussion' himself. Was 'liberty' ever won except by a sheer tempest of debate? Does not the very contest strengthen the champions of truth and humanity? Can the atmosphere be cleared, or kept clear, without the agency of storms? Mr. Buxton has rightly said that this question is but one aspect of the war between heaven and hell: shall heaven recede before the bugbear of 'discussion' and 'reaction,' raised by the rhetorical wand of the member for Birmingham?

Mr. Bright said he thought

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'A great injustice might be done to the property of persons having existing public-houses, if a popular vote was allowed suddenly to close those houses; and he would object, on the same ground, to any instant change being made by the municipalities.'

But how is it that Mr. Bright—a quondam temperance advocate, and who assumes to give special advice to that class of teachers—how is it that he, who of all men in the House ought best to know the tremendous moral and social evils connected with the traffic—so coolly and complacently champions the continuance of this unholy system on the low ground of property? What are millions sterling weighed against the interests of millions of sterling men? What is the 'money' of a privileged class in comparison with the 'morals' of a nation? Far better, if Mr. Bright, like Fowell Buxton, had sanctified his oratorical gifts to expose to just indignation a system so full of misery and uncleanness, and left the 'money' question, if it needs must, to be treated as a matter of 'compensation.'

Mr. Bright concedes a vast improvement in the habits of society—but, of course, this is owing to 'education' in the general, not at all to the mistaken and illogical education of the teetotallers!

With regard to Mr. Bright's proposal to allow the municipal bodies to determine the question, we can for once endorse the opinion of Mr. Roebuck, and support it by facts. He said, in reply:—

'The consequence of giving the power to the municipalities would be a constant system of debate and division in every borough. At present, the power is in the hands of gentlemen selected by the Crown, who by their position are above those influences to which the municipal bodies are open. That is an argument which I think deserves attention.'

So do we. We give below, in the words of Mr. Jeffery, J.P., an illustration that even magistrates are not always above those influences.*

* A striking case is just reported, in regard to the late Brewster Sessions at Liverpool, on the occasion of a license being demanded for a house close to the entrance of St. Thomas's Church:—'Mr Jeffery said the bench had for several years laid it down as a rule that no license should be granted within a certain distance of a place of worship. The first instance in which a deviation from the rule took place was that of an applicant named Horne, who had sought a license for a house in one of the Toxteth wards. The application stood at the end of the list, and it had suited the convenience of some of the magistrates, for reasons best known to themselves, to remain and violate the rule previously agreed upon. He felt that the bench was, by that vote, humiliated, and placed in a false position before the public; and from that day he had resolved that, so far as he was concerned, the law should be administered in its naked deformity, so that legislation might be more speedily brought about to remove this matter from the capricious judgment of the bench. He hoped the present case would be one spoke in the wheel of condemnation of the present state of the law; and that Parliament might be induced, as soon as possible after the next election, to take up the subject, and relieve the magistrates from the difficulty which attended their dealing with such applications. (Applause.)'—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

They

They are always liable to be earwigged, or otherwise perverted in their judgment, by interested officials, friends, and neighbours. But town councils are far worse. Their members are elected in reference to many interests and qualifications, of which the traffic can only be one. A large number of the nominees of the tap and the brewery always contrive to get in; a large number also of persons owning public-house property, and even publicans themselves. In March, 1862, the *Leeds Mercury* published a letter from its late chief constable (addressed to a town councillor who was elected on the Alliance issue), from which the following is an extract:—

'There would be far less vice, immorality, and drunkenness in Leeds if the watch committee gave their full support and assistance to the chief constable in purging those sinks of iniquity and nurseries of crime that have been for many years a foul stain and a heavy tax on the borough. Witness what has been accomplished in Lands Lane, Lady Lane, and other places, by a little firmness and resolution, even in opposition to several members of the watch committee.

'Shortly after I was appointed at Leeds, a member of the watch committee called upon me with a list, in writing, of four public-houses, which were his property, and promised that, if I laid no complaint against them, himself and friends would support me in committee. He gave a similar list to the inspector next in command. These four were among the very worst conducted houses in the town.

'Now, if, instead of this, the sources of crime were fearlessly grappled with, what blessings would result? The law is clear, distinct, and stringent enough against publicans permitting drunkenness or disorderly conduct in their houses, and it inflicts heavy penalties for every infringement; but the law is set at defiance in Leeds daily, hourly, openly, and unblushingly, because, whoever, as chief constable, endeavoured to enforce it without the firm support of the watch committee would be sacrificed in the attempt, not by direct means, but by destroying his influence, thwarting his best intentions, misjudging his conduct, suspecting his motives, and rendering his life miserable. Look at the public-house influence, and you cannot be surprised at this. Remember the feeling that was aroused against your election to the town council, when the probability of the admission of one voice which might be raised against their unholy traffic excited such determined opposition.'

If we take a Scottish town, where they have the power, we shall find the council scheme a failure. The Rev. Mr. Nixon, of Montrose, says:—

'With regard to town councils, he would say this, that they could not get these bodies to demolish the public-houses that were demoralizing the creatures whom they (ministers) were trying by education to reclaim. They licensed scores of these sources of ruin to the community; they could not be got to demolish one of these houses; and yet they were asked to expect these bodies to set themselves, with self-denying zeal, to provide means for the reclamation of the people who were corrupted by what it was in the power of these bodies to put down.'—(Speech in Commission of Free Assembly, *Scotsman*, May 2, 1862.)

And these are the bodies to whom the advocates of the plutocracy would assign the protection of the people from an immoral, degrading, and pauperizing traffic! If 'the system is unsatisfactory' when worked by what Lord Bacon calls 'the distracted

distracted government of justices,'* what a wretched mockery of protection it must be when entrusted to the 'tender mercies' of such corrupt and ignorant bodies as these 'councils' often are; where 'good dinners' and 'good wine' will induce them to elect a drink-vendor as chief magistrate again and again!

Mr. Bright does not deny the desirableness of doing something; otherwise we might adduce many reasons for doubting that education would ever succeed in destroying intemperance while the traffic is allowed to spread its snares amongst the people. The United States had an unparalleled machinery of education thirty years ago, and was nevertheless perhaps the most drunken of nations. The most ignorant provinces of France and of Ireland are at the same time the most sober; and 'The Condensed Argument' of the Alliance gives statistics showing that the most educated and religiously instructed counties of England are also the most pauperized and criminal.

It will not be possible within the compass of this article further to examine the speeches of honourable members in the debate on Mr. Lawson's bill. Mr. J. A. Roebuck, Mr. Wykeham Martin, and Mr. Scourfield, were followed by Sir George Grey, from whose speech we quote the following interesting passage:—

'Parliament would not be wise in discouraging all legitimate means of preventing and checking drunkenness. The law was not enforced as it ought to be by those in whom its administration was vested. Great complaints were made that no effective supervision was exercised over beerhouses, and he was, therefore, anxious to explain the provisions of the law. If a keeper of a beershop were convicted for the third time of permitting drunkenness and disorderly conduct in his house, he might be disqualified from selling beer during the space of two years. It might be said that this was not a severe punishment, because the beershop keeper would put a son or a friend in possession to carry on the business for him. The law, however, not only visited him with a personal disqualification, but declared that the house might be closed for the sale of beer. In the metropolitan districts, in 1861, there were no less than 44 beerhouse keepers convicted of a third offence. In the first five months of 1862 there were 15, and in 1863 there was not one case in which the license was withdrawn and the house closed. It was not generally known, he believed, that this power existed, and there was nothing more rare than closing a beerhouse for two years.'

After Sir George Grey, speeches from Mr. Humberstone, Mr. C. Buxton, Mr. Forster, Mr. Henley, Mr. Pease, and Mr. Vincent Scully followed. Our readers are, of course, well acquainted with the result of the division.

On the 25th July was passed the bill now entitled the 'Public-Houses Closing Act, 1864.' It had originated partly in the necessity of dealing with the nightly disorders and

* Advice to the King touching Mr. Sutton's estate (the founder of the Charterhouse).

immoralities

immoralities of the Haymarket section of the traffickers; and involved a minute instalment of prohibition—viz.: the total closing of the drink-houses from one o'clock in the morning up to four a.m. Here, at any rate, Sir George Grey adopted a right principle, so far as it went. We do not observe, however, that the members who, in the previous debates, had most 'canted' about 'the rights of the poor man,' objected to the passing of a bill which, undoubtedly, put several exceptional classes engaged in night work to considerable 'inconvenience.' Did they look at the general, and greatly countervailing good that would result, and leave the 'inconvenience' to rectify itself? We do not condemn them for their reticence; but (to borrow Mr. Roebuck's phrase) we lament the apparent 'hypocrisy' of their loud and angry outcries against the more complete and consistent closing bills, which, if passed, would have realized an immeasurably greater sum of good.

This act, whilst imperative upon the metropolis, is permissive with regard to the provincial towns. The permissive feature, introduced under the auspices of the Ministry, was retained in spite of very strenuous objections made at the instance of a section of the publicans. The latter, indeed, would have preferred an imperative law, operative everywhere at once, rather than leave its adoption to the will of the municipal authorities. The motive of the publicans was palpable. They dreaded the thin end of the wedge. The great Permissive Bill wedge of the Alliance was feared; and in this 'Public-Houses Closing Act' they actually saw the thin—the very thin—end of the terrible wedge. If the closing of public-houses in the dead-of-night might be referred to the people, whether representatively or otherwise, who could tell what further question connected with that traffic might not eventually come before the same tribunal?

The Conservative *Standard* calls this 'the most useful measure of the session. And what, we should like to know from the opponents of the innovation, who have talked so loudly about the liberty of the subject, and the cant of enforced sobriety, is the hardship inflicted? A few detestable traders in vice and fraud may have their fortunes damaged; a certain number of plethoric incomes derived from atrocious panderings to the folly of the young may be diminished; but these are positive benefits to society at large.' This argument of the *Standard* would cover much wider ground than at present it would dare to advocate. That the new act is working with excellent results, is unanimously confessed by the London daily journalists, not excluding the *Times*.

The new act applies permissively in the provinces to corporate

porate boroughs and Districts of Improvement Commissioners. By a corporate borough is understood any place that is subject to the Municipal Corporations Reform Act of 1835; and by a District of Improvement Commissioners, any place within the jurisdiction of an Improvement Board as defined in the Local Government Act of 1858. The act bears upon two classes of dealers—upon licensed victuallers (including vintners), and upon refreshment-house keepers. The application of the act in the provinces depends upon the fiat of a corporation, or of an Improvement Board. These bodies must be set in motion, however, by requisitions of ratepayers. Any twenty ratepayers or owners may sign their names to a paper requesting the mayor, or the chairman of the Improvement Board, to convene a special meeting of the town council or of the board. With the prayer of such a requisition the mayor or chairman is bound to comply, and to give not less than a month's notice of the special meeting which he convenes. The act can only be adopted by a majority of not less than two-thirds of the members of the board or council present at the special meeting. Several towns are already moving in the matter.

In concluding this record and review of the session in its relations to temperance, we may congratulate the United Kingdom Alliance upon the ground that has been travelled, and the foundation for future work which has been laid. The gain of the agitation has been vast, the progress of opinion unparalleled. The vote upon the Permissive Bill, in this its first discussion in Parliament, represents 3,000,000 of population, though 319 members did not vote at all. Here is ample room for fresh converts if only the right methods of influence be adopted by the constituencies. The debate has given world-wide diffusion to correct information, and exalted the movement to the dignity of a parliamentary topic. It has revealed the argumentative nakedness of the opposition, and made them confess to being in a dead-lock. It has registered the admission of the extreme and growing popularity of the permissive plan of dealing with the liquor traffic. It has extorted not only an admission that the present system is bad, that something must be done, but it has originated a proposal kindred in principle, and been followed by a law which embodies the germs of the measure itself. These are cheering auguries of future and final triumph.

Art. V.—BLUEBEARD'S CLOSET.

WHAT sort of a house was Bluebeard's, I wonder? Was it anything like mine? Had it a stone porch, bay windows, and Venetian blinds? Were the rooms snugly lined with Brussels carpets, and furnished with mahogany and oak and walnut, sofas and couches, and sideboards and easy chairs, with engravings and pictures upon the walls in gilt frames, and mirrors over the chimney pieces, reflecting the sky and the garden from the opposite window, and this hazy, pale English sky, just now so cloudless, and those beds of geraniums and calceolarias, standing like islands of beauty amid an ocean of green lawn? Was Bluebeard's wife anything like myself, and was the key of the mysterious closet anything like the keys I carry on my ring, or was it larger, like the key of our dining-room closet, I will say?

To my childish imagination, that abode of Bluebeard's was a very different-looking place to this of mine. Always it rose before me as a great marble palace, containing an almost endless series of rooms, full of ivory and marble, silver and gold, gauze and glitter, with richest treasures of art and nature embedded in their vast interiors, rooms of luxury and pride, while in the store-chambers were caskets of precious stones, boxes of rarest perfumes, chests of glossiest silks and softest wools woven into the loveliest patterns for the adornment of Fatima and sister Annie (by the way, how came Fatima's sister to have so English a name?) and their numerous handmaidens; a huge chest of rings alone, for the ornamentation of Bluebeard's fingers; ditto for his wife, but smaller; ditto, but still smaller, for sister Annie;—a room for embroidered slippers, another for amber-mouthed pipes, another for scarfs, another for turbans, another for Cashmere shawls, one for heaps on heaps of gold and silver coins; one terrible room full of Damascus blades, and scimitars, and daggers, arranged in pyramids and towers on the floor, and in stars and diamonds and crosses upon the walls, Bluebeard's own especial store-room of destructives; and, behind all these and hundreds more, in the darkest, most solitary corner of the whole palace, the door of the little closet!

Poor Fatima! How often in my childhood have I pitied her, how often have I acted over in imagination the memorable scene between her and her infuriated husband, when the key of the unlucky closet was not forthcoming, and, when after many tears and prayers on her part, he stormed it forth from the feeble fortress of her trembling hand, with that awful tell-tale blood-stain upon its polished wards? And not only in

imagination have I enacted this scene, for a favourite game in my childhood's home was this tragedy of Bluebeard. On many a winter's evening, when our parents were away, how quickly have we five children, two sisters and three brothers, transformed our usual living room, the old-fashioned, unpoetical back-parlour, into a region of enchantment. With the round oak table of the kitchen dragged in to represent the celebrated tower from whose height sister Annie was to look out for the much-desired advent of the two delivering brothers; with a low chair for the steps to the same, two walking-sticks for the brothers' horses, the large kitchen carving knife for Bluebeard's sword, a few cloaks and hats, and two or three white handkerchiefs to serve as veils and turbans, we were all but completely fitted out, and could play our play in due splendour, and with thrilling effect. We had no audience, unless at rare times, when we might have coaxed the one servant of the household into the parlour to act as such, and to stare and admire. But the lack of patronage did not distress us. Generally we were both actors and audience, most deeply interested and delighted and horrified; seers and hearers, speakers and doers at once, and I am not sure but that our satisfaction was the greater on this account. But the closet? Where was that? Ah, I remember! We had only fully to open the parlour door that was sufficiently near the wall to form in this way a square recess, quite suggestive and mysterious enough, and a tablecloth pinned across was a door at once, only capable of being opened with the strange, awful key that Bluebeard (my elder brother) carried so prominently at his waist till the eventful period when he delivered it to me, his faithless, too curious Fatima. How well I remember the delightful savagery with which he clutched my hair, when I refused to give up the fatal key, and the joyful riding in of the two brothers on their bamboo horses, the fleetest of the fleet, to my rescue! We children enjoyed this touch of terror, beneath which lay the smile of conscious safety, this make-believe of horror, and were at once ready to laugh at our imagined frights and miseries the moment they were over.

And this tale of Bluebeard was decidedly one formed to take our sympathies, to give to us that slight sense of fear, that so deliciously flavours the uneventful, insipid lives of children who are confined most of the day between four walls, those thick, ugly walls that hide from us so much of the stirring, delightful outer world. That wooden table, that carving knife, those cloaks and hats, our every-day gear, put on fantastically as became the play,—those headless, legless horses, that usually most uninteresting parlour corner, became to us, when united

to

to this wonderful legend, things both beautiful and heroic and grand; and with them we were changed, also, into fierce Turks, accomplished princesses, and valiant death-dealing horsemen.

But what years ago was that! And what changes have fallen upon us and our stage properties! Cloaks and hats and veils and swords are all gone away into that vast dusthole of nature that must surely exist somewhere, or are changed into other forms, unrecognizable for ever by us. In extreme old age, the oak table may, perhaps, be doing duty in some humble home or other, or be helping in a feeble, octogenarian way other children to do something more than dream out their childish legends and fairy tales. The closet, however, is really gone, for the house in which we were born, and where we so often played our play, is pulled down, rooted up, and carted away as rubbish, who knows where? And for the actors, what rooting up and carting away have they not had!

To Bluebeard, my elder brother, has befallen the longest journey. On the far south-eastern coast of Africa he finds lions, serpents, and scorpions, calling more loudly for extinction than disobedient wives. Sister Annie, with six children, has other cares and anxieties than to know if the two brothers are coming; the two deliverers have had many flittings to and fro, and one since those early days has ridden many a mile through the unploughed lands of ignorance and sin to save captive women from a worse foe than the old wife-killer—the foe intemperance. And Fatima, too, has had her experiences. What woman of forty has not? But, thank God, the husband she has at length found is no Bluebeard, and has not one closet in his whole house with whose mysteries she is not acquainted.

So far I had written yesterday. To-day, if my uncle is to be believed, I must rewrite the last sentence. With him has come a shadow over my pleasant home. I am unhappy and not a little bewildered. Is it, or is it not true that in these well-lighted, beautifully furnished rooms, a sad tragedy has gone on for years? that beside this hearth, to which I so lately came as a bride, a suicide has sat? that from the closet in the next room, whose every cranny and corner I know, have proceeded shame and misery and death to one who formerly called my husband hers?

Let me tell how it was my uncle came to speak thus. Yesterday a carriage drove leisurely up the gravel path towards the front of the house. I was at my favourite seat near the drawing-room window; so, holding back the lace curtain that I might see more clearly, I beheld a well-known figure, habited in a brown coat and broad-brimmed white hat, step out of the carriage

carriage, and mount the steps of the portico. It was my uncle's figure, thin and compact and alert, and at once I knew it, and went to meet it. I did not run or smile or feel eager in any way, for there is a something about my uncle that represses any outburst of enthusiasm, and in the sharp glance of his bright eyes is at times a sarcastic gleam, anything but encouraging to female impetuosity. When we meet we shake hands quietly; smile sedately, if we smile at all; and though we may not have seen each other for months, express no more solicitude or pleasure at the meeting than if we had but parted for a few hours. I had not seen him since my marriage, as he was abroad when that event took place, and for some reason or other he had given me to understand that it had been especially displeasing to him. But old bachelor uncles must not expect to be listened to always, when they prognosticate woe and trouble from a state of life they have never experienced, and therefore are quite unable to judge about. My uncle had ever an absurd dislike and dread of first marriages; second ones are to him still more terrible, and it was, of course, no surprise to me to receive from him in a letter, when I married Archibald Grant, Esquire, some rather hard words about foolish women of forty who are ready to marry anybody. Have I made it plain why I did not walk very quickly over the Minton tiles of the hall to greet him? and why I glanced a little nervously at the great hall clock, wondering how long it would be before Archibald returned from the works, hoping most fervently that I might get over the first encounter by myself, lest my husband should be too shocked at his new wife's strange relation? I expected a rough north-easter; I obtained a gentle westerly gale, that just lifted my sails, and carried me into the current of calm conversation. My uncle was at first bland and quiet, kissed my cheek, talked a little, rather seriously, but kindly, on my new dignity of wife and mistress, looked round observantly but good-naturedly upon the furniture and appointments of my new home, praised the appearance of the garden, seated himself in one of the most comfortable of the drawing-room chairs, and, till the lunch that I had ordered for him was ready in the dining-room, listened to my tale about Archibald and my father, my courtship and my wedding tour, with anything but a severe face. Once or twice I thought him looking melancholy, and asked if he were well, but, finding that he was so, thought no more about it. Lunch ready, we repaired to the dining-room, and, true to his old habits, he was silent during the meal. Afterwards he amused himself with looking round at the pictures upon the walls. Several of them were family portraits, and were not particularly

cularly beautiful either as pictures or likenesses. These, after I had told him the names belonging to each, he passed by quickly; but one—of a young lady in a white muslin dress, with long fair hair, lovely blue eyes, and most delicate complexion—attracted a more lengthened attention. 'And who was that?' he asked.

'My predecessor, the first Mrs. Grant,' was my ready reply, 'and,' in a joke, 'don't you think me very like her?'

My uncle did not answer my question, so I went on. 'She was very beautiful, I have been told, and indeed she must have been so, if she was at all like that picture. I asked Archibald the other day how he could choose so plain a face as mine after having called one like that his own? But he did not make me much reply, and indeed he never does when I speak of Adeline. Hadn't she a romantic name? It is very provoking, too, for as I knew absolutely nothing of her before I was married, I am naturally curious about her. Archibald's mother is just as mysterious, and all the information I could get from her was, that that white muslin was poor Adeline's wedding dress, and that the picture was taken directly after she was married. And now, my dear uncle, you know all I know about Mrs. Grant the first.'

A strange expression flitted across my uncle's dark eyes as I spoke thus lightly. He turned upon me one of his reproving looks. 'And you ventured to marry a man about whose antecedents you knew so little? You knew he had had a former wife, but what she was, or how she lived and died, you knew nothing. O, the strange foolhardiness of women! They will leap into marriage without a serious thought,—into marriage, that most solemn and binding engagement of life, that places them, in the eyes of this nineteenth century English law, almost in the position of slaves to the husbands of their choice. Their choice, forsooth! They will let their friends choose for them, nay, they will marry without any choice in the matter. I have known such. And you, a woman in mature life, to be as silly as the rest! I am ashamed of you.' Here was the north-easter at last. A cold, cutting, neuralgic blast. But at once I drew up my hood, a hood I have learned to use at such times—the knowledge that all was intended solely for my good—and the north-easter was tempered to me. I ventured to say, 'You are mistaken, uncle, I have not married without thought. My husband is perfectly honourable, and of good family; my father thinks well of him; his position in the world is unexceptionable; and'—

'Certainly, certainly,' interrupted he, with that well-known sarcastical

sarcastical glance full upon me; 'all is as it should be, no doubt. We have broken through no conventionalities, we have done everything most properly, that is what you would say. We have a well-furnished house, and a carriage at command; we are received into good circles; society finds no fault; and, therefore, the prudence of good morals ought not. But take this to heart, young lady, your old uncle says you have committed a great mistake. Do you know what your husband is? Do you know that his last wife's blood stains the floor of this well-carpeted house? Do you know that in that very closet,' and he pointed to the only one in the room, 'the history and mystery of that poor woman's end lies? Years ago you have talked to me of your childish games of Bluebeard; I tell you, now, you are dwelling in Bluebeard's house, and that is his closet.'

My uncle's eyes shot fire, the veins in his forehead swelled, as they always do when he is excited, but I knew his temperament, and though struck at his allusion to what had been in my thoughts that morning, and inclined to be a little alarmed, I took off a liberal discount from the meaning of his words, and the remainder was not so formidable.

He still continued pointing to the innocent-looking closet, that I well knew contained little beside a few bottles of wine and spirits, and a pint or two of whisky, my husband's favourite drink. I asked, 'What do you mean, uncle? I cannot understand you. Mr. Grant is no Bluebeard, and no murder has ever been committed in this house. And, as for that closet, I have the key of it myself, and know every corner of it.'

'So much the worse, so much the worse. Will you be for ever a child? If you have the key, as you say, open it, and show me if it does not contain what I say.'

I obeyed him. There stood the quiet bottles, a very common-looking, every-day sort of sight, and nothing else was to be seen but the shelves that held them, and a corkscrew depending from a nail. My eyes glanced downwards to the floor, and on it was certainly a broad red stain, but I knew its cause too well to be alarmed at it. I hastened to explain.

'If any one has told you a foolish tale about that red mark, uncle, I can only say that they have spoken untruly. Archibald told me all about it; he had the misfortune to break a bottle one day, and the port wine flew about, and fell upon the floor; Susan has not managed to scrub it away, that's all.'

'Pooh,' replied my uncle, shortly. 'Do you think I am speaking of a matter of wine-stains? It is blood-stains I see, not that sort of thing.' And he put his foot contemptuously upon

upon it. 'Has it never struck you, Henrietta, why I never take wine or ale or spirits? Why such a closet as this is not to be seen in my house? You have been over it often enough to know that it is so.'

'Because you are a teetotaller,' I stammered, 'and'—

'You are so odd and absurd in so many other ways, that it is no wonder you are odd in that. Is not that what you wished to say? I daresay it is. I have no doubt it is. I know what you fine, well brought up young ladies think. A little wine is so nice, so perfectly proper, too, that only the bears and bores of society refuse it, and talk against it. But have you no serious moments? Do you never look around you with open eyes? Have you never thought on all the evils and misery wine-drinking brings even in circles like your own? How it dulls the eyes, and reddens the nose, and enlarges the waist, and turns a lady, that should be the quintessence of all that is graceful and beautiful and good, into a coarse, ill-mannered sloven and vixen, an embodiment of vice, without modesty and shame?'

'But,' I pleaded, 'you see things so strongly. Those are only the exceptions. Hundreds and thousands take wine without the least harm.'

'That I do not admit,' was his reply. 'But, supposing it were so, how many hundreds and thousands perish, in longer or shorter periods, through its seduction, and by one of the most terrible of deaths, the double death, soul and body perishing at once? And do you call hundreds and thousands exceptions? If so, they are exceptions that do anything but prove the rule.'

His words were certainly very strong and decided. His lance had no mercy in it. But I was in some degree thrust-proof, for I had years ago been supplied, by my father's aid, and that of many friends and acquaintance, with a tolerable armour of unbelief, and a spirit of opposition to whatever my strange, unworldly uncle Edward might say or insist upon. As to the blood and the murder and the Bluebeard closet, I understood him now. They were but some of his usual exaggerations. When my uncle paints a picture he uses no middle tints, it is all bright lights and the heaviest of heavy shadows with him—an intense lightning-and-thunder sort of chiaro obscuro. One can but shrug one's shoulders internally and pass on. I suppose he saw some of the outward tokens of this internal shoulder-lifting; at all events, he suspected it. He turned away from the closet, with a grieved air that, I will confess, cut me to the heart, for I would not willingly annoy him.

In a repenting mood, I took him by the hand. 'You wish me well, dear uncle, I know, and, though we may have differences of opinion, we can always understand each other. I will ever love you and respect your opinion, as yours, though I may not be able to make it my own.'

'I do not wish you to respect an opinion only because it is mine,' was his answer, in a milder voice. 'I would much rather you would respect it, for the truth that is in it. My words or my opinions are of no moment unless truth dictates them. And when I tell you that those bottles contain the seven devils that were cast out of Mary Magdalene, and that from that closet has proceeded suicide and murder, I tell you a simple unexaggerated truth, though you do not believe me. You say you did not know Adèline Grant, your husband's first wife; I did, both before her marriage and since, and have now in my possession some words she wrote down that it will be well for you to read. Your husband, too, was not unknown to me in his younger days, though I daresay he has forgotten me, and when I give you this record of a past life, once so dear to him, it is from the best of motives, both for your and his welfare. Will you promise me to read it?'

I promised; and he took from his pocket and gave to me a small roll of paper, containing a manuscript of not the cleanest description. As I opened it, I read on the outside, 'If Archibald marries again, let his second wife see this.—A. G.'

With trembling fingers I held the roll, a sudden fear possessed me, for it seemed to me that my fate was contained in it, and a certain unwillingness to peruse it took possession of me. I was happy now, why should I disturb my happiness by reading of past miseries? Archibald seemed to me the personification of a good husband, why should I needlessly remove the mask, if mask there were? And, besides, what terrible secret might not these ill-written lines contain?

My uncle saw my hesitation and divined its cause. 'Do not be afraid,' he said, encouragingly; 'though I have called Archibald Grant a Bluebeard, he has been one very unintentionally, and there is nothing in that paper that will make your husband less dear to you. Though I have been hard in my speech to you, and of you, I think you love him; and, when a woman loves, there are no faults and follies she will not forgive. Go, take it with you to your chamber, and read it when I am gone, alone, and at your leisure.'

I have done as he said, and now the manuscript lies before me, its contents all revealed to me. I transcribe it here.

'10th of June, 18—. Ten years ago to-day was my wedding-day

ding-day. I was then twenty; I am now only thirty, yet the doctor tells me I must die, and I have seen trouble enough in this world to say, "Let me die, then, it is better so." And yet the hereafter! what will that be? Were it not for that awful hereafter, how gladly would I die.

'Ten years ago I was young and healthy and beautiful. Now, I am old, yes, old at thirty, and worn out—the prey of a disease that must soon be fatal; and, as for beauty, let any one look at me now, and say what beauty there is remaining about this pinched, sallow face, these sunken eyes, this drawn mouth? Only the grave-worm would think me beautiful.

'We were very happy the first year or two of our marriage; Archibald was kind and indulgent, too indulgent; all I did, and all I said, was right in his eyes and perfectly good; and long, long after I had ceased to be a sober, virtuous wife, he shut his eyes to my faults and sins, and would not believe in them. He honoured me as his true wife long after the real crown of honour had fallen from my head low down beneath my feet, and though he guarded me not from my besetting sin, nay, even ignorantly led me into it, I have nothing but words of love to bestow upon him.

'We kept much company, for my husband was inclined to hospitality, and I was fond of society. Indulged and flattered and admired, I thought of little but my own pleasure; and, when seated as hostess at a plentiful table, did not deny myself any luxury, either of meats or drinks. I had no desire to be abstemious, why should I? The taste of wine was pleasant to me, for at my father's house I had been brought up to like it, and with the rest of the family had partaken of it daily. There could be no harm in it, therefore, for my father was a member of a Christian church, of regular habits, and would not have suffered his children to use what he considered injurious or tending to bad morals. With his example and my mother's before me, for at the paternal home no one believed in or practised abstinence, I thought I was but pursuing the good old track of safety and honour long after I had passed the boundary line of temperance. I had no misgivings, but went on in my ignorance with a little more, and a very little more each day of the dangerous stimulant, till my husband one day laughingly drew my attention to the quantity I had taken at dinner. Blushing with mingled shame and anger, I referred to his own liberal draughts of whisky, and asked him if he grudged me a paltry glass or two of wine.

'"No, my dear, neither a glass or two nor a bottle or two,

if you like; you shall never say I am stingy; besides, it makes you so charmingly rosy. Here's to your health, my love." And he drank off the remainder of his tumbler of spirits with a smile on his lips. How easily he might have controlled me then; why did he not? He must have known the danger more than I did at that time, yet he put no arm out to save me, he even encouraged me to my ruin. But why do I blame him? He was walking the same dangerous path himself, and no doubt thought I should have the same power to keep clear of the precipice that he had so far always managed to preserve.

'In awhile, business called him to be much away from home, and he was generally absent the greater part of the day. This naturally brought less society of other kinds to the house. Indolent by nature, and accustomed to be amused and flattered, I needed some excitement to pass the weary hours, and found it in the gentle exhilaration of intoxicating drinks. When time lay heavy on my hands, I soon discovered I could make it lighter by mixing it with wine. The leaden moments lost their character and took wings when married to alcohol. And now, a closet that was in the dining room, and whose key was in my possession, and where my husband kept a little store of wine and spirits (he was his own butler, and liked to have the bottles ready at hand), became a snare to me. I could go to this closet quietly and take there a glass or two of wine or spirits without being seen by prying eyes, and, locking the door, could then go away with no tell-tale scent let abroad in dining or drawing-room for Juliette, the parlour-maid, to discover.

'When my husband returned home in the evening, he always found me cheerful and merry, with cheeks flushed just a little, and eyes twinkling bright as diamonds, to use his own expression, and he did not suspect the dangerous ally I had called in to aid me in passing away the tedious hours of his absence. So I was encouraged to go on. My mother was the first to perceive the strong hold the love of intoxicating drinks was getting upon me, and, with careful, motherly love, pointed out to me my danger, and besought me to greater temperance. I promised her, with some tears of shame, to refrain from excess for the future, but her own example of two glasses a day overcame the transitory effect of her precepts, for when with her I had taken a little, I knew not how to restrain the morbid craving that litttle aroused in me for more, and no sooner was she gone than my feet hastened almost mechanically to the too convenient closet. *There* I drowned my sense of shame, and the memory of her fears

fears and admonitions, very speedily and effectually in so small a vessel as a wine glass.

'If my husband had but kept the key of the closet himself, all the misery that ensued might have been prevented. Or, much better still, if he had had no such closet; and wine and brandy and spirits had been exiled from the house for evermore,—ah, how different might all have been! Once or twice I have been inclined to give up to him the fatal key, tell him of my temptation, and beg him to remove me far away from the fearful snare; but my courage always failed, or rather, my evil appetite was become too powerful for my conscience to control. And so the days went on, and, as on a fast flowing river, I was borne swiftly and surely to destruction.

'In awhile a constant craving sickness pursued me. Too well I knew its cause. Low spirits, hysterics, nervousness, these were the names it went by, but the true name was drink-fever, that consumed the vital energies, while deceitfully it appeared to feed their flame, and kept me ever swinging backwards and forwards between the opposite poles of undue excitement, and extreme prostration. Why do I write all this down? It is intense misery to me to go over again the memory of my downfall, and in some sort I do it as a penance. Much more, however, is it in the hope that by so doing the remaining oil of my life-lamp may show to others, if never so feebly, the dark and slimy steps by which I slipped down to bodily death and spiritual loss, and so they may be warned in time. We had still occasional visitors at our house, though my husband's business engagements, and my own ill-health, and growing indifference to fresh faces, made it a much quieter place than in former years. Among the rest was a neighbour, Colonel Baynes. Accomplished, handsome, a perfect gentleman, in the world's meaning of the term, he made himself especially pleasant, and soon especially dangerous to me. I was still what was called beautiful, and he, a libertine at heart, praised the beauty he deliberately intended to destroy. But had I not first given way to the seduction of wine, his seductions would have passed me by harmless. Do you ask me if I loved him? Ask the fly if she loves the spider when he lures her to his web! No, I had no love for him. But I was charmed by him, fascinated with him, though at times a strange horror seized me when in his presence, and an intense loathing, the last struggles of my higher nature. And, even now, it appears to me so strange that I should have ever cared for one look he gave me, or have listened for a moment to his polite accents and impure talk, that I can only account for it by believing

believing that at that time I could never have been really and truly sober. I do not believe Archibald knew the Colonel's character when he welcomed him as his guest. Perhaps, also, his better judgment was made dull and obscure by the stimulants he took daily: certainly, he left me much in his society —and—I fell!

'Remorse seized me, as it always does the wrong-doer. In vain I tried to excuse my sin by remembering the time of its occurrence, a time when I was quite incapable of knowing right from wrong, through the drink my artful seducer had induced me to take, knowing, well as he did, my weakness. In vain I strove to forget my shame in intoxication. I was maddened by my own self-reproaches. Sleep left me, or terrible dreams pursued me if I slept. I became reckless and careless of my life. My eyes were bloodshot, my flesh wasted away, an inward fever alone kept me up for awhile, and still I drank ever more and more to forget my misery.

'At length I became seriously ill; my complaint, I believe, was called brain-fever. I was delirious, outrageous, and endeavoured once or twice to end my miserable life. And now all was revealed to Archibald. My frenzy of intoxication, my wild, unguarded words, the confessions of Juliette, who had long known more than she dared reveal, all enlightened him. He was inexpressibly shocked; he had loved, idolized, trusted me, and till this last month, when my wild manner and feverish craving for intoxicants had puzzled him, had suspected nothing. What was I now to him?

'When I became sane, and saw his pale face and averted brow, I besought him to kill me, to let me die. I even pulled the bandages from my arm, where I had been bled, and prayed that I might be left to die thus, in my own guilty blood. And when not allowed to perish, I cursed the whole world, and my father and my mother, for having let me see the light, and more than all for having taught me the lust for wine. Ah, those were horrible moments. Yet the dreary secret was out that I had so carefully kept, the suspense was over that had been sapping the foundations of my life, and I could not, at all events, fall more deeply. So I thought.

'With wonderful forbearance, Archibald forgave me, on my solemn promise that I would never again see or hear from the Colonel, and that I would never more touch wine or spirits. Gladly and eagerly I promised both, and for awhile I kept both. The first was made easy to me. The Colonel was only too glad to leave the neighbourhood. He went abroad to India soon afterwards, and died of jungle fever. He and I never met again.

'But

'But the closet remained. My husband still drank his usual wine and whisky, and his guests were still invited to partake of alcohol, and though now I passed much of my time in my own rooms, the scent of these insidious tempters reached me, and my promise fell before them.

'Juliette had been dismissed, and in her place was a woman of mature age, who was to be at once lady's maid and guardian. It was my own desire it should be so, and yet, once having outwitted her, and tasted of drink, I lived for the future only to do the same again and again. Again and again I visited the closet, at midnight when she slept, at early morning, at twilight. I lied and robbed. I sold my wedding jewels, and stores of clothes, to obtain the coveted drink. There was at last no sin I was not willing to commit for it—there were few sins I did not commit. And now, in this lone house by the sea-shore, where I am dying of quickest consumption, I have a few hours of sober time to call my own, whence I may look back with a shudder at the past, and give a hopeless stare into the future, the eternity, that beckons me. Through drink I am become a creature of ignominy and shame, spotted all over with sin, loathsome within and without, without the love of a husband, the respect of friends; unlamented, unwept, I must go to the grave, a suicide in very deed. Let no holy words be said over my corpse, for I have not deserved them. Only let me die—let me pass away. But, though dead, I would still speak, and tell my tale to the tempted. And should another wife sit beside the hearth, where I sat so long as mistress, and writhed so long as slave, let me utter a warning word to her. To my husband I cannot speak, I have wronged him too much—but to her, all unknown as she is, I may say, beware of my temptation. *Lock up the fatal closet* where was shed my soul's blood, where I poured into my throat the sweet, seductive draught of hell. And touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing. When tempted to take only a little, remember my fate. I began with a little, I thought it would never be more, and yet here I am.' * *

There were words missing, there were words misspelled, blots were on the paper, and many marks of tears on the apparently unfinished manuscript, yet I made it all out, as here I have written it; and underneath the last scratches of the trembling hand that is now no more, I write, profoundly affected, 'I am warned, and I obey, H. G.,' and—I intend when my husband comes home to get his signature underneath mine, and 'Bluebeard's Closet' shall be a memory only.

My uncle adds, 'Would that in all England I could believe there

there was no other wife-killer than the old cerulean-barbed Turk, and that "Bluebeard's Closet" was only to be found in the nursery tale. But, alas! poor Adeline Grant is not the only one who has met her death by closet-tippling. An old schoolfellow of my father's, who told him her tale of woe in after-life, said, "Ah, sir, I have supped sorrow by spoonfuls." How many have supped death by glassfuls! When will the world be wiser?'

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

THE SEVEN PHYSICAL FORCES OF CIVILIZATION.

According to the first of the two propositions which we have to demonstrate, the material indications of the degree of civilization of a society, consist: in the first place, in the number of physical forces employed by such a society; in the second place, in the sum of useful result which such a society has been able to obtain from these same forces. In fact, history, no less than the daily observations of travellers, concurs in establishing the exactitude of this two-fold characteristic.

The most reliable portion of ancient history is that which treats of the communities which inhabited the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, or extents of country connected with those shores by frequented roads. If we leave aside the Jewish nation—a nation which would merit a special study—this group comprehends principally: the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, and the Greeks, on the one hand; on the other the Phœnicians, the Arabs of the shores of the Red Sea, and the Romans. If we study the annals of these different peoples and tribes, the first fact to attract our notice is the extreme simplicity of social relations, compared with their complexity in modern times. All the aforesaid communities labour by the aid of three physical forces only: the force of gravitation, common to man and to animals; muscular force, common likewise to both, but infinitely better utilized by man whether by means of tools or by the domestication and training of certain species of animals; lastly, the force of wind, the most wonderful, perhaps, of the primitive conquests of man, and one which affords the most striking evidence of his true superiority—the faculty of observation—and of his true pride—the predominance of the reflective powers over the brute instinct of self-preservation. But none of these societies penetrated the secret of the expansive force of gases (gunpowder), or of the magnetic force of the globe (the compass), which were only revealed to European societies towards the close of the mediæval era. Still less do they suspect the existence of the two last physical forces which have been mastered in modern days—dynamical electricity (the electric telegraph), and the elastic power of steam (steam-engine).

Such, then, was the order of the progression in the successive acquisitions of the physical forces, by the Indo-European race, and few families of Semitic origin intermingled with that race: in antiquity, three forces only; in the mediæval era, five; in modern times, seven.

This preliminary observation being admitted, let us now examine whether these

these same societies developed their civilization according to a parallel order of progression. That such was the fact, will appear evident to most persons; but the proof ought nevertheless to be furnished, just as in beginning arithmetic we find it necessary to prove, that two multiplied by three are equal to three multiplied by two.

The proof we are in want of, is naturally derived from the signification of the word civilization, as interpreted by the great majority amongst us. If we were to understand by that term, a social state favourable to the development of a limited number of the remarkable individualities in politics, in philosophy, in the arts and sciences; but development founded on the subordination of the labouring and trading to the warlike class, the societies of antiquity would no doubt furnish us with an ideal. But modern conscience decides otherwise: modern conscience judges the degree of a nation's civilization, viewed from the moral side of the question, by the amount of the individual guarantees which that nation enjoys. Thus, while we endeavour to establish that force is the material criterion of progress, it is already proved and accepted that right is the moral criterion.

Social economy might rest satisfied with holding up to view the hideous diseases of body and mind, the everlasting conflict of brute instincts and their predominance over the faculties of mind, all phenomena strikingly characterizing the societies of antiquity; and, though in a gradually diminishing degree, the mediæval societies and those of our own day. But this science (social economy), was the first to establish a phenomenon of still more conclusive character. The successive transformation of the slave labourer into the serf, and of the serf into the workman; each of these evolutions, whether tumultuous or calm, penetrating more and more enormous masses with a continually higher sentiment of justice, the ultimate aim of civilization.

It is then indisputable that within the last three or four thousand years at least, the successive acquisition of the physical forces by our race corresponds with its progress in civilization.

In antiquity, the processes of productive labour are but few and stationary, compared with the rapid development they take in our own day. The processes of destructive labour, on the contrary, give rise to important changes from one century to another. War is then the great art, and its influence over the social economy of that remote epoch, is too profound to allow of our passing it over in silence.

Having vanquished the Medes, a nation devoted to science more than to rude labour, the Persians next destroy the Assyrian Empire, already long enfeebled by the participation of the priesthood in military affairs. The Persian nation, poor at its origin, sober, active, and hostile to luxury, is the first of our race among those known to us, to introduce science into warfare. The result of this superior utilization of the two forces, gravitation and muscular force, is to ensure victory at once to the small organized bands over the great masses. And thus we see explained, the successive subjugation of the Persians by the Macedonian phalanx, and of the Greeks by the Roman legion. Now, civilization, that is, the practical notion of right, became gradually ameliorated in the transition from the Assyrians to the Persians, from the Persians to the Greeks, and from the Greeks to the Romans.

It would be easy to establish the same concordance in respect to the other societies of the same period, who owed their material prosperity chiefly to the utilization of the third physical force—wind. Among these were, for instance, the Phœnicians and the Arabs of the Red Sea, monopolizing maritime trade north and south, until that monopoly fell into the hands of the Greco-Roman people,—then more powerful and highly civilized than the Semitic races.

Ancient history thus confirms in detail the result attained by a first general observation of ancient, mediæval, and modern periods.

Ancient

This analysis also gives us insight into the fact that what we call a superior utilization of physical forces, has its origin in an entirely moral phenomenon, the exercise of the reflective faculties of man. Let us now proceed to examine the principal facts which marked the acquisition of the four last discovered physical forces by the Indo-European, in the mediæval and modern societies. It will afford us not only a new confirmation of our own first proposition, but the direct proof of the second.

Two of these forces, gunpowder and the compass, have generally been ascribed to the fifteenth century; the two last, steam and dynamical electricity, to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The history, however, of these four great discoveries, removes to a date far earlier than that assigned by tradition, the successive improvements which were destined to bring about such important results in the fifteenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries.

With respect to gunpowder, everyone knows that it was not, as tradition would have us believe, a spontaneous discovery, due to the accidental approximation of fulminating substances, but, on the contrary, to laborious researches directed towards the progressive improvement of the inflammatory compounds, introduced many ages ago into the art of warfare by the Asiatic races, who dwelt upon a soil where these ingredients are found in abundance. Byzantine civilization owed to the secret of the preparation of these compounds, already greatly perfected in the seventh century of our era, the maintenance of the national independence during eight hundred years—an independence destined later to play so important a part in the civilization of Europe. Greek-fire had certainly no pretension to vie with gunpowder, but may be called its precursor. With yet a few more efforts, and the art of purifying saltpetre, combined with other no less ordinary processes borrowed from the alchemists, would transform a compound, destructive, no doubt, but destitute of expansive force, of elasticity, into a formidable agent of dislocation, before which the ponderous armour of the feudals, and the fetters imposed upon liberty of conscience throughout Europe, were alike destined to disappear.

With this enfranchisement, social economy sees the dawn of new destinies, in the apparition, on the stage of the world, of the maritime races of the North, an apparition which would have been impossible without the compass. But the discovery of that instrument, no more than that of the musket, was due to accident. The Mediterranean sailors had long made an unskilful use of it, as, in our own times, the sailors of the yellow race. It was then called the *marinet*, and required important modifications before it could be available for long voyages across the ocean. We must come down to the fifteenth century to find it perfected and connected into the compass, by an ocean race, the English, who thereby opened out new routes to the Portuguese and Spaniards, of which the political and social importance were incalculable.

All the examples we are acquainted with, of a superior utilization of the physical forces, bring out in astonishing relief the creative power of our reflective faculties. This highly moral conclusion is strikingly borne out by observation of the facts which put us in possession of the sixth and seventh physical forces, steam and dynamical electricity. Before it became transformed by man's intelligence into that powerful agent which we see every day at work—what, for instance, was steam? A substance of vague, seriform essence, already exhausted by the insignificant labour of raising the lid of the kettle? In order to utilize its elastic properties, to make of it a working force, and thus give it value in a social point of view, we might in vain have waited for a fortunate concurrence of accidental circumstances; in order to bring about such a result as this, nothing less was required than the actual process of laborious, humble, patient, and sagacious investigations, carried out

out by aid of instruments already in existence, themselves the product of careful and skilful combination. What we have said above, touching the fruitful results of the invention of such instruments, dispenses us from again adverting to these well-known facts.

Of all the forces which jointly contribute to the life of European societies, the seventh, dynamical electricity, appears the most feeble, if its power be measured in a direct manner. Such, nevertheless, is the reciprocal influence of man's material conquests over nature, such their collective action upon the movement and organism of societies, that the apparition of this seventh force, yet in embryo, brings us into presence of the most important modifications that European ideas have undergone since the invention of printing. A new power has come to light; a power of altogether moral essence, but which required for its manifestation that the seven physical forces already named should be in existence: a power which is irresistible and never again to be extinguished, and which already re-acts favourably upon the material well-being of our race; a power, in short, which has received the name of *public opinion*, and upon which, on strict analysis, reposes the right of the weak.

The history of the origin and development of this power would no doubt carry us back to a remote age. But the apparition of a true European public opinion, can be said to date only from our own time, for the prior existence of a medium of universal character was required in order to bring to a focus all the moral and physical forces already assimilated. Now we possess just such a medium in the aggregate of those slender metal wires, which disseminate truth and falsehood amongst us with the like indifference. Many of those who read the telegraphic intelligence published daily, lament that falsehood should be mixed up with truth on so many questions. But this very circumstance contributes in the highest degree to form public opinion, and to render it supreme. The wicked are only to be feared when they remain silent: compel them to speak, and sooner or later they will throw off the mask. In the same manner the electric telegraph always ends by enlightening. Formerly, established governments monopolized the privilege of rapid information, and could envelop their actions in secresy. But since the humblest citizen of Europe is apprised in a few seconds of what is taking place at the four cardinal points of the earth, the governments can no longer maintain their reserve, they are forced to reply, and to vindicate themselves by addressing the public.—*From 'Physical and Moral Forces of Human Societies,' by Felix Foucon, C.E., in Transactions of the Social Science Association for* 1863.

CAUTION TO WOMEN ABOUT TO MARRY.

Women have not usually much acquaintance with law, and perhaps as a general rule rather pride themselves in their ignorance. But we are about to invite attention to a branch of jurisprudence with which, as the law of England now stands, it is essential for their honour and character that they should be acquainted. That we may teach by example, we will cite a case which occurred in the Divorce Court on August 5th, 1864. It was a suit not for divorce on the ground of subsequent immorality, but to declare that a certain alleged marriage had never been legally solemnized. It was brought by neither of the parties, but by the father of the supposed husband. And the plea was, not that it was a runaway match, or a mock ceremony, void of all reasonable show of legality, for it was duly solemnized by a clergyman in the parish church—but that it was bad because the bridegroom, whose name was George Henry Wells, had in putting up the banns omitted the name George,

George, and had told the bride of the fact. For the law declares that if one of the parties is married under a false name, the error being concealed from the other, the marriage stands good, but if both parties are aware of the deception the marriage is bad. In this case it happened that the only evidence of the bride's knowledge of the omission of her husband's Christian name was that of the husband himself, who at his father's summons piously stepped into the box and swore his wife into a concubine. The judge told the jury that as the wife—for so we still take leave to call her—had not come forward to rebut this evidence it must be taken for true, and therefore the marriage must be annulled. We see no reason to dispute the legal presumption thus laid down. No doubt the bridegroom did tell the bride that he had dropped one of his Christian names. No doubt she replied, 'Oh, George, how could you?' and so was unable to satisfy the exigencies of the law by coming into the box and swearing ignorance of the fact. It would have been no use her swearing, though with perfect truth, that she had not the smallest idea that the fact made any difference to the legality of the marriage; that would have been evidence which the court would not have listened to. The law presumes that every woman, as well as every man, is acquainted with all its provisions, and it will let no one off from the most frightful consequences on the excuse that he or she had no knowledge that they were being incurred. Therefore it is necessary that all young women study carefully the law of marriage, and if they happen to be alone in the world, and not to have a father or brother to keep them safe, it is needful that they criticise with anxious attention every word that falls from the bridegroom's lips, lest what seems at the moment only a light-hearted folly may make the marriage vow, pronounced before God at the altar, only the convenient snare to effect their livelong shame. If in recommending this course we recommend what we know will never be adopted, if to expect that a woman in any circumstances, but above all when in the position of an affianced bride, shall apply the scrutiny of a sharp lawyer to the proceedings by which she is affected, is wholly out of the question, we certainly pronounce the condemnation of a law which makes such scrutiny essential to safety in a relation so important.—*Daily News.*

FEMALE ATTIRE.

The question of ladies' dresses is hedged about with many difficulties. The articles of female attire are so numerous, some of them of such mysterious use, and of such intricate construction, that it is not easy at first sight to perceive in them any very clear design or system of bodily covering. With the dress of boys or of men it is different. At a glance we see the number and the nature of their garments, the materials of which they are made, their shape and size; and we can judge at once of their suitableness to the age, health, and habits of the wearer. Take that of the schoolboy. Besides the universal skin-covering, linen or calico, his dress consists of three garments:—trousers for the lower limbs and lower region of the trunk, waistcoat for the upper region, and the tunic or jacket as a second covering, capable of being worn buttoned or unbuttoned at the desire of the wearer; the whole generally of some fabric woven of wool, soft, warm, light, and loose. In exceptional instances a duplicate of the first-mentioned garment, in the shape of drawers, is worn. In adult life this costume is varied but by the addition of skirts to the jacket, converting it into the coat. In summer or winter the dress is the same, differing only in texture of material, with an upper coat for cold or wet weather, large, loose, comfortable, fit alike for city-street or country-road, saddle or carriage. For this country and climate nothing can be better for boy or man.

How

How complicated in comparison appears female costume! And yet, on a close examination, it is not only simple and clear and sensible enough in its original plan, but it will be found to bear a strong resemblance to that which we have just been describing.

Given the skin-covering of linen or cotton for daily or bi-weekly change, common to all ages and both sexes, there is then the covering for the chest or upper region of the trunk, corresponding to the waistcoat worn by men, or rather to that of small boys before their promotion to braces, when the trousers are buttoned to the waistcoat. As its name indicates, it is a body to the petticoat; it is usually made of jean, although a better material, and one which it is satisfactory to see coming into daily use, is knitted cotton work, soft and pliant, cool in summer and warm in winter, admitting of perfect freedom to the part of the body which it covers, and forming an elastic point of attachment to the garment which it is intended to support. Nothing could be better designed than this garment,—unless it be its continuation, the petticoat itself when properly fashioned, *i.e.*, of soft flannel, closely and fully plaited, draping around the lower limbs and terminating midway between ankle and knee; admitting of perfect freedom of motion, and yielding adequate protection and warmth. Here we have an entire covering, corresponding to the trousers and waistcoat of the other sex; and that the comparison is not a fanciful one will be admitted when it is recollected that the petticoat has formed, and still forms, part of the dress of the hardier sex in countries not very remote. There remains then the upper garment, overlying these, and covering the arms, corresponding to the jacket of the boy and the coat of the adult; and this is suitably and sensibly provided by the frock or gown, made of cotton, silk, or wool. The extra or upper coat worn by men in cold weather is variously represented by jacket, cape, cloak or mantle, scarf or shawl. Recently, too, the little round hat of straw or felt, common alike to boys and men, and equally good for either, has, with the not unsuitable addition of ribbon and feather, been readily adopted by ladies.

With this system of bodily covering it would be difficult to find fault. Wherein then the evil, of which we hear so much, of female costume? What is the nature of the evil, and in what article does it lie concealed? Let us examine the different articles. We begin with the first-mentioned, the covering for the chest. The more it is examined, the more it will be found to answer its purpose fully, *i.e.*, to yield adequate covering and protection to the back and chest, and, while supporting the petticoat, to transfer its weight to the shoulders. And this it does entirely when properly made; which, however, is unfortunately not always the case. On the contrary, in a majority of instances, it is made with the arm-holes too small, and the shoulder-straps too tight—by which the arms are, as it were, pinned down by the sides, to the sore confinement of the chest, and consequently the prevention of its proper development. For a large portion of the upper region of the trunk is dependent on the action of the arm for exercise; and the healthy development and healthy condition of the vital organs which the chest contains will, of course, be injuriously affected by that which injuriously affects the size and shape of the chest itself. This is important in another aspect besides its strictly sanitary one; for the confinement of the arms, especially with young and fast-growing girls, causes the shoulders to droop and lean forward, prevents the filling in and rounding of the column of the neck, and perpetuates in undesirable prominence the bony ridge at its base. Or, if this garment be not made sufficiently wide to admit of the full expansion of the lungs, evinced by the rising and swelling of the chest at every respiration, the same results will be produced. We must not therefore take it for granted that this garment is entirely satisfactory, although to it we are indebted for much help in the expulsion of stays; for we may now look upon

tight-lacing

tight-lacing as a thing of the past, and can no more believe in its existence among persons of ordinary information and education than we could credit the use of thumbscrews in a court of justice in this the nineteenth century —save indeed that we occasionally find tight stays worn by persons who, from long and fixed habit, find it impossible to relinquish their artificial support, now become a necessity to them. But we have yet need of care and watchfulness, lest the present otherwise unobjectionable garment should perpetuate some of the evils of its predecessor.

To the petticoat also unrestricted praise may be given, when made of suitable material, of proper fulness and length, and suspended to the body. But it is too often made of heavy, bulky, and stiff material, with no inlying yielding folds to open and close with the action of the limb which it covers, and therefore fails in affording the necessary warmth. Duplicates and triplicates of the garment are therefore added; and these, instead of being fastened to the body, and suspended from the shoulders, are, with broad and heavy bands, bound around the loins—the portion of the body of all others which, with young girls, should be left perfectly unconfined and unencumbered. This is not the place to particularize the nature of the evils which this pernicious practice would originate, and, where they already exist, would aggravate; but every one who is acquainted with the structure and functions of the human body will agree with me in condemning a custom so fraught with danger to the health and happiness, present and prospective, of the wearer.

Equally sensible is, and equally sanitary might be, the frock or gown, provided always that its shape and size bear relation to the duties, ordinary or extraordinary, of the wearer. Sanitary and comfortable, convenient and elegant, might this garment be at all times and seasons; but, just as we sometimes see a simple bequest from honest industry to charity proving a never-ending source of ruinous litigation, so has this garment, blameless in its original conception, proved from generation to generation a nidus in which Fashion has hatched her brood of endless absurdities, aimless follies, and meaningless caprices. For the mutations of this article of dress are endless, as they are aimless. The mode of to-day will be obsolete to-morrow—to be revived, it may be, on the day after; or the crotchet of a hundred years ago will be resuscitated without motive or cause. There is no certainty, no security, no pause, no resting place; because all change is dictated by Fashion, and Fashion disdains and disclaims all obligations to rule, law, or principle of beauty, utility, economy, comfort, or common sense. It has but one aim, one object, one desire—Novelty.

And yet out of the worst feature of this evil springs present hope; for all change must now be for the better. We have at last attained a point at which 'the force of Folly can no farther go.'

Were the subject less serious, and did it not concern health and happiness, there would be something quaintly absurd and comically amusing in the sight of a lady of the present day when out for a walk—literally carrying her clothes, holding them up, bearing them along, a burden in both hands. Either this absurdity must be, or there is the unpleasant alternative of letting them trail behind her, sweeping the dust from the road and from the pavement at every step.

The vices of this garment render nugatory the virtue of the others and originate fresh vices in them. It is to this evil of long, heavy, and bulky skirts, flounced tier above tier, that we owe our present infliction of crinoline. For it is simply impossible for a lady to walk about at all and have the use of her hands without some machine to assist in holding up her skirts; and here the propagation of evil by evil begins. The mass of skirt necessitates crinoline; crinoline necessitates additional petticoats for warmth and decency; and these are bound round that part of the body which most requires

requires to be left unencumbered and free. And all for what? That young and old, ungainly and elegant, may look and move alike—may look and move like nothing feminine, like nothing human, like nothing endowed with life or power of natural motion—may possess the size and shape of a hay-cock, and the motion of a Jack-in-the-green.—*From 'Macmillan's Magazine' for September.*

OUTCASTS.

Oh! sinn'd against and sinning,
How wails my heart for ye,
While, all in vain, I strive to reach
Your fate's sad mystery!
Abject, and lost, and trampled on,
With snares and death around you sown.

Why am I here? Why are ye there,
With such abyss between,
Parting our mutual destiny?
Here foliage fresh and green,—
Around your path the scoriæ drear,
And sultry lava, all the year.

Here young fresh violets, roses, bloom,
With fruits of heavenly taste,
While deadly nightshade hedges in
Your upas-growing waste;
And rank weeds shelter slimy things
That crawl about the water-springs.

Why am I here, in free sweet peace,
With deathless hope within,
Borne up by all-prevailing Love
Far from the wastes of sin,—
While ye, alas! I weep to see
Your footsteps chain'd to misery?

Why am I here? O Father, God!
My spirit calls to Thee;
These are Thy children, let me go
And share their misery;
So I may lift one brother up
To drink from Love's o'erbrimming cup.

From Poems, by B. H. Farquahar, Author of the 'Pearl of Days,' &c. Glasgow: Bell and Bain.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sacred Scenes; or, Notes of Travel in Egypt and the Holy Land. By Rev. F. Ferguson, M.A. Pp. 400. Glasgow: Thomas Adamson, 165, Cowcaddens-street. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

AN excellent opportunity, and the kind indulgence of his congregation, enabled the much-respected author of this volume, in 1862, to undertake a tour in Egypt and Palestine. During his absence, letters descriptive of his travels and adventures were read from time to time to his congregation. These letters, enlarged and altered in form, are now placed together in a nicely-bound volume of four hundred pages. The route taken was from Glasgow to Marseilles, Toulon, Caprera, Malta, Alexandria, and the Delta, Cairo, the Nile, and the Pyramids; again from Alexandria to Joppa, and thence on to Jerusalem, where Mr. Ferguson met the Prince of Wales and the late Mr. Buckle. Excursions to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Jericho, Bethlehem, Hebron, &c., followed next; and after these the journey was resumed to Nablous by Bethel, Shiloh, Jacob's Well, Joseph's Tomb, and the Valley of Shechem. From Nablous it went on by Nazareth, and thence to Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee; to Cana, Haifa, Mount Carmel; to Acre, Tyre, and Sidon; to Beyrout and the Dog River; and finally to Damascus, where the author leaves his readers, promising, perhaps, to complete the story of his journeying in a subsequent volume, if his health serve and his readers desire. The writer carries his readers with him very successfully, by help of the fulness of his detail and the intelligibility of his style. The omission of some of the hortatory and reflective matter he has interjected abundantly, would have improved the volume to our taste; but would possibly have been displeasing to his congregation. This is a pleasant book to read; written by one who took with him an observant eye and a reverential mind, and whose pen, facile and well able to describe, has produced a work for which, no doubt, thousands of readers will be disposed to thank him.

The New System of Musical Gymnastics as an Instrument in Education. A Lecture delivered before the College of Preceptors. By Moses Coit Tyler, M.A., M.C.P., Principal of the London School of Physical Education, Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, &c. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

DRAY-HORSE gymnastics, developing strength at the expense of velocity, flexibility, and grace; acrobatic contortions enabling the human body to do everything that it ought not to be able to do; these are systems to which the method of Dr. Lewis is thoroughly opposed. It was a happy thought to introduce music into gymnastics, and marry all the motions to harmonious sounds. For both sexes the new system is alike excellent; it is social, its actions are concerted, exhilarating, greatly assisted by the music which accompanies them, and exercising, without straining, all the muscles of the body. The lecture of Mr. Tyler does not so much explain as commend the new system of musical gymnastics, but none who have seen this in practice can fail to note its prodigious superiority to all the unmusical systems, whether light or heavy.

The Alexandra Magazine, and Woman's Social and Industrial Advocate. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

DEVOTED, as its name implies, to the industrial development and social advancement of woman. Its tales are not of the sensational school, and generally reward perusal. It has, besides, passages of valuable advice from pens abounding in good sense;

sense; and is, on the whole, a very well-conducted magazine.

After having written the above, we have received the September number of the 'Alexandra Magazine' with which is now blended the 'Englishwoman's Journal.' A preface by Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, formerly editress of the 'Englishwoman's Journal,' explains the motives of the amalgamation. The two magazines have been united, with an earnest hope that the joint periodical will, by reason of its greater cheapness, reach many homes into which the 'Englishwoman's Journal' did not penetrate. We are glad that the two magazines have been thus combined; and we can cordially recommend the 'Alexandra Magazine' as indispensable to all who desire information about the employment of women.

The Gardener's Weekly Magazine, and Floricultural Cabinet. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen, 20, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

ABOUNDING in information invaluable to the gardener. We know of nothing to surpass, and very little to equal this, amongst floricultural issues. Almost every article in it is evidently from a mind full of information, rich in experience, and well able to make itself understood.

The Moral, Social, and Political Effects of Revenue from Intoxicating Drinks. By a Temperance Politician. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

THE writer ably examines the question of revenue derived from the sale of intoxicating drinks. Believing that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right or expedient, he applies this axiom to revenue raised from intoxicating drinks, and pronounces such revenue to be indefensible. Many, indeed, in the name of the public good, and with good reason, dread the abolition of taxes on alcoholic drinks; but the writer urges, with justice, various considerations showing the impropriety and folly of raising a revenue by such means; and he advocates the entire suppression of the liquor traffic as the only true remedy. 'The repeal of these duties (on alcoholic drinks) is desirable,' he says, 'not for the purpose of securing a free trade in intemperance, immorality, and vice, but to enable the Government to legislate with clean hands for their suppression. This revenue is indefensible from whatever point of view it may be regarded; it violates all sound principles of taxation, it fosters governmental extravagance, it renders an evil traffic apparently respectable, it strengthens and perpetuates its existence. It is one of the main buttresses of a system, respecting which it has been most justly affirmed by many crowded meetings, "that no considerations of gain to the vendors, or of revenue to the State, can justify the community in giving licence and sanction" to its existence. If the vendor of strong drink is pursuing a lawful calling, on what principle of justice is he impeded in his vocation? If beneficial, why is it not thrown open as freely as all other employments? The fact that such restrictions are considered necessary in the interests of morality, condemns alike the traffic and the revenue it contributes to the State. Abolish this source of revenue, place the power of its suppression in the hands of the people themselves, let the sale of these seductive poisons be placed under the ban of an efficient legislative enactment, let licensed temptations to excess no longer allure and seduce our population,—the result would soon be manifest in the vastly increased prosperity of all classes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer needs be under no apprehensions then as to his revenue; an enriched and prosperous people would contribute whatever might be necessary far more easily and readily than an intemperate and impoverished community, and the Government would have the satisfaction of knowing that no portion of its taxation was raised at the frightful expense

expense of the health, morals, and prosperity of the people.'

A Book for Young Women. By the Wife of a Clergyman, author of 'How shall I come to the Table of the Lord?' Eighth edition.

A LITTLE book designed to set forth, in simple and readable style, the justice and mercy of God, and to give advice on forgetfulness of baptismal and confirmation engagements, neglect of prayer, of reading the Scriptures, of attending church and the table of the Lord, of disobedience to and neglect of parents, love of dress, want of thrift, too early marriage, and other errors into which young women are apt to fall. The book is in its eighth edition, and must, therefore, have recommended itself very effectually.

A Book for Wives and Mothers. By the author of 'A Book for Young Women,' and 'How shall I Come to the Table of the Lord?' Third edition. London: Wertheim and Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

A STORY in continuation of 'A Book for Young Women.' It gives much good advice in language plain and simple.

The Sunday-School Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament; with Explanatory Notes, and Hints for Teaching. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. Vol. I. The Gospels. No. V. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS excellent little commentary is now upon the 10th chapter of St. Matthew. For its size and price, we know of nothing better.

The Advantages of Temperance, discussed in a Series of Letters on the Sunday-closing of Public-houses, Mr. Lucson's Permissive Bill, and Working Men's Rights; with a Prison Warder's Testimony against the Liquor Traffic. By John Robert Taylor, author of 'Facts for the Thoughtful,' &c. London: James George Taylor, 13, Brownlow-street, Bedford Row.

IN this comprehensive pamphlet Mr. Taylor gives a commendation of temperance in relation to the natural, moral, social, and spiritual rights of man, and in a medical aspect; a copy of a letter from Professor Beesly in opposition to Mr. Somes's bill, and of Mr. Taylor's reply to it; a letter from Mr. Taylor to the 'Beehive,' embodying the substance of letters from the Rev. Bartholomew Nichols on Temperance Hay-making, and Professor Syed Abdoolah on Mussulman and Hindoo Drinking; a letter from a prison warder, in which he advises his brother not to take a public-house; an address of Mr. Taylor to the Lord Mayor, Corporation, and Citizens of London, &c.; a letter to the editor of the *City Press* on Ginshops and Workhouses; and, lastly, a number of reviews and editorial notices of Mr. Taylor's previous publication, entitled 'Facts for the Thoughtful.' In a note, the writer adds that 'this pamphlet will possess a melancholy interest for the friends of social reform, from the fact that the late Mr. Washington Wilks, the eloquent champion of the Permissive Bill, Freedom, and Reform, warmly supported the author in the idea of its publication, and, only a few minutes before he breathed his last, assured Mr. Taylor that it would be the means of accomplishing a great amount of good.' It is dedicated to Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., and the other supporters of the Permissive Bill in Parliament, and to the thoughtful electors of Great Britain, 'in whose hands will be the remedy for intemperance at the ensuing general election.' We desire for this pamphlet a wide circulation.

American Slavery: A Sketch. By the Rev. William Whitby. London: Richard Davies, Sutton-street, Commercial Road East.

IN eleven chapters the writer of this little work gives us accounts of the

the origin, source, nature, and extent of American slavery, the slave voyage, market, and seasoning, American slavery, caste usages, and legal codes, and courts, and results. He treats also of the despotism of American slaveholders and slave oligarchies, and of the bearing of the American churches towards them and their horrible system; and, in a concluding chapter, urges upon the British people the performance of their duty to the American slaves. A convenient little manual of American slavery is thus provided. Under the head of duty, the writer teaches that we ought to have sympathy with the slaves, and with any righteous measure promotive of their freedom or welfare; we ought to pray for them; we ought to render personal, practical, and persevering aid to any righteous anti-slavery movement; we ought to treat fugitives in this country as free persons and as brothers; and we ought to render educational and religious assistance to the coloured people in the British dominions.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine: A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

FOR fastidious tastes, there is no temperance magazine so delicately adapted as this. The engravings and the printing are excellent; and a scrupulous care presides over the selection of the matter, much of which is of excellent quality.

The Three Gilt Balls; or, my Uncle, his Stock-in-Trade and Customers: A Lecture. By T. Turner. London: E. Marlborough and Co., 4, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

AN interesting lecture on pawnbroking.

The Wounded Stag; or, the Three Warnings. By the Rev. C. Overton, author of 'The Plank will Bear,' &c.

The Shabby Surtout. By Richard Hine, M.D. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A COUPLE of Mr. Partridge's excellent 'Illustrated Penny Readings,' with woodcut illustrations. The Shabby Surtout is a garment worn by a benevolent young nobleman, who, disguised in it, is enabled to make sundry useful discoveries as he travels about the country. The 'Wounded Stag' is a tale in verse, well adapted to arrest the attention of the irreligious, and to conduce to serious thought and godly decision.

Does the Cap Fit? By the author of 'Little Martha's Bible.' London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, 24, Paternoster Row.

A SERMON is casually delivered by an old friend of the rector of a rural village, and the good effects on the rector, on the squire, on the doctor, and in the almshouses, are described. The rector it makes more energetic; it induces the squire to send an order for 'three dozen of good port wine' to a poor relation,—a deed, by the way, much more kindly intended than wisely planned; it influences the doctor to excuse a poor widow from payment of a long bill; it helps to make the nurse of a tiresome old invalid more patient and attentive; and it even avails to improve the disposition of the invalid herself.

The Epistles of the Apostle Paul to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Thessalonians. Extracted from the Literal Translation of the Holy Bible. By Robert Young.

Biblical Tracts for Every Day in the Year, on the Most Important Facts and Doctrines of Scripture, Illustrated from Itself. By Robert Young, author of the 'New Translation of the Holy Bible from the Original Languages,' &c.

Supplement to the Bible. Marginal Readings for the English Bible, in Addition to those Given by the Editors

Editions of King James's Version, being a Series of More Literal Renderings Derived from an Examination of the Original Scriptures when compared with the Common Version, and with the New Translations. By Robert Young, author of various works in Hebrew, Chaldee, Samaritan, Syriac, Greek, Latin, German, &c. Edinburgh: James Nisbet and Co., Berners-street, London.

The first of the forthcoming publications contains the Pauline epistles newly translated by Mr. Young, whose endeavour it has been to adhere to the meaning of the original as literally as possible. In the main, Mr. Young supplies literal renderings of many passages with which King James's translators ignorantly or designedly took very undue liberties. The Biblical Tracts, of which fifty-one are before us, are critical comments and comparisons of portions of Scripture having regard to disputed points of doctrine, and drawing conclusions for the most part acceptable to orthodox Protestants, although not devoid of markedly individuality in certain respects. The titles of some of these will show the nature of the questions opened up,—as, 'Age-during *versus* Eternal,' 'Baptism *versus* Immersion,' 'Creation Out of Nothing,' 'Divinity of Christ,' 'Elder and Overseer,' 'Inspiration of Scripture,' 'Ministrant *versus* Deacon,' 'Postures in Public Worship,' 'Sheol, Hades, and the Unseen State,' and 'Wines of Scripture.' Into controversies on points like these we do not here enter; but we are always glad to observe signs of dissatisfaction with the common translation of the Bible, having long been convinced that nothing is so much needed for popular use as a faithful and close rendering of the originals.

The Baptist Magazine. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Old Jonathon; or the District and Parish Helper. London: Wm. Hill Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

Meliora.

Art. I.—THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF FRANCE.

1. *Le Progrès.* Par Edmond About. Paris: Hachette.
2. *Modern France: its Journalism, Literature, and Society.* By A. V. Kirwan. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.
3. *Ten Years of Imperialism in France.* Impressions of a 'Flaneur.' William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.
4. *Reports of Her Majesty's Secretaries of Embassies and Legations on the Manufactures, Commerce, &c., of the Countries in which they Reside.* Report of Mr. Grey, Her Majesty's Secretary of Embassy at Paris.

IF the President of the Social Science Association thinks it is not beyond his province to devote a portion of his yearly review to the political condition of foreign countries, we need offer no apology for asking the attention of our readers to the social condition of one such country. France is, of all others, the most closely allied to us. While diplomatists have endeavoured to maintain the old traditions of the Foreign Office, and to strengthen our union with the great German Powers, Mr. Gladstone has, by his commercial legislation, been establishing and confirming the Anglo-French Alliance. Recent events in the North of Europe have baffled the first, recent events in another hemisphere have made the second successful. The Dano-German War has made the people of England well nigh loathe an alliance with Germany. The American War, and the loss of their best customer, have made them more desirous than ever to cultivate the friendship of a country whose markets were opened just in time to prevent the ruin that would otherwise have followed the closing of the transatlantic markets. The material interests of the trading community are stronger than Foreign Office traditions,

and if any English ministry is bent upon its downfall, it may ensure destruction either by making a defensive alliance with Austria and Prussia, or by making an offensive alliance against France. The experience of the four years which have passed since the Commercial Treaty with France was carried into effect has removed the anti-Gallic prejudices which had survived the Crimean War. The Frenchman is considered no longer the Englishman's natural enemy, but his best customer. The Englishman rejoices in the prosperity of the Frenchman, for it is to the interest of the former that the latter should be prosperous. Hence it has come to pass that the statistics of French trade and commerce are read in this country with an attention little only of that which is given to our own Board of Trade Returns. Nor is this interest in French affairs confined only to commercial matters. French literature is more read in England than it ever was before. French politics likewise are more thoroughly understood, while, at the same time, some of the ablest of French writers are turning the attention of their readers to English literature. In a word, it is almost incredible to the Londoner of the present day, who runs over to Paris on the Monday and returns on the Wednesday, that, in this very nineteenth century, he was taught to believe the Frenchman to be the incarnation of all that was hateful, to be in fact a sort of fiend, thirsting for human blood and feeding upon frogs.

It would be an interesting question to ask how far the French have, under their present ruler, obtained social improvement and commercial prosperity at the expense of political liberty. A thorough Imperialist would assert that the good was unattainable without the evil. He would appeal with some show of reason to French history of the past eighty years in support of his theory. Certain it is that the French have repeatedly suffered the loss of material prosperity at the time of their greatest freedom. It must ever be thus so long as liberty degenerates into licence, so long as political activity manifests itself by the erection of barricades, and by bloody battles in the streets, or bloody holocausts on the scaffold. It was the utter weariness that followed the excesses of the last revolution, the disgust on the part of the people at the incompetence of the historians and poets who ruled, or rather failed to rule, the Republic, which led the French to submit to the forcible establishment of the Empire, and to the subsequent political restraint. France might have fared far worse. She might have become a second Naples had Napoleon been a second Ferdinand, and have declined in commercial prosperity *at* the time that she lost her political liberty. But it can never be

be said that the merchant has suffered under the present *régime*, whatever may be said of the politician. The only matter of doubt is whether the French might not now be enjoying greater freedom without sacrificing their material prosperity. Even with reference to this question, it may be suggested whether, after all, the policy which the Emperor has adopted is not preparing the way for a happier political epoch; whether, in fact, the enlisting of the sympathies of the heretofore unstable Frenchman in behalf of order, the making his worldly prospects dependent upon his self-restraint, is not the best preparation for that fuller liberty which the Emperor has promised, and which we trust the present generation will see established. On the other hand it must be admitted that this period of apprenticeship is full of dangers to those who are passing through it. If enforced political inaction has given time for the development of material prosperity, it has also allowed, and even promoted, the development of immorality. Debarred from the discussion of State affairs, many of the ablest writers of the day have devoted their abilities to fiction. The journalist, who lives in constant fear of warnings, is compelled to treat public questions in a vague and feeble manner. To atone for this, he offers his readers the *feuilleton*. The French newspaper reader thus becomes an inveterate novel reader. He is forbidden to expend his energies in political life. He finds the ordinary details of domestic life wearisome, and he requires the stimulus of 'sensation' tales, which are made increasingly exciting by being made increasingly immoral. This is no uncommon result. When a nation is confined to *panem et circenses* its character suffers, its moral muscles relax. Bread-winning degenerates into the most slavish mammon-worship, the suppliers of the games become the ministers of vice. Then, when the manhood of a country finds its favourite employment on the Stock Exchange, and its favourite amusement in prurient fiction, there is inward decay though there may be outward prosperity. We will endeavour to set forward fairly the lights and the shadows of the picture of French society, and then draw our conclusion as to how far it may be considered satisfactory, or the reverse.

The most important defect in the French Constitution—that which lies at the root of all that is wrong in French political life—is the absence of responsible ministers of the crown. The saying that 'the king can do no wrong,' which sounds like the most abject courtier utterance of Stuart days, is in reality the safeguard of a people's liberty. So long as the sovereign's advisers are responsible to the people for the

sovereign's acts, the people have the power to prevent or to enforce, which, when there is no ministerial responsibility, is impossible without a revolution. Napoleon nominates and dismisses his own ministers without consulting the legislative body. These ministers are not even expected to explain their conduct, and the only explanations vouchsafed are given by mere talking ministers, who have had no voice in determining the policy which they have to defend. The Council of State, containing from forty to fifty members, is nominated by the Emperor, and prepares the laws which the legislative body has the right to discuss only, and not to originate. The legislative body itself consists of less than four hundred members, elected by universal suffrage, and its functions are restricted to the discussion and voting of any laws proposed by the Council of State, and also of the budget. It has not even the power to receive petitions. The Senate has somewhat greater powers, but as it is for the most part composed of persons nominated by the Emperor, this privilege is of little advantage to the nation. Latterly the discussions in the *Corps Législatif* have been very animated. This is due to the recent election of some of the most distinguished men in France. The fact that these men were returned in spite of the utmost efforts of the Government, in spite of the enormous advantage which the ballot and universal suffrage offer to a despotic sovereign, in spite, too, of the great influence possessed by a Government which has agents in the shape of local rulers or prefects scattered up and down the country, is one of the most hopeful signs afforded by recent French politics. It proves that the ablest men in France are neither indifferent to, nor despair of, their country's prospects. It shews that the heavy bribes with which Napoleon has sought to purchase the support of the constituencies, and notably the Metropolitan, have failed in their object. It was Paris more especially—Paris, which the Emperor found a city of houses, and has made a city of palaces --it was Paris that shewed the most decided antagonism to the Imperial policy, and returned for its representatives, in every instance, men opposed to the Government. Next to Paris, the other great cities which the Emperor had beautified were the most restive constituencies, and neither blandishments, threats, nor the outrageous unfairness of the local authorities could prevent the most important places in France from following the example set by the capital. It is true that these men, were they five times as numerous, could, under the present laws which restrict the action of the *Corps Législatif*, do little or nothing in the way of legislation. But this they could do; they could arouse the attention of their countrymen

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to public affairs; they could create a public opinion. This they have accomplished, and thus they have defeated the Imperial policy, which hoped to satisfy the people by providing them with 'bread and the games.'

While considerable freedom of speech is allowed to the Legislative Assembly, freedom of writing is forbidden to the press. There is no country in Europe except Rome where the journalist is so fettered and so persecuted as he is in France. It is at first difficult to understand how it is that Napoleon suffers criticism in the Chamber infinitely exceeding in severity the most pungent newspaper article that ever drew down an *avertissement*. This apparent inconsistency is explained by the fact that it is only recently his chief political opponents have entered political life. It is but within the last few months that men like Thiers and Berryer and Favre have been able to bring themselves to recognize the Imperial Government so far as to qualify themselves for the *Corps Législatif* by taking the oaths. Until that time the deputies were, with very few exceptions, the flatterers of the Emperor. There was until then no need to repress the legislative eloquence. Now the position is widely different, and it must be a source of great embarrassment to the Emperor, who is represented to be hesitating as to whether he shall strike a blow against the privileges of the deputies, or choose the better part of conforming himself to the altered circumstances, and of earning the gratitude of the noblest minds of France by assisting their endeavours to establish a Constitutional Government. But with the press it has been far otherwise than with the Parliament. Infinitely more powerful in France, the first had to be kept within far narrower bounds. The press is, indeed, completely at the mercy of the Emperor's will. No journal can be started without his consent; the selection of the editors must be made subject to his approval. The Emperor or his Minister for the Interior may consider any article objectionable, and, on the ground that it tends to bring the Government into hatred and contempt, may give the proprietor of the journal in which it appears a warning. After the second warning a paper may be suspended and suppressed; and at the time that we write the political world of Paris is excited by the suspension of a newspaper without the issue of the previous warnings—an attempt to exceed the rigour even of the rigorous press law. Under such circumstances, it is creditable to French journalism that it should in a large number of cases have preserved a high tone. It is, however, not always the most ably written papers which have the largest circulation. The *Siècle* has about the same circulation

tion as the London *Times*, fifty-five thousand, but it is by no means the most influential French journal. It will not compare in this respect with the *Journal des Débats*, perhaps the most widely read of continental papers. Yet the *Débats*, in spite of its brilliant and at the same time scholarly articles, has steadily declined in circulation of late years, and sells not more than about twelve thousand, or less than one half of the number sold under the First Empire. The *Patrie* is a remarkable instance of change in the other direction. In 1844 it was sold for sixty pounds, which was one franc for each of its fifteen hundred subscribers. It now, though an evening paper, circulates to the extent of forty thousand copies, and it is said to be worth eighty thousand pounds. The *Constitutionnel* was at a low ebb in 1843; it had three thousand seven hundred and twenty subscribers, but its proprietor, more fortunate than the owner of the *Patrie*, sold it for about seventeen thousand pounds, which was really a very large sum. The purchaser of the *Constitutionnel* determined to obtain a circulation, and offered Eugene Sue four thousand pounds for 'The Wandering Jew.' He thus soon improved the position of the paper, and in 1852 sold it for seventy-six thousand pounds, the circulation in the meanwhile having attained twenty-four thousand copies, and the advertisements being worth twenty thousand pounds a year. The *Opinion Nationale*, started in May, 1859, had a daily sale of eighteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight during the first year. *La France*, which has been started more recently, has had a less successful career. It is the organ of a small clique, the hangers-on of the Empress, and of the supporters of the temporal power. The *Presse* has a circulation of twenty-five thousand. The *Moniteur*, although the official organ of the Government, is not public property like the London *Gazette*, but belongs to the descendants of its founder. Latterly the Paris journalists, and especially the proprietors of the evening papers, have been subjected to a very formidable competition by the publication of an evening edition of the *Moniteur* at one halfpenny. This paper is sent post-free by the Government, an act of favouritism that would not be tolerated in England; but which, nevertheless, has not made the paper successful.

The checks given to political writing have compelled journalists to provide some other attraction to their readers. The *feuilleton* is an institution which, though now naturalized in Germany and Belgium, had its origin in France. Most of the Parisian newspapers offer their readers a tale as well as the *news* of the day. Even the *Journal des Débats* occasionally falls

falls into this custom, though it more usually contents itself with literary reviews, to which the foremost names of France are appended. Some of the tales published in the daily and weekly papers are unexceptionable; but this, unfortunately, cannot be said of all. Latterly, a new class of paper has begun to exist. It is not a newspaper in the ordinary sense of the word, but fills up the greater part of its pages with fiction and light miscellanies. One of these, the *Grand Journal*, an immense sheet, thirty-six inches by twenty-four, was started about nine months ago, and soon attained a circulation of thirty thousand, the novels of M. Dumas and other favourite writers being the great attraction. It would be well if the novels of French fiction never fell below the standard of the newspaper *feuilleton*. This, unfortunately, is not the case. The *feuilletonists* are purity itself compared with the authors of 'Fanny,' 'Madelon,' 'Cleopatre,' and the recently-published '*Le Combat de l'Honneur*.'

French fiction at once reveals and promotes immorality. Most of the popular novels are founded upon unlawful love. It is not that, as in certain recent English tales, bigamy is made the keystone of the plot, but that the story is pervaded by unhallowed passions. It is quite possible that a story in which the heroine is the wife of two husbands may not in any way stimulate to licentiousness; but when chapter after chapter is filled with voluptuous descriptions of the relations between a man and his mistress or his neighbour's wife, the effects are deplorable. Unhappily experience has taught the French that the most depraved fiction is not worse than the fact. The relation between the sexes in France is most unsatisfactory. Marriage is generally arranged by the parents of the betrothed before the latter are acquainted with each other. The girl is kept in the strictest seclusion before marriage, but after marriage is allowed a most dangerous amount of liberty. Even when that liberty is not abused, a good deal of unhappiness often arises between the husband and the wife by reason of her unpractical education. As M. About well remarks, 'Enter the college where we educate our sons, and the convent where we educate our daughters, there we find more than a difference; there is a barrier.' The girl brought up in the round of religious observances, and perhaps longing to devote herself to a conventual life, finds herself suddenly the husband of a shrewd, worldly lawyer, who reasons out everything; or of a sharebroker, who calculates everything. All he does or says scandalizes or frightens her who has been brought up to implicit belief, while her little prejudices make him shrug his shoulders contemptuously. 'Love smooths

away every difference until the last quarter of the honeymoon; but how after that! Every Sunday morning, every Friday at meal times, every day with respect to a spectacle, a sermon, a book, a dress, more or less high; about everything, about nothing, it is prized with bitterness that they were not brought up for each other. The more the young girl has profited by her education, the more wearisome she will be to her husband, who would prefer less sanctity and greater worldliness, and who consoles himself by seeking less celestial attractions in other quarters. The result is seen in the large number of illegitimate births as compared with the legitimate, about three per cent., the prevalence of prostitution, and the small number of births altogether. In 1821, there were 963,508 births in France; in 1860, only 946,575. The population of France is scarcely increasing at all, and the average number of children to a family is but 2·5; so that the new generation does little more than replace the old.

Another of the social evils of France, traceable in a great degree to its imaginative literature, is the prevalence of suicide. This fact was pointed out in a very forcible manner by Cardinal Bonnechose, in the celebrated debate which took place last March on the petition presented to the Senate, urging the restriction of the sale of heretical books. The Cardinal, in a very able speech, described the enormous sale which serial tales, of a highly romantic character, had among the labouring classes. He said that every afternoon the vans, which took home from Paris the inhabitants of the villages round about, conveyed hundreds of readers devouring some morbidly exciting tale. They soon displayed all the symptoms of mental dram-drinking. They became listless at their work. They lived in a world of imagination; the real world was intolerable to them, and in the more aggravated cases they did not hesitate to make their exit from it. The number of suicides in France is frightfully large, far exceeding that in England, although *felo de se* is popularly supposed to be a peculiarly English offence. According to the Cardinal there are in France more than ten self-murders daily.

Fiction is not the only substitute for politics which a restricted press induces the public to seek. To more practical minds the Bourse offers attractions which they would not find in the *feuilleton*. Since the foundation of the Empire speculation has increased enormously. Not only is the Bourse itself thronged by recognized stockjobbers, but all its precincts are crowded with less regular practitioners, among whom may be seen a large number of women, who transact business on their own account. The money-mania has infected all classes—

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the labourer seeks for good investments, the very *blanchisseuse* is eager after stock, and both often fall a prey to the sharper. Formerly the *rentier* or the small landed proprietor would not have been induced, under any circumstances, nor by the most alluring promises, to part with his hoarded money. Now all is changed; the hope of making a lucky *coup* has excited all classes. An immense amount of capital formerly locked up is now set loose. To a certain extent the change has been beneficial; to the extent, that is, in which the money has been absorbed by substantial and beneficial undertakings. On the several occasions when the Emperor has been compelled to borrow money, the people have rushed *en masse* to inscribe their names for a sum far beyond that which they would have been able to contribute, with the knowledge that the total subscription would be so large as to make the allotment much below their demands, and in the hope that the allotment would not fall short of their means. The great credit companies were started to absorb the money of small capitalists. The railway companies took their share of the spoils, and it is a noteworthy fact that, whereas in England the usual price of shares is £100, the price of shares in France rarely exceeds £20. Recently a new class of investments has been offered to the speculating Frenchman. Foreign loans which could not be negotiated in England, and which formerly would under such circumstances have been considered as hopeless, are now freely subscribed for in Paris. Some of the speculators have grown rich; not a few 'shamefully rich,' as a dying English prelate once confessed himself to be. It is no secret that Imperial ministers have had transactions on the Bourse, and it is currently reported that the Duke de Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, has availed himself of his early knowledge of political movements to effect pecuniary transactions by which he has amassed a large fortune. It shews how deeply the canker of gold has eaten into the heart of the nation, that this conduct, which would for ever ruin an English statesman, has in no way affected the position of the President of the *Corps Législatif*. The Mirès case is another proof of the mischief that has been wrought by this making haste to be rich. Mirès, a Jew by birth, migrated from Bordeaux to Paris, and soon obtained such a position as George Hudson, the railway king, held in England during his Prince's Gate days. His undertakings were always successful, and men courted him as though he had the power to make them rich or poor. But success excites envy in some minds, and just when Mirès had to provide a large sum of money for a Turkish loan, the concession of which he had obtained on very favourable terms, an associate

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[redacted] and most private. [redacted] elsewhere, spent in [redacted] in the days of Louis XV. was [redacted] of the upper classes is unlimited; and in [redacted] extravagance is not confined to the [redacted] Emperor himself is spending to the last [redacted] magnificent allowance, he is said [redacted] debts. He enforces a large expenditure [redacted] sets the example himself. The fêtes at [redacted] involve an enormous outlay, both to [redacted] and his guests. No lady honoured with an [redacted] is expected to wear the same dress twice; and, as [redacted] has been the one great object of the life of the [redacted] female attire as costly as it can be made, it [redacted] that the cost of a visit to the Em- [redacted] is prodigious. The increase of car- [redacted] during the last few years is very remarkable. Formerly [redacted] were few in number, and mean in appear- [redacted] now in number with, and exceed in appearance, [redacted] to be found in London. Most of them cost [redacted]

[redacted] personal ostentation and extravagance is the [redacted] improvements of Paris. When Napoleon mounted [redacted] there was one class of the community in Paris [redacted] particularly formidable, and which it was especially [redacted] that he should conciliate. This was the *ouvrier* class, [redacted] socialistic theories had already led to great disasters, [redacted] threatened still greater. The theory that the State is [redacted] such employment for the working man is one which [redacted] cannot admit as a theory. It is a political heresy [redacted] most dangerous kind, and must be vigorously denied. [redacted] however, has Napoleon found it expedient to act [redacted] though it were true, and to pacify the workman by finding [redacted] work which he would not allow it was incumbent upon [redacted] to find. The rebuilding of Paris is the result.

[redacted] requires no long interval to discern the immense changes which

which are being made in the capital. The traveller who pays his yearly visit there will see each time new works completed, such as would have taken five times as long in London. The new Boulevards, which now penetrate Paris, supply it with thoroughfares such as hardly any other city in the world possesses. Nor are they, like the famous New York Broadway, merely remarkable for the scale on which they have been planned, while defective in the working out of the details. Stately houses, regularly built, stand on either side, the roadway and the footpaths are perfection, and trees, young as yet, will hereafter serve to shade the wayfarer in the dog days. There is another way in which these thoroughfares may be regarded. They form admirable military roads. In case of another *émeute* the Imperial cannon would sweep them from one end to the other. Barricades would be almost impossible in streets of such width, where, too, the paving stones, which once played so important a part in street warfare, have been superseded by asphalte. Nor are the improvements of Paris confined to new streets. New public buildings, of great magnificence, have been erected at a prodigious cost;* some for show, like the new part of the Louvre; some for use, like the new *halles* or central market-places. About thirty thousand yards of new roads have been opened from the heart of the town in every direction. Most of the bridges have been repaired, fresh bridges have been built, and more than three-quarters of a million sterling was spent in redeeming the tolls on nine bridges. A great part of the embankment of the Seine on both sides has been renewed. Magnificent hotels, new theatres, new churches have sprung up. The cost of building is only one part of the expense. Whole streets of houses had to be purchased and pulled down, and it is affirmed that certain Government officials used to take advantage of their early information, and buy up the property which they afterwards sold again at a great advance to the Government. The Emperor has recently appointed a commission to ascertain the cost and extent of the alterations that are still contemplated. The commission is to state what works are most urgent, and how they can best be proceeded with. Nor is the cost of these gigantic operations the only consideration. These magnificent thoroughfares cover the ground formerly occupied by inferior houses. But the present handsome structures are no

* Mr. Tite, M.P., in a paper read before the British Association in 1863, and published in the 'Journal of the Statistical Society,' September, 1864, estimates the loss upon the construction of new streets at 60 per cent. upon the capital employed therein. The net cost of the Rue Rivoli is over three millions sterling, that of the Boulevard Sebastopol £1,391,486.

homes

. . . . . and these, deprived of their
. . . . . difficulty in obtaining residences
. . . . . time it is stated that no
. . . . . separate lettings, either houses or
. . . . . rent has risen enormously, and
. . . . . other articles. Paris, once one
. . . . . cities, is now probably the
. . . . . has been cared for by sup-
. . . . . work, he has also suffered not a
. . . . . dear provisions. It was perhaps
. . . . . that the late elections turned out so
. . . . . government.

. . . . . which the Emperor has brought about
. . . . . counterbalancing disadvantages. It
. . . . . promise that, in spite of the vigorous
. . . . . timid persons, he succeeded in pro-
. . . . . the great blessing of free trade. The
. . . . . policy are no doubt very surprising
. . . . . classes in France, but are just such as
. . . . . us to expect. The value of imports to
. . . . . was increased by the Commercial Treaty,
. . . . . and seventy-eight millions of francs in
. . . . . and twenty-six millions in 1862. The
. . . . . rts from France to England during the
. . . . . less, but still very satisfactory, being
. . . . . francs. It is, moreover, to be observed,
. . . . . import trade appears to have progressed in
. . . . . tion than the export trade, and although the
. . . . . imports is less for 1863 than for 1861, the
. . . . . deficiency in the diminished imports of cotton,
. . . . . the cotton famine, and of corn, arising from the
. . . . . vests. If these two items be subtracted from
. . . . . ls of the two years respectively, the value of the
. . . . . 1861 was one thousand seven hundred and eighty-
. . . . . of francs; and, in 1863, two thousand one hundred
. . . . . six millions, being an increase of nearly twenty
. . . . . thirteen millions sterling in favour of 1863. The
. . . . . siderable increase has taken place in the articles silk
. . . . . and wool, while there is a large decrease in cotton,
. . . . . that if the cotton manufactories of France continue
. . . . . from the want of raw material, the loss has in a great
. . . . . been compensated for in the two analogous branches
. . . . . dustry—the silk and the woollen trade. French shipping
. . . . . of course, increased with French commerce. The total
. . . . . number of ships entered inwards in 1863 was twenty-eight
. . . . . thousand eight hundred and twenty-one, of four million five
. . . . . hundred

hundred and sixty thousand seven hundred and ninety-five tons, and the total number of ships cleared outwards was twenty thousand four hundred and seven, of three million one hundred and seventy-one thousand six hundred and seventy-eight tons, making a total of forty-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-eight ships, and seven million seven hundred and thirty-two thousand four hundred and ninety-three tons, which was an increase of one thousand nine hundred and eighty-two ships, and one hundred and seventeen thousand four hundred and thirty tons, as compared with 1861. Since this paragraph was written Napoleon has made a further advance on the path of free trade by giving notice that he will shortly abolish the differential duties in favour of French shipping.

It is due to the Emperor to say that he has not confined his efforts at improvement to Paris, although that city has had the lion's share. The provinces have benefited to a large extent. The construction of railways has proceeded very rapidly. No less than nine hundred and twenty-nine kilometres (about five hundred and fifty-seven miles) were opened in 1863. The six great companies, viz., the Orleans, the Lyons, the Northern, the Eastern, the Western, and the Southern, had, at the time Mr. Grey wrote his report, about seven thousand miles open, and had about four thousand seven hundred and fifty miles to construct, in order to complete their conventions. The number of shares in the six chief railways was two million seven hundred and fifty-nine thousand, the amount of capital of the old system about fifty-eight millions sterling in shares, and sixty-seven millions in obligations, and the capital of the new system one hundred and twenty millions in obligations guaranteed by the State. Unfortunately, it does not appear that the increase of receipts is proportionate to the increase of expenditure, for the profits have diminished as the mileage has increased. This is certainly not satisfactory; but it should be remembered that in all countries where railways have been constructed for a considerable period the most important places, those, that is, which produce the greatest amount of traffic, have long ago been served, and that all extensions of the railway system must be in less populous, and therefore less profitable districts. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that a railway may be of great advantage to the community, even though the shareholders derive but small advantage. The district profits by the diminished cost of travelling and of carriage of merchandize, even though the shareholders may incur a loss. The extension of the railway system is thus of great importance to the provinces.

The rural districts have every reason to be well disposed to the

the Imperial *régime*. Agriculture and the agricultural classes have improved greatly of late years. The population of these districts has in many instances, no doubt, been actually diminished by extensive migrations to Paris and other large cities. But this has been to the advantage of those who remained behind. Formerly there was such a superabundance of agricultural labour that it could earn only the scantiest wages. The supply is less now than formerly, and the demand is greater, so that better terms can be obtained. At the same time agriculture is more scientific and enterprizing than it was. The establishment of agricultural meetings has been directly encouraged by the Emperor, who has given prizes to successful competitors. Just now the reclaiming of the *landes* is an important agricultural enterprize. M. About gives an account of the great things which have been accomplished in this unpromising district by private resources. An engineer devised some economical means of draining, costing about six shillings and sixpence an acre, and out of a desert he has made an oasis, which pilgrims from all parts of the *landes* visit. It is fifteen years ago since he bought the property, twelve hundred and fifty acres in extent, and it is now covered with woods, meadows, grain crops, and cereals. His tobacco crop brings him in every year six times more than the cost of the ground which grows it. The entire expenditure on drainage, buildings, &c., has been four thousand pounds, and in twenty years his woods alone will be worth ten times that sum. Having thus made his fortune, M. Chambelert might have been content with his achievements; but money-getting is not his principal object. His great ambition is to see the whole of the surrounding country reclaimed. He offers his services gratuitously to all persons who are willing to follow his example. The State, impressed by the magnitude of the improvements he has effected, has come to the assistance of the district, and has constructed three hundred miles of roads and ditches throughout it, which at once serve for communication and for drainage. M. Chambelert now seeks to persuade the communes to sell their lands, and the municipal councils have given them the alternative of selling or improving. The communes find it advantageous to get rid of half their estates in order to bring the other half into cultivation. In this case material has been attended by moral improvement—new churches and schools having been built in the district. In another year or two there will not be an acre uncultivated in the *landes* of the Gironde. In thirty years there will not be an acre which will not bring in 40s., and which would not sell for £40. Nor is it only that the land has been improved; the drainage of 750,000 acres has

has had the effect of turning rapidly into a great reservoir all the rain which falls over a district of 1,800 square miles. This reservoir is about fifty-three miles long, and stretches between the plateau of the *landes* and the impenetrable barrier of the *dunes*. The land formerly covered by marshy water has been turned into pasturage. A perfect system of irrigation prevails, by which the superfluous water of the marshes is conveyed over the once sterile lands. To use the words of M. About—'See the balance of progress which the genius and the perseverance of one man have realized in a few years. Eighteen hundred square miles of land improved, brought into cultivation, acquired for the use of man; ninety square miles annexed to the soil of France by a victory without tears; fever driven from a country which it had rendered uninhabitable; the human race and every kind of useful animals improved and multiplied; an enormous increase of existence or of property produced on the surface of the earth.' It is to be hoped that the municipal councils will follow in the good path thus marked out for them.

One improvement effected under the Imperial *régime* has been a great boon to the seafaring class of the population. This is a modification of the old law of *Inscription Maritime* by the Imperial decree of October 22, 1863. Formerly not only every mercantile seaman, but every fisherman and shipcarpenter, was obliged to obtain the authorization of the naval officials at the place where he intended to exercise his calling. In return for this he was inscribed on the official list, and remained up to the age of fifty at the entire disposal of the Government, which might call him out for service on board the Imperial ships when it pleased, and compel him to serve as long as it thought fit. In theory a man could obtain the removal of his name from the *Inscription Maritime*, but only on condition of his renouncing every employment connected with the sea. Thus during the whole of the best years of his life he was at the disposal of the State, which could at any moment tear him away from home and family, and compel him to fight. This system, which has endured with slight modifications since it was devised by Colbert, is now abolished in all its most objectionable features. By the new decree every man above sixteen and under twenty-one years of age may, if he is found fit for service, be enrolled as an 'apprentice' for four years. After serving one year he receives pay as a seaman of the third class, and if after the four years he wishes to abandon a seafaring life, he is at liberty to do so, and is entirely free from any further demands by the State. Those who are enrolled are at the disposal of the State for only six years, and only three

[redacted] they compelled to spend on board the Im[redacted] in the dockyards. When he has completed his [redacted]. the seaman cannot be called upon again to [redacted] except in case of extraordinary armaments, [redacted] an Imperial decree. It may easily be imagined [redacted] has been received as a welcome gift by the [redacted] of France. At the same time it is hoped [redacted] that this population will so greatly increase [redacted] will not suffer for want of men.

[redacted] of this article prevent us from mentioning several [redacted] subjects, including the condition of the Imperial [redacted] Suffice it to say that the state of the French ex[redacted] is by no means satisfactory, and that in spite of the [redacted] surrender by the Emperor of his right to levy sup[redacted] budgets, and in spite of the ingenuity of M. Fould, [redacted] debt is still most undesirably large.

We must confine ourselves to one last point, the state of morals in France generally, and Paris particularly. This is one of the least satisfactory topics that can be discussed. In some respects Paris is superior to London. Vice is not suffered to parade itself so openly in the French as it is in the English capital. Prostitution is regulated by the police, and drunkards are seldom seen to reel through the streets, yet, nowhere is licentiousness more general than it is in Paris. Nowhere, at least in Western Europe, is the marriage vow more frequently broken. For this there is no such remedy as we possess. There is no divorce court in France. It is no unusual thing for Parisian newspapers to advertise establishments where unmarried ladies may be confined in secresy. The other gross vice of intemperance is greatly on the increase. A writer in the *Grand Journal* describes the progress in the consumption of absinth and its fearful effects. He says that whereas the common absinth, with a proportion of forty parts of alcohol, was formerly drunk in the proportion of fifteen to five of the Swiss absinth, which contains from sixty to seventy-two parts of alcohol, now the proportion is five to twenty. He describes with much graphic power the ravages produced by absinth. There are, as with us, the furious drinkers and the hardened topers. The first soon die. The second exhibit slowly aggravating symptoms—loss of muscular power, trembling of the eyes, the lips, and the facial muscles, dyspepsia, wasting, disturbed sleep, evil dreams, headaches, delusions, hypochondria, difficulty of speech, enfeebling of the intellect, general paralysis, epileptic convulsions, death. The moral faculties undergo a similar withering process. The wife and children are neglected, the man becomes intensely selfish and

and brutal. He will deprive his children of their daily bread to obtain this poison, which, sufficiently destructive naturally, is rendered still more so by adulteration with copper in order to give it the green hue, which is considered a proof of its goodness. Even where the Parisian is not a drinker of absinth, he too frequently makes the *café* or the *cabaret* his home. There he breathes an air most foully polluted, and its effects upon the constitution are vividly described by the same writer as has depicted the career of the absinth-drunkard. Of home life, in the true English sense of the word, the Frenchman knows almost nothing, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the domestic virtues do not flourish in France.

Such is a brief and imperfect outline of the condition of France. In many respects it has improved of late years, in some there has been retrogression. In material prosperity there has been an astonishing progress, for it is not only that Napoleon has spent large sums of money on the capital, but that he has added to the riches of the country by developing its internal resources and freeing its external trade. At the same time he has set an example of excessive luxury and show, which has been too diligently followed by his people. The worst feature of the Imperial *régime* is the restriction it has placed upon free thought and free speech. The press is subject to a bondage which it seems marvellous to us that any nation which has done and suffered so much on behalf of liberty can consent to bear. Deprived of the discussion of political affairs, the people have betaken themselves either to reckless money making or to fiction, in which the heroines are courtezans and the heroes their lovers. On the whole, therefore, we are bound to say that the balance of good and evil is decidedly and heavily against the present ruler of France. By how much the more the morals of a people are above its wealth, by so much must the French nation be considered to have suffered under the government of the Third Napoleon.

Art. II.—A MORTIFYING RETROSPECT.

1. *Our Convicts.* By Mary Carpenter. London: Longmans. 1864.
2. *De l'Amelioration de la Loi Criminelle.* Paris: Cope et Marchal. 1864.
3. *Report of the Liverpool Police for the year* 1864.

So much has been said and written within the last few years on efforts for the diminution of crime and reformation of criminals, that it may be supposed we need no new work on this subject. But, however much may have been published, there is no book at present in existence holding the position to which 'Our Convicts' is justly entitled. It supplies a want long felt by the friends of reformation, namely, that of a popular exposition of the principles of reformatory treatment. The author points out who our convicts are, and the causes which have led them into crime; illustrating her arguments with very interesting narratives, derived sometimes from her own varied experience, but more generally from the reports of the late excellent chaplain of Preston Gaol, the Rev. John Clay, or from the newspapers.

The appearance of this book at the present juncture is extremely opportune, for while the discontinuance of transportation will compel us to retain our criminals at home, the new Penal Servitude Amendment Act, if its provisions be honestly enforced, will ensure their more rational treatment in our convict prisons. It is, therefore, highly expedient that the public should understand those principles of punishment which alone are able to effect true reformation.

The name of Mary Carpenter, on the title-page of this book, is ample guarantee for the value of its contents. The practical experience she has acquired by her long and unwearied labours in rescuing the perishing classes, gives peculiar weight to her opinions on the most efficacious method of reforming our criminals,—the cause to which she has devoted her genius and her life.

The present volume (the first half of the whole work) is divided into six chapters, the two first showing who are our convicts and how they are made; the third, the principles on which they must be treated if we desire to reform them; the fourth and fifth describe their management under the English convict system (now, we trust, for ever passing away), both during their imprisonment and after their release on ticket-of-leave; and the sixth is devoted to the subject of transportation.

tion. In the two first chapters Miss Carpenter shows that the hardened criminals, who fill our convict prisons, are almost entirely persons who have either fallen into crime through indulgence in profligate habits, especially that of drunkenness, or they are the unhappy beings who, either as orphans or as the offspring of careless or wicked parents, grow up amid ignorance and vice, and take to crime as their calling as naturally as the children of the respectable classes learn the trade or profession by which they intend to gain their livelihood. Penal servitude is a punishment awarded only, except in rare instances, to offenders who have been repeatedly convicted; therefore the great majority of those who incur that sentence have pursued a criminal career for a long time, occasionally, indeed, interrupted by a term of imprisonment more or less short, according to the character of the offence for which they are punished. Practice in their nefarious calling, while it gradually closes their hearts against every good influence, makes them both skilful and daring in their evil pursuits. Such are the wretched creatures who compose the mass of our convicts; coerced into external order during their incarceration; but, alas, returning to society unreformed, ready to recommence their vicious career, thus spreading misery and pollution over the land.

The short imprisonments, to which persons convicted of petty offences are so frequently subjected, form one of the principal preparatives for admission to the convict prison. Such punishment is useless whether inflicted on children or adults; all it can effect is to make its recipients lose their wholesome dread of a gaol, and to bring them acquainted with criminals older and more hardened than themselves. To boys and girls this treatment is especially pernicious; it affixes upon these helpless creatures the prison-brand, thus depriving them of all power of obtaining honest employment on their release. Miss Carpenter cites the opinions of judges, magistrates, and governors of gaols, all persons of great experience, on the subject of punishment, to prove the utter inefficacy of short terms of imprisonment to deter young persons from crime. It seems incomprehensible that such arguments should still require enforcing ten years after the Reformatory Schools Act, and seven years after the Industrial Schools Act have become the law of the land. These two statutes provide for the care of all young persons under sixteen years of age brought before the magistrates. The first deals with those who are sufficiently demoralized to need the correction and training they can receive only in a reformatory school; the second with those who are guilty of

vagrancy

vagrancy or other light offences, only requiring the more lenient discipline of an industrial school. Nobody disputes the benefits these institutions have conferred on the community, yet we frequently hear of children being committed to gaol. Indeed, Mr. Weatherhead, governor of Holloway Prison, stated before the Royal Commission in March, 1863, that there were at that time fifty-one young persons under seventeen years of age in his prison, only two of whom were there as a preparation for entering a reformatory—the reformatory to which he alluded being Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight, which was then really nothing more than a Government prison for juvenile male offenders, since converted into a prison for female convicts.* Surely some change in the law is necessary which shall render it impossible to commit children to gaol, except as a preparative for entering a reformatory.

With respect to another mode of convict manufacture, Miss Carpenter says :—

'Regarding it, then, as an acknowledged fact, that imprisonment of children is the surest way to raise for our country a large body of hardened convicts, and to ensure a continually recurring supply, what must we think of that system in our country which, while professedly established to relieve destitution, does its part towards converting the pauper into the criminal? Without attempting to discover how many of our convicts were reared and prepared for a life of vice in a workhouse, we can state that the system often adopted for juveniles in those establishments is such as must necessarily lead to their becoming convicts. It does so indirectly by the neglect of destitute children without their walls, and by the treatment of them very frequently when in the workhouse. We have already traced the history of the wretched convict D., and have seen him allowed to leave the workhouse to which he had been taken, without any effort to detain or reclaim him. We saw him afterwards apply for admission, when discharged from gaol, without a home, and softened by his solitary confinement;—we saw him refused, and again driven to crime.'

Further on, in allusion to some workhouse lads committed to prison for refusing to work, the author says :—

'It is possible, indeed, that the gaol has nothing deterrent for these unhappy lads, and that they have intentionally made their way there to escape from the workhouse; for the chaplain of a gaol has told us of a lad who, when advised to go to the workhouse after his imprisonment here, replied, "that they should not keep him there, he would run away, *as he preferred the prison, where he was better fed*:" and when on the point of leaving the gaol, when the same lad was asked what course he intended to take, he said, "*I will beg to get work in the brick-craft during the summer, and come here in the winter.*" '

It seems incredible that workhouses, supported as they are at the public expense, should send forth those whose calling it is to prey upon society; but, alas, such is the disgraceful

*We do not receive favourable reports of the Middlesex Reformatories, the only ones in the country excluded from the inspection of the Rev. Sydney Turner. The London police magistrates may perhaps feel no confidence that these institutions possess the power of reforming juvenile offenders.

truth.

truth. The managers of these institutions have complete power over the child-paupers, and yet they cannot succeed in bringing them up to be honest and industrious. It is a notorious fact, that a large proportion of young persons brought up in our unions return to them as paupers, or enter our gaols as criminals.

Miss Carpenter introduces several narratives to show the existence of schools directed by adepts in crime, in which boys and girls receive regular instruction in their nefarious calling; and, although these abominable establishments are more carefully watched by the police than they used to be, we fear they still exist in considerable numbers, both in London and in the larger provincial towns.

Immoral books, and penny theatres, in which obscene and disgusting plays are performed, afford another mode of successful training to crime.

The lads under seventeen years of age who, after robbing various persons in Hull last year, agreed to *murder* the driver of the cab in which they hoped to escape from justice, confessed that their imagination had been excited by the perusal of such works of fiction as the 'Life of Dick Turpin,' 'Jack Sheppard,'* 'Paul Clifford,' and others. Mr. Clay's reports furnish further evidence of the pernicious influence immoral books exert over the youthful mind. Low concert-rooms and penny theatres, technically termed 'penny gaffs,' have done much in demoralizing the young. We trust these abominations are not so numerous as they were when Mr. Clay wrote his twenty-seventh report; but no doubt they still exert their baleful influence. We hope the penny readings, now happily so common all over the country, will prove formidable rivals to the penny gaffs.

The last incentive to crime mentioned by Miss Carpenter—drunkenness—is the most potent of agents for replenishing the convict prisons. The enormous evils resulting from an indulgence in this vice must be familiar to the readers of 'Meliora,' and we need not further discuss this portion of the subject, but will pass on to the chapter devoted to the principles on which criminals should be treated after they have entered the convict prison.

'We have,' says the author, 'traced the course by which convicts have arrived at their present very degraded and dangerous state. Though in some cases a succession of unfortunate circumstances, over which society had no direct control, may have carried on the unhappy victim from one step to another, each plunging him deeper and deeper in an abyss of crime, from which he was unable to extricate himself, and for which society could not be held *directly* responsible,—yet even in these cases we must have perceived that the prevalence of a more Christian spirit

* 'Reformatory and Refuge Journal,' January, 1864.

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in society, of a stronger moral repugnance to evil, of a greater readiness to help the weak, may have arrested the criminal in an earlier stage of his career. But, in the great bulk of the instances adduced, young persons have become gradually hardened in guilt through causes over which they had no control, and for which society is *directly* responsible. The practice still continues of sending children to prison, though for so long a time it has been declared by the highest authorities worse than useless, and though the existence of schools authorized by the Government renders this incarceration unnecessary. The workhouses do not yet provide a true home for destitute children, who find themselves better cared for in the hands of justice than in the keeping of those misnamed their guardians. Dens of infamy are still tolerated in our cities, to give to our young children that schooling to vice which no one gives them to lead them in the right way. The uncertainty of punishment, the glaring defects still existing in our criminal law, allure by impunity or slight punishment to repetition of crime. Society *is* responsible for all this, and therefore is bound to remedy as far as possible the evils arising from these various abuses. It is, then, our solemn duty, both as members of society and as professing Christians, to endeavour to bring these people to a sense of their responsibility to God and to man, and of their own immortal destiny.'

Reformers have often been stigmatized as persons who would treat the law-breakers more kindly than those who have suffered by their depredations. But in this they have been most unjustly accused; their aim has always been the diminution of crime, and they desire the reformation of the criminal, because they believe it to be the best means of attaining that end. And. in pursuing their desire, they have never endeavoured to shield a criminal from the suffering his sins have entailed upon him, because they believe that, rightly used, this suffering is the means of his amendment. It has only been of late years that reformation has had any part in the treatment of criminals; and even now it is only recognized by law with regard to penal servitude men. For the offenders confined in our county and borough gaols, who, we must remember, have not committed the repeated crimes which consign others to the convict prisons, the law recognizes no reformatory expedients. The efforts made towards their amendment have been, with rare exceptions, the work of benevolent officials, who have made the best arrangements in their power in spite of the numerous obstacles our prison code in its present state offers to their philanthropic efforts. Miss Carpenter adduces the successful labours of Colonel Montesinos, at Valencia; of Herr Obermaier, at Munich; and, lastly, the marvellous achievements of Captain Maconochie, in Norfolk Island; to show that, wherever reformatory principles have been acted upon, their success has been most encouraging. As the labours of Colonel Montesinos are but little known in England, and as the books in which they are described are not now easily to be met with, we venture to quote the short account of what he effected, which Miss Carpenter takes from the Recorder of Birmingham's book on the Repression of Crime,* to which we shall also add the Colonel's

* 'Suggestions for the Repression of Crime.' M. D. Hill. Parker: London. 1857.

own

own explanation of the principles on which he founded his system, thus showing the progress of his own mind in becoming convinced of their soundness. The second passage is taken from a pamphlet by Captain Maconochie, containing copious extracts from a little work by Colonel Montesinos himself:—

'In the city of Valencia there has long been a penitentiary gaol, under the government of Colonel Montesinos, a gentleman who has made for himself a European reputation, by his skill in the treatment of his prisoners. He acted upon them by urging them to self-reformation. He excited them to industry by allowing them a small portion of their earnings for their own immediate expenditure, under due regulations to prevent abuse. He enabled them to raise their position, stage after stage, by their perseverance in good conduct. When they had acquired his confidence, he entrusted them with commissions, which carried them beyond the walls of their prison, relying on the moral influence which he had acquired over them to prevent their desertion. And, finally, he discharged them before the expiration of their sentences, when he had satisfied himself that they desired to do well, had acquired habits of patient labour, so much of skill in some useful occupation as would ensure employment, the inestimable faculty of self-denial, the power of saying "No" to the tempter, and, in short, such a general control over the infirmities of their minds and hearts as should enable them to deserve and maintain the liberty which they had earned. His success was answerable to the wisdom and zeal of his administration. Instances of relapse but rarely occurred, and the Spanish Government, rightly judging that talent like his ought to have the widest scope, appointed him inspector-general of all the prisons in Spain. It so happened, however, that the Legislature of that country was minded to establish a new criminal code, and (for what reason I know not) held it advisable to convert sentences of imprisonment for long terms of years, which prevail on the continent, into incarceration for life. This was done; but, unhappily, this was not the only nor the most pernicious change. In the chapters of the new code which relate to the management of prisons, governors are prohibited from offering those encouragements to the prisoners which had raised them step by step, until they were fitted for the enjoyment of liberty; and they also made it imperative that every sentence of imprisonment should be fulfilled to the last hour. The combined effects of these innovations teem with instruction. Prisons, which had been models of order and cleanliness, of cheerful industry, and of praiseworthy demeanour in general, now exhibit a painful contrast to that happy state of things; they have become the scenes of indolence, disorder, and filth; and the prisoners are either reduced to despair, or urged upon plots for escape, which, in a multitude of instances, are followed by success.'

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'According to the views to which I was thus led in never forgetting that the double object of punishment is to reform those subjected to it, and to give a salutary warning to others, I sought by every means, and at any cost, to extirpate in my prisoners the lamentable germ of idleness, and to inspire them instead with a love of labour, seeking to impress this beneficial sentiment ever more and more in their hearts. But as unproductive works in the prison could by no means effect this, I made it a rule whenever any one showed a disposition to labour, but had no occupation which could contribute after his discharge to maintain him honestly, to endeavour to procure him such; and for this purpose I sought to bring within the prison as many different workshops as possible, allowing him to choose among them which was likely to be most advantageous to him; and now there are above forty of these all in full operation, and all originally organized and still maintained by the knowledge and capacity of the prisoners themselves. Neither for their introduction, nor for the rebuilding or repair of the prison, have I ever asked the Government for a single farthing, nor called in the assistance of any mechanics from without. It is true that the progress of these workshops has thus been very slow and troublesome; for, not having had funds at my disposal for the first purchase

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even of the necessary tools and machines for them, I have been compelled to proceed only step by step in them. But, on the one hand, I could not help the want of money; and, on the other, I have always thought a frequent and intimate correspondence between the prisoners and persons of a different description outside objectionable, and I have thus had no choice. The establishment of one workshop, and the difficulties experienced in managing it, showed me how to introduce more, and to enlarge those already in operation, and I thus further acquired the gradual conviction that without the stimulus of some personal advantage accruing to themselves from their labour, it is difficult to obtain work, even from the already skilled, and almost impossible to get the unskilled to learn. Repeated experiments convinced me of the practical lesson involved in this maxim of social economy, and that what neither severity of punishments, nor constancy in inflicting them could exact, the slightest personal interest will readily obtain. In different ways, therefore, during my command I have applied this powerful stimulant, and the excellent results it has always yielded, and the powerful germs of reform which are constantly developed under its influences, have at length fully convinced me that the most inefficacious of all methods in a prison—the most pernicious and fatal to every chance of reform—are punishments carried the length of harshness. The maxim should be constant, and of universal application in such places, not to degrade farther those who come to them already degraded by their crimes. Self-respect is one of the most powerful sentiments of the human mind; for this reason, that it is the most personal; and he who will not condescend in some degree, according to circumstances, to flatter it, will never attain his object by any series of chastisements, the effect of ill [severe] treatment being to irritate rather than correct, and thus turn from reform instead of attracting to it. * * * It was not till after making many experiments of severity that I came firmly to this conclusion; but ultimately I made it the base of all my operations on the minds of my prisoners, and the extraordinarily small number of re-committals to my prisons, and the excellent health, and perfect state of submission in which those confined in them have always been kept, seem to me to leave no doubt of its soundness.'

* 'Account of the Public Prison at Valencia.' Translated by Captain Maconochie. 'Repression of Crime,' pp. 532-533.

Herr Obermaier pursued the same system at Munich, with, we believe, a like success. Miss Carpenter quotes a letter from Mr. George Combe to the *Illustrated London News*, dated July, 1854, describing his visit to this prison. Other descriptions of it have reached this country, one by Mr. Baillie Cochrane, and another by the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend, both confirming Mr. Combe's account.* We ourselves had the pleasure of visiting the Munich Prison in 1858, and can add our testimony to the description above-mentioned. As capital punishment does not exist in Bavaria, the worst criminals are congregated here. And yet, while we walked through the institution, we could only imagine ourselves in a well-ordered factory.

A few of the prisoners, too turbulent to work with their fellows, were occupied—and apparently busily occupied—in a separate room; but, as we understood, there were none in solitary confinement. Indeed, Herr Obermaier does not approve of this mode of punishment, because, as he justly remarked, 'as long as a man is alone he has no opportunity of showing his real character.' It must, however, be remembered, that

* 'Repression of Crime.'

Bavarians

Bavarians who enter this prison are, doubtless, in a much more subdued condition than English criminals consigned to our convict establishments, and, perhaps, might not be able to bear the solitary cell; because in that country the trial of an accused person is a slow process, and he may have already undergone two years' incarceration when he enters the Munich Prison. Herr Obermaier received his appointment from the ex-king, Ludwig, who, he told us, was much interested in the system, and before his abdication would often visit the prison.

With the labours of Captain Maconochie the readers of 'Meliora' must be familiar. His success, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, offers irrefragable proof of the soundness of reformatory principles. Nor should it ever be forgotten that he was the first of our countrymen to reduce them to successful practice. What remained as unproven theory before his arrival in Norfolk Island had become indisputable fact when he quitted its shores:—

"'He sowed seed from which others have reaped the harvest fruits. Every man and every woman who will go to the holy work of raising degraded humanity with true heart, studying human nature, employing the means which experience has proved to be the most effectual, every one of these will have a greater or less measure of success, and without these all our machinery, all our physical agency, will be worse than useless. "Criminals, even the worst," writes the excellent chaplain of Preston Gaol, in his report for 1851, "are often capable of responding to kindness *which they know to be disinterested*, and will make efforts 'in the right direction,' when assured that their true welfare is an object of solicitude to those who have the care of them. In my own experience, I believe myself to have been successful in proportion as I have been able to persuade the prisoner that his temporal and religious good was our earnest desire and prayer—the great end aimed at by our discipline." I conceive that Captain Maconochie's remarkable success among the outcasts of Norfolk Island was chiefly owing to their conviction of his deep interest in their amendment. A transport now in our prison, who has already 'served his time' in the terrible hulks of Bermuda, still gratefully remembers an officer there in whom even the hardened convicts, when yellow fever was raging fatally among them, recognized a skilful, unwearied, and devoted friend. "It may scarcely be credible (I copy a passage from the prisoner's MSS.) from such a class of persons, but the prisoners in general paid more respect—indeed, I may say homage—to Dr. King, who was more than a father to all who came under him." Another convict, who had been under the well-organized system at Gibraltar, after giving an interesting account of the efforts made for their improvement by Mr. Kingston, the chaplain, writes:—'Now, I don't think but what any of the prisoners would have gone through fire, if he wished.' So it is; what these poor creatures chiefly need, in order to restore in them the image of humanity, is consideration and sympathy. It is not the mere governor—it is not the mere chaplain—but the earnest and pitying Christian, who, *while armed with authority to repress all tendencies to evil*, can at the same time touch the chord in the convict's heart, which is still capable of vibrating in harmony with what is good.'"

In concluding this chapter, Miss Carpenter cites a beautiful passage from one of the sermons of the late Rev. F. Robertson, of Brighton, describing the spirit which should actuate those who desire to labour in the sacred cause of reformation:

'"Our heart is enlarged." Now, what makes this remark wonderful in the Apostle's

Apostle's mouth is, that St. Paul had received a multitude of provocations from the Corinthians. * * * In the face of this his heart expands, partly with compassion. Their insults and haughty tone only impressed him with a sense of their need, with the feeling of their wondering ignorance. They were his children. How could he resent even unmerited reproach from them, bound as they were to him by so dear a tie? He had suffered for them. He pardoned them, for they did it ignorantly. His spirit sought for them the only excuse that it could. Thus spoke before him One who loved even more than he; for the same thought occurs in the dying words of Christ—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." How worthy a successor of his Master's spirit! How generous! What a well-spring of love, inexhaustible in its freshness as in its life! And this is the true test of *gracious* charity. Does the heart expand or narrow as life goes on? If it narrows, if misconception or opposition wither love, be sure that that love had no root. If love is slain by injury, or even enmity, was it love in its truest sense? "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even publicans the same?" And this love is given to all, partly from looking on all as immortal souls in Christ. The everlasting principle within makes all the difference. For it is not the mere instinct of lovingness which makes the Christian; to love the soul in Christ, imputing righteousness to it as God does, knowing the powers it has in it to produce good, feeling what it should be and what it may become, and loving it as Christ loved it, this is Christian charity.'

In commencing her investigation of the English convict system, the author says:—

'The English convict system is professedly established on reformatory principles, and we must, in the first place, examine what these are, because the assertion has been recently often made that the reformatory system is a failure, since it is evident that the English convict system has failed, inasmuch as the prisoners placed under it have evidently not been reformed. Considerable suspicion has, therefore, been expressed by many of the soundness of the principle of reformatory schools, apparently under the erroneous supposition that the same leading features exist in these as in the Government prisons. The term "reformatory system," in reference to the convict prisons, is inapplicable, because, as will be shown in this chapter, not only have they entirely failed in effecting reformation in their inmates, but because the principles on which they are conducted are totally at variance with those the soundness of which has been tested by the important experiments recorded in the last chapter, and which we, the managers of reformatories, have also proved to be true during the last ten years.'

A few pages further on we read an outline of an offender's progress through the convict prison. Placed at first, for a certain period, in solitary confinement, if he behaves well he gradually improves his condition, until he receives a remission of a portion of his sentence to which his good conduct has entitled him. Therefore, the charge made by the author that the reformatory principle is not in force in our convict prisons, at first sight appears unjust; but we believe that a perusal of the evidence she adduces fully supports the truth of her accusation, and proves that the only real principle in action in these establishments is that of keeping their inmates as quiet as possible during their incarceration, and of putting them out of memory the moment they quit the prison on their release. At the same time, Miss Carpenter is far from charging the authorities who direct our convict prisons with undertaking that which they have no intention to perform. Doubtless they

they believe they are doing what they can to reclaim the prisoners under their charge. Our opinion is that they do not in the least understand the principles on which to found a real reformatory system. For instance, it is well known that indulgence in drink is the main cause that brings men into the convict prison. The true reformer would desire, if possible, to break the habit of this vicious indulgence, and wean the prisoner from his craving for drink. Nor is this a difficult task, because for months after a man enters the convict prison he tastes no fermented liquor. With the absence of drink the desire for it in most cases ceases to exist. Surely that is the time to show the convict that he can live without alcohol, and imbue his mind with those higher aspirations which will, perhaps, fortify him against indulgence when on his return to the world he once more finds himself within the reach of temptation. Surely our authorities could not have understood this, or they never would have made beer on a Sunday one of the rewards to which good behaviour entitles the inmates of a convict prison. And throughout the system of management we find similar contradictions. No wonder, then, that its failure has been so deplorable that criminals lose all salutary fear of the prison; that more than half of our convicts relapse into crime; that mutinies occur, and murders even are committed in these establishments. Nor is our disgrace confined to the knowledge of our own countrymen. A French judge, M. Bonneville de Marsangy, in a work lately published in France, 'De l'Amelioration de la Loi Criminelle,' speaks of our convict system in a manner very mortifying to the self-complacency of our national feeling.

'The report of the Commission of 1863 proves that penal servitude has been rendered futile beyond all conception. This punishment, the substitute for transportation, has no deterring power. Solitary confinement, which constitutes the first portion, is very rarely continued for the prescribed period (nine months). Far from dreading penal servitude, the convicts speak with satisfaction of the advantages this punishment secures to them, of the light and easy labour to which they are subjected, of the excellent food provided for them, and of the considerate manner in which they are treated.' * * * *

Miss Carpenter says:—

'We most earnestly hope that such a condition of things will not much longer disgrace our country. The evil *can* be remedied, because it has been remedied in our sister isle. Let us no longer remain in apathy and silence. From time to time panics have taken possession of the public mind, and the daily papers have echoed the alarm; articles in our periodical literature have endeavoured to direct public opinion; and to point out the true cause of the gigantic evil. The powerful pen of "S. G. O." has shown in the columns of the *Times* how "Guilt Gardens" are cultured, and their fruit brought to an appalling size—the fruit of the Upas tree which flourishes in them. But official reserve, and the confidence in the system evidently felt by our rulers, have hitherto prevented the public from so discerning the cause of the evil as to demand its cure for their own protection of life and property.

[redacted] Royal Commission to enable these secrets to be [redacted] and to let the public know from the directors and officers [redacted] the general principles and the details of the English penal [redacted] and to judge from them why "our convicts" are the terror and [redacted] our Christian country! If any should imagine that the brief extracts [redacted] here given present too unfavourable an impression, let them [redacted] for themselves, and form their own opinion.'

In treating of the disposal of our criminals after their punishment has been fulfilled, the author justly remarks:—

'To establish and manage an institution—whether an orphan asylum, a hospital, a reformatory, or a gaol—is a matter comparatively easy; but so to conduct it that the inmates, after having been the subjects of skilful management and under steady control, shall go forth as free agents, and without the help they have been receiving do their part in society under either favourable or adverse circumstances—this is the trial—this the difficulty.'

This, however, is the only test of the efficacy of such institutions,—the only claim they can make on the public sympathy, or the public purse. 'Society will always be ready to forgive if it has reliable evidence of true repentance;' and we have ample proof that prisoners discharged from well-managed county and borough gaols can procure employment *if they try*. At the same time it is notorious, that such is the prejudice against ticket-of-leave men that it is hardly possible for them to obtain employment if their condition be known. But this is not surprising:—

'As long as we know that the prisoners in them cannot be trusted even to take their meals together; that the trusted ones seize opportunities of stealing food from the others; that tools have to be carefully abstracted from the prisoners to prevent violence; that, notwithstanding constant precautions, terrible mutinies from time to time occur in those prisons, requiring for their suppression the aid of armed forces and even the presence of a ship of war, the chief actors in these mutinies being prisoners who were designated "very good," and that even at the present time fire-arms are required to be at hand to suppress rebellions among prisoners who "are supposed to be reformed."'

Besides, we know that the license to be at large during good conduct has been a sham, and really means unrestricted liberty to indulge in a vicious career. Certain it is that our convict prisons are unable to stand any real test of efficiency in reforming their inmates.

Conditional liberty, under supervision which has been found so beneficial a measure in most continental countries, and also in our colonies, as long as transportation prevailed, has never been tried in England. Notwithstanding that both the Penal Servitude Acts of 1853 and 1857 contain clauses empowering its use, and that the resolutions passed by the Parliamentary Committee of 1856 strongly urged that it should be put in practice, the Home Office has declined to make use of this power. At the same time, by giving each released prisoner a ticket-of-leave, on which very stringent conditions are printed,

printed, it has led the public to believe that it really had adopted the principle of conditional liberty. Nay, it has gone even further; the Home Office has instructed the police to ignore ticket-holders, unless they should be found actually committing an offence. The police are empowered to enter public-houses, and if they should therein meet with unconditionally discharged convicts of known bad character, to warn the proprietors that unless they dismiss such customers they are committing an offence against the law; yet, should the officers see in the very same places ticket-of-leave men, they are instructed to take no notice whatever of *them*, because, forsooth, they are supposed to be reformed, and a publication of their antecedents might place obstacles in the way of their procuring employment; though why they should be supposed to be reformed when they keep bad company — a direct infraction of one of the conditions of their liberty—we must leave the inscrutabilities of the Home Office to explain, the more especially as Sir George Grey has stated that a license to be at large is not the slightest guarantee that its possessor is reformed, and that the sooner the public disabuse themselves of the idea 'that the holder of a ticket-of-leave is ascertained to be less likely to relapse into crime than any other discharged criminal' the better.

Well may M. de Marsangy say—

> 'As for me, I cannot understand how the English Parliament, notwithstanding the urgent appeals both of the public and the press, who in 1853, on the motion of Lord Grey, supported by Lord Brougham, had passed the enlightened act empowering the use of tickets-of-leave, has for ten years tolerated an administration of the law which has been a manifest violation of its principles and its aim—both of its letter and its spirit.'

It may be urged that we are attacking evils that no longer exist, which are remedied by the Penal Servitude Amendment Act. No doubt the new law will work great improvements if its provisions be honestly carried into effect, and we are glad to note from the last report of Major Greg, head-constable of Liverpool, that he has already appointed a competent police officer to attend to the new duty of supervising ticket-of-leave holders in that borough. But it behoves us to remember that many of the officers, whose system has so notoriously failed, are the same persons who are to organize the amendments provided by the new law, and that one of its clauses—police supervision over license-holders—was carried by the House of Commons after its rejection by the House of Lords, despite the opposition of the Government. Having now obtained police supervision over ticket-holders; our next step should be national supervision over our convict authorities.

Miss Carpenter devotes the concluding chapter of the present volume to the subject of transportation; but as, since her book was published, indeed since this article was begun, the discontinuance of transportation, in deference to the urgent remonstrances of our Australian colonies, has been announced, it will be superfluous to enter into any discussion of this question. The author considers it might, under very careful restrictions, be carried on beneficially both to Western Australia and to the convicts. In this opinion we cannot concur, and we say this with great respect to the author. We, therefore, sincerely rejoice at its discontinuance, not less for the sake of the Australian colonies than for that of our own population. Transportation has been a curse instead of a blessing to this country; for, as long as there was any hope of getting rid of our criminals by shipping them off to the antipodes, the nation cared but little for their real reformation; now that we must keep them at home, the instinct of self-preservation will compel us to fulfil a duty to which philanthropy hitherto has urged us in vain.

Art. III.—THE LITERATURE OF TEMPERANCE.

1. *American Permanent Temperance Documents.* First and Second Series.
2. *The Temperance Society Record.* June, 1830, to December, 1835.
3. *The Preston Temperance Advocate.* 1834.
4. *Bacchus.* Prize Essay. 1839.
5. *On the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors, in Health and Disease.* Prize Essay. 1850.
6. *The Band of Hope Review.* 1851 to 1864.
7. *The Scottish Review.* 1853 to 1862.
8. *The Argument for Prohibition.* Prize Essay. 1856.
9. *The Burnish Family.* 1857.
10. *Proceedings of the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention.* 1862.
11. *Works of Dr. F. R. Lees.*

12. *Temperance Spectator, Church of England Temperance Magazine, British Workman, Western Temperance Herald, Irish League Journal.* December, 1864.

13. *Alliance News, Weekly Record, League Journal, Temperance Star.* December 3rd, 1864.

14. *Temperance Tracts:—Ipswich Series, Scottish Pictorial Series, Norwich Series.*

AS there were Reformers before the Reformation, so there was a literature entitled to the name of temperance long ere the modern temperance movement was conceived. The essential principle of that movement—that intoxicating liquors are not good as beverages, and that abstinence is the highest dictate and exercise of temperance concerning them—is embalmed in the most ancient records of our race. The 'wisdom of Egypt' acknowledged it; we discover it in the legislation of China; it passed current in the sacred cities, and was inscribed in the sacred books, of Hindostan; and it was shadowed forth, not obscurely, in various passages, narrative and preceptive, of the Hebrew Scriptures. The purest philosophy of Greece inculcated this truth with more or less consistency, and her poetry lent to it winged words of melody and beauty. Roman jurisprudence pronounced it good for Roman youth and matrons; Cæsar told of warlike tribes who held it in reverence, and practised it with vigilance; and Pliny, in his 'Natural History,' paid tribute to it in a remarkable burst of eloquence, which would adorn any temperance oration. In the 'Koran' of Mahommed—the masterpiece of Arabic literature—abstinence from wine takes rank with the prohibition of gaming; and were the literature of modern Europe carefully ransacked, many sentiments would doubtless come to light showing how much of the temperance teaching of these days had been anticipated by thinkers and moralists of old. Not to dwell on the notable instance of Fenelon, who, in his 'Telemachus,' written for the instruction of the Dauphin of France, gives temperance lessons that all who live in kings' houses might profitably ponder, and confining ourselves to our 'sea-girt isle,' the roll of illustrious writers who have given expression to temperance opinions is long and weighty. It includes the names of Shakspere as dramatist, Milton as poet and statesman, Butler and De Foe as satirists, Addison as essayist, and Pope as annotator upon Homer. Whole passages of Dr. George Cheyne's 'Essay on Health and Long Life,' published in 1725, are pre-teetotalism in its strongest physiological essence; and Dr. Armstrong, in his

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'Art of Preserving Health' (1744)—a noble poem, by a skilful physician—makes admissions fatal to the wisdom of any habitual use of 'even sober cups.' Bishop Berkeley, in his philosophical writings, and John Wesley, in his 'Primitive Physic' and 'Sermons,' use language which would now be deemed by many intolerably strong. Dr. Johnson, as reflected in Boswell's life of him, was practically for years, and uniformly in conversation, an enemy to the bottle; and, long before Boswell knew him, the same disposition was signally evinced in his reports of the Lords' debates of 1743 on the Gin Act, which are often quoted as genuine effusions, but may more properly be adduced as evidence of Johnson's ability as a temperance debater. Cowper's muse reproved with dauntless fidelity the Drink traffic and the Excise 'fattened with the rich result of all this riot,' but extended friendly recognition to the beverage that 'cheers but not inebriates.' Howard, far wiser in this respect than his splendid panegyrist, Burke, tested and affirmed the physical and moral advantages of abstinence. Dr. Darwin, in his 'Botanic Garden' and 'Zoonomia;' Dr. Beddoes, in his 'Hygeia,' and other writings; Dr. Garnett, in his 'Popular Lectures on Zoonomia;' and Dr. Trotter, in his 'Essay on Drunkenness,' inculcated a temperance philosophy, which, if followed up by associated effort, would have ante-dated by thirty years the temperance reform. The scientific student had before him, in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' the experiments of Dr. Courtens, of Montpelier, made as early as 1679, and those of Mr. (afterwards Sir B.) Brodie on the action of diluted alcohol. Paley admitted the economical argument against ardent spirits, and the value of pledges for moral ends; and Mr. Basil Montagu, the editor of Lord Bacon's works, boldly arraigned, in his 'Essay on Fermented Liquors' (1816), the popular belief in the virtues of wine and beer. The 'Anatomy of Drunkenness,' by Dr. R. Macnish (first edition, 1827), skilfully traced the causes, and warmly depicted the evils, of intemperance; but in some of its views and suggestions it was inferior to the earlier dissertations of Beddoes and Trotter.

In the United States of America the temperance movement, strictly so called, took its rise; and there, as in this country, literature was its forerunner and foster-mother. Dr. Rush, by his 'Medical Observations' (1793), and his 'Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind' (1804), erected a medical battery against the prevalent habit of indulgence in spirituous liquors. Yet more than twenty years elapsed without any social amendment, until, in the 'Six Sermons on the Nature, Signs, Evils, and Remedy of

of Intemperance,' preached by Dr. Lyman Beecher, first at Litchfield, Connecticut, and repeated at Boston in 1826, and sent to press the same year, the pulpit battery was fairly laid alongside the false sentiments and pernicious drinking usages of the times. These celebrated sermons had been preceded by a number of single published discourses, addresses, and short essays, some of which indicated the necessity of abstinence from spirits as a beverage; but Dr. Beecher's sermons were unrivalled—and, it may be said, have rarely since been surpassed—for their minute dissection of the evil, their vivid delineation of its effects, their clarion calls to remedial action, and their clear-sighted apprehension of the coördinate coöperative forms which, in order to be effectual, that action should assume. The Six Sermons are a text-book by a study of which not a few living advocates of temperance might inform their judgment as to the first principles and indispensable policy to be embraced. As it will be undesirable to cross and recross the 'great salt lake' in the observations we have to offer, we shall concentrate in a few paragraphs all that our space permits us to say at present upon transatlantic contributions to temperance literature. The American press has poured forth a long and able succession of pulpit productions on the temperance movement—a result to be expected from the sympathy with it which the ministers and churches of all denominations in the United States have generally displayed. It is enough to instance in this connection the names of Palfrey, Edwards, Beman, Bacon, Channing, Barnes, Dickinson, and Cleveland, with a passing allusion to the 'Ox Discourse' of Rev. David Merrill, which circulated widely, and startled the Christian public. On the medical and physiological aspect of temperance, light was cast by the curious experiments of Dr. W. Beaumont on Alexis St. Martin, and described in detail (1833). Essays on this branch of inquiry were written by Dr. Reuben Mussey and Dr. Lindley (1835). Dr. R. T. Trall, in a short prize essay on the 'Philosophy of the Temperance Reformation' (1845), handled this subject with vigour, and with more judgment than he has recently shown in his 'Platform of the Temperance Reformation,' where not only is all use of alcohol as a medicine violently denounced, but a particular dogma—that 'alcohol does not act on the living organism, but the organism upon it'—is set forth as a great discovery, and as the very keystone of all true temperance doctrine and reform. In 1841, Dr. Thos. Sewall issued his 'Pathology of Drunkenness,' with seven drawings of human stomach, representing the effects of alcohol; and in 1843, in Mr. Delavan's *Inquirer*

(No. 3) a free discussion was carried on between Mr. Delavan and Dr. Hun as to the scientific accuracy and utility of these drawings. An essay by Professor Youmans upon alcohol (republished in the Ipswich tracts) is perhaps the best American popular exposition of the pernicious influence of alcohol on the human system. The 'Permanent Temperance Documents,' consisting of the annual reports of the American Temperance Society, are of deep historical interest, and are otherwise important as a collection of testimonies and facts relating to the evils of drinking and benefits of abstinence. Dr. Justin Edwards composed six of these reports, and also a 'Manual,' very extensively circulated. Dr. Nott's 'Lectures' first appeared in 1840, and have passed through several editions, both in America and Great Britain (the last and most carefully edited was by Dr. Lees, in 1863); their reputation and influence being less owing to the originality of the views than to the lucidity, eloquence, and tender feeling of which they furnish an admirable example. One of the questions discussed by Dr. Nott—the relation of Scripture to the temperance movement, and the nature of the wines mentioned in the Bible—was antecedently considered in 1830 by Professor Moses Stuart, in a prize essay 'On the Wines and Strong Drinks of the Ancient Hebrews,' reprinted in this country, with a preface, by Dr. Pye Smith. The substance of Professor Stuart's theory was, that mixed and strongly-inebriating liquors, resembling the spirituous drinks and brandied wines of modern times, were condemned by the Divine Word. A theory proposed by Rev. Dr. Duffield, that 'yayin' was the Hebrew word denoting wine forbidden, and 'tirosh' the term denoting wine approved, was displaced by the republication of the English essays, 'Bacchus' and 'Anti-Bacchus,' and by the controversy that ensued, in which Professor M'Lean, Prof. Stuart, and others took part. To afford a broad arena for this discussion, Mr. Delavan issued his *Inquirer* (No. 1) in 1841. Intimately connected with the general question of Scripture wines was that of the wine fit to use in the Lord's Supper. A prize essay, by Dr. C. Chapin, on sacramental wines, was printed in 1835, but the controversy did not grow warm till 1840-1, and it then lasted for several years. Dr. Nott, in his 'Lectures,' espoused the theory which disconnects Divine revelation from approval of the wine that 'bites like a serpent and stings like an adder.' In the lighter literature of temperance narrative and fiction America has excelled. 'A Rill from the Town Pump,' written by Hawthorne when new to fame, was a sparkling *jeu d'esprit*. 'My Mother's Gold Ring' appeared in 1833, the first of a series of exquisite temperance

perance tales, by Lucius M. Sargent, whose only demerit is their shortness. Mr. T. S. Arthur is justly admired for his 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room,' and 'Six Nights with the Washingtonians;' but his brilliant pencil has produced other stories not unfit to match with those picturesque and varied tableaux. 'Passages from a Wasted Life' is a powerful blending of fact and fiction, which, though anonymous, is understood to be from the pen of Dr. Dix, to whom the literary limning of Mr. Gough's autobiography is ascribed. Mrs. Stowe and Mrs Sigourney are also to be classed among the temperance tale-writers of America; and to the latter we are indebted for some of the sweetest poetry consecrated to the cause of temperance. Besides stories and odes, she has also written some argumentative pieces of considerable power. As to American temperance poetry, in Mrs. Sigourney's hymns, Mrs. Dana's 'Lyrics,' and Dr. Marsh's 'Temperance Hymn Book and Minstrel,' we have most of what is valuable; though Dr. Jewett and Mr. Burleigh have written some vigorous verses. In the satirico-humorous vein, the Rev. J. Pierpont has excelled; and Dr. Cheever, of New York, will not have forgotten his youthful 'Dream of Deacon Giles's Distillery' (1835), which was adjudged a libel, but was not the less read and admired on that account. 'History of the Striped Pig' (1838), and Professor Hitchcock's 'Zoological Temperance Convention' (1850), are specimens of a literature enjoyed alike by the least cultured and most educated, when the execution is natural and piquant. In any *résumé*, however brief, of American temperance literature, it would be unpardonable to omit a reference to Mr. Delavan, who was for several years the greatest promoter of temperance periodicals, millions of copies of which were circulated under his direction, and many of them at his own expense. He had no share in the *Journal of Humanity* of 1829, the first regular temperance journal; but it was by means of the *Temperance Recorder* and *Intelligencer* that streams of knowledge periodically pervaded the State of New York, and penetrated to all parts of the American Union. Of Rev. Dr. John Marsh it is incumbent on us to speak with admiration for his labours as journalist, report writer, pamphleteer, preacher, and supervisor of other men's writings, for a period going back to the infancy of the temperance movement. Dr. Jewett and Mr. T. W. Brown, with some others, have wielded the pen with as much ability as the tongue. Of literature on the prohibitory question, the prize essay of the Rev. A. D. Kitchell (1848) may be noticed as specially excellent. American tracts on temperance (many of them issued by the American Tract Society) are above all computation;

computation; and though distinctive temperance periodicals have greatly diminished of late years—Dr. Marsh's *Journal* being the only one that boasts an unbroken publication since 1837—there is hope that when peace shall return a striking improvement will in this, as in other respects, immediately appear.

Stimulated by the American documents that had reached him, and by long brooding over British drunkenness, Mr. John Dunlop, of Greenock, in Scotland, published, in 1829, a work of 123 pages octavo, 'On the Extent and Remedy of National Intemperance.' Many ingenious reflections, with copious extracts from American temperance reports and addresses, were contained in this essay—the alpha of a long train of writings whose omega is in the distant future. The temperance societies of Great Britain and Ireland, on the basis of abstinence from ardent spirits, soon sent out a flight of pamphlets and tracts; some by Dr. Edgar, of Belfast, others reprints of American papers, and others reports of speeches delivered by eminent advocates. Of these published speeches, none surpassed and few were comparable to the addresses of Mr. William Collins, of Glasgow; who likewise, by his monthly *Record* (sustained from June, 1830, to Dec., 1835), rendered efficient literary service to the struggling cause. In London, the British and Foreign Temperance Society issued a monthly *Herald* (Jan., 1832) and an *Advocate* (Jan., 1834)—both superseded (Jan., 1836) by the *Penny Magazine*. A monthly *Magazine and Review* (Jan., 1832) independently conducted, continued for about fourteen months. But, either for lack of time or application of talent, the movement against distilled liquors, which was inevitably transitional, produced no *magnum opus*, except a cheap and popular edition by Mr. Buckingham, of the report of his Select Committee, with the evidence taken on drunkenness in 1834. In the first week of January, 1834, the *Preston Temperance Advocate* appeared, edited and published by Mr. Livesey—the first serial devoted to the promotion of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. The old societies were fast reconstructed or broken up, and new ones, on the exclusive principle of teetotalism, were formed in the course of the two succeeding years. A demand for a literature endorsing and defending this higher principle arose on every side, and caused efforts to meet this demand to be made by Mr. Livesey and his coadjutors of the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance (now the British Temperance League); but, while American literature was drawn upon, original expositions were few. In the front rank of these few stood the

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written form of Mr. Livesey's 'Temperance Lecture, based on the Teetotal Principle, including an exposure of the Great Delusion as to the Properties of Malt Liquor' (1836), numerous editions of which have since been printed—a model of perspicuous forcible exposition and appeal. By this and other publications, Mr. Livesey may be said to have constituted himself the Cobbett of the new social reform. The temperance journals of that period included the *Star* (Manchester, *Herald* (Leeds), *Guardian* (Isle of Man), *Pioneer* (Hull), and the pens of Messrs. F. Beardsall, John Andrew, jun., F. R. Lees, B. Crossley, W. Pallister, and R. Firth, were amongst the most active in supplying 'copy,' and keeping the fire burning. In London, the *Intelligencer* came out, under the editorship of Mr. J. W. Green, whose ability and knowledge of the press, and skill as a reporter, qualified him for the post. The northern journals, except the *Pioneer*, merged, in 1839, in the *British Temperance Advocate and Journal*, with Mr. (now Dr.) F. R. Lees as editor; but in London, a new official organ, the *Journal*, took the place of the *Intelligencer*, which Mr. Green, on his own responsibility, continued to edit. At the close of 1839, the *Journal* was edited by Rev. J. Burns (now Dr. Burns), and remained in his hands for several years. Up to this date the only additional works of much value which had appeared were a very instructive lecture, by Mr. Thos. Beaumont, the eminent surgeon, of Bradford, on 'Alcoholic Liquors;' Mr. Dunlop's erudite treatise on 'The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages in Great Britain and Ireland;' and 'The Curse of Britain,' by the Rev. W. R. Baker—decidedly the most popular and comprehensive essay on the temperance subject that had then appeared. To Mr. Baker the temperance world also owes the 'Idolatry of Britain,' one of the most useful and widely-circulated of abstinence publications. Temperance literature was greatly enriched in 1840 by the appearance of 'Bacchus' and 'Anti-Bacchus'—titles unfortunately suggestive of an opposition that was entirely absent. 'Bacchus' was the essay which gained the prize of £100 offered by the committee of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. Its author, Mr. Ralph Grindrod, of Manchester (now Dr. Grindrod, of Malvern), brought together in one volume a mass of facts and illustrations never before accumulated on the same topic. The volume was dedicated, with much good taste, to the temperance societies of America; and it was at once republished in that country, whence the degree of LL.D. was transmitted as a recompense for the learning and labour expended in its preparation. 'Anti-Bacchus,' though it did not gain the prize carried

carried off by 'Bacchus,' had a larger immediate sale, attributable to its cheaper price, and its more flowing style. Its author, the late Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley, was a man of great natural powers, and a master of energetic, racy composition. The chapters on the wines of Scripture in both 'Bacchus' and 'Anti-Bacchus' excited much interest and discussion in America, as we have before said, and also in this country; but in the later editions of 'Bacchus' this chapter was excluded, and the other contents were much augmented.

Among other medical expositions in favour of total abstinence, reference may be made to many passages in Dr. Edward Johnson's 'Letters to Brother John, on Life, Health, and Disease,' and a tractate by his relative, Mr. Walter Johnson, M.B. But the want of a standard work on the physiology of the question was strongly felt; and it was in accordance with its unostentatious benevolence of character that the late Mr. Joseph Eaton, of Bristol, offered, in 1849, a prize of £100 for the best essay on the physiological operations of alcohol. The prize was awarded to the essay of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, which appeared in 1850, dedicated, by permission, to Prince Albert, under the title of 'The Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease.' A new and shilling edition, by Bohn, under the title of 'The Physiology of Temperance,' was afterwards issued. Of the unsuccessful essays, one only was published—'Temperance and Total Abstinence,' by Dr. Spencer Thomson. The work of so distinguished a physiologist as Dr. Carpenter could not be received but with great respect in scientific circles; and his treatment of the subject, though not free from the reserves and qualifications of a *savan* studious to prove himself impartial, was sufficiently favourable in all leading points to the temperance principle to stamp it as a sterling acquisition to the medical literature of the question. Dr. Carpenter's other contributions comprise a reply to Professor Johnston's objections; a pamphlet on 'The Physiological Errors of Moderation,' in reply to the *Westminster Review* article of Mr. Lewes; and an article in the *Westminster Review* of January, 1861, in which the great work of MM. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, on the *rôle* of alcohol, was made the text of a discussion subversive of the conclusions advanced in the same periodical five years before. Dr. Charles Wilson's 'Pathology of Drunkenness' (1855) is a small but interesting and able production. 'Alcohol: Its Place and Power,' by the late Professor Miller, is a delightful book, abounding in sparkling *bonhommie*, but with no lack of the philosophic spirit; and with it we may link 'Nephalism, the True Temperance of Scripture, Science, and Experience,' of

of the same author, thankful, as we turn over the glowing pages, that such memorials have been left us of one who lived to bless his kind. The 'Physiology, Health, and Disease,' of Mr. Henry Mudge, conveys the matured convictions and experiences of a judicious and vigilant practitioner; and his more recent 'Guide to the Treatment of Disease without Alcoholic Liquors' is a handbook for want of which many estimable helpers have been lost to the temperance cause. Of other contributions by English pens to the concordance of total abstinence with medical science, the name is legion. To the name of Beaumont may be added those of Cheyne, Higginbottom, Fothergill, Courtney, Hicks, Dyer, M. Syder, Chadwick, R. D. Thomson, Figg, and, not least, Dr. M'Culloch, of Dumfries, of whose brilliant lecture to the medical students of Glasgow University many thousand copies have been dispersed, and have proved a ready antidote to error, whispered in the ear by certain of the faculty, and proclaimed upon the housetop. The researches of men of science unconnected with the temperance cause have confirmed all that its other advocates have taught. The prize essay of Dr. Percy (1835), the experiments of Dr. Prout, the writings of Dr. Huss (Sweden), the great work of the French chemists on alcohol followed by the recent lectures of Dr Ducaisne, the experiments and papers of Dr. Edwin Smith, the salutary treatment of fever without alcoholics, or with a very sparing use of them, by Dr. Gairdner, of Glasgow—all point in one direction, and read one lesson to the observant inquirer. The late Sir John Forbes's *British and Foreign Medical Review* was never tardy in a good word for temperance; and in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, the *British Medical Journal*, the *Lancet*, and *Medical Gazette and Times*, repeated expression has been given to the views persistently upheld by temperance reformers.

The only temperance works of an encyclopædic character have been three. The 'Temperance Cyclopædia,' of the Rev. Wm. Reid (1851), was a well-devised approach to the object indicated by the name; much useful information being arranged under a series of topics, such as 'Intemperance Described,' 'History of Intemperance,' &c. In 1855, a new edition, in monthly numbers, was issued, and new stores of good matter were introduced under the several chapters. In 1862, a third edition was announced; but this being nothing besides the second edition a little enlarged, the omission of the earlier date made it abound in chronological solecisms of the strangest kind. The 'Teetotaler's Companion,' by Mr. Peter Burne, first appeared in parts in 1846, and its broad

broad page and large type offered a surface recommendation which was well seconded by the multifarious contents. The fact is, that an enormous pile had been collected by Mr. Burne, a Macclesfield operative, who had assiduously cultivated his talents, but in preparing it for the press he was indebted to the aid of Dr. Lees—aid rendered without any remuneration except the satisfaction of service to a fellow-labourer and the common cause. A supplement to the 'Companion,' under the title of 'The Concordance of Science with Scripture' (1847), was published, and by assistance from the same quarter. 'The Temperance Dictionary,' by Rev. Dawson Burns, of which thirty-four monthly numbers have been printed, follows the alphabetical arrangement, and if it can be carried out will form a stupendous depository of whatever concerns the temperance movement, or relates to intoxicating liquors and drinking customs. Further progress is suspended, we learn, till a more rapid issue of the whole work can be ensured. The chief societies of the kingdom have their honour involved in the removal of any merely financial obstacles to the completion of a work which would be altogether unique in temperance literature—a synopsis of all that has yet appeared, and of very much besides.

Here we must pause to name a temperance scholar and critic of cosmopolitan repute. When a pale and studious young man rose in a meeting of the first Leeds Temperance Society (1836), and refuted the objections of some of its leading members to the total abstinence principle, it was plain that no common champion of the new doctrine had arisen, who would, if life were spared, make a mark upon the age. That life has been continued for nearly thirty years, and, amidst frequent attacks of severe and debilitating sickness, has justified those auspicious omens. As secretary of the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance, and editor of its *Advocate*—and afterwards as temporary proprietor and editor of that journal, when its monthly circulation was largest—Dr. Lees displayed that learned industry and controversial acumen which are now indelibly associated with his name. His 'Standard Temperance Library' (1843) comprised various supplements to the *Advocate* (1841-3), with the 'British Permanent Temperance Documents,' reproducing the substance of various old English treatises on the use of water and abstinence from vinous liquors. The three volumes of his temperance writings contain his 'Illustrated History of Alcohol,' his prize essay on Deuteronomy xiv., 25, 26, and his principal answers to opponents of temperance—'Democritus,' Mr. G. H. Lewes, &c., &c.—who have in the course of twenty years

years drawn the sword in defence of alcoholic drinks. The 'Paradise of the Pacific' is evidence that, though the bent of his mind is metaphysical and logical, he has at command the colours that embellish the historic page. By some who ought to have known better, it was sought to fix a stigma of 'ultraism' on Dr. Lees. What he really has done has been to affirm and defend the accordance of teetotalism with the laws of physiology, sociology, and political economy; to oppose the teaching that would represent the letter or spirit of Scripture as hostile to teetotalism; and to uphold the use of the unfermented blood of the grape in the Lord's Supper as a return to primitive custom, and as fitly symbolizing the pure and precious blood of Christ the Redeemer. What there is 'ultra' in all this we honestly fail to see. Men will someday be ashamed of a parrot-cry like this raised against an honest and devout attempt to harmonize temperance practice with the will of the Creator, as declared in Nature and His written revelation. Views which might, with more plausibility, be charged with ultraism (such as that the use of alcohol in disease is always injurious—that any use of intoxicating drink is sin, *per se*, irrespective of the circumstances and knowledge of the user,—and that taking alcoholic beverages unfits for Christian communion), have never entered into his temperance prelections. The mental characteristics of Dr. Lees are not unlike those of Bishop Warburton, whom Dr. Johnson described as 'a man of vigorous faculties, of a mind fervent and vehement, and supplied by unlimited and incessant inquiry, with a wonderful extent and variety of knowledge—exerting at once the powers of a scholar, a reasoner, and a wit.' Some may point as another feature of resemblance to the controversial asperity of both writers. In regard to neither can the charge be wholly denied; but it ought to be remembered that Dr. Lees has had to do with some opponents unscrupulous and insolent to a degree, and that he has never failed to reciprocate the courtesies that do honour to the polemical arena. A cheap re-issue of his temperance writings (excluding those of minor or passing interest, and extracting the superfluous stings from others), the whole well classified, and with a copious table of contents, would be a treasure to the student. The edition of Dr. Nott's lectures is an example of judicious rehablitation. A 'Temperance Text-Book,' for which an American publisher has made proposals to him, would fill a void that, amidst the profusion of publications, has never been supplied.

The Wine Question, as it is called for brevity, has been discussed in most of the standard works already named, and

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most elaborately in the writings of Dr. Lees; but in 'Tirosh e Yayin' 1841'—a treatise reprinted with Dr. Lees's works, and, therefore, mistaken by some for his literary offspring—an able attempt was made to distinguish the specific difference between 'tirosh,' as generically denoting the solid, and 'yayin,' the expressed liquid, fruit of the vine. The examination of many other terms was also pursued, and had the style been more vivacious, the worth of this remarkable disquisition would have been better known. 'The Wine Question Settled,' by Rev. R. Parsons; 'Rescued Texts,' by Mr. H. Mudge; 'Apostolic Temperance,' by Rev. H. Gale (now Dr. Gale); Archdeacon Jeffrey's 'Sermon on Alcoholic Wines;' Mr. Peter Mearns's second prize essay on 'The Jewish Passover and Christian Eucharist;' with earlier pamphlets, by the late Rev. F. Beardsall and Dr. Firth, cannot be omitted from the scantiest catalogue of compositions on a question which will amply repay dispassionate investigation. In Kitto's 'Cyclopædia of the Bible,' articles from Dr. Lees vindicated a theory but little considered by scholars; and in Barstow's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' the same views have been expounded and maintained. Of discourses and religious appeals to Christians on the temperance reform the press has been prolific. The annual sermons of the late Rev. J. Sherman, delivered in Surrey Chapel, were among the most impressive of their class. Dr. Burns has preached many excellent discourses, and published some of them. 'The Temperance Pulpit' is a volume of sermons of superior merit, issued by the Scottish Temperance League; and we do not see why the publication of a sermon monthly—divines of all Christian churches to be the preachers in print—should not prove a successful endeavour to scatter temperance light into the pews of all denominations. In Dr. Guthrie's 'Sins and Sorrows of the City,' the pictorial and pathetic powers of that great preacher are splendidly conjoined. 'The Pastor's Pledge' (1840, a new edition, 1863), by Rev. W. Roaf, of Wigan; Rev. G. B. Macdonald's 'Letters to a Friend;' Rev. R. Tabraham's 'Appeal to the Pious;' the tracts of the late Archdeacon Jeffreys (never excelled for cogency and suavity combined); the Dean of Carlisle's 'Why I have taken the Pledge;' Rev. W. Robinson's 'Clergyman's Reasons;' Rev. Newman Hall's pamphlets; and Rev. R. Maguire's 'First Words on Temperance,' are specimens of a literature that cannot be too quickly multiplied and too broadly diffused.

In biography, the 'Life of Father Mathew,' by an ex-teetotaler (Mr. Maguire, M.P.), and the 'Life of Joseph Sturge', by Rev. H. Richard, a non-teetotaler, contain the amplest records of

of distinguished abstainers; if we except the 'Life and Memorials of Robert Kettle,' by Rev. W. Reid, and Rev. A. Wallace's 'Memoir of J. Stirling,' the first agent of the Scottish Temperance League. Mr. James Silk Buckingham's 'Autobiography' was cut short by his decease before it had arrived at the period of his temperance career; but this had been anticipated in his 'History of the Temperance Reformation,' the most valuable part of which was autobiographic. 'The Nemesis of Drink' is an autobiographic sketch, phosphorically bright, like the waves of the midnight sea, and reminding us of Charles Lamb's 'Confessions of a Drunkard.' 'The Life of Colin,' edited by Rev. R. Richings, is a homelier and more hopeful narrative. Mrs. Wightman, in her 'Haste to the Rescue,' and 'Annals of the Rescued,' has contributed chapters of varied interest and extraordinary instructiveness to the true science of temperance and religious evangelization; and nothing less can be said of the experiences of a true Christian heroine, recorded in Mrs. Bayly's modest *brochures*, 'Ragged Homes, and How to Mend them,' 'Mended Homes,' &c. Of general histories, the largest is Mr. Couling's, carefully and candidly arranged, but much too meagre to satisfy curiosity, and wanting in the proper perspective of historical composition. Mr. Lewis's 'History of the Temperance Movement in Scotland' deals chiefly with divisions on points of policy. One of Chambers's tracts, written in part by Dr. Lees, gave some well-compressed information on the rise, progress, and influence of the temperance movement. No. 1 of the 'Select Tracts,' issued by the then National Temperance Society, furnished a clear *coup d'œil* down to 1854. The narrations of Mr. Dearden and Mr. Teare relate to the first years of the teetotal agitation. Local histories, also, not a few, have been written. All these, with the early periodicals and reports, will go to supply material for the historian, yet to show himself, who shall do justice to the greatness and glory of the temperance enterprize.

The genius of poetry has not withheld some of her gifts from the literature of temperance; but hymn writing has monopolized too much of the talent that might have aimed at more extended verse. Mr. Henry Anderton was a ready and happy rhymer, and was sometimes visited by the true poetical afflatus, as the volume of his poems, recently collected and edited by Mr. Edward Grubb, as a labour of love, clearly proves. Mrs. Balfour's 'Garland of Water Flowers' (1840) contained temperance poetry of the true Parnassian perfume; and her 'King Alcohol's Walk' joined keen satire and pathos to heroic metre in the pitiless exposure of England's curse.

...ness. Some short, beautiful poems have proceeded from the ... of J. C. Prince. Non-abstainers have struck the temperance ... as Dr. Mackay, in his 'Whisky Fiend,' and ... in his 'Drop of Gin.' Of temperance hymn books, melodists, song books, &c., there are probably a couple of scores. Of hymn books, the one issued by the Scottish Temperance League is the one most commonly used; yet there is room for another which shall bring together the best singable effusions. Bands of Hope have melodies and music to their hearts' content; and the ballads of the Rev. Dawson Burns are a handful of entertainment and instruction from a hive where honey for the young may be plentifully gathered. The Rev. F. Beardsall, by his 'Trial of John Barleycorn,' led the way in a species of composition which, by dramatic personation, has delighted bands of juniors and their seniors; and in several temperance productions of the late Mr. Featherstone ('Trial of Dr. Abstinence,' &c.) the same vein is further explored. So far as we are aware, the 'Temperance Emigrants,' by Mr. Dunlop, has been the only effort to give the materials of a temperance story in a strictly dramatic shape; though some of Mr. Cruikshanks's marvellous creations have been represented on the boards of the London theatres. While we write a French play, *Les Drames du Cabaret* (the dramas of the drink-shop) is correcting English notions of Parisian sobriety. Of temperance allegories, the 'Drunkard's Progress' and Dr. Henry's 'Drunken Sea' are favourable illustrations. 'The Temperance Fables' (1840), of the Rev. J. Collinson, did not meet with much success, although the fables were ingenious, the morals orthodox, and the woodcuts striking. The 'Crack Club,' of the same author, was also cleverly conceived, but the execution lacked the originality which the plan required. Part of the design, however, was well sustained.

Temperance works of fiction have increased till they may be said to have engrossed more than their lawful share of the money and time expended on temperance literature. The objection raised against all fiction with a specific moral—that it produces an unnatural arrangement of the parts, and a troupe of puppets rather than beings of flesh and blood—is nothing more than the statement of a flaw to which that sort of fiction is liable. To what degree, if any, the flaw is present, can only be learnt by an examination of the works of fiction so produced. A temperance tale must necessarily deal largely with drinking and the consequences; but there is no necessity why the events should be exaggerated, the personages artificial, or the *tout ensemble* a caricature or absurdity. The most successful writers of English temperance fiction have been women—

women—Mrs. Balfour, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. E. S. Oldham, 'Fairleigh Owen,' 'Bruce Edwards,' &c. Mrs. Balfour began to show temperance 'truth in fairy fiction drest,' as early at least as 1840; and no one acquainted with those stories—the bulk of which, we fear, are beyond recovery (though two or three have been reprinted)—could be astonished that the first prize offered by the Scottish Temperance League should have been carried off by so powerful a mistress of the 'witching art.' The 'Burnish Family' (1857) set at rest the question whether a temperance story need be dull, verbose, and onesided; and it was no doubt owing to the literary excellence of this novel, and its commercial 'run'—37,000 copies having been sold in nine months—that the Scottish Temperance League directors were induced to advertise higher prizes for more of the same popular material. 'Drift,' 'Retribution,' 'Glimpses of Real Life' (a collection of shorter tales), and 'Troubled Waters' have since appeared from Mrs. Balfour's pen, and in each have reappeared the same fresh, buoyant style, graphic portraiture, pregnant observation, variety of incident and adventure, and admirable union of the darker and brighter phases of actual life. Only a fervid and fertile imagination, a broad and genial nature, and a knowledge (very rare in a lady) of the world, could have enabled so much that is original to be produced by one writer in illustration of a single virtue and its opposite vice. Mrs. Ellis, in her 'Family Secrets' (1842), made bold and impressive use of the deceitful influence of drink, in her vivid descriptions of domestic sorrow and trial. She is credited, by rumour, with the authorship of 'My Brother; or, the Man of Many Friends' (1856), a tale with a well-educed temperance lesson; and in the 'Brewer's Family' (1863), she draws the veil from a scene which has its counterpart in many a family that has fattened on the unrighteous mammon of the drink-traffic. Her 'Voice from the Vintage' (1843) is an argument, not a story, and an argument strongly put. Mrs. S. C. Hall has made Irish character place its ban upon the 'cratur;' and in the tale of the 'Drunkard's Bible,' a fine conception is finely treated. Mrs. Wood's 'Danesbury House' (of which about 90,000 copies have been sold) is open to the charge of an accumulation of horrors and a defective *denouement;* but the descriptive ability is remarkable. Of all temperance tales, 'Danesbury House' comes nearest to the 'sensational' type. Mrs. Wood, though not a teetotaler, has in one of her recent novels brought drink into play as a maker of mischief. 'Fairleigh Owen' has produced 'Steyne's Grief,' 'The Lathams,' 'Ritter Bell,' and not a

few

few other stories, which have found extensive approval, and possess merits deeper than the attractions of a lively manner. The Scotch lady who took the *nom de plume* of 'Bruce Edwards' had reason to complain that the exaggerated applauses of her countrymen dashed much of the pleasure which her 'Rachel Noble's Experience' would have imparted had expectation been less highly raised. Mr. D. Macrae, in his 'George Harrington,' gave promise of an excellence which we hope his new prize tale will amply redeem. Mrs. E. S. Oldham, whose 'Haunted House' was given to the world in our own pages, is the winner of the prize of £250, offered by the Scottish Temperance League—the largest *douceur* ever received, we presume, for a single temperance story. We have no fear that the anxiety to enjoy 'By the Trent'—the title of this golden legend—will be thwarted by any defect of artistic skill and dramatic power. A line of recognition is all that we can at present extend to a bevy of other lady writers—Frances Palliser, author of 'Glenerne;' Nelsie Brook, author of 'Gertrude Winn;' Adeline, author of 'Chalton Manor;' Mrs. Hanson, author of 'Fanny Lee's Testimony;' Kate Pryer; and M. A. Paull, a liberal contributor to the fiction department of temperance journals. We must similarly despatch (better than the 'happy despatch' of Japan) the 'Kester Lane,' of Rev. J. C. Street; 'Love's Labour Not Lost" by Rev. J. Kane; and a number of tale-tellers, anonymous and named, who have in general done well what they have attempted. Mr. W. Gilbert, in his 'Shirley Hall,' and other works, has made the ravages of strong drink the burden of some enthralling narratives. 'Janet's Confession' in 'Scenes from Clerical Life,' by 'George Eliot' (another lady), is a temperance monitor; as was also 'Horace Saltoun,' a remarkable story in 'Cornhill.'

The tracts published on the temperance question baffle all enumeration as to their title and drift, or the copies have been scattered, like snow flakes, over the length and breadth of the land. The New British and Foreign Temperance Society issued one series, afterwards adopted and increased by the National Temperance Society, of which more than three million copies were sold. The Ipswich series, collected by Mr. R. Dykes Alexander, of Ipswich, numbers between four and five hundred separate publications, which have been printed to the extent of upwards of fifty million pages. There was also a Bristol series, and there is a Norwich series—both deserving to be well spoken of. The Devon Temperance League has also commenced a distinct series. The Scottish Temperance League publish a pictorial tract monthly, the average sale of which

which is 20,000; and a New Year tract obtains a circulation of never less than 100,000 copies. A series of non-pictorial tracts, in double columns, was also prepared by the Scottish League, but has not lately been added to. A series of tracts by the late Rev. Thomas Spencer deserves warm commendation. Of Reports of societies, the pile is far-reaching. Those formerly composed by the leading associations were more elaborate than recent ones have been. The reports of the World's Convention (1846), of the Ministerial Conference (1848), of the Ministerial Prohibition Conference (1857), of the National Congress (August, 1862), and of the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention (September, 1862), are works of a standard character, and contain papers that worthily compare in all intrinsic qualities with the papers read before the most learned societies of the kingdom. At the annual meetings of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, papers on temperance sociology and politics have been read, and printed, fully or summarily, in the Transactions of the Association. In the International Philanthropic Congress, held at Brussels in 1856, similar papers were presented, and discussion ensued.

Various manuals and catechisms have appeared, one of the best being by Mr. James Clarke (1837). Another, by Rev. W. R. Baker, was aptly executed. Almanacs date from an early period of the movement. Lately, those by Messrs. Tweedie and Caudwell have been the principal, and have been compiled with commendable assiduity and skill. The British, Scottish, and North of England Temperance Leagues issue annual registers. There is yet room, however, for a 'Temperance Year Book,' which should contain a summary of all the interesting events of the year, all the available statistics, and a *précis* or reprint of all important documents.

The juvenile or Band of Hope movement, has a literature of its own. Mrs. Balfour's 'Morning Dew-Drops' (1853)—a rather fanciful but pretty title given to an enlarged edition of the 'Juvenile Abstainer' (1843)—is a charming companion for children of ten years old and upwards. The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union has published many good things for the service of members and teachers of Bands of Hope, and has a monthly organ, under the control of the Rev. Mr. M'Cree, a man of rare and popular talents. The *Band of Hope Review*, edited by Mr. Smithies—a name deservedly dear to teetotalers, young and old—and the *Adviser*, issued by the Scottish Temperance League, are monthly periodicals, half-penny marvels of pictorial beauty and interesting letterpress. The sale of the latter is nearly 90,000 per month, and that of the

the former is much larger. A catechism for Bands of Hope, by J. P. Parker, is ably drawn up, but would be better for the removal of some obvious blemishes. Foremost among the literature originated by the United Kingdom Alliance, is included the prize essay of Dr. Lees, the 'Argument for Prohibition' (1856), the sale of which reached 40,000 copies; also, a 'Sequel' to the Essay and 'Supplement to the Sequel,' by the same author. Within the last six months, the 'Condensed Argument'—both a condensation and expansion of the orginal 'Argument'—has been published as a sixpenny volume, or at half that price per hundred copies for free circulation among electors. Two editions, of 20,000 copies each, have been required to supply the demand for this compendium of the whole case for permissive prohibition. The papers read before the first meeting of the General Council, and Dr. Burns's sermon on the 'Lawlessness of the Liquor Traffic' (1853), the 'Report of the Ministerial Conference' (1857), 'The Politics of Temperance' (a series of six papers, 1857), 'A Vindication of the Principles and Policy of the Alliance' (1862), a pamphlet of the late Washington Wilks, and his two last specches in defence of the Permissive Bill, and 'A Review of the Speeches in the House of Commons, on the Second Reading of Mr. Lawson's Bill'—these, with numberless leaflets and reprints, have proceeded from the Alliance press, and have carried conviction to the minds of ten thousands. Of equal or greater value to the cause of the Alliance have been its additions to the periodical literature of which we must briefly speak. Dr. Lees's 'Teetotal Topic' (1846) was the first quarterly periodical of a temperance tenor, sixteen pages quarto. The 'Scottish Review' was issued by the Scottish Temperance League as a shilling quarterly, from Jan., 1853, to Jan., 1862, inclusive; and usually gave two articles per number, one of them a story, bearing on the temperance theme. These, and the general literary articles, were in most cases of superior merit. 'Meliora,' commenced April, 1858, as a quarterly journal of social science, has never proved unmindful of the task of exhibiting the harmony of true science with every phase of temperance reform.

Of weekly and monthly publications abandoned or merged into others, the number may be estimated at from fifty to sixty. The London *Journal* and *Intelligencer* were for some years the only weeklies, with the curious exception of the *Teetotaller*, conducted by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds for above a year. Steel engravings were presented with many of the numbers, but the sale fell off, and Mr. Reynolds brought out the *Anti-Teetotaler* as a successor—very short-lived, as it proved—

proved—to the previous speculation. In July, 1861, the *Temperance Advocate*, the organ of the British Temperance League, appeared as a weekly journal, and so remained till the close of 1862, when the effect of the cotton crisis seemed to compel a temporary return to the monthly issue. This backward step might have been prevented by a display of timely generosity, and the committee will consult the interests of their society by reverting as speedily as possible to the abandoned track. The *Weekly Record*, started April 5th, 1856, by Mr. Tweedie, of London, has taken a double price and size since the beginning of 1864, as the organ of the National Temperance League; and both the original and selected articles render it well adapted for family reading. The Scottish Temperance League publishes the *League Journal* (1d.), which has various attractive features; and Mr. Caudwell's halfpenny *Temperance Star* helps to brighten hearts which intemperance had made dark. The *Christian News*, of Glasgow, though a religious organ, has been from its first number an unfaultering defender of the most advanced principles and lines of action. Of the *Alliance News*, which has twice enlarged its dimensions without adding to its price (1d.), we may not speak without reserve; but by general consent it would not be easy to exaggerate its importance to the movement by its action on public opinion, and by its enlightening and encouraging influence on the friends of prohibition. Its forty columns, weekly, of general news, special information, and interchange of thought, delight its regular readers, and ought to command for it a welcome in every temperance homestead. Among the extinct monthlies of leading mark were the *Recorder*, *Chronicle*, *Gazette*, *Teetotal Times and Essayist*, and *Abstainer's Journal*. The last-named succeeded the *Scottish Temperance Review*, on which many talented pens were engaged. Another monthly, the *National Temperance Magazine* (1844), conducted by Mr. Thos. Cook, of Leicester, set up a high standard, and ran a short but commendable career. Mr. Rewcastle, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has made honourable efforts, extending over a quarter of a century, to establish a periodical temperance literature in the north of England. The existing monthlies are the *British Temperance Advocate* (1d.), the *Western Temperance Herald* (1d., begun in 1837 by Mr. Joseph Eaton, and long continued as the *Bristol Temperance Herald*), the *Temperance Spectator* (2d.), founded Jan., 1859, as a critical journal, and has made its standing good; the *Church of England Temperance Magazine* (3d.), commenced Nov., 1862, edited by Rev. Robert Maguire, and made the vehicle of many admirable papers by abstaining

clergymen; the *Irish Temperance League Journal* (2d.), the only Temperance periodical in Ireland; the *British Workman* (1d.), with a circulation of a quarter of a million; the *British Workwoman* (1d.), and other periodicals more or less devoted to the temperance system.

A single sentence is all that we can spare in recognition of the many literary aids to temperance afforded by Mr. John Cassell, the eminent publisher, in his *Standard of Freedom* (a weekly newspaper long since given up), his *Teetotal Times* (monthly), and prizes for essays on special topics (1846-7), his cheap re-issue of Beecher's Sermons, Baker's Idolatry, &c., and the frequent favourable articles in his *Family Newspaper* and *Quiver*, weekly periodicals of myriad-fold circulation.

We should be entering on a separate field of inquiry were we to discuss the literature on the temperance question scattered through the newspapers and magazines of the last thirty years. The most elaborate of these papers may be simply named: one in *Tait's Magazine* (Nov., 1845), by the distinguished Thomas De Quincey; in the *British and Foreign Medical Review* (Oct., 1847), afterwards republished in a pamphlet, by Dr. Carpenter, and containing the nucleus of his subsequent prize essay; in the *Edinburgh Review* (July, 1854), by the late Rev. J. W. Conybeare; in the *North British Review* (Feb. 1855), by Mr. Charles Buxton; in the *Westminster Review* (July, 1855), by Mr. G. H. Lewes, virtually cancelled by an article in the same review (Jan., 1861), by Dr. Carpenter. All these, except Mr. Lewes's, are papers distinctly commendatory of the temperance movement. Some of the monthly magazines and newspapers have from time to time raised cavils and objections; but the tone in literary circles is sensibly softening; and from the most hostile portion of the press it would not be hard to extract admissions of every important position claimed by the temperance advocates. Some recent articles in the *Times* have really amounted to this —'Do as much good as you can and please, but don't worry us into giving up what we mean to cling to as an indulgence.' Among the short treatises composed against the temperance movement, few have reached above mediocrity in any branch of literary handicraft.

Much temperance literature has irretrievably perished for want of some effort to preserve it as it has appeared. Societies and men of means should make collections of past and current publications; and it may not yet be too late to rescue from oblivion many relics of intellectual activity that we should regret to lose. Of equal urgency is the adoption of more methodical and more persevering endeavours to disseminate the

the literature of every species—books, pamphlets, tracts, and periodicals—that is coming forth ever and anon. The press must be worked more powerfully if the millions who never enter a temperance meeting are to be informed and convinced. It would be worth all the expense of a convention of leading men to consider how the circulation of our best publications can be extended in a measure commensurate with the vastness of the change of opinion and practice that has yet to be effected. The soundest knowledge and ripest intellect can do but little, when the printed page on which they are impressed has a limited diffusion. Circulation to a publication is what calibre is to a cannon. Temperance literature, with all its drawbacks, is capable of great things, if it can be brought into contact with men's minds. It has about it the imperfections that are never absent from all things of earthly origin; but neither is it without a resemblance (to borrow from Massinger an image applied by Macaulay to the works of Milton) 'to those flowers and fruits of celestial origin which invigorate and heal—which are powerful not only to elevate but to purify.'

Art. IV.—THE EPIDEMIC OF FEAR.

THE qualities which in combination destroy or prevent the sensation of fear are of two kinds, each being twofold in nature. There is valour and there is courage, of which it may be remarked that the one is commonly, but by no means exclusively, masculine, and the other often, but not solely, feminine. Physical valour is evinced by a readiness to attack or repel any danger, whether sudden and sharp or expected and foreseen; the danger arising from some living, active being, with whom there may be struggles, and over whom there may be even conquest. Soldiers, sailors, or hunters would be worth little who did not possess at least a moderate amount of valour. Courage only would hardly make them, in their respective callings, successful men. There is likewise moral valour, which consists in a prompt willingness to attack or defend matters in the abstract, such as unpopular laws or opinions, grievances, salient wrongs, oppression, arising from the undue exercise of authority or straining of power, whether by Government or the Church, or by society; and the tyranny of the last is perhaps not the least or the easiest to bear. And this kind of warfare is carried on only by moral and abstract

abstract means, by writing, by speech, by demand, and fearless expression of sentiment. Sir James Macintosh particularly notes the difference between valour and courage. Valour, according to him, can only be displayed against present danger from a living, if not a human, adversary. There was a little tale published many years ago, called the 'Chelsea Pensioners,' in which this distinction is very happily preserved. The hero is especially courageous with respect to inanimate dangers; but, being deficient in valour, he fails ingloriously on the field of battle, and dies afterwards of grief and mortification. Courage properly signifies that mental quality which neutralizes or extinguishes any fear arising from inanimate or impersonal dangers. There is only courage, for instance, in scaling a precipice, unless it be to battle perhaps with a sea eagle, in which case valour would be called into play; there is the courage which confronts without fear the approach or the menace of certain death, as by runaway horses, by the falling of an avalanche, by railway collision, by drowning, by the rising of the tide, and in general by all the vast, irresistible, inanimate, and impersonal forms of danger. Without this quality there can never be shown that presence of mind by which such perils are often baffled and turned away, for very valiant spirits frequently 'lose their heads' entirely when exposed to this class of calamity. There is one form of courage which does not blench even before the surgeon's knife, and which in days of old endured, and rejoiced to endure, martyrdom at the stake, and quailed not at the cry *Christianos ad leones;* but this kind is partly physical and partly moral, for though patiently defying suspense, and pain, and suffering, there is in it neither intention of resistance nor hope of victory. Moral courage is that faculty or frame of mind which enables us to bear menace, scorn, and censure, with equanimity and indifference; to face poverty, neglect, and disgrace, with calm and composure, and undauntedly to express our sentiments, and follow the conclusions of our own judgment in the teeth of opposition, difficulty, and danger. That courage which is steadfast before death is an amalgamation of the physical and psychical—the first is undismayed by the bodily pangs of dissolution, the second does not shrink from that which is to follow. It is common enough for men of their own free choice to run the risk of death by violence, especially if it be of a description not likely to be entirely solitary and uncheered by applause; but, according to the experience of all medical men, it is the other sex who receive with the most composure the fiat which condemns them to die in their own beds by a lingering and painful disease.

Very

Very great physical timidity is consistent with a large degree of mental courage, and in such cases the first may by a vigorous effort of will be crushed into quiescence, and this more particularly with reference to a peril not altogether new or unforeseen. Many years ago two youths were making a walking tour on the south-west coast of England, and fell in with two full-grown ruffians, who were escaped convicts, as it afterwards transpired. One of the lads was engaged bathing, so that his companion was taken at a disadvantage, and having first knocked down and stunned the latter, the men employed themselves in rifling his pockets. The elder and stronger lad, whom we will call Hefton, had the quality which we call valour in excess, and did not know fear as applied to any living thing; so, having heard cries, he returned hurriedly, half-dressed, and contriving to hurl a flint with such force and precision as to bring one man to the ground, he flung himself on the other, and seized his hairy, muscular throat with hands and teeth, so that after a deadly struggle the fellow retired, dragging off his wounded companion with him.

Help was very needful for the younger lad, but the night was closing in, the tide was rising, and though the gravel-bed where they stood was hardly within high-water mark, the black and precipitous rocks behind them forbade any ascent at that point. In this dilemma Hefton set off along the beach with the intention of seeking assistance. By half-wading and half-swimming he made considerable progress, but though unfortunately he plunged out of his depth, and in rising struck his head against a stone, he managed to drag himself on to a narrow ledge of rock and lay there, stunned and sickened, for how many hours he never knew; but when he came to himself the moon was shining on the waters, which were now on a level with him, and swollen and still like a vast lake. In relating this incident to us in after years, he confessed how little he possessed of that concentrated and unimpassioned courage which can cope with a danger, deadly indeed, but without life or stir in it, and what a nameless terror crept over him at the thought of plunging into that dark sea, with no human being near to watch and cheer him on. In his weakened state he felt that it was more than probable that if he tried to swim that desolate waste of waters his dead body would before morning lie on the sands. On the other hand, to leave his injured and wounded comrade, a delicate lad, to lie out through the night, alone and uncared for, would be murder and nothing less; so he made the plunge, feeling, as he owned, as utter and desperate a coward as ever was born

born. With that energetic common sense hopelessness sometimes developes, he struck out intrepidly from the shore, as by following closely all the various creeks and inlets he would but waste his strength and diminish his chances; and though, from the fact that the tide was on the turn, the steady suction from the shore was felt with an awful distinctness, he nevertheless succeeded in rejoining his friend, and both lived to tell the tale. We have always thought that there was more real bravery in his last feat than in his first, for death is often dared in hot blood by those who tremble at the idea of deliberately perilling life in cold. This age has been accused, unjustly as we think, of a deficiency in moral courage, and it has been said in bitter jest that we have transferred to Mrs. Grundy and the police that fear which we used to have of the devil. Yet there has been one distinct species of heroism eminently developed within the last twenty years. If the mass are, as we freely acknowledge, more than ever slavish in their submission to that majority which never ceases to demand that all other people shall resemble itself, there are among the thinking few many noble examples of the highest form of moral courage; we mean the courage to leave a creed, or a faith, or a party, even when falling, not because it is a losing side, but because it is felt to be a false one.

Epidemic is the name applied to diseases which arise from some particular cause, and are transmitted without reference to locality, as distinguished from *endemic* (indicating diseases which habitually infest the population within certain geographical limits) and *sporadic* (occurring in isolated instances only). That such a thing can arise as an epidemic of fear, that it is a malady not only epidemic, but highly infectious, or at least 'catching' (as the popular term is) in its nature, and that one or two excited individuals are able to communicate it with extreme rapidity to an indefinite number of people, is a sober truth to which history witnesses, and which the experience of the present practically affirms and corroborates. Such a disease appeared some little time ago, the exciting cause being the sudden revival of the garotte system; and the murder of the unfortunate Mr. Briggs has originated another, which, in fact, now rages among us with considerable violence. It is not too much to say that of the many railway outrages, so-called, which fill the newspapers, one-third, if not one-half, have arisen out of the excited imagination of the travellers. Nor is this surprising; it is, on the contrary, quite in accordance with average human nature as it commonly disports itself. To withstand this particular epidemic, one has need not only of courage, but of valour, and that not only physical, but

but moral, and how many of us are so happily endowed as to own no deficiency in these virtues? We may be shut up in a carriage with a homicidal lunatic, or with a wretch who will murder or maltreat and rob us, or with a woman who will make odious and unfounded charges against us; or suppose we are not a man, but a woman, all these things might happen to us, except the last, but in lieu thereof we might be exposed to insult worse than robbery. Man or woman, then, we are caged up alone with our foe in a carriage when the train is going, let us say, forty miles an hour, and there is no stoppage for twenty-five or thirty minutes, we having no communication with any other living being, guard or otherwise. From all this there is simply no escape, except by casting oneself out on the line with a tolerable certainty of a horrid death, or by a hand-to-hand struggle, which will probably ensure precisely the same result. And the strain on purely moral courage is not less great. Many a man would rather be robbed and half-murdered than appear before the magistrates to defend himself from the most unfounded accusations of an unscrupulous woman, and many a woman would prefer to be stripped of her last shilling rather than have to stand in the witness-box to give evidence against even the most disgusting ruffians. While fear in the female mind is desperate, unreasoning, and (in no evil sense do we write the word) shameless, in the male it is timorous, abject, and hypocritical, calling out loudly for new laws, for more horrible pains and penalties, for more signal examples of vengeance in case of misdemeanour, and this it does always, as it is careful to state, not for the comfort of the individual, but solely for the good of the public. Men were more afraid of the garotter than were women, and the result of careful investigation, and very numerous inquiries, has been to convince us that men are more afraid of the fate of poor Mr. Briggs than are persons of the other sex. On this point we conceived it well to demand feminine counsel. 'Why is this?' we asked of a clever woman, 'explain to us this seeming anomaly;' and she replied, 'Because we women are always afraid. We are used to it, and don't mind it a bit. We are in perpetual fear of drunken men, and robbers, and tramps, and beggars, and mice, and rats; of mad dogs and bulls, and spiders, as well as of wild horses, and cows with horns, and wasps—it is a chronic disease with us; but you men are not used to feeling afraid, and you take the complaint badly, and bear it impatiently.' Some little time ago, one evening towards dusk, a gentleman entered a second-class railway carriage, unoccupied except by a tall, thick-set, grimy-faced

[illegible] the further corner. 'So, you're not afraid to [illegible] remarked the man as soon as the [illegible] 'No,' said the gentleman, 'I certainly [illegible] you ask?' 'You hadn't ought to be, sir,' was [illegible] 'You see, I'm a stoker, and met with a haccident, [illegible] sick leave, and am coming back wi' a [illegible] (here he exhibited a dirty-looking bit of paper). On [illegible] I got into a carriage aloan, as it might be this [illegible] thinking I'd get a whiff of baccy, an a biggish gent [illegible] opens the door and looks in, and bangs it to [illegible] So thinks I, I'm safe; but no! presently up he comes [illegible] guard, and they both looks in, and guard were a [illegible] of him to get in; "No," says the gent, "not [illegible]" So they shuts the door again wi' a bigger bang, and I thought I'd seen last o' them. But no sich thing. Up comes t'guard, and he says to me, says he, "I say, Tom, come [illegible] my van, or ride o' the engine, for here's a gent as can't travel wi' ony man aloan, and there's no room for him save in here," says he; so I ups and goes, and when the gent had come to his journey's end I went back, and soon a pretty little miss, fresh from school, comes in, and shuts the door, and settles herself in her seat quite comfortable. So I says to her—so, miss, you are not skeared to travel aloan wi' me, and she says, "No, sir, no one ever wanted to harm me, and I'm sure you don't." Right you are, miss, says I. But, Lor bless you, sir, perhaps she hadn't heard o' Mr. Briggs's murder.' 'So you think the men are more frightened than the women?' observed the gentleman. 'Yes, I do, sir. I know as many gents ride very uncomfortable since Briggs came to his end, when they've no money, just the same as when they have; for one of 'em says to me, "folks don't know whether we have money or we haven't, till they try." Some of 'em goes wi' pistols and popguns, and the like, and I know one stout young fellow that travels with a knuckleduster on his right hand, which he keeps constant and ready in his breeches pocket. No, sir, I can't say I've heard of the women being frightened, at least *over frightened to try it.* You see they are used to it. There were an old lady that took a first-class ticket through, as went third-class after all; cur'ous enough, not because there were a man in the carriage, but because there were no man nor woman likewise.'

This particular epidemic of terror with regard to railway travelling has given rise to a host of anecdotes, some of which are amusing enough, and of more than one it may be said, *se non è vero è ben travato;* but incidents equally curious and also true have come to our own knowledge. A gentleman happened

pened to be travelling by the night mail, and perceiving that his solitary fellow-traveller displayed unmistakable signs of mistrust and uneasiness, our friend hit on the expedient of presenting the stranger with his card. The other immediately returned the compliment. And it was not without a feeling of intense relief, more mutual perhaps than our informant chose to admit, that the discovery was made that they were two highly respectable members of the same profession, residing in adjoining squares in London. In another case two commercial travellers, who were respectively in charge of small samples of exceedingly valuable goods stowed away on their persons, found themselves the joint occupants of a carriage under circumstances similar to those recorded above, and became, consequently, exceedingly disquieted in their minds. The furtive, suspicious glance which the one cast on the other, whenever that other chanced not to be looking, to be instantly returned in kind as soon as his eye was turned away, had such an effect on their nerves, that each man resolved secretly to change his carriage at the very next station. In accordance with this determination, so soon as the train began to halt, the one on the near side, who had been holding the door in readiness, darted out without perceiving that his companion had rapidly and noiselessly disappeared through the door on the off-side. The first man rushed in hot haste to get a glass of Dutch courage, in the shape of brandy, and then ran along the platform and entered a carriage half full of women, just in time to see the head and shoulders of his quondam associate appear at the opposite side, and finally the gentleman himself, evidently animated with the same motive, enter the compartment. The truth was so transparent that one might have thought they would both have regarded the affair as a joke, but this they did not do; on the contrary, they were slightly indignant and rather cross. And the account they afterwards gave of the matter was so exceedingly contradictory, that it was only by our confidential agent comparing notes with their wives, that we have been enabled to lay before our readers the circumstance as it actually occurred. We had lately some conversation with an intelligent railway official on the means by which railway travelling in England might be rendered even moderately secure. The two points under discussion were the patrolling of the guard along the carriages, according to the continental custom, and the plan of having windows between the compartments, so that the passengers in one carriage might be, if they chose, perfectly well aware of what was going on in the next division. Both of these plans he pronounced to be perfectly practicable, but

but added that they were, in his opinion, measures too unpopular ever to be carried out. The directors, he said, would object to the first, and the public to the last. By lengthening the platform step, and placing an iron hand-rail, with short breaks at necessary intervals to allow of the uncoupling of the carriages, it would be entirely safe for an active, careful man to go from carriage to carriage on the quickest train, with even less risk than a sailor runs in going aloft on a dark night with a pitching sea. But the number of guards would, he said, have to be greatly increased. Each guard must attend to his break, and it is not easy to see how a man can leave his place and walk to and fro, and yet be ready to apply his break at the first signal from the engine driver. Here was an intelligible reason, as it seemed to us. The question is one of £. s. d., and this is the real cause why a company will never adopt the plan if it can be decently opposed, or dexterously shirked. He did not think the public would object to it; quite the contrary. If passengers break the rules as to behaviour, smoking, &c., it is only by connivance of the guard they do it, and therefore his surveillance would be a matter of indifference so far as their operations were concerned. Against the window scheme there were reasons quite different. That he was well convinced would be unpopular with the public at large. For example, a great deal of card playing goes on in railway carriages, especially with the betting fraternity in the racing season, and more especially on the lines in the neighbourhood of turf meetings. A party of sporting men coming to or from Doncaster or Newmarket take a carriage, and will give a munificent tip to the guard to secure a quiet course for their operations. A board, on which is inscribed the word 'engaged,' is hung up in the window by the obliging official, which, as soon as the train is in motion is removed, and becomes the card table. This is replaced for the moment at any roadside station, and thus full security from interruption is attained. It is unnecessary to point out how highly distasteful to this class of travellers any scheme for the public safety would be which invaded their privacy. Of course, we know how these things are managed abroad. Privacy is secured except with reference to the guard, who constantly patrols at uncertain intervals along the train, smiling and scrutinizing, with, in France occasionally, and in Germany always, a cigar between his lips. He knows the occupants of every carriage and their several destinations, and takes their tickets before they alight, with careful regard to the saving of any unnecessary expenditure of time. There is, of course, a sufficient staff of guards to prevent any break being left without some

some person to look after it; but, owing to the accurate time-keeping (for in France a man may set his watch by the train), the use of the breaks, except at certain known points, is scarcely ever signalled for.* A tolerably varied experience in railway travelling has led us to conclude that the first-class carriages are the most comfortable and safe—in a collision, but not in other respects. It will not be forgotten that it was in a first-class that Mr. Briggs was murdered; but though the murderer is caught and hung, and we have a kind of gloomy satisfaction in the idea that our violent death would, too, not go unavenged, that satisfaction grows evanescent and faint when we reflect that with ordinary prudence and the most moderate continence of speech, Müller might have lived on undetected. The third-class carriages are always cheerful, draughty, and noisy; they are, as respects chances of violence, the safest. The second-class are cold, often dirty, and occasionally on some lines (as portions of the North-Eastern) uncushioned. The company's servants and workmen are allowed to travel second-class, and they are perhaps the roughest-looking, though not the least respectable, people there to be encountered; but for noise, annoyance, and actual riskiness, commend us to a party of half-drunken reapers, who, sickles in hand, occasionally ensconce themselves. These are customers so dangerous that, as we heard a station master loudly aver, nothing would induce him to be shut up with them. As with these gentlemen time is money, they can and often do afford to travel second-class, instead of by third or slow trains, where their quarrelsome propensities would be held in check by sheer force of numbers. It is a lamentable fact, that nothing short of a man being brawlingly or incapably drunk will induce a ticket clerk to refuse him a ticket, or a guard or porter to exclude him from the train. To put men, even in the first stage of intoxication, in a carriage alone with

* It cannot be too often or too distinctly stated, that nine out of ten of our railway accidents are due simply to the invariable want of punctuality, not only at the roadside stations, but in the departure of the train from the starting point as in the arrival at the terminus. It appears to be so settled an article of faith with the managers of companies, and with the public, that such a state of things is inevitable, that we should in all probability long since have held the universal belief if we had not remembered that across the water, a couple of scores of miles away, they do these things differently. In defence, it is urged that the passengers come late, or that the ticket office is overcrowded, which prevents the train starting at the appointed time. But how do our neighbours face these difficulties? By the simple expedient of opening the ticket office fifteen minutes sooner than we do, and unhesitatingly and invariably closing it five minutes before the time for each train to depart.

women

women in *any* class of life is, however, an offence which ought not to be passed over, especially when the attention of the guard has been called to the circumstance.

'I am more afraid of getting a thorough fright, than I am of being really hurt,' said a clever, excitable woman to us; and what she openly owned to, it is probable many other women and some men secretly feel. The capacity for fear is largely influenced by the extent and kind of knowledge or experience possessed. He jests at scars who never felt a wound, and he who knows nothing fears nothing; but with larger information, and a better appreciation of danger, fear grows rapidly, and it is not until the last stage is attained, and knowledge of the means for protection and defence is added to the knowledge of peril, that courage and calm conquer, or at least neutralize fear. The conquerors of the world's battles and storms, and rulers of nations, those who 'are of the canvas which men use to make storm stay sails,' are almost always of a cast of mind at once apprehensive and resolute.

A girl who neither knows nor dreams of harm is, perhaps, one of the most fearless of created beings; but a woman who reads our daily police reports, and newspaper accounts of accumulated horrors, may be excused for living in a state of chronic terror. Yet further instruction and reflection will make it evident, even to her, how few these crimes actually are in proportion to the extent of our population; how many chances there are against any given individual being the particular victim; how often the exercise of common prudence would have prevented the possibility of such mischance, or a moderate degree of firmness and presence of mind have averted the worst consequences of any catastrophe. It would seem that the tendency of thought at present is to esteem personal prowess more highly than courage; and, in obedience to the popular sentiment, the growth and display of the first is much more luxuriant than of the last. Now, we should conceive it to be a point of high wisdom in those who have the power of influencing public opinion, and in those who are entrusted with the training of young men and boys, to withstand this error; and, without depreciating the merit of valour, to teach that personal daring, as compared with sustained courage, is not only a more common virtue, but also a much less difficult one to practise. The necessity and value of such teaching may be estimated by a reference to the experience of actual every-day life. If a boat is upset, or a lad falls overboard, or a wretched woman throws herself from Waterloo Bridge into the river, some brave man always volunteers to risk

risk his life in the endeavour to save them; or if a vessel is in danger of being wrecked, there is never any lack of brave hearts and stout arms to strive to afford assistance. But let a ship strike on a hidden reef, and begin slowly to go down in a calm sea, or be burned by fire down to the water's edge, it is only by the sternest discipline that the men are restrained from staving in the spirit casks and drinking themselves into insensibility, or seizing on the boats and leaving the less fortunate to their fate; and when the discipline has been of a lax and unimpressive sort, or when, perhaps, none of any kind has been maintained, fearful scenes have occurred, and in the very nature of things must and will occur, so long as deeds of momentary and passionate daring are held in higher esteem than the deliberate efforts of a calm and patient courage. Again, in any conflagration where there is danger of loss of life or property, it is the rule, and not the exception, that volunteers in plenty should present themselves, not only ready, but anxious to attempt the most desperate and forlorn deeds of heroism. But in a densely packed meeting, or a crowded church, or theatre, or concert-room, places from which egress is tedious under favourable circumstances, and under any other difficult if not impossible, all who have had the ill-fortune to be present when a cry of 'fire' has been raised, will be tempted to confess, as we do with humiliation, that the men are actually shamed by the women; that their conduct is unworthy of their sex, and that it is the young, strong, active men, who, in the first instance, give signs of frantic, unreasoning, and selfish terror, spring over the benches, swing themselves over the balustrades, crowd the passages, block the doors, and then scuffle, fight, and trample, with all the uncalculating brutality and desperation of savages. Any distinct and earnest expression of written opinion, which would recognize the rarity and importance of calm and sustained moral and physical courage, any training and teaching which would tend to make men realize their deficiency in this respect, and anxious to remedy it, would be very timely and valuable.

And having said thus much on the subject of men's education, we would suggest, with regard to the training of women and girls, that a greater valorousness of spirit, a more energetic disposition to defend themselves actively, might be instilled with very obvious advantages, more especially with reference to the small accidents of ordinary life. Some women fear a wasp more than they do the dentist's strong chair, and are rather proud of showing that they do. Others will endure the torture of a severe sprain rather than the approach of a black

black beetle or a mouse. That women have a special faculty of courage and presence of mind when there is occasion for the defence or protection of those they love, as all men have experienced so all men will admit. Both in the world's history, and in the pages of domestic annals, we find many a touching tale which illustrates this trait, of which, perhaps, one of the most pathetic is the well-known incident so often the theme of the artist, where the mother offering her breast, and smiling to conceal her anguish of terror, thus wiles back her child from the edge of the chasm. In accidents on the road, by water or by fire, women, who generally do, as regards themselves, the precise thing they should *not* do, and unhesitatingly jump out of a carriage dragged at full speed by maddened horses, or run about all ablaze from room to passage, and passage to room, whenever they are on fire, crying for help, yet fleeing from it till all human aid is given in vain, yet almost always instinctively do the right thing when such things happen to their children, their husbands, parents, or any one for whom they deeply care. In domestic distresses, in all the minor operations of household surgery, it is always some woman to whom the victim instantly betakes himself for relief. Sometimes it is an old nurse, sometimes it is a delicate-looking, timid mother, occasionally it is a strong-minded, but benevolent cook. No matter who, but it is always a woman who cuts out the thorn or the broken needle, who rolls up the eyelid and extracts the offending fly or torturing atom of grit, who eases the jammed finger, sews up the cut, extracts the first tooth, or holds the broken limb until the doctor's arrival. Granting this, and no son of woman will deny it, it seems ridiculous, unseemly, and ungraceful for an active, strong-limbed girl, or a healthy, full-sized woman to run away from a cow that thinks no evil, or to recoil with terror and disgust from a caterpillar, an earwig, or an earth-worm, creatures with which in her infantine days she has been on terms of intimate and affectionate friendship. 'A moose is an awsome beastie (Anglicé, little beast), it's no like a mon,' said the stalwart Newhaven fishwife; and it is related how a certain handsome, high-spirited, and gifted woman, Mrs. Woffington, the actress, was one day philandering with her lover near the canal in the Park, when she caught sight of a little animal skipping about on the opposite bank. She regarded it with curiosity and delight. 'Oh! you pretty creature,' said she, 'now you are a rabbit, at least I think so.' 'No,' said her companion, 'that is a rat.' 'Ah! ah! ah!' (screams and cries from Mrs. Woffington, which caused the rat to disappear). 'Depend upon it,' she said, 'it's true what they say of me, that

that off the stage I'm the greatest fool there is. You see the thing did not frighten me, but the name did. I'll never be so absurd again. Ah! ah! here it is again' (scream and pinch as before); 'take me away from this place, where monsters from the deep disport themselves,' and she flounced away, looking daggers at the rat. Yet this was a woman who took the stage by storm, and had, as Sir Harry Wildair, conquered the hearts not only of men, but even of other women.

Far away in the interior of Germany, among forests and lofty ranges of hills, is an old town, antique in appearance, and primitive in its ways. The narrow, crooked, unpaved streets, are darkened and overhung by grotesquely carved houses, and more than one stork's nest may be seen perched undisturbed thereon. The young scholars, in their quaintly-cut Geneva cloaks, still chant old Lutheran hymns along the streets at midday, and the horn of the watchman is heard the night long from the belfry tower, to warn the inhabitants of peril by fire, and to re-echo the hours as the bell strikes the men of the Fatherland being too lazy to count for themselves. Flanking the town there towers a craggy mountain, crested by a strong old *Festung* or fortress. This fortress is used for several purposes, and it contains a *Gast-haus*, a magazine for arms, and a museum of valuable curiosities and antiquities. There is a large banqueting hall hung round with specimens of ancient armoury; this opens on to a corridor, one side of which is adorned with a large fresco, representing a banquet in the hall, but the guests are depicted as in disorder, and suddenly rising from their seats in affright. Their several countenances are all expressive of alarm and dismay. In the corner stands one of the large cumbersome stoves still used in Germany, on the top of which a gaily-attired little page has just managed to scramble and seat himself, whence he regards in trembling security the scene below. The noble and gentle guests are all in full retreat from the table to the other end of the saloon; but one woman of distinguished presence and remarkable beauty is advancing with a large plate of apples, cherries, and other fruits, which she calmly presents to the unbidden guests whose unexpected appearance has caused this consternation—a brace of huge grizzly bears. The vast paw of one has overturned a goblet of crimson wine, and the other animal in his progress has caused considerable destruction, for they appear regardless of the viands, and rather intent on pursuing the guests; but are depicted as suddenly fascinated by the plate of delicacies held forth to them by this heroic woman, and, pausing in their career, seem disposed to 'rest and be thankful.' Such is the subject of the picture; and

[illegible] are appended in German charac-
[illegible] —

Den Mamlein in der Ecke dort
Wir wir lass Leben lassen;
Mit Leuten die sich fürchten
Thun wir uns nicht befassen;
Drum lasset euch die schöne Dame hier
Die zeiget hohern Muth:—
Sey wir galant: Herr Bruder, wie schmecket
Der Confect und auch die Kirschen gut?

[illegible] translated thus :—

The manikin in the corner up there
We will suffer to exist;
With people that are afraid
We will have nothing to do;
Rather let us look at the beautiful lady,
She has a more noble courage (and says):
Let us be on good terms, Sir Brother.—How do you like
These sweetmeats, and these excellent cherries?

[illegible] who is the guardian of the fortress, threw [illegible] window of the corridor, and directed our atten- [illegible] pit beneath, in which two half-grown young [illegible] wandering to and fro. He then informed us that the [illegible] actual portraits, and dated in the fifteenth [illegible] painted to perpetuate the memory of an [illegible] had really occurred; that through the drunken [illegible] of the keeper, in neglecting to provide his charge [illegible] the enraged animals had broken loose, and, enter- [illegible] banqueting hall, had caused the scene so faithfully [illegible] pourtrayed. And from that time it had been [illegible] to keep bears in the den beneath the window to [illegible] the courage shown on that occasion by a lady of [illegible], of whose title and name, however, he appeared [illegible].

[illegible] thought it a very pretty story; but it is too probable [illegible] page would have courageously descended from [illegible] with appropriate outcries, the gentlemen would have [illegible] rushed forward *en masse* with sticks and staves, and [illegible]-born lady herself, would she not gladly have scaled [illegible] stove and have there remained if, instead of a couple [illegible] a brace of rats had scampered in?

ART.

Art. V.—THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS OF 1864.

Profiting by the experience of the past, the Social Science Association has lately attempted to impart a more practical tone to its proceedings; first, by exercising a larger amount of discrimination in the selection of the papers read at its annual meetings; second, by proposing certain special subjects for papers and discussion. The results of the York Congress have proved that these changes are undoubtedly steps in the right direction. The meetings may be less numerously attended, and less brilliant in appearance than those which took place in London or Edinburgh, but the real aims of the association are more largely advanced thereby, and its sphere of usefulness proportionately extended. At previous gatherings the proceedings did not possess any definitive objects. Papers on every conceivable subject were sent in, and subsequently grouped together in the best manner possible. So chaotic was the confusion that anything like order seemed utterly unattainable. Instead of bestowing a proper share of attention upon the principal social questions of the day, the association found itself rapidly subsiding into what has been aptly termed a 'ventilator of social crotchets.' Still, its generous and well-intentioned labours have not been wholly without fruit. They have greatly accelerated the progress of scientific investigation respecting the cause and nature of the various ills and adverse influences which have so long retarded the development of our social welfare. They have also tended to direct public attention and thought into less showy and pretentious, but more useful and productive, channels. The principal shortcoming of the association appears to consist in its failure, comparatively speaking, in defining the principles on which all real social progress is based. It battles with *effects* rather than with *causes*, frittering its efforts in palliating the social ills of the day, rather than in providing a remedy. Much of this, however, is due to the diverse character and habit of thought possessed by the various members of the association; at the same time, this circumstance might be rendered of great utility, for it is only by the careful comparison of opposite opinions that anything like an approximation to the truth can be properly arrived at. By concentrating its efforts on the consideration of certain select questions, the association—providing those questions be properly chosen—may greatly utilize its labours, and prepare the way for the enunciation of principles on which the true social welfare of mankind greatly depends. Something of this was observable in the general tenor of the addresses delivered by the presidents of the various departments. These manifestoes, as compared with those of preceding years, indicate an improved comprehension of the real objects and labours of the association. At first, the formation of the association was regarded by some ministers of religion as an attempt at supplanting the laws of God by the rules of man. Possessed of something like the Eastern idea of destiny, they could not immediately perceive how the efforts of those who laboured in the field of social science could be made to harmonize in any way with the doctrines of Scripture. To such mistaken individuals the Archbishop of York administered a well-deserved rebuke. In the sermon preached before the members of the association, he pointed out how the exertions of those who attempted to ameliorate the social condition of the people were not antagonistic to the success of efforts made to promote the cause of religion, the interests of both being identical. Time was when a prelate who ventured to speak thus would have found his utterances regarded with suspicion and dislike by his fellow-labourers in the Establishment. That it should now be otherwise, affords a gratifying proof of the continued advancement which this country is making in a truer perception of the real value of 'social science.'

The seeming diversity of the principles of that science was well illustrated

in the speech of the venerable president of the association, which might fairly be taken as a synopsis of the labours of the Congress, although the introduction of political topics considerably marred the effect which the address would otherwise have produced. It was less, however, of a speech than an essay, the various portions of which were loosely strung together, producing a somewhat bewildering effect on the hearer, who found himself travelling, in company with the speaker, over every possible political and social topic. Lord Brougham was most successful when treating of the questions of law-reform and co-operation, respecting the latter of which, he well and truly observed that 'The incalculable benefits of co-operation to the comfort and independence of the working classes are even surpassed by the advantage which the community derives from the reconcilement to each other of the different bodies that compose it. There no longer prevail the feuds which most of us remember to have set against each other—the master and the workmen, the middle and the humbler classes. We shall soon outlive all strikes of men and combinations of their employers in self-defence; and the time will never more return which brought a special assize to this great county for the trial of outrages not only upon property but life; and though doubtless the progress of the people in education and moral improvement has been evinced in this happy change, that improvement has mainly served to bring them into mutual amity by the great progress of co-operative industry. To this is the whole happiness as well as improvement of the people due.

> "Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
> Lie in these words—health, peace, and competence,
> But health consists in temperance alone,
> And peace, oh virtue, peace is all thine own."'—POPE.

The addresses of the presidents of the various departments were simply so many amplifications of the several portions of Lord Brougham's lengthy essay. Sir James P. Wilde's speech was eminently characteristic. It was a kind of *résumé* of all that had heretofore been done in the cause of law reform, and a statement of what yet remained to be effected. The general tone of his observations was clear and sensible, but the bold and fearless utterances of the older law reformers were missing. The speaker seemed to feel this, and more than once exhibited signs of breaking through the conventionalities which restrained him. As one of Her Majesty's judges, he found himself compelled to be extremely cautious and guarded in all that might issue from his lips. He was trammelled with the heavy and cumbrous harness of official responsibility, and opposed by the precedents and traditions of that bench of which he has become one of the brightest ornaments. Yet these very circumstances, which conspired to give additional force to his remarks, clothed them with an air of authority which they would not otherwise have possessed. Had Bentham been living, that philosopher would have felt flattered by the recognition of so many of his views by such a distinguished lawyer as Sir James P. Wilde. Well did the latter observe that 'the great evil which has ever beset our judicature, is that which legal education engenders—the prizing above their worth of refinement and precision. This it was that in legal procedure sacrificed the substantial rights of thousands at the altar of mere words. The fear of going too far being ever present; the fear of not reaching justice faintly felt. Positive injustice worked in the present to avoid possible injustice in the future.' Another of Sir James P. Wilde's remarks is likely to become a popular watchword. 'The law,' said he, 'was made for man, not man for the law.' The whole history of law reform could not have been more comprehensively stated than in that one short sentence. The Archbishop of York occupied in the Church a position analogous to that held by Sir James P. Wilde in the legal profession.

fession. Possessing much enlightenment of mind, his address was remarkable for the liberality of its sentiments and the catholicity of its views. Forty years since few would have dreamed of hearing an archbishop extolling the blessings of extended education amongst the people. There were men sitting at his side who could well remember the time when the bishops and clergy were averse from the education of the poor, lest encouragement should be afforded to the propagation of revolutionary and anarchical doctrines. The objections urged by the archbishop against university examinations for women naturally awakened much opposition and controversy, yet it cannot be denied that he seized upon the weak points of the argument put forth by those who are desirous of opening the universities to the gentler sex. He said that 'of two things both created of God as man and woman it was wrong, perhaps, to say either was the higher; but distinct they certainly were. They needed, they completed each other; and as in rude times womanish men were despised, so now the highest civilization would err if it aimed at producing mannish women. A woman's mind could not be trained too high, but it must be cultivation proper to her constitution, mental gifts, and work in the world. Woman was equal to man, but equal by being herself, and not a pale copy of him. Our great living poet had given us a beautiful picture:—

> "Everywhere
> Two heads in counsel, two beside the hearth,
> Two in the tangled business of the world,
> Two in the liberal offices of life,
> Two plummets dropt, for one to sound the abyss
> Of science and the secrets of the mind,
> Musician, painter, critic, sculptor, muse,
> And everywhere the broad and beauteous earth
> Should bear a double growth of those rare souls—
> Poets whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."'

He did not deny that the present system of female education was defective. It required sifting and reform. 'It was less known,' said he, 'and examined than any kind of male education, and secresy harboured quackery.' If the speech of Sir James P. Wilde betokened the advance of more sensible and enlightened views amongst the members of the legal profession, the character and tendency of the archbishop's observations seemed to mark something similar in the case of the clergy. The delivery of each address may be regarded as a favourable omen.

The speech of Sir Charles Hastings, as president of the Health Department, possessed a peculiar interest, from the manner in which it attempted to illustrate the assertion 'that physical laws of nature, affecting our physical condition, as well as regulating the whole material system of the universe, are universally acknowledged to exist and constitute the elements of natural philosophy and chemical science. . . Accordingly the laws of nature have formed an interesting subject of inquiry to philosophers of all ages, however few may be those who have attempted to point out in a systematic form the relations between those laws and the constitution of man, which, nevertheless, must be done before our knowledge of them can be beneficially applied.' Sir Charles mentioned, at considerable length, the important questions of town sewage, infant mortality, epidemic diseases, and overcrowding of dwellings, but he scarcely alluded to the vice of intemperance, and the terrible nature of the ravages committed by it. This detracted much from the value and efficiency of an otherwise excellent paper; however, Sir Charles, in ignoring the evils of intemperance, merely followed the example of others equally eminent with himself in the ranks of the medical profession. Our medical men are, generally speaking, more fettered

professional education and position than, perhaps, [illegible] professions. They remain faithful to the exploded [illegible] and admit with the utmost reluctance any changes, [illegible] may be forced upon them. Of course there are [illegible] the example of these is all the more honourable by [illegible] exceptions. Perhaps a lingering feeling of self-interest [illegible] this, for the more that the laws of nature were [illegible] upon, the less demand would there be for the services [illegible] surgeon. Mr. Edward Chadwick, as president of [illegible] Department, found it necessary, more than once, to touch [illegible] with those alluded to by Sir Charles Hastings; but [illegible] speech was undoubtedly his sketch of the progress [illegible] manufacture. This progress was described in a singularly [illegible] and for once the dulness of statistical details was [illegible] by a charm not frequently experienced. In one portion of his [illegible] to a town in France from which the vice of drunkenness [illegible] entirely banished. This had been brought about [illegible] men of the place refusing to associate with any who were [illegible]—by, in fact, enforcing a diluted kind of prohibitory [illegible]. Such a thing, however, could not be practised in England, so [illegible] system remained on its present footing. Mr. Chadwick [illegible] in describing the future of labour. His remarks on what [illegible] towards affecting some amelioration in the moral and [illegible] of the employed were of great importance, and must have [illegible] response in the heart of every right-thinking man who [illegible]. Mr. Chadwick has made many excellent speeches in his time, [illegible] whether he ever surpassed the one delivered by him at [illegible] as a model of its kind.

[illegible] resolved themselves into the five groups of Jurisprudence, [illegible] Health, Social Economy, and Agriculture. These, in their [illegible] divided and sub-divided to an extent which we do not care to [illegible]. Many of the papers were of an eminently practical character. [illegible] less display and more utility than before, the writers seeming to [illegible] more fully the importance of the task undertaken by them. [illegible] movement, however, was poorly represented, and, but for the [illegible] of the deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance, there would [illegible] little to show that any such thing as a temperance organization [illegible] existence. This was a serious mistake, and one which should be [illegible] for the future. There were many occasions, especially in the [illegible] Section and the Health and Social Economy Departments, on [illegible] the value of temperance principles could have been illustrated and [illegible]; in more than one case they would have furnished the key to [illegible] difficult problems. It might also have been pointed out how all [illegible] social movements, such as co-operation amongst the masses, have [illegible] by the diffusion of temperance principles. Indeed, this was [illegible] acknowledged by several of the leading members; Lord Brougham [illegible] remarking—when speaking at the working men's meeting—that [illegible] was a part of the co-operative system, and that to it he might [illegible] savings were very much owing. 'Instead of spending their money [illegible]-house, or even getting beer to their own dwellings, they reduce [illegible] of beer they drink as much as possible. They find it better for [illegible] powers to take less than before, and the profit they make is [illegible] to that saving.'

[illegible] Jurisprudence Department several important questions were treated, if not with the care and deliberation due to them, at any rate with something like earnestness and attention. Amongst the foremost of these were those relating to the laws of real property, the principles on which the law should

should deal with questions of responsibility and mental competence in civil and criminal cases respectively, and the ameliorations required in the institution and conduct of criminal prosecutions. These questions, like several others, were apparently of more interest to the legal profession than to the general public. We say *apparently*, for the real gainers by any important change would be the public themselves. The discussion on the laws of real property was remarkable for the unanimity with which those laws were condemned by nearly all who took part therein. Mr. Charles Neate, M.P., alluding to the frequency with which the laws of entail and settlement were spoken of as a remnant of feudal times, said it would be more correct to speak of them as being an abridgment of feudal liberties. He traced the history of the laws from the earliest periods to our own time, and, after analyzing their present state, warmly denied the right of any individual to the absolute disposition of the soil, unless he could show that it was for the public benefit that any such privilege was held by him. According to him, the soil was the patrimony of the nation. The Rev. J. E. Thorold Rogers, Oxford Professor of Political Economy, took a somewhat similar view of the question, and instanced Sussex, which, in 1714, contained 3,000 voters, but now possessed only 700—the effect, according to him, of the laws of property. It is not a little indicative of the immense strides which liberty of thought and speech has made in this country, that two such papers from individuals of such reputation as Professors Neate and Rogers should have failed to awaken suspicion or alarm. A few years since those gentlemen would have found themselves denounced as revolutionary firebrands, and, perhaps, charged with attempting to foment sedition and rebellion. Times have indeed changed. Who would have thought, thirty years since, that two professors—men eminent for their learning and ability—would come forward, and before an assembly, comprising persons of all sects, creeds, and politics, deliberately utter such sweeping opinions? The dreams of one generation are frequently the realities of the next, and could the shade of Bentham revisit earth, it would marvel at the progress which this country has made in true liberty since the period when a fettered press, an unenfranchised people, and a corrupt government, formed the three great impediments to national progress. The question of responsibility and mental competence in criminal cases was hotly discussed, the clerical portion of the disputants affirming that criminal responsibility was not a question of law or medical science, but of religion; while the legal and medical men held a directly opposite view. The problem is, indeed, a most difficult one, and can only be practically solved by a compromise, though how this can be effected, in the face of the tenacity with which each side hugs its own opinions, is not easily perceptible.

The circumstances connected with the execution of Franz Muller have imparted a fresh interest to the question of capital punishment, which was well and ably discussed in the paper read by Mr. Sheriff Nissen, of London. Mr. Nissen could not hold that the criminal, found guilty of murder, was not worthy of death, but he thought that the infliction of death punishment was productive of more harm than good. Mr. Begg, in a more detailed and elaborate paper, took up the same ground., remarking that 'as to the alleged deterrent effect of capital punishment, he very much doubted whether in the category of great crimes murder was not that from which the criminal was least likely to be deterred by the fear of death punishment.' The general feeling of the association, as expressed in the discussion which followed the reading of these papers, seemed to preponderate greatly in favour of the abolition of death-punishment; yet it is doubtful whether one of the real questions at issue has attracted the full share of attention which it deserves. There would seem to be less difficulty in obtaining the abolition of capital punishment than in providing a substitute. There exists a feeling that

when

[redacted] permitting further [redacted] society is safe. On the [redacted] make good his [redacted] men. This [redacted] with the interests of capital [redacted] Chairman's office, it [redacted] which is to [redacted] precaution,' [redacted] always be [redacted] absolutely irre- [redacted] limits of variation [redacted] will thus be [redacted] which is the greatest [redacted] any substitute which may [redacted] those who oppose a [redacted] dictates of experience and common [redacted]

[redacted] was treated of in two papers only, [redacted] several of these read in the Health, [redacted] and sections. In the first of these [redacted] Temperance in the Prevention of Intem- [redacted] United Kingdom Alliance offered a [redacted] prohibition of the liquor-traffic. With [redacted] such legislation as that advocated by the [redacted] the trite remark that "you [redacted] Parliament" imply strangely and inconsis- [redacted] have supported, and are still in favour of, [redacted] sobriety. Not one of these men [redacted] its way unchecked by legisla- [redacted] it is evident that they reiterate the [redacted] they believe in it, but as a convenient [redacted] particular measure not acceptable [redacted] that law cannot render intemperance [redacted] kind of legislation directed against any public [redacted] and if they were, could not be perfectly exe- [redacted] practically can, and do it the more earnestly [redacted] instruments. No law ever yet made a man [redacted] but as laws can do very much to multiply [redacted] evil of all sorts, it is certain that they can give [redacted] to the work of national sobriety. Law acts imme- [redacted] and these act powerfully, though not irre- [redacted] morals, and the whole social system. By forbidding [redacted] largely tended to make the popular mind more [redacted] fitted to benefit from the instructions of the [redacted] pulpit.' In support of these assertions many argu- [redacted] and convincing nature were employed; nevertheless, there [redacted] opponents to dispute the utility of legislative interference [redacted] the liquors. Yet, curiously enough, the interference [redacted] was advocated more than once in things of comparatively [redacted] importance. In the Health Department, the revelations made by Mr. [redacted] of the *Builder*, and Mr. John Holmes, of Leeds, respecting [redacted] and miserable manner in which thousands of the labouring classes [redacted] awakened strong feelings of sympathy and indignation,—sym- [redacted] for the helpless victims of such a disgraceful system; and indignation [redacted] base and selfish conduct of those who are the gainers by its tolerance. [redacted] remedy possible seemed to consist in legislative interference. It [redacted] that so long as men were allowed to erect unhealthy and un-

wholesome

wholesome dwellings, so long would occupants be found for the same. If neither landlords nor tenants would or could perform their duty, the Government must interfere and 'prohibit' a system productive of injury to the social and physical welfare of the people. In fact, the value of legislative interference seemed to be admitted in every case, except that of the liquor-traffic. Why the liquor-traffic should be treated as an exception remains to be explained. There is one peculiarity connected with the discussions which have taken place on this subject at the various congresses of the Social Science Association, which deserves to be mentioned. The opponents of the Alliance are invariably compelled to shelter themselves behind abstract propositions, or to fly off to topics connected but remotely with the subject at issue. This is one of the greatest tributes to their truth which the doctrines of the Alliance could possibly receive. It is an indirect acknowledgment of their force and unanswerability. Had they been based upon error, the knights-errant of social science-dom would have sallied forth long before this, for the purpose of achieving a victory over them. The real opposition to the doctrines of the Alliance appears to arise more from prejudice than aught else. Overcome that prejudice, and every obstacle in the way of ultimate success will be removed. The fearful evils occasioned by the prevalence of intemperance, were repeatedly alluded to in several of the papers read before the association, yet, with the exception of that proposed by the Alliance, no remedies of any kind were proffered. Palliatives were numerous, but even these were offered with diffidence, as though those who brought them forward were doubtful of their efficiency, and were fearful of failure.

The progress of the co-operative system amongst the industrial classes naturally attracted much attention. Lord Brougham, in his opening address, alluded to the circumstance of the continued prosperity enjoyed by the parent associations at Rochdale, and the silent but extensive increase in the number of societies based on corresponding principles. According to the returns prepared by Mr. Tidd Pratt, it appears that in England and Wales there are no less than 454 co-operative associations, of which 381 have furnished returns, showing them to possess a total of 108,588 members, and an annual amount of business exceeding *two and a quarter millions sterling!* The profits are divided in proportion to the number of shares held by each member; and it appears that the sums withdrawn from the societies were less in 1863 than in 1862, the slightly improved state of Lancashire industry having relaxed the stern grip of distress upon the long-suffering operatives. 'The principle,' observed Lord Brougham, 'in almost all cases is "No trust, no debt,"—and the only exceptions are when, from sickness or other infirmity, individuals are assisted by others, and repay the small sums thus advanced. The whole management of these concerns is in the hands of the workmen themselves, and the gains are for the most part accumulated so as to form a small capital, which is generally employed in the productive branches of co-operation. But the great bulk of these societies are the stores, for the purchase and sale of the goods consumed by the members. The profits are thus earned in proportion to consumption, and a most pleasing part of their appropriation in very many instances is the provision made for education, by the purchase of books and journals, and the support of reading-rooms.' Emboldened by their success, the Rochdale co-operators have gone a step farther. In conjunction with various other co-operative associations, a wholesale agency has been established in Manchester, the entire expense of which, including the cost of purchase and sale of goods, is defrayed by a small contribution from the members of the societies in connection therewith. Mr. Greenwood, of Rochdale, devised the scheme, which avoids the shortcomings and defects that led to the failure of previous attempts. According to Lord Brougham—'All the goods required by the societies are bought of the great dealers, and sent

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by them at the cost of the receivers. The goods are thus of the best quality and at the lowest prices. The societies are, of course, required to confine their purchases to the central agency, which, buying perhaps for 150 stores, can afford to charge a very small commission from each. Mr. Greenwood's estimate was grounded on the actual consumption of 3,500 persons of the Rochdale pioneers, and this made the amount consumed by 40,000 persons equal to £524,000 a quarter for groceries. He reckons on 2s. 6d. for each member in these counties, which would yield £5,000, a sum amply sufficient for all the expenses of the central establishment and agency.' The statistics on which Lord Brougham based the number of co-operative societies mentioned by him, do not include those formed since 1863, but sufficient is now known to justify an anticipation that Mr. Tidd Pratt's next report will prove far more interesting than its predecessors, there being solid reasons for believing the increase in the number of co-operative associations during 1864 to have been unusually large. In the Social Economy Section, Mr. G. J. Holyoake read a paper relative to the growth of the Halifax co-operative association, the rise of which was attended by circumstances and results even more remarkable than those with which we are acquainted in connection with Rochdale. The 'Halifax Working Men's Co-operative and Provident Society' commenced in 1849; the profits during the first fifteen weeks were exactly *twelve shillings and twopence!* Like many other working-class attempts, the co-operative efforts of the Halifax artizans did not prosper at first. To use Mr. Holyoake's words, the concern simply 'vegetated.' In 1855 it lost £81 by a dishonest treasurer, a calamity which nearly swamped it. In 1860, however, it entered upon a new career, and, like a young giant suddenly awakened, began to exhibit signs of progress. The extent of that progress may be inferred from the fact that the amount of business transacted this year (1864) is estimated at £120,000, the profits being £12,000; a forcible contrast with the sum realized in 1849. The occurrence of the cotton-famine tested to the very utmost the ability of the Lancashire associations to withstand the heavy pressure occasioned by the poverty of the members. 'From 1857 to 1860,' said Mr. Holyoake, 'the members increased from 1,800 to 4,600, the capital from £15,000 to £57,500, the business from £80,000 to £174,000, the profits from £5,000 yearly to £15,000. From 1860 to 1864, the full period of the cotton crisis, the profits have increased in uneven gradations from £15,000 to £22,000. In 1861 the society felt the effects of the scarcity of cotton. In the March quarter of that year the receipts for sales were £47,000; in the December quarter they had fallen to £42,000. In 1862 the cotton-famine was the most severe. Two-thirds of the operatives of Rochdale were almost entirely out of work. The greater part of the mills were entirely closed, and the people had to subsist to a great extent on their previous savings. That year the number of members of the Store decreased 500. The capital of the society decreased £4,500. The cash received for sales decreased £32,000; yet this year the profits made amounted to £17,000. Not only has co-operation stood its ground, during a period which it was supposed would destroy it, but the Store, the Corn Mill, and Manufacturing Society of Rochdale gave together £1,500 for the relief of the unemployed, and the Store alone made £70,000 profits for its members. The Corn Mill Society made £10,000 a year profit in 1860 and 1861. In 1862 the profits fell to £8,000, but last year they returned to £10,000 again. The Manufacturing Society of Rochdale has kept up its full payment of wages during the cotton famine, and has run more time than any mill in the neighbourhood.' In the discussion which ensued, the question of profits was repeatedly touched upon, but the conclusions arrived at were of a most desultory character. In the Agricultural Section, Mr. John Gurdon communicated a paper, in which he recounted what he had done in the formation of co-operative farms at Assington, in Suffolk. The first was started by him in 1828, and there are

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at present upon the two farms fifty-two labourers, farming about 350 acres, free of debt, and possessing as their own property all the stock and crops on the land. So far good; but when Mr. Gurdon says that the labourers 'have established a store-shop with a *brewery*,' we fear the vision is too bright to last. The success of the Assington labourers appears, judging by Mr. Gurdon's explanatory details, to have been less due to their own endeavours than to Mr. Gurdon's incessant instruction and guidance; and in this lies the difference in the value of the co-operative farm experiments at Assington, as compared with that of the Co-operative Mill at Rochdale. In the one case, the Suffolk labourers had to rely on Mr. Gurdon; in the other, the Rochdale weavers, from the very first, learnt to depend on themselves. Co-operative farming is not impracticable, but its introduction is attended with far greater difficulties than those experienced in the establishment of provision stores or manufacturing concerns. If it should succeed, it will be principally by the adoption of the course recommended by Mr. Edwin Chadwick with reference to the utilization of town sewage, the use of which would save the heavy sums now expended in the purchase of guano or dear artificial fertilizers, which, after all, are less efficacious than the material cast as useless into our fresh-water streams.

The state of the labouring classes in the agricultural districts formed the staple of several papers, the old subject of cottage-accommodation being taken up by Mr. C. W. Strickland, who asserted that he was abundantly convinced that the building of decent cottages could never be made to pay as a commercial speculation by a professional builder, except possibly—but by no means certainly—by some kind of legislative protection, such as exemption of cottages from rates and taxes, or favouring them with a more rational mode of conveyance than that with which other kinds of property are handed over to their owners. This argument has been repeatedly uttered at agricultural meetings, and Lord Lievden recently expressed himself in similar language at Wellingborough; yet it is our impression that decent dwellings can be erected, not as mere commercial speculations, but as investments producing a low but certain interest for the capital embarked. As the social *status* of the agricultural labourer rises, as indicated in Mr. Holland's paper on 'Steam Cultivation,' he will no longer be content with the miserable hovels erected for his accommodation. Cottages more adapted to his requirements must and will be found. Experience has proved that where the landowner has improved the dwellings of those residing on his estate, he has found his reward in the development of a higher standard of character and intelligence amongst his tenantry. At present, the majority of landowners are oblivious of their duties in this respect, but a change is impending which will compel them to regard the subject with more attention. Mr. Holland stated that the class of labourers had become changed by reason of the introduction of steam-ploughs. 'They were no longer sluggish and unwilling as in former days, and required to be well-housed and cared for. His experience told him that those connected with steam-ploughing and machinery required and obtained good cottages, and the most powerful thing in elevating the character of working men was the providing for them superior habitations and promoting respectability in dress. By the management of steam machinery his labourers had become so altered that he had been able to shut up a public-house, the men enjoying the evening to a far greater extent in a large room provided with fire and light, where there were social enjoyments, whilst the evils of the public-house and drunkenness were far reduced among them—example, no doubt, having much do with this.' The darker side of the agricultural labour-question was brought up by the Rev. T. Hutton, rector of Stilton, who, in a paper on 'Agricultural Gangs,' furnished a terrible account of the state of social affairs in the Marshland districts. According to him, children of both sexes are employed at a very early age in field-work they

they are taken from the school and placed in gangs of forty and fifty, under the charge of a 'ganger,' by whom they are usually hired from their parents, and let out, in such numbers as may be required, to the farmers of the district. The system is, in fact, a species of slavery productive of a vast amount of demoralization; yet the evil is not so local nor so recent in its origin as Mr. Hutton seems to assume. Mr. Edward Baines, in his 'Letters on the Manufacturing Districts,' published in 1843, quoted largely from the 'Reports of Special Assistant Poor-law Commissioners on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture;' according to which we learn that the results of the gang system then existing in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and elsewhere, were exactly similar to those described as now existing by Mr. Hutton. The employment of the children in field-labour is occasioned principally by the necessity for replacing the wages squandered by the parents in drink. But for this, the innocent victims of the public-house might possess a fair chance of procuring that education of which they are now deprived. In the Education Department sundry papers relating to the deficiency of education amongst the agricultural labouring class were read by Mary E. Simpson, Rev. F. D. Legard, and others; but they were of an extremely superficial character, good so far as they went, but failing in the attempt to furnish a real and efficient remedy for the evil. This failure on their part is attributable to the common error of mistaking *effects* for *causes*. They find a deficiency of education existing amongst a certain class of the community, and set about ameliorating that deficiency, without inquiring into the real causes which tended to create the mischief they fain would remedy. They do not perceive the intimate relations subsisting between the village beershop and the neglected education of the young. In this respect they remind us of the glazier in Bastiat's 'What is Seen and What is Not Seen.' The effects of this defective moral training in early life are displayed in the rudeness and profligacy so frequently to be witnessed at a statute fair, the demoralizing tendencies of which were well described by Canon Randolph. 'No one,' said the reverend gentleman, 'could stroll through the streets of a market town during the progress of a statute fair, and witness the public-houses opened from the lowest to the highest storey, for the promiscuous entertainment of the young of both sexes, and fail to draw the conclusion that the licence of such times was thoroughly unchristian, and sure to be attended with ruinous results.' Here, again, the mischief of the public-house system strongly forces itself upon the observer's attention. Experience proves, beyond all doubt, that it is the publicans who are the principal upholders of the statute fairs, which, according to Canon Randolph, form 'a serious obstacle to successful results from efforts now being made to improve the tone and habits of the working classes by education.' 'It was in vain,' continued he, 'that in their schools they circulated lessons of sobriety, modesty, and general good conduct, if, as soon as their scholars went forth to their active duties of life, they allowed them to be exposed, at an age when the powers of self-command are weak, to such strong temptations as these fairs present to them.' At Kettering, in Northamptonshire, and at Malton, in Yorkshire, attempts have been made with some success to open large public buildings as refreshment-rooms, *minus* alcoholic drinks, in opposition to the public-houses, but these efforts are simply mere makeshift expedients. Mr. Holland, M.P., thought that the evil would be mitigated by the farmer becoming a different man from what he now was, and, in some respects, Mr. Holland is right. The bucolic mind is not quite sound on the subject of temperance. There are farmers who look upon an abstainer as one unable to perform his field labours properly: their men must drink or go elsewhere. Yet these employers are amongst the first to complain of the drunkenness prevalent amongst those employed by them! It is to be hoped that these things will be properly represented at the next Congress. Until that be done, it will be hopeless to

to look for any improvement in the condition—whether social, moral, or physical—of the industrial classes employed in agriculture.

But such evils are not confined to the agricultural districts. The papers read in the Health Department, illustrative of the special question relative to the present high rate of infant mortality, disclosed a reprehensible state of things existing in our manufacturing cities and towns. Intemperance was distinctly admitted to be one of the principal causes of the mischief complained of; the other alleged causes being early marriages, bad nursing, the use of soothing syrups and cordials, defective ventilation, and so forth. The remedies proposed, however, fell far short of the evils they were intended to meet, and Mr. Raper was correct when he stated that the evil must be counteracted by law. 'One great cause of infant mortality,' according to him, 'was to be found in the fact that children were suffocated by their mothers while drunk. If Government could license houses to make people drunk, who, when drunk, smothered their children, then Government could and must make laws for its remedy.' It might also have been observed that the children of those parents who partook of alcoholic liquors not unfrequently suffered from the bad quality of the milk supplied by the mother's breast. Mr. Ikin, of Leeds, affirmed that burial clubs acted as a premium on infant mortality. These clubs are invariably held at public-houses, and a large portion of the sums paid on the deaths of children is expended in drink. Dr. Shann, of York, read an interesting paper on the 'Influence of Occupation on the Life and Health of those Engaged in some of the Commoner Employments;' his observations being based on his experience in connection with York Hospital and Dispensary. He stated that 'his experience of the operative classes led him to the conclusion that they had climacteric disease, representing the destructive effects of unremitting physical exertion on the degenerating nervous and muscular system of organic and animal life. In these classes the period of climacteric failure was most marked between the ages of thirty-five and forty-nine, terminating about the time of life when that of the upper class commences. With regard to the classes of workmen, ten of them, namely—agricultural and other labourers, joiners, shoemakers, out and in-door servants, smiths, painters, curriers, and sawyers, would be met with in equal proportions in every town. Workers in confectionery and glass and glasshouse workmen were more special. In addition to those specified trades, there was a group of three hundred and eighty-seven persons distributed over eighty employments. The general impression borne out by experience was that before the age of fifty a considerable proportion of the operative classes had made serious advances in structural degeneration. These changes materially reduced the physical powers so as to unfit for any serious or prolonged exertion, and ere long entirely to disqualify for the ordinary business of life.' It would be pertinent to the subject were an inquiry made as to how far the premature decline of physical powers in working men is due to habits of drinking, whether 'excessive' or otherwise. To some extent this has been anticipated by the Rev. Dawson Burns, in a paper entitled 'Vital Statistics in Relation to the Use of Intoxicating Liquors.' In this essay, Mr. Burns states that 'benefit societies and sick clubs have yielded some striking facts. In Preston, at one time, there were eight general sick clubs, and three for teetotallers only. In the former, two hundred and thirty-three out of one thousand members were annually sick; in the latter, one hundred and thirty-nine. The drinkers were sick on the average seven weeks and four days; the teetotallers, three weeks and two days. Each sick drinker received £2. 16s. 1d.; each sick teetotaller had need of only £1. 9s. 2d. Mr. J. Hawkins, M.R.C.S., of Colet Place, Commercial Road East, London, states that he attended a temperance sick benefit society in St. George's East, which numbered one hundred and fifty members, and in the course of three

... remark this being the case of a man who had ... He also states that the St. Ann's Temper... about eighty members, has not had a single ... of thirty members, no deaths in two years; ... deaths in two years. In contrast with these ... benefit society, principally consisting of non... to which is strictly regulated, and is, indeed, ... Christian churches. This club has increased from ... members in nine years, and, according to statistics ... the deaths have numbered nine within that ... per cent. per annum. Both in 1860 and 1863 two ... seventy-five members.'

... may be inquired whether life insurance companies ... abstinence is unfriendly to length of days? In ... from Mr. Mudge, M.R.C.S., of Bodmin, the ... principal companies affirmed that the practice of ... be regarded as an unfavourable element in the ... for insurance, and it is well known that some offices ... to extend their business among those who, like ... drink no wine. But the most satisfactory evidence ... is found in the statistics of the United Kingdom ... Provident Institution, established at the close of ... years of its existence its annual rate of mortality ... while the annual rate of mortality for the general ... per thousand; among lives in other offices eleven, ... so that the temperance average, though this ... members above seventy years of age, was only equal ... at the age of thirty-five, or of persons at the age of ... period of life.'

... beyond all cavil, that it is impossible to determine the ... by any trade or occupation upon those engaged in ..., whether as abstainers, moderate drinkers, or drunkards, ... consideration. It is the absence of these qualifying details ... mortality of medical statistics so defective and unreliable. ... to the treatment of criminals were fully discussed; ... importance were contributed, but the subject of transportation ... Australia scarcely attracted any notice. Considering how the ... respecting the working of that system threatened at one ... the relations subsisting between the mother country and colo..., it appears strange that such should have been the case. ... Mr. Forrens, who had been compelled to revisit Australia, ... inexplicable silence on the subject. The recent deci... with respect to the cessation of transportation to ... be attended with important social results. No longer ... our criminals like rubbish upon colonial soil, we shall be ... study the various causes which tend to produce and foster crime, ... may in future be prevented. This will tend to impart ... importance to the future proceedings of the association in con... the questions relating to crime and criminals, and will also ... attention, on the part of the public, to the fact that intem... constitutes one of the principal feeders of crime.

... question in which the labours of the association have proved of ... service is that of town sewage. The papers read on this subject by ... Rawlinson and others, and the remarks made thereupon by Lord. R. ... have greatly facilitated the attempts now being made to bring the ... to a practical issue. It is highly necessary that our fresh-water ... should cease to be contaminated by the contents of our sewers, and the

the time seems rapidly approaching when the evil will be prohibited by law. To such a result the labours of the association will have materially contributed, forming another instance of its utility when its efforts are properly directed.

The questions of taxation, laws of maritime warfare, working class investments, penny banks, working men's clubs, &c., each came in for a full share of notice. Mr. John Noble's paper on 'Free Trade and Direct Taxation' was followed by a long and exciting discussion, in which several of the leading members of the Financial Reform Association took active parts. At present public opinion has yet to be formed in favour of direct taxation. Still, much good must inevitably arise from the ventilation of the question.

The next Congress is appointed to be held in Sheffield, in which case we may expect that some of the deficiencies experienced at the York meeting will be avoided, and the association be enabled to approach more closely towards that ideal which its founders dreamt of when they ushered it into being.

Art. VI.—MY BROTHER'S EXECUTION.

I CAN'T remember the time when I did not love Harry. Thirty years ago, when my mother sent me out with him to play on the moor (he was then a little bright-eyed fellow, two years old, and I scarcely seven), I would gladly undertake the charge, because I so dearly loved his sunny face and innocent laughter. And oh! what happy days those were! We lived near a colliery, at which my father was engine-man. The place was black and smoky, and dirty enough, but we two scrambled about, taking care not to fall into the old pits that had been worked for coal long years before. We picked the few blackberries in autumn time, from the low prickly stunted bushes that managed somehow to live thereabouts, and in the spring we culled the smutty daisies and buttercups that did their best to look like country flowers. Our cottage was comfortably furnished. My father was a steady, industrious man, fond of his home and his book, though rather stern in temper to his children. My mother worked hard, and made us up many a smart frock, and trimmed many a gay hat, having some little knowledge of dressmaking and millinery acquired in her girlish days; and it was her especial delight to dress Harry smartly, and the little fellow's handsome face, smiling from out its adornments, amply repaid her trouble. We were the only two left of six children, and though I was expected to nurse and serve, and help to spoil, my darling little brother, yet I never experienced any want of affection from my parents towards myself. Harry and I went regularly to the colliery school. He was naturally quick and bright, and made rapid and really wonderful progress there. His schoolmaster and his parents were alike proud of him, but none of them worshipped that child as I, his elder and stupid brother, did. He was to me the sweet child-hero of every boyish dream, supplying my imagination with constant food as I thought of his glorious future, and pictured the heights to which he might aspire. I can see our neat and comfortable home now, as I look back into the past. My mother, good soul, mending, or making, for her husband or children; my father resting in his easy chair, a luxury but just afforded in the cottage; myself employed in making a boat, or whistle, or top for Harry; and Harry, seated between his father and mother, on the opposite side of the table, reading the newspaper to my father, in well modulated tones and peculiarly expressive voice. I see him now. His brown wavy hair, held back over his open brow, with boyish impatience, in one hand; his other extended on the table; his colour heightened; his eye bright; his whole countenance glowing and radiant. No wonder, thought I, every time I looked at him, that the neighbours call him 'that handsome boy,' and 'a gentleman's son he looks every inch of him.' I went on thinking, 'and yet, dear Harry, he is

is not proud, with all his cleverness and all his good looks.' As time went, I used to read with more and more interest all there is in the Bible about David and Jonathan; for was not Harry my young David, and could I not be willing to give up to him my birthright, and all I held most honourable and dear, if thereby he might shine the more, and dazzle the world by his beauty and genius?

We were going to school one day; he was nine years old, and I fourteen; it was early spring; my mother had crocuses, and hyacinths, and snowdrops in bloom within doors; and, abroad, the cloudless blue sky, the fresh young green of the stunted grass and trees, and the glad carolling of birds, bespoke the universal answer of nature to the warm kisses of the golden sun. We felt spring in our young hearts, and whistled, and shouted, and sang, and ran races, till we were tired of our boisterous play; and then, as it still wanted half an hour to school time, we sat down together on a little bank.

'Harry,' I said, 'you are David to me, and I am your Jonathan.' Harry laughed outright, and turned his merry eyes upon my face in wonder. 'How am I?' he asked; but I grew serious, and said, 'You have read about them in the Bible, Harry; you know Jonathan as good as gave up being a king for David's sake, and it is said that Jonathan loved David "as his own soul," and that's how I love you, Harry.'

'Brother,' said Harry, solemnly, 'I don't think David was good to Jonathan; it was greedy and selfish, wasn't it? I don't want to be a David.'

'But, Harry, he was made to be a king over the Israelites; he was so beautiful, and clever, and brave, and lovable, and you are all that too, Harry; and though you won't wear a crown, you'll have to be a king amongst men.' Harry was delighted. 'Shall I, brother? how?'

'Why, Harry, you're handsome, you know, and our schoolmaster says you've plenty of brains, and so, don't you see you must be grander and greater than people who are very plain, and have only few brains.'

The school-bell rang, and we went in without talking any more; but from that hour I saw Harry's brow encircled with a crown, and Harry loved me as his Jonathan. We enacted scenes in their lives with a boyish appreciation of their figures and reality, and I still keep the bow and arrows with which we went through the eventful passage in David's life, when Jonathan discloses to him, by a preconcerted plan, the state of Saul's mind towards him.

Soon after this Harry had a terrible misadventure. He was dashing across a road, boy-like, before a fast-advancing wagon, intending, of course, to clear it 'just in time,' but his speed was not great enough; the fair young form was pushed violently on the ground, and the wagon rattled over his leg. From some little distance where I had been standing, waiting for Harry, I heard a loud shriek; this, succeeded by a dead silence, alarmed me for my brother. I hurried to the spot. Alas! alas! how awful to my loving eyes looked that mangled body, dead as I feared, dead as I believed. Oh! that he had been dead then, in his young innocent boyhood, when a mother's tears, and a father's blessing would not have been denied him! I carried him home, staggering beneath my burden, which however, I would yield to no other arms; and through the long feverish illness that followed, and during all the difficult time for an energetic, impatient lad like Harry, when absolute rest was prescribed for the broken leg, it was my delight to minister to his comfort, to read to him, to tell him of all the freaks and games at school, of the lessons we learnt, and the games we tried; and my mother's praise was sweet indeed when I heard her say to my father that 'Frank was the best nurse the boy had.'

As time passed on, it was necessary that I should leave school, and become apprenticed to learn a trade; I chose that of an ironfounder, and then occurred my first separation from home, and from Harry. The child clung round my neck with wild, passionate tears, and implored me, as I loved my David, not to leave him, and I could only try to soothe him, by telling him to make haste, to learn all he could at the colliery school, and then coax father to let him come to school for a year or two in the neighbouring town where I was about to be apprenticed. 'After that, Harry,' I added, 'you, too, must choose a trade, and we can be together still more.'

But my father, though he wanted Harry to excel, could not make up his mind to part from the boy, and so he continued at home; and being rather lonely in the evenings, took to music for an occupation. He soon discovered that he possessed some taste and a pleasant

pleasant voice for singing. At first all this was harmless enough. He would take his flute of an evening, and serenade the girls, 'who,' he used to tell me on Sundays, with a pardonable pride in his admitted good looks, 'were *all* in love with him, and he thought he could not do less than comfort their poor little hearts by a tune.'

At length another ear was turned to listen to the young musician, and, in an evil hour for my David, the landlord of the Sun and Moon called out to him as he strolled along.

'Good evening, Harry Longford, you are giving your flute an airing, I suppose?'

'Good evening,' returned Harry, lifting his lips from the instrument on which they were resting. 'Yes, I'm come out for a turn.'

'Step in here if you get tired,' said the landlord, carelessly; 'I've one or two friends inside, who are rather fond of a tune on a good flute such as yours is.'

Was there ever a true musician who did not love his instrument?

Harry yielded to that artful bait, and turned in on his way home, just to show what a splendid flute he had. He was welcomed in the bar-parlour; his airs and style of playing were loudly applauded; and before he left he had given the company a song or two, and tasted in return more than one glass of ale, which was the strongest liquor of which they could persuade him to partake. 'Any time, you know, Harry Longford, that you have half an hour to spare, I shall be as glad as an old friend to see you, and I'm sure my company will, too.'

I came home to spend Sunday once a month during my apprenticeship; and one Saturday night when I entered as usual, I found, instead of the happy family group I had anticipated, only my father and mother, who had, I thought, an air of sadness on their faces, unlike the kind manner with which they were accustomed to welcome me.

'Where's Harry, mother?' was my first question, after I had kissed her, and answered her inquiries; for the home circle seemed dull indeed without the sweet face and gay smile of my brother.

'I am afraid,' said my mother, and she hesitated.

'What on earth's the matter, mother,' I asked in alarm, 'you don't say Harry's ill?'

'Frank, if you want to find your brother,' said my father, sternly, 'you will find him at the Sun and Moon.'

'The Sun and Moon!' I exclaimed in horror; for though we had been taught as children to consider as a treat elder and currant wines, a drink of ale, or even a glass of cherry brandy, which we shared with our parents on festival days and Sundays, yet I could not conceive that Harry would so degrade himself as to go to a public-house, to sit and drink with the ordinary customers.

'Why, father, you haven't put him to that business, have you?'

'God forbid,' said my father, 'and if I did do such a thing, do you suppose I couldn't find a more respectable man than landlord Jones to put him with?'

I was silent for a minute; then I asked, 'What is he doing there, father?'

'Drinking, and singing, and playing his flute; I wish the boy had no more knowledge of music than the parson's crows.'

'But something must be done, father.'

'You undertake to do it, Frank; then see what a headstrong youth your brother has become.'

My mother began to cry, and naturally enough, perhaps, to take the lad's part; 'Harry is well enough,' said she, 'if you'd have put him sooner to some proper business; it's idleness that's spoiled him, if anything has.'

My father was silent, looking grave and sorrowful.

'Father,' I said, 'may I get Harry to choose what he will be—he's too old to have nothing particular to do?'

'Yes, Frank,' he answered; so I waited anxiously for the door to open and my David to walk in. I was very much disappointed to see how heavy his once bright eyes looked, and how ashamed he appeared to meet mine fully.

'Well, Harry,' I said, 'this is the first time I have come home and found you too busy to meet me.'

He hung his head, but did not answer. 'I hope you have had a pleasant evening, Harry,' I continued.

Harry looked up at this, not understanding whether I knew where he had been.

'Mother will take some little while getting supper ready for us, and as to-morrow is Sunday, we can rest a little later. Come, Harry, have a walk with me, it is a fine night.'

Harry took down his cap again from the peg on which he had hung it, and walked

walked out with me without speaking a word. It was a beautiful night. The moon, fair and cloudless, was suspended in an atmosphere of singular purity; and shed a brilliant light over the still, deserted moorland, making beautiful what was usually so destitute of natural attractiveness. It shone, too, on our faces, as we turned from the cottage door; and it made Harry's ruddy, healthful bloom look pale and strange.

'Do you remember, Harry,' I began, 'when first I called you my David, and told you how I loved you as my own soul?'

'Yes,' he replied, a little sullenly.

'Do you think I love you less now, Harry?'

'I don't know that I've thought about it.'

'Well, will you believe me if I say that my brother to-night is dearer than he was ten years ago?'

'Yes, I will,' he answered readily. His was a soft, tender, loving heart, and the earnestness of my manner had convinced him of the truth of my words.

'I don't like to find, Harry,' I continued, 'that you have taken to spend some of your evenings at the Sun and Moon; you are too clever, too good, too dear to us all, to be turned into the parasite of a public-house. Promise me that you won't play your flute inside such places again.'

'I can't, Frank, I have agreed to go again.'

'I will settle that for you, Harry.'

'No, no, I am not going to break my word.'

I pleaded and entreated, but Harry would give me no promise, so I turned the conversation.

'What are you going to be, Harry?'

'A musician,' he answered, decidedly.

'Does father agree?'

'I don't care.'

'Harry,' I said, bewildered, 'what has come over you; you are hardly the same boy that you were three months, or even, it seems to me, a week ago. Not care for your father? Who is to support you while you learn?'

'I can support myself,' cried Harry, impatiently; 'don't you think there are plenty of places that would gladly take me in for me to play to the people during the evenings, and, more than that, give me a trifle besides?'

'Public houses, gin-palaces, you mean?' I inquired, aghast at the proposal.

'Yes; I've been offered such a place [illegible], and I don't want to be hanging [illegible] any longer.'

'Oh! Harry, as you stand to-night under this beautiful moon, I do entreat you not to go to London on such a wild-goose chase as that. Learn an honest trade, Harry, and then if you still love music so well, earn some money yourself, and spend it in becoming a first-class musician, and attaining to eminence and greatness as you ought to do.'

I won my brother over. He agreed to become a printer, and I took him back on Monday to the town, made arrangements for his learning the trade, and hired another room for him in the house where I lodged, the abode of an old and respectable widow. For many months things went on prosperously enough. We joined the Mechanics' Institute, and read numbers of volumes together. Now and then we attended a concert; and one evening we strolled accidentally into a temperance meeting. The truths we heard plainly and forcibly enunciated by the speakers convinced me that it was my duty to join the band of those who were struggling to free their country from the hateful bondage of drunkenness. I invited Harry to sign the pledge with me, but he resolutely refused. I saw less reason or utility in the principle to which I pledged myself that night than I have done since, or I think I would have entreated my brother to join me, with all the vehemence and energy and persuasion of which I was master; but I did not behold then the sprouting of that poisonous seed in him which has since yielded such bitter fruit.

After that evening, so eventful to me, for supplying the impetus of an upward and onward course to my whole life, I found Harry less willing to spend his time with me than before. He frequently did not return to our lodgings till nine or ten o'clock; sometimes he was even later; and when I inquired where he had been, he answered me with rudeness, that he wanted no Jonathan to be a spy on his actions. I often answered him not coolly and calmly, as an elder brother should have done, but with fiery looks and impatient words, for I had a temper easily aroused by the imputation of meanness or injustice. After one of these outbreaks, Harry declared his intention to take a room nearer his work, and where he could be his own master. I begged him not to indulge in this plan, but he persisted and went, leaving me to lament over the folly

folly of my behaviour to so high-spirited a brother. Again and again I tried to persuade him to return, but he was deaf to my voice now, and grew cold to me, even in manner. My parents came over to seek an explanation of our separation; I told them the truth. My mother added her prayers to mine; and, perhaps, Harry might have yielded, had he not primed himself for the interview with a glass of 'something short' so readily proffered by the hands of his boon companions. And as Harry grew older and more manly and decided in his actions, it was more difficult for me to attempt to regulate them.

I was now out of my time, and was offered a situation as assistant to the engineer on the colliery. This I gladly accepted, only regretting when I left the town, and went home to my parent's cottage, that there existed that ever-widening breach between my once fond and still beloved young brother and myself.

'You will come over and see us every Sunday, Harry?' I said, as we parted cordially.

'My dear Frank,' Harry exclaimed, in tones of surprise, '*every* Sunday? bless you, no; but I'll come like you used to come, once a month.'

'That's right, we shall be proud enough to have you with us; it will seem like old times again.'

So we shook hands, and Harry turned back to the town, while I took the road to the cottage. It was a great delight to my parents to have one of their sons with them again, and I was soon installed very comfortably in my old room, with a bed in one corner for Harry to occupy during his occasional visits, and my books and tools on a table in the window, for I was fond of designing and modelling.

The month passed away, but Harry did not come. I wrote to him on the Monday, asking for a reason, but no answer arrived, and on the next Sunday, feeling really troubled about him, I walked over to the town. I called at his lodgings, and learnt from the woman that Mr. Longford had been out very late the night before, and was not up yet.

'Tell him his brother is here—or, stop, I will go myself.'

I ran upstairs and knocked at Harry's door. 'It's Frank, Harry,' I called out, 'I want you to come home with me.'

For the first time in his life, my brother answered me with an oath. 'Plague on you, why are you always coming after me so? Am I not old enough to manage my own concerns?' I did not answer. I felt chilled by those dreadful words, and went down stairs to wait for my brother. I looked round the room. It did not present a very respectable appearance; *Bell's Life*, a low, disgusting French novel, a pint pot, a broken pipe, and a small black bottle, which rested on the mantel-shelf, furnished me with plenty of sad thoughts. Soon the owner of all these appeared. He looked sadly worn-out and dissipated, a wreck of the sweet child, Harry, a wreck of my fancied King David.

'If I were your elder brother, Frank,' were his first words, 'I wouldn't act the spy on you.'

'Spy!' I exclaimed, 'who accuses me of wishing to be a spy on you, Harry?' I added, more mildly, 'I came to invite you home for the day; won't you come with me?'

'I can't,' he replied; 'I am engaged to-night; it does not matter to you where, but I can tell you this, I get more money on Sundays than I do all the other days of the week. Tell mother, when I have a leisure day I'll come home.'

'Don't you go to church, Harry, or chapel? Do you *like* this life you are leading? Are you happy?'

'Happy!' Harry grinned, with his handsome teeth, 'who is, in this cursed world, where nobody has got as much money as they want, except a set of fools who can't enjoy it properly. Happy! no, and I don't believe you are either; but I am jolly enough sometimes, and no mistake.' Harry began to whistle 'Begone, dull care,' and strode over to the fire-place. He lifted the black bottle to his lips and drank. 'There, Frank, that's not a teetotal proceeding; what a staid old fanatic you've become! Only four and twenty, and yet you look and act and live as quietly as a judge.'

'I mean to get up in the world, Harry,' I answered as cheerfully and kindly as I could in the same room with that bottled demon; 'and I think you'll find brandy a poor thing to get rich or respected upon. Now, must I go back without you, Harry?'

'Yes, give them my love, and tell them to expect me next Sunday.'

So our lives were passed for another year.

year. Harry's visits were few indeed, and his mother began to droop at the conduct of her young son, once her pride and delight. My father's earnings and mine were amply sufficient to provide every comfort for the cottage home, and we hired a young servant to do the work for my mother, but she enjoyed nothing now as she had done in the days of our boyhood. We could not hide from ourselves the sad fact that our Harry was an habitual drinker, that he was (without being utterly idle or reckless) a sadly dissipated young man, and now the time was come for his apprenticeship to expire, and he must begin life for himself. Just as we looked for Harry to come home, we received a letter telling us of his freedom from bondage, as he called it, and his determination to go to London, where, before we received this missive, he hoped to be.

'To London!' exclaimed my father, 'as well let the lad go to perdition at once! Frank, my son, you must follow him and bring him back.'

'But where? In what part of London shall I find him?' I asked, bewildered, for my knowledge of the metropolis was confined to what I had acquired during a hasty boyish visit to the Great Exhibition.

'He *must* be found somewhere,' said my father, decidedly. 'Frank, go and search for him, and then I shall feel that the blood of the poor, misguided lad is not on my head.'

After much persuasion, I obtained a week's holiday from the engineer, and set out. But time fails me to tell of that weary wandering. I had asked for a holiday; I never spent any period of my life less imbued with a holiday spirit. Have you ever, my reader, sought in such haunts as you were almost ashamed to frequent, lest you should imperil your honest name, for another that bore that *same* name, which you dreaded to discover tarnished and dishonoured in his person? Have you ever searched for the dethroned David of your heart in the flaring gin-palace, the low theatre, or the flagrantly immoral casino? Seven days, and the end —what? A penitent brother? A happy home; peace restored to a desolate household? No. I went back tired, broken-hearted, and footsore, and without the faintest tidings of the wanderer.

So we settled down to work again, with no apparent change in our outward *lives*, but with many heart-aches, and silent tears and prayers to the all-merciful One.

Two years passed thus, without the faintest tidings of our Harry. One day the whole neighbourhood was excited by the report of a dreadful murder recently perpetrated only a few miles from our home. A farmer, after visiting a fair, and receiving a large sum of money, a good deal of which it was known he carried away with him, had been foully murdered on the way home, his pockets rifled, his watch, studs, and every penny in cash taken from him, and his body thrown, wounded and battered, into a ditch. Two men found travelling along the road about twenty miles off had been arrested on suspicion; the elder professed to be a pedlar called Smith; the younger declared he was merely travelling with him for company, and was going home to visit his friends. His name was Longford. Why had my heart told me that before I finished the dreadful paragraph? How could I break this news to my poor, sickly mother? how wound, with an arrow so sharp and poisonous, the heart of my upright, worthy father? And yet if I did not tell them who might not? A dozen giddy, idle women might rush into my mother's house to inform her of the dreadful news, and my father's mates at the colliery would not hesitate to put the paper into his hands.

'Father,' I said, in perplexity, 'I want you to have a look at a drawing in my room.'

'Can't you bring it down to me, Frank? I haven't much time.'

'Not very well, father, come.'

He ascended the stairs, and I followed him.

'Can you bear to have a suspicion of wrong-doing cast upon either of your sons, father?'

'No,' he answered bluntly, turning very white.

'You must bear it, however, father,' and I made him sit down while I read the account in the paper to him.

'It is true,' said he, 'London has finished him; he has come to perdition in an awfully quick manner.'

'Nay, father,' I exclaimed, 'let us not blame Harry. God forbid that I should think my brother a murderer, till his own lips confess it to me. But how can we tell mother?'

'I don't know,' groaned my father; 'keep it from her, Frank.'

'And let the gossips tell her?'

'No,

'No, no, I leave it to you. God help her, poor soul!'

So I went and told my mother, with many softening words, though I felt my fears strongly belie my hopes. To my great comfort, she indignantly received the idea; 'Harry a murderer? You should be ashamed of yourself, Frank, you, who pretended to love him so much, to breathe a word of this kind in my ear! Do you suppose I don't know how things may be misrepresented? If he is coming, as I pray God he may be, home again to us, poor dear, he shall have his mother's heart warm and ready for him, even if his brother does think hardly of him.'

But it was sadly too true that Harry Longford had been taken up on suspicion; and true, alas! that there were traces of blood on those worn garments and that blue cap of his; true, that a knife also, stained and smeared, was found on him; true, that he and his companion had been drinking with the old farmer on the night of the murder; and, as fresh inquiries were made and more of the facts elicited at the inquest, the evidence attached guilt more certainly to my poor brother's proceedings. I visited him at once. I offered bail for him to a considerable amount, but it was refused; the magnitude of the offence forbade its acceptance, and he was fully committed for trial.

At first sight I hardly recognized Harry, so much had strong drink altered him. He was peevish and silent when I spoke to him, but my strong love and pity thawed and subdued him, as I convinced him, by word and action, as far as I possibly could, of my never-dying love. At length he told me his dreadful [illegible] He had become a gambler in [illegible]don, and, after a long run of ill-luck, [illegible]ad determined to come back to his old home, and see if we would receive him again. On the way, stopping to drink at a public-house, he had met with the old farmer, and had proposed to play cards with him, confident of his own superior skill, and, therefore, carelessly staking his last money on it; much to his mortification—for he was now penniless—he lost. The dreadful thought of robbery occurred to him as he sat, his reason and conscience beclouded by the drink that he had so easily obtained in that house, licensed by a Christian government to sell poisonous beverages that destroy innocence and morality. Still, murder was far enough from his intention; 'Nor,' said Harry, 'could it have entered my heart had I not continued to drink till I was reckless of what I did, and insensible to the awful consequences. Believe me, Frank,' and he spoke with the old earnestness and sweetness of his boyhood, 'I would sooner have killed myself if I had been sober, than have murdered that old man; ah! the drink, the drink has ruined me; oh! brother! that I had but taken your advice in that temperance meeting long ago, and signed the pledge. I have wished a thousand times since that I had not refused your wish, then I had not thus wrought my destruction for this world and the next. What do father and mother say?'

I told my brother the words of his poor, patient mother, and the young man wept bitterly;—'Let her think me innocent if you can, Frank, it would kill her to know me guilty. Oh! those cursed drinkshops, where I have been lured on and on, till death and damnation are close upon my track!'

I did not answer these passionate words, but I vowed vengeance in my inmost soul against the drink-traffic for evermore.

It was not long that I could keep the dreadful truth from my parents—not long before they knew all, and asked eagerly for every particular of their son's disgrace, their son's crime. For a long time he shrank from an interview with them. 'I can't, Frank,' he said, 'I can't see them, especially mother, unless you have mercy on me, and smuggle me in a drink of brandy to steady my nerves.'

But I insisted on his being more cowardly than our poor mother, if he refused what she felt would be a consolation to her; and though I gave my brother no brandy, yet I pitied rather than blamed him for the haunting remorse that had led him to beg it of me. How shall I describe that interview? How picture the meeting between the victim of the legalized drink-traffic, now become the murderer of his fellow, and the sickly, broken-hearted mother, of whose heart and eyes, but a few years ago, he had been the light and pride? Only twenty-two years before, Harry had nestled an innocent baby in his mother's bosom, and since then, how much of promise he had given, fair hopes that had all been destroyed hopelessly, helplessly, like some sweet floweret which the mower's all-devouring scythe fells ruthlessly to the earth. I cannot paint that terrible scene; it is one of the darkest pictures over which memory lingers.

I

I can only say that I bore my mother fainting from the prison, to lie down on the bed of death in her once sweet home; my father, prematurely old with sorrow, tottered after me, and the groan of Harry's breaking heart reverberated through the gloom as the turnkey relocked his cell after our departure.

The trial followed. No expense was spared by my father to save his son from the gallows; but it was all in vain. The law, by that strange inconsistency of action which is a disgrace to the Christianity it professes, first licensed men to supply our Harry with strong drink, and then took his life for the offence against it to which that drink had prompted him.

I was often with my brother during the last few weeks of his young and misspent life; often with him, recalling to him all the scenes of our boyhood, every circumstance of that life which seemed to him like some pure, golden dream, from which he had had, poor fellow, a rude and terrible awakening. A sense of penitence was visible enough in his altered manner, his humility, his contrition, but he could not forgive the government of his country, that had allowed the tempters of their fellows to evil to set up at almost every corner, and in every street, their temptations to crime. 'Frank,' he would say, as I sat beside him, 'there are hundreds now at this very moment being led astray just as I have been, young men who are as determined, at first, to go right as I used to be when I first went to old Jones's public-house. I never meant to take too much; I never thought that he was setting a trap for me when he first asked me in to play my flute and sing. And that is how most young men are led away by what is to them a favourite amusement. Some entice you to cards, others to skittles, others to chess, others to clubs, others to dancing, others to music: they have temptations for every disposition, and few see at the beginning into what they will be lured. I know you warned me, brother, and why did I not take heed, you are thinking; well, perhaps, if you had heard how all my companions treated your warnings, how the landlords persuaded me that you were jealous of my talents, you would wonder less at your poor foolish Harry.'

Between the assizes at which Harry's doom had been sealed and the carrying out of the sentence, a fortnight later, *our mother* died. Through all the wanderings of her mind in that last sad illness, her one thought had been of her child. At one time she was rejoicing in his infant beauty, with all the sweet pride of a young and loving mother, clasping him in imagination to her bosom with many a word and smile of endearment, talking to him in baby language of the flowers and birds and sunshine; and then she would enumerate, as if addressing some kindly neighbour, all his wondrous abilities, his marvellous cleverness, and her bright hopes of his future. Anon the dread reality seemed to flash across her brain with the lurid light of despair, and she moaned and shrieked piteously, and wrung her thin hands in agony, whilst her whole frame shook, and the drops of perspiration stood on her pale forehead, and, disturbing the silent watches of the night, came the low cry of pain from those parched lips, 'Save him, save my Harry from the gallows.'

After her death our poor father, whose sternness and manliness had long since given way, was reduced to a state of maudlin sorrow; his second childhood had come upon him, years before, in the order of nature, we had any reason to fear or expect so sad and beclouded an evening to his calm and well-ordered life. I felt bitterly as I grasped my brother's trembling hand, when I gave him the sad tidings, that henceforward my home could be nothing to me, save a cemetery full of the graves of lost joys and buried pleasures; and when I had taken leave of Harry, and knew that the last sun had set for my young brother, life wore a mantle of deepest, darkest hue, that Time, as I looked forward to its onward course, seemed to possess no power to remove.

The next morning was wild and stormy. The wind had howled all night around my humble lodging in the busy town like the requiem of the dead, or the plaintive farewell monotone of the dying, and I had lain awake listening to it, and thinking of my brother. The double execution of Harry and his accomplice attracted a vast crowd from the surrounding towns and villages. It is an excitement comparatively rare to see two men murdered in broad daylight, and that legally. The executioner has need of especial adroitness, for the crowd becomes especially impatient, and so it was on that awful morning. I watched the culprits taking part alive in their funeral procession; I saw our Harry's white face and drooping head and

and listless form; I beheld the clergyman and all the dread paraphernalia of that scene; and, looking around me, I beheld the upturned faces of the thousands who had come to see my brother die; to laugh, perchance, at his quivering lips, his nerveless step, to report that 'he had not died like a man,' that 'he did not show any pluck.' How should he, with his mother's death, and his wasted life standing in their fearful significance, and in the light of another world before him, besides that other spectral form—the murdered man?

Coarse laughter, wicked oaths, dreadful jests met my ear on every hand; hawkers of cakes and apples and ginger beer plied their business, and people bought of them, and ate and drank, thus filling up the time of waiting for my brother's agony; and betting men and pugilists, whose whole existence seemed to be animal *versus* intellectual; and publicans come to behold one result of their lucrative and respectable and law-honoured traffic; and women and children with no youth, nor tenderness, nor modesty, nor softness in their hard unnatural faces; and rough collier lads, and men, fresh from loom and engine and factory, made up that great crowd. But some few, thank God, there were who tried to show the people the evil, the vice of drunkenness, the danger of tampering with strong drink, and the magnitude and worth of their immortal souls, gaining their heedless ears by most persuasive eloquence.

And then, as I looked again at Harry, and thought how sweet had been the smile of that child-face, that had lain on my shoulder as I carried him across the moorland in our happy childhood, my eyes overflowed, the blessed relief of tears came at last to my fevered brain. A heavy thud, followed by the shrieks of women, sounded upon the ear. I looked again, the drop had fallen, and the two quivering forms hung motionless from the beam.

Harry was dead. I pressed my handkerchief to my eyes, and then, in sight of that lifeless body, consecrated myself before God to help by purse and pen and effort to amend the unjust liquor-laws of our country, which, affording every protection to the maker and seller of strong drink, offers no security whatever to the unhappy victim.

My brother and his companion, under the influence of brain poison, supplied to them by a certain legalized trafficker in that poison, had killed the farmer; but whilst their two lives were sacrificed to the bloodthirsty goddess of Justice in return for his, no mention was made of the man who had sold them the drink, whilst they were already excited by previous potations, and who had done this for no other reason than to fill to greater overflowing his ample pockets. And is this Christian England, where man is thus legalized to play the part of vampire on the health, the morality, and the religion of his fellows?

Harry! my brother! as I love the memory of our youth, as I pity thy fall, as I blame thy destroyer, so do I vow to dedicate my life to the extinction of that foe of my race to which thine has been sacrificed.

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

TENDENCIES OF DEBT AMONGST THE WORKING CLASSES.

A very large proportion of the working people are constantly in debt, and very much of the misery that prevails among them is owing to this circumstance. Their wages are regularly required to defray past expenses; and new liabilities must be incurred to obtain their current requirements. Persons who give credit to the working people are mainly an inferior class of tradesmen, who are themselves seldom in a position to purchase at the best markets, and the precarious trade they conduct, with its multitude of bad debts, compels them to charge a very high price for the commodities they supply. The female portion of a working man's family commonly make the serious mistake of purchasing their articles of clothing from tally-men, and pay, by a succession of small instalments, frequently about five per cent.

cent. upon the amount at each payment. It is obvious that the time, trouble, and risk of conducting business upon this system must require extreme profits. Not extreme, perhaps, taking the circumstances into account; but very excessive as compared with ready money transactions. Further imprudence is exemplified by resorting to the pawnbroker. It occurs often that pledges are not redeemed, and articles of great importance to the pawner are sacrificed for a mere trifle. Many people make a constant practice of pawning their goods; and even of pledging their best wearing apparel weekly,—pawning on Monday morning, and redeeming it on Saturday night to be worn on Sunday. The interest paid in each instance may seem but trifling, and amply repaid by the accommodation rendered; but these frequent little payments in the space of twelve months accumulate to a sum of considerable importance to a working man; equal at a moderate computation to a week's earnings.

Being in debt only to the amount of a few weeks' wages, will depress the condition of a working man equally with a considerable reduction of his earnings. The purchasing power of his pound per week is certainly not greater than sixteen shillings in the hands of a man having a little money in advance. To keep free from debt is of the utmost importance, and to a person behindhand it is worth making every effort, if he values the future comfort, to extricate himself from his difficulties, but it requires determination and self-denial to do so, as liquidating a debt honestly is much harder to accomplish than to save a sum of money equal to it when disencumbered.

The effect of debt, beyond the means of easy payment, upon all people, is to produce a direct moral degradation. Lying, the parent of all other vices, is employed for the purpose of postponing payment. 'The man has been disappointed in not receiving all manner of imaginary sums, and he will certainly pay from the first that he receives,' knowing that he has nothing to receive—'that an arrear of wages is due to him,' although he has overdrawn his earnings. Such, and innumerable other promises and subterfuges are employed. Excuses and evasions are, at first, made with some kind of compunction; but that soon wears away, and ultimately merit is claimed for skilful deception. The next step in dishonesty is scheming to evade payment altogether, and then by any kind of cunning to obtain property on credit; but without the slightest intention of discharging the debt. It is easy to conceive the downward tendency of such a course. Self-respect soon becomes obliterated, and the opinion of others disregarded. These checks upon evil possessions and vicious propensities being removed, a disregard of the decencies of society is often made a subject of exultation. With the struggle to get on from day to day home becomes neglected, being void of comfort, and the few miserable articles it contains constantly liable to seizure. The children are dragged up in filth and depravity, and the female portion often waste more time in running after charitable doles than would suffice to earn double their amount. This is not a picture of the imagination, but one that may be realized throughout the country but too frequently.—*Cash versus Credit*, by GEORGE HURST; *Social Science Review.*

PAWNBROKERS.

In Great Britain there are about 2,500 pawnbrokers. In London, 375; in Manchester, 220; in Liverpool, 130; in Birmingham, 100. Other cities and towns, east, west, north, and south, divide the rest. There is scarcely a town in which a market is held, however small the number of inhabitants, but possesses the well-known sign. Some of these establishments, like a good country curate, do duty for a very extensive district.

You will perceive by the figures quoted, that our country towns are better supplied than London; it is, however, only in number, as some of the London

London houses could swallow many of the country ones without experiencing half the inconvenience an alderman does after a city dinner. Every pawnbroker must take a license, and then is limited to pledges on which not more than £10 is advanced—all beyond that requires a special contract, and a stamped agreement, with special terms, as profitable, in the stamp to Her Majesty's Exchequer, as it is secure for the contracting parties. Until lately, all duplicates for pledges under 5s. were given free of cost, above that sum a halfpenny was charged. But the large quantity of small pledges, and the labour involved (pawnbrokers say) rendered that an unprofitable part of their business, and, as unity gives power, they formed a society for the redress of grievances—agitated quietly from Land's End to John o' Groats, prepared a bill for the consideration of Queen, Lords, and Commons, and adopting the cry, 'the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,' saw their efforts triumphant, and celebrated their victory by a glorious dinner, and potations of champagne and port, which made some eyes brilliant, and probably some hands unsteady. It is only right to say, their new law contains but one clause, which gives them the power to charge a halfpenny for every ticket when the pledge is under 10s., and to retain the old charge when above. Most, however, give the ticket when the sum lent is under 1s.

I am not able to say the minimum sum with which a profitable trade may be done; competent judges consider the average amount employed to be £5,000. Some have as much as £80,000. These, of course, are but few—the big-wigs of the profession, who merit, by the extent of their trade, the title of 'Great Uncle.' Taking the average at £5,000, will give us over twelve millions employed, and circulated, as it is, at least three times a year, shows that their trade or profession has no little to do with the hard cash jingling in your pockets or dropped in your tills.

THE DOLLY SHOP.

There is another branch or class in the family, who are far too numerous, and exercise too great an influence to be passed over. I refer to dolly-shop keepers. These gentry are well known to city missionaries and policemen, and are watched as carefully as a cat watches a mouse. Like their more respectable relations, they mount no sign, and are not distinguishable to the general public. Money-lending with these is on a very small scale; and is but the smallest portion of their business. Some do an extensive trade, and never lend any. It is pleasant to be charitable, especially when it costs nothing. But these defy the utterance of even a good word. He who would speak in their praise would deserve an action for slander. They live above law. The keenest Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot touch them. They have a license of their own, above law, which of course costs nothing. They nominally purchase every article brought to them, in reality, take all in pledge. They give no duplicate, and are not responsible for the return of anything. Still, self-interest, if no higher motive, generally keeps them to their bargain. As stated, they buy; and the seller may repurchase within a week or a fortnight, at a good profit, of course, in lieu of interest. The injustice of the transaction is manifest, as their customers are too poor or too vicious to help themselves. If not redeemed at the specified time, any article may be sold; and the profit, much or little, is pocketed. These receptacles of anything and everything only exist in localities where destitution and vice abound. Sometimes they have the appearance of marine stores, or what they really are, old clothes shops. Sometimes they are coupled with a chandler's shop, and a profitable trade is driven, as the parties who leave their goods are compelled to take in return what is there sold—it may be table-beer, *alias* swipes, strengthened, flavoured, and coloured by some brewer's

[redacted] leaves ticketed as 'strong Bohea,' 'Young Hyson,' or 'genuine Souchong,' all of which may have done duty at the Carlton or Reform Club, or the last tea drinking at your own Ragged School. They exist in connection with some licensed beershops, where pewter pots and pewter pots triumphant, and solos are roared from the mouth of some warrant, or arranged by some wanton—where the fiddler plays the last polka, and shares with the landlord the profits of the twopenny hop. Yes, even there they exist: and I blush to state it, women, when all their money is gone, are known to slip off some article of dress, and hand it to the landlord as a security for the maddening beverage he calls porter. It is generally the shawl or bonnet which bring them customers: and they are ready to pawn anything on which they can with safety advance the price of a pint or more, or half a quartern of gin.

The existence of these places in any locality is an unmitigated curse, as the facilities afforded for the disposal of almost worthless articles helps the drunkard to pander to his appetite, robs the home of its most necessary articles—children of their food and clothing; while it contributes to the supply of paupers in all our metropolitan parishes. I could occupy the whole of your time with tales, some ludicrous, some appalling, illustrative of the evil influence of these pest-houses. I give you two:—

A hard-working man, who liked and deserved the good things of this life, found himself, after a week's toil, walking home with a fine leg of mutton and large loaf of bread. The bread was a usual thing; but there was the mutton sufficient to cheer, and yet surprise any wife. No cag-mag, but cut from a genuine Southdown.

'Wife,' says the husband, 'that will make us a good Sunday dinner, boiled, with caper sauce.'

'Boiled!' says the wife.

'Yes, dear; a leg of mutton is always best boiled.'

Now that word *boiled* was terrible in its influence, because it would require a large kettle, and that was at the dolly-shop—unknown, of course, by the loving husband. Happily, if the husband had love, the wife had genius. Off went the wife, Sunday morning, with the loaf to redeem the kettle—accomplished her purpose—boiled the mutton—redeemed the loaf by again pledging the kettle, and then sat down to eat her dinner, praise the quality of the mutton, and be praised in return for her skill in cooking it. I make bold to tell husbands this tale need not alarm them, as the doings of this wife and woman are quite an exception to the rule. So is the following:—

It is no doubt well-known to most that our Poor-Law contemplates condition, not character. In other words, the vile and lazy can claim and have as much legal right to shelter, food, and clothing, as the most moral and industrious. They can enter the union or workhouse just when they like, and leave when they like. That is the law; and master, matron, or guardian have no power to alter it. The unworthy know this, and of course take advantage of it. Possessing this knowledge, the heroine of our story often claimed her right to admission and discharge. In filth and wretchedness she always came; in decent, if not fashionable attire, she always left. No remonstrance was heeded; no punishment effectual to secure a reform. Every time she left, her clothing was disposed of, and how to prevent it baffled master, doctor, clerk, guardians, and all others concerned, save the matron. Who knows the depth of a woman's skill? Commend me to two women, whose pursuits are antagonistic, for a display of ability. When genius is opposed to genius they develop each other—act and react. This was seen in the matron and her persevering friend.

'Please, ma'am,' said the woman to the matron, 'I want to leave.'

The matron knew it was gin she wanted, but very good-temperedly replied—'You

'You can leave to-morrow.' Determined at the same time no gin should be had at the expense of the parish.

Thus resolved, she contrived a dress from old counterpanes, cut and made in a style far above the fashion of the day. On the morrow our friend was ready for her liberty, so was the matron with her dress. Proud of her achievement and secure of a triumph, cooly the robe was put on, and away she went. I am sorry to add, her desire of liberty was but brief, as in a few days she claimed her right for shelter, and in triumph informed the matron the dress was at the dolly-shop, and may be obtained by paying principal and interest.

This is no fiction. I have an authority for asserting it as a fact—terrible, if for a moment amusing. You who happily live and move in a circle far removed from the lower strata of society, can afford to think your ignorance is bliss, and perhaps, in some respects, it is. Still, it would not do for all to discard these things. If humanity does sink so low, let me know it, aye, and witness it too. I say they are still akin to us. Our hearts will not be less grateful for knowing something of the pit in which so many have fallen, or for the power which in mercy restrains us from it.

I have seen some as low as this wretched woman—I have made inquiries into their early history, and now say with confidence, they are not limited to any class—their ranks are filled from every grade. Some have been nursed in comfort—trained with care—lived in the enjoyment of every luxury the heart could desire, and owe their degradation to a false step—to disappointed hopes—to cunning schemers—to the formation of habits which not only admit, but compel a downward tendency, until the last stage is reached, when, destitute of shame, they seem to possess only the power to resist every effort to elevate and bring back to a position of comfort and respect. Oh! it is alas too true!—human nature can educate itself for the vilest life—for the deepest woe, and live glorying in it.

THE PAWNBROKERS' CUSTOMERS.

For convenience, we may divide the customers into three classes—the vicious, the imprudent, and the needy. I am aware that all may be regarded as needy; but this division will be near enough for our purpose. I include in the vicious all who pledge for the purpose of pleasure or sin. I am sorry to say that this class is somewhat numerous. It is a great blessing that few vices can be gratified without expense. There is some limit to indulgence, apart even from health; the state of the finances must check, not, however, until every scheme is exhausted, and every article pledged. The future never enters into the calculations of the gay or vicious—present gratification absorbs their mind, and produces at the same moment pleasure and pain. To a great extent the interests of the gin-shop and pawnshop go together. My Uncle, from the nature of his business, affords facility for raising money, which the proprietor of the gin-shop secures. No one at all familiar with the working class, or those above them, but must have seen and heard of things which confirm this statement. I have worked with men who delighted in a drunken bout, and seen them take every tool to pledge. It is the usual place of resort, known as well as the shop in which they work, or the home in which they live. I refer, of course, to the drunkard. I have seen a parcel of forty duplicates in the hand of a commercial gentleman, a present from his wife, on his return from a journey. In this case, the interest of my Uncle's was also the publican's. These are every-day facts. Unfortunately, too, they are every-day customers. What will not vice do in both sexes? I have known a man compel his wife to strip his children and pledge their clothing, to pro-

cure

cure him the means of gratifying his base appetite. I have known a woman do it while her husband has been hard at work. You may put it down as certain that all drunken men or women among the lower class know the pawnshop as well as they do the gin-shop. * * * I am sorry to say the majority who visit the pawnshop are the imprudent among the working class. Imprudence is often the companion of impudence. There is little or no shame in these customers. They meet and mingle, freely pass their jokes with each other, and banter my Uncle with all the confidence of old friends. It is natural: where there is no shame there is no fear. They are my Uncle's living; they are weekly visitors; it is these that pay; quick returns are his delight. A thousand imprudent customers are worth many hundred pounds annually. But perhaps some of you doubt if the imprudent form the majority, and deserve the name. I used to think pawnbrokers fattened, while other tradesmen grew lean. I know better now. A good harvest—an increasing revenue, with plenty of employment—gladden their hearts as much as they do Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer. When trade is good they thrive. It is, beyond question, the best paid, mechanics and the most regularly employed are the very best customers. 'There are few well-doing tradesmen, indeed almost none, who require the pawnbroker; the wages they get are sufficient to save them from it,' was the statement of a manufacturing justice in Scotland to a deputation of pawnbrokers who waited on him. 'It is the very reverse,' cried one, 'and I can prove it. They are not alike provident; and how can you make the improvident better? I perhaps count among my customers some of the most sober and industrious men in your honour's own employment I'll be bound to say nine-tenths (mark that) of the customers are respectable mechanics' wives.' I confess at once this was a knock-down blow to my notions of Scotch prudence. It is quite as bad in England. 'Get the working classes up a week, and keep them up, and many of us may close our shops. It is by their imprudence we live,' is the candid admission made to myself by some of the most respectable of my Uncles. If these statements are true, it shows that a hundred and forty millions of the hundred and fifty-six annually taken, are from the imprudent, the vicious, and the gay.

The worst feature in the case is, it becomes a habit, as settled and fixed as fainting is to some ladies, or the pipe to some gentlemen—a thing that must be done, despite of regular employment—the capability of getting above it—or the considerable item it adds to the expenses, in the shape of interest. I think of these with regret. The best paid mechanics are not too well paid. The skill they display—their endurance of toil—the position they occupy in what constitutes the wealth of a nation—make what they get deserving of a better fate than swelling my Uncle's stock, or contributing to his wealth, and diminishing to a great extent their own comforts. But if the vicious and imprudent deserve censure, there are the needy who merit sympathy. Whatever abuses exist, and however much the facility afforded for getting a little ready cash may be taken advantage of, there is a necessity for the existence of pawnshops arising from the ever-changing circumstances of the working class.

* * * * * * * * *

I asked, when standing in a wareroom, if they could tell the needy from the imprudent. 'Oh, yes,' was the reply; 'the order in which the articles are brought tell us at once. We get first a shawl, then a dress, and so on to every article a woman can spare. Then comes the husband's clothing—always last in pledge, and first to be redeemed.' It will not be out of place to tell you how the needy customers are produced. Want of employment will do it in many cases. There are other causes, however, more distressing still. Note that genteel-looking woman leaving the side-door, gripping firmly the silver

silver received in return for the pledge left. Let her history tell you; it will be one among many. Till lately, no care has settled on her brow, no sorrow eaten into her heart. 'Home, sweet home,' she could sing with rapture. The partner of her life has been true to his vows, and she has been true to hers. They have been blessed with enough for every want—if not abundance—all reaped from his toil. All *was* well, cheerful, and happy. Now affliction has stopped the supply, and laid the strong man *low*—all is changed.

'Their sorrows are no phantoms of the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats across a sky of light,
On a summer gale,
They are the true realities of earth.'

Affliction brings an increase of expenditure, as we all know; and, generally with the poor, diminished resources. Pain requires a cordial to soothe; weakness, nourishment to support. The supply from friends is not like the widow's oil; they oftentimes fail in the hour of need. How can necessity be supplied? Hope and fortitude seldom fail in a loving-hearted woman. These are the alternatives—sell or pledge. The last is chosen in hope, though followed out with reluctance. Who will blame? I am prepared to applaud; especially as it is certain her apparel went without a sigh—his with a heavy heart. The lives of the most distressed families prove the proverb, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window,' a gross libel. It is the time when love reaches its climax in woman, makes it manifest, proves its power, and shows her to be a helpmate indeed.

I would that I could depict in appropriate language, and had the rich to hear me, the privations of some of the poor ere they gave way to the stern necessity of pledging imposed on them. It would prove that natures as noble exist in the lowly cottage—in pinching want, covered with rags, struggling for life—as are to be found in the high places of the earth, and help to break down the pride of caste and the dignity of position, and bring out what are primary truths of revelation. God has made of one blood the high and low, the rich and poor, and makes character, not position, the ground of respect and love. I am convinced, however, that one day there will be no want of a herald to proclaim—Virtue in poverty is more dignified than gilded crime—more acceptable to a beneficent Creator, and ought to be more attractive to men.—*From 'The Three Gilt Balls; or, My Uncle, his Stock-in-Trade and Customers.'* A Lecture. By T. TURNER. London: E. Marlborough and Co.

PASTOR FLIEDNER, OF KAISERWERTH.

Miss Nightingale, who spent some months at Kaiserwerth in 1857, has published the following remarks:—

'Pastor Fliedner died (in harness) on the 4th of October, at the Deaconesses' Institution at Kaiserwerth-on-the-Rhine, near Dusseldorf, which he had founded. He lived to preside at the thirty-first celebration of the anniversary of this his foundation, which he began in September, 1833, with one "sister," one female criminal, and no money, in a small summer-house in his pastor's garden. But though he willingly kept himself in the background on this thirty-first anniversary, he was so exhausted after it, having long been suffering from chest disease, that the medical man ordered him entire rest and change of air. He went to the Convalescent Institution which he himself had founded for his sick deaconesses, but came back for the confirmation of two of his sons on Sept. 25, and all then saw he was dying. But he had time to collect all his children about him, to give them

precious words of exhortation, and to speak to them, too, quite simply and openly about his own death, of which he said, "It needs only to be as a little child going to its father." He was in the last agony on Tuesday, Oct. 4. But hymns were sung and prayers offered aloud, at his own desire, all that Tuesday morning, as he sat in his chair. And the deaconesses were all admitted into his room, by tens and twelves, to see him and to join in these hymns and prayers, till two o'clock, when he died. His last words were "Victory!" and "Overcome!" Pastor Fliedner created a hospital, a penitentiary and asylums for females released from prison, an orphan asylum, a normal school, an infant school, and lastly, a lunatic asylum—the whole to serve as training schools for his deaconesses, whom he also trained as parish deaconesses. The mother house was at Kaiserwerth. But his sisters are not only all over Germany, but all over the world, from the East to North America, from Italy to London, at the German Hospital, Dalston. He has deaconesses at Jerusalem, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, and Bucharest, and since 1860, he has (as stated in the number of "Evangelical Christendom" of October, 1862) at Beyrout and Sidon, given a Christian harbour to the orphan children and sufferers from the Lebanon massacre, under his deaconesses' wing. In the spring of this year (1864) there were four hundred and fifteen deaconesses belonging to Kaiserwerth, of whom two hundred and fifty-six were full sisters; three hundred and three are at work at one hundred and three stations in Germany and abroad. Besides these, twenty were at work in the war hospitals of Schleswig-Holstein, ten more had been asked for by the War Minister, but only some of the ten could be spared to go. In the Schleswig-Holstein war-hospitals were more Danes and Roman Catholic Austrians than Prussians. (So much the better. The Roman Catholics now know how evangelical sisters of charity can work.) Thirty-three sisters are at work as parish deaconesses in twenty-five parishes, but yearly have applications for sisters to be refused. The harvest truly is ready, but the labourers are still too few. Seventy-five sisters devoted to education only (of whom thirty-one are full sisters) are included among the above four hundred and fifteen. But this number gives no idea of the work of training mistresses for infant schools, elementary schools, industrial schools, young ladies' boarding schools, and governesses for private families, which goes on at Kaiserwerth; one thousand and seven have been thus trained, who work freely for the good cause, but do not enter as deaconesses; and, blessed as is the work of the latter, perhaps the former work has an equally world-wide influence for good. When arrived at their destination, the schoolmistresses try, by Sunday-schools, by visits to the poorer children at home, by friendly acquaintance with the mothers, to spread the real work of education. At the young ladies' boarding-schools, besides excellent instruction, the girls can, if the parents wish it, receive an initiation into housekeeping, cooking, and dressmaking. They are exercised in gymnastics and in the open air. And they have all the beautiful German music-teaching. A few stations (*e.g.*, London) were also originally started with Pastor Fliedner's deaconesses, who still administer them, though no longer attached to Kaiserwerth. And when we consider that all this was done at an annual expense (last year) of about £7,500 (*plus* a sum of about £1,500, spent in building in 1863), we may truly say, never was so much good effected with such small means. And all this has been accomplished in little more than a quarter of a century—in twenty-seven short years, or, including the Penitentiary, which was Pastor Fliedner's first work, thirty-one. They ask our prayers from Kaiserwerth for the continuance of his work. He leaves a widow who was as efficient a "mother" to the deaconesses as he was a "father," and seven children without provision. His daughter is married to Pastor Disselhoff, who ably seconded him in the institution. They ask our prayers, not for these fatherless children and widow, but for his

his work. Let us, then, after returning thanks to Almighty God for the life and works of this good man, pray that it may please Him to raise up men who will continue the work, which belongs more to Him than to us, in the same spirit of poverty and of taking up the cross, of purity and of a sound mind, which His servant Fliedner did.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Without preface, devoid of editorial explanation, a volume of sermons by Henry Ward Beecher, printed and published in London,* is offered to the reading world. Reprinted as these discourses are from Mr. Beecher's newspaper, it might not have been amiss had their source been acknowledged; but come they how they may, right heartily do we welcome them. Mr. Beecher's shortcomings as a theologian are not unknown to us; but these we forget afresh whenever one of his sermons falls into our hands. Here we are sure to find honest expression of individual thought; words of a man, not of a mere functionary; words straightforward and sincere. Here will be a broad, robust, hearty manliness, and here, also, the outpourings of a tender, loving heart. Here will be, what are above all things precious, doctrines never divorced from that which is nobly ethical. And how goodly is the result, when the preacher knows how in rich and wisely-culled speech to set forth in a thousand delightful ways the grand Christian truth that fell from the inspired pen of that Son of Thunder, who was the most loving of the Apostles, 'He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous;' and again, 'He that saith, "I know Him," and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.' At Henry Ward Beecher's discourses no one can look without being rewarded with shrewd thought and happy imagery well and consistently struck out; and, above all, with treasures of Christian experience set forth right beautifully. Sure always to meet with much to quicken both brain and heart, with joyous expectation we plunge the paper-knife into the volume. And at the outset, we are glad to have also set before us, as it is here—a well-executed portrait of the preacher. How self-reliant the attitude; the arms crossed with a frank firmness on the broad chest; the head held well up, and in every outline of the face a manifestation of—shall we not say?—a genial sauciness, a blithe confidence of power. What if the locks are somewhat longer than the insular Anglo-Saxon chooses to wear his own,—a Yankee crinose cataract upon the shirt collar; what if the cheek is smooth, the lip unfringed by masculine growth;—nature's manly ornament, as we fear, ungratefully declined and shaven? We see all the more of the face for that, and it is a face worth looking at. The brow high and broad, the eyes full and rich in language, the eyelid oddly half-drooping over one of them, in true testimony of the shrewd spirit within. The nose well pronounced, but somewhat too short to prevent the upper lip from being almost unhandsomely protracted. Massive and well set the chin; and how suggestive that nowise scanty, and, for the most part, finely cut mouth! Made evidently two-tenths for eating and eight-tenths for talking, it stands like a gate with a whole troop of thoughts behind it, ready to leap forth upon you. Apt seem those lips for speech, ready at all points and longing to begin. Thanks, Messrs. Publishers, for this portrait; it adds even to the value of this volume.

The sermons here reprinted are twenty-four in number; and we are glad to see that the book being marked 'Vol. I.,' promises to be the head of what we hope will prove to be a long series.

A very pleasant gift-book for a child is '*Our Dumb Companions*',* written by Thomas Jackson, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of

*J. Heaton and Son, 42, Paternoster Row, E.C.

* London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Stoke

Stoke Newington. Collect all the anecdotes of dogs, cats, horses, and donkeys that demonstrate the intelligence and the utility of those creatures, weave them into a narrative under the form of conversations of a father with his children, illustrate them profusely by excellent engravings, give to the whole really good and nicely toned paper, capital pressmanship, and beautiful type, then bind the volume elegantly in cloth, and let a painted and enamelled vignette amidst gilding adorn the cover, and the result will be the very thing that we have now upon the desk. The author's notion is that his book will supply a want often felt, of a volume that shall present to young persons, in simple and attractive form, the doctrine of the justice due to animals, and the blessings which accompany the right treatment of them. He very suitably suggests that the work may be used in primary, secondary, and other schools, and be offered as a reward to boys and girls distinguished for their gentleness towards animals. The book is admirably adapted for such a purpose, and it would, indeed, be highly acceptable anywhere where there are children. We can give it, as a gift-book, most unreserved commendation.

The power of thin paper, small type, and condensation, in conjunction with most conscientious editorial care, can no further go, we should think, than in *The Gospel Treasury; or, Treasury Harmony of the Four Evangelists*, compiled by Robert Mimpriss, and now published in a single volume.* The same work, in similar type, but in two volumes and on stout paper, has long been on our book-shelves. Mr. Mimpriss's compilation bears strong testimony to his most laborious patience, and, we must add, to the excellence not only of his powers as a compiler, but also of his eyes. Its characteristics are too well and widely known to require description from our pen. The harmony, we will say briefly, is according to Gresswell's arrangement; it is in the words of the authorized version, and has abundant Scripture illustrations, expository notes, practical reflections, geographical notices, and last, not least, a copious index;—this feature constituting this edition a marked improvement over the earlier one with which we are familiar. Mr. Mimpriss's mode of treating Scripture is occasionally too external for our taste, and we need go no further than the title-page in order to find illustration of this criticism. The solemn words, 'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth,' quoted as one of the mottoes of the book, cannot possibly intend those who merely trace the Lord's footsteps on the map of Palestine, or who cut to pieces and dovetail the four sacred memoirs of the Evangelists. Its meaning is altogether deeper and higher. Nevertheless, the world of Sunday-schools owes a debt of thanks to Mr. Mimpriss for his labours, and for the marvellously cheap rate at which his volumes are sold; and, good sight being always taken for granted (the type, though beautifully clear, is very small),—the popular student having the two volumes in one very handy volume of about a thousand pages, may justly congratulate himself on possessing a treasure.

The words 'Sixth Thousand' on the title-page, testify to the popularity of '*Julian Meall; a Brief Memoir of a Little Boy, who Died in the Ninth Year of His Age.*'* We do not regard accounts of the death-beds of pious children as altogether wholesome reading for a child; but there are many of more advanced age who may be affected in a salutary manner by the perusal. As a rule, 'How to Live,' is the most serviceable lesson, whether for a child or for an adult, and those books are the best that teach this.

A little girl whom we have just consulted pronounces *Marie and the Seven Children*, by Mrs. T. Geldart,* to be 'a very nice little book indeed, a delicious little book,' and by this dictum we are prepared to stand. The tale is of a little girl left, at a tender age, to be a mother to seven little ones; of her trials and troubles; of the strength she found where the true Christian always finds strength; of her success; and of a happy settlement crowning all. We have seen several books of Mrs. Geldart's, but this is the best.

The lady who wrote *The Crosses of Childhood; or, Alice and her Friends*,* should not let her pen lie idle, for it possesses the happy art of enfolding excellent moral and religious lessons in an engaging narrative form.

* London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

* London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

We

We know not the author, but her book we are glad to know, and can recommend it with emphasis as a really beautiful little gift-book for a girl. It contains twelve chapters; and in this case it will be doing something to indicate the character of the contents if we append the titles. These are: "A Mother's Lesson; or, The Readings of Scripture;' 'Little Alice's Cross; or, The Lost Darlings;' 'A Day at the Parsonage;' 'Alice and Margaret;' 'Mr. Rutherford's Children;' 'Tom Willis and his Broken Leg;' 'School Hours; or, The Sewing Lesson;' 'The Two Sisters;' 'The Fever in the Village;' 'The Fever Brought Home;' 'The First Sufferer;' and 'Light Through the Cloud.' Any readers of our own whom these titles attract, will, we are confident, be very much charmed with the little volume when they get it, which we decidedly recommend them to do, if in search of a gift-book for a child of from eight to fifteen years of age.

The first number of a volume, which is to be completed in twelve parts‡ promises to supply a valuable common-place book to those who desire to possess illustrations of theology and morals, selected from great divines, and systematically arranged. Starting from Bacon's analysis of theology into 'Sacred History, Parable or Divine Poesy, and Holy Doctrine,' Mr. R. A. Bertram adopts the second division, '*Parable or Divine Poesy*' as the title of his compilation; and selects passages coming under this denomination from a list of authors of considerable breadth, including the Fathers of the early Church and the old Divines of the English Establishment, and not excluding the most modern preachers of widely various schools, such as Trench, Guthrie, Arnot, Beecher, and Parker. The passages are placed under appropriate headings; each article thus formed is subdivided; and each subdivision is arranged chronologically, so as to indicate the progress of thought on the fundamental articles of the Christian faith in the several ages of the Church. It has been Mr. Bertram's design to make the divisions and subdivisions of each article constitute outlines of sermons; so that, in addition to several thousand illustrations, the work will contain nearly five hundred homiletic skeletons. 'While unsectarian,' he says, 'the work is not latitudinarian, but catholic.' To preachers of all denominations a volume, such as this promises to be, must be of great service.

A Policeman-Poet is an unusual phenomenon; we can introduce our readers to one, if they desire it, and if they will not be too fastidious as to the quality of the poetry. Dedicated to Francis Mayall Mallalieu, Esq., as originator and promoter of Bible and other educational classes amongst the metropolitan police, a little volume, 'the result of the leisure hours of one of the force,' has reached a second edition, under the title of *The Wreck of the Royal Charter, and other Poems.* By John Harries.* We are pleased to find 'one of the force' occupying the silent hours in self-improvement, and in the endeavour to diffuse right sentiment by his pen.

Under the dark title *Egypt** some autobiographical chapters, from the pen of a lady, form a small pamphlet, which has been forwarded to us for review. The writer has a lively pen, and uses it vigorously in behalf of hydropathy and the Turkish bath, which she loudly lauds as 'the true source of creature comfort and physical well-being.' Cleverly does she harp upon this string; the bath has evidently been to her a deliverer, not only from Mr. Banting's original malady, which in her case was becoming serious, but from ill-health of a much graver character; and her gratitude has no bounds. With an exuberance of style, which seems to betoken a present enjoyment of the most robust health, she rattles on from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe;' and puts her topic before her reader in a variety of lights, as if she loved and were proud of it—as indeed she is. This is a capital book for teetotallers, and still more capital for those who are not yet such; for surely it will tend to make them what in that respect they ought to be. The whole pamphlet is eminently quotable; full of entertaining passages, of which we would gladly present our readers with samples, did not the too-closely filled space forbid.

Ladies, who care to take advice of 'Meliora,' will do well to make themselves acquainted with *The Alexandra Magazine and Englishwoman's Journal.*†

‡ London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, E.C.

* London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.
† London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

[redacted] invited to the [redacted] and other matters [redacted] their sex. A [redacted] enough. The tales [redacted] are always excellent; [redacted] by no means the only ones [redacted] highly commendable [redacted]

[redacted] old-fashioned [redacted] all that issues [redacted] the Rev. John Pulsford. [redacted] earnest tract, *To Every* [redacted] and its little book on *Jesus* [redacted] *God*,† are just [redacted] mind's eye. Deep [redacted] far-reaching meanings [redacted] of Scripture and of [redacted] Pulsford is skilful as well to [redacted] and to set forth for the recog- [redacted] yet simple as a child's [redacted] and his heart is sensitive [redacted]

[redacted] deep into the mud, and to [redacted] defaced and befouled [redacted] is the fame of Thos. [redacted] But whilst all the world's [redacted] him down, this [redacted] does not give in, but still [redacted] justice. *A Cry to the* [redacted] *World for Justice*, [redacted] *My Wife and Chil-* [redacted] title of his latest pamph- [redacted] somewhat hysteric title, no doubt, [redacted] in his extraordinary position, [redacted] being dead, could be quite calm? [redacted] thought of letting Mr. Hopley's [redacted] remarkable 'Cry' come before the [redacted] 'Meliora,' with some com- [redacted] of our own; but already this [redacted] is thrusting hard against its [redacted] boundaries. Only saying, [redacted] that she believes that, after all, Mr. Hopley is a man deeply injured through being entirely misunderstood by superficial students of humanity, 'Meliora' advises those whom this judgment surprises to obtain a copy of the pamphlet, and form an opinion for themselves.

We must despatch in a single paragraph three sixpenny books which come next to our hands: *Joseph Selden, the Cripple; or, An Angel in Our Home*,* by the author of 'The Dalrymples' teaches pleasantly some very important truths for grown-up people; and *Philip Markham's Two Lessons*,* does the like for youths. A Christian spirit pervades both. We do not like quite so well *The Rod and Its Uses*, by the author of 'The Sabbath-Breakers.'* The treatment is somewhat sectarian.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine for 1864,§ bound in one volume, as we see it now on our desk, forms a whole at once handsome and valuable. Its clear type and the really beautiful illustrations which adorn it, give it a very pleasing aspect at first sight; and the pleasure grows into a higher feeling as we weigh the value of its contents. The movement in the Church of England, of which this volume is an expression, is a very important one; the good doing and to be done by it is quite incalculable. May it go on and prosper.

The author of *Buy Your Own Cherries*, Mr. J. W. Kirton, has achieved popularity by more than one of his tales of every-day life; and, for aught we can see to the contrary, his *Temperance Lifeboat Crew** deserves and is likely to be as popular as the best of them. Mr. Kirton, in his narrative, attends a meeting of a 'Life-boat Crew,' and reports the speeches seriatim; the result is a tract admirable for distribution, and pretty certain to be useful wheresoever it may go

† Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.
‡ London: T. Hopley 147, Fleet-street.

* London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

§ London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street; and Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Meliora:

A Quarterly Review

OF

Social Science

IN ITS

Ethical, Economical, Political, and Ameliorative Aspects.

VOL VIII.

'MELIORA VIDEO PROBOQUE.'
OVID, lib. vii. fab. i. 20.

LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1865.

MANCHESTER: PRINTED AT THE "GUARDIAN" STEAM-PRINTING OFFICES, CROSS-STREET.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Influence of Man on Nature	1
Popular Education in Large Towns	28
A Visit to Laforce	41
Dr. Samuel Johnson as a Temperance Moralist	60
One False Step: A Tale	77
The Legal Position of Women and its Moral Effects	93
The Second Report of the Children's Employment Commission	102
The Modern Thalia	120
Stimulants and Narcotics	132
Richard Cobden	146
Mat Mahoney's Fidelity, and What Came of It: A Tale	170
What Might be Done by the Leaders of Manufacturing Industry	179
Irish Crochet and Irish Crotchets	180
Treatment of the Apparently Drowned	183
Parliamentary Deliberations and Debates upon the Drink Traffic	189
Steam	210
Sudden Dangers; or, Accidents and Emergencies	234
Peter Bedford	234
Cornwall and the Cornish	246
What Might Have Been: A Tale	270
What May be Done by Employers for their Workpeople	273
Public Dancing Rooms	277
The Model Penitentiary	278
Working Men's Industrial Exhibitions	285
Sale of Drugs and Poisons	297
What are the Boys About?	307
The Liverpool Theory of the Licensing System	323
My Husband's Partner: A Tale	337
The Social Science Congress, 1865	349
The India-Rubber Man	354
Notices of Books	87, 185, 282, 366

Meliora.

Art. I.—THE INFLUENCE OF MAN ON NATURE.

1. *Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action.* By George P. Marsh. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1864.
2. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Third Edition. London: James Murray. 1863.
3. *Pre-Historic Man. Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and the New World.* By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto, Canada. 2 Vols. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1862.
4. *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, etc.* By Charles Darwin, M.A. Fifth Thousand. London: James Murray. 1860.
5. *The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. A Fragment.* By Charles Babbage, Esq. Second Edition. London: James Murray. 1836.

THE problems of centuries are not solved in a day or a generation. The growth of man's knowledge is at best very slow, in spite of the marvellous strides it may now and then make through the genius of a few men. It took thousands of years to discover the revolution of the earth, the circulation of the blood, and the law of gravitation. In fact, the slowness with which such great but now apparently simple truths have been discovered, favours the idea of man's primitive condition as held by the evolutionists as strongly as any other facts they can bring to uphold it, especially when we take into account the greater period of time that later researches have endeavoured to show that man has been upon the earth. Perhaps the early location of man on a site where nature was prodigal of her bounties, and easily solicited to production, may have hindered scientific discovery, and that it was left to men of a

later age and more inhospitable clime to read her riddles and map out her laws of action and reaction. In the silent watchings of the Chaldæan pastures, the pure presence of other worlds drew them from the earth, and inspired them to contemplation and discovery. Man ranged amongst the stars, and related himself to that other world we know not of, long before the earth he trod on had vexed his brain with unquiet thought. It was well it was so. Like us, he might have forgotten the hereafter by a too absorbing study of the here and now. In the lapse of long years human life gradually assumed other and completer forms. Arts, sciences, and institutions were developed. The centres of civilization changed, and dynasty after dynasty passed away. History exhibits this flux and reflux to us, but it is singularly barren of details respecting co-existing changes of equal importance. Centuries of civilization changed the very face of the habitable world, and gradually effected unforeseen and disastrous alterations in what we may call its normal state. Many of the old centres of civilization, wealth, and industry ceased to be as productive as formerly, and some became altogether barren and unfruitful. The great agent in effecting these changes was man. Living in high civilization, indeed, but ignorant, as he is in part still, of the conditions of his being, of the laws of common natural phenomena, and of the complex web of cause and effect that runs up from his casual actions or his more deliberate efforts to the unresolved masses of meteorological phenomena and the solemn grandeurs of planetary evolution, he wasted and ruined the once fairest portions of the earth, turning the wilderness first into a garden, and then transforming the very garden into a desert. Parts of Africa, Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Tartary, Greece, and the old provinces of the Roman Empire, bear indisputable evidence of this exhaustive, disastrous change. All the old problems have a new significance in view of these sad initial facts, had we but space to consider them. Some of them are approximatively answered in the volumes at the head of this article, and others we must for the present consider insoluble. For ourselves, we must be content merely to indicate this huge initial fact, and pass to a consideration of the newer and fresher sense of the influence of man upon nature that Mr. Marsh's book suggests, and to present some facts bearing upon it in many ways, gathered from other sources.

In his endeavour to demonstrate this great fact no one can complain if Mr. Marsh follows the method of so distinguished a philosopher as Sir C. Lyell, and refers the changes of the past

past to causes producing similar effects in modern times and countries. But he does not do this simply to explain the changes wrought out in an earlier period of history, although that is a necessary part of his procedure, and it might seem to have been demanded of him to do it more in detail. He wishes to direct the attention of mankind to the results of present methods of wastefulness, wanton destruction, and general spoliation, miscalled improvement. He is not without a little of the heat and exaggeration of the specialist. Tender, even to sentimentalism, over the destruction of inferior animals, he grows melancholy and prophetic over his work, and traces, in thought, the continuation of destructive influences, until he sees man bringing the face of the earth, as he avers that in parts he has already done, to 'a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon.' 'The earth is fast becoming an unfit home for its noblest inhabitant,' he continues; 'and another era of equal human crime and human improvidence, and of like duration with that through which traces of that crime and that improvidence extend, would reduce it to such a condition of impoverished productiveness, of shattered surface, of climatic excess, as to threaten the depravation, barbarism, and perhaps even extinction of the species' (p. 44). This may be full of force as a warning, but can hardly be accepted as sound and sober truth. Starting, evidently, in his first thought on the subject, before a page of his work was written, from the speculations of Laplace, and the striking chapter 'On the Permanent Impression of our Words and Actions on the Globe we Inhabit,' in the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, he seems to have been so impressed with the idea of nature as at once the theatre and registry of man's activities, and the numerous facts a wide reading and a large library afforded him, as to have entirely left out of view or forgotten one such fact as a law of compensation, working along with man's energies, overlapping them, and sometimes turning an apparent evil into a real good. He appears, in fact, to have set his face against finding any such law in human action. In this he is explicit enough, when, contrasting human and brute influences, he says that the action of the former differs from that of the latter upon the world 'because it is not controlled by natural compensations and balances.' Once, indeed, and once only, we believe, does he refer even to the possible existence of such a source of remedial modifications, and that is in a foot note, in which he states that Sicily has received a compensation for the ravages of the *oidium*, or grape parasite, in her own and foreign vineyards, in the increased demand it has created for her native sulphur as a preventive dressing.

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On the contrary, he is careful to note the effect of the most trivial change in human fashions, as when he affirms that the 'caprice of Parisian fashion,' in substituting the silk for the beaver hat, 'has unconsciously exercised an influence which may sensibly affect the physical geography of a distant continent.' This would seem like the admission of a larger benefit than the non-extinction of the beaver, which naturalists had begun to fear; but as he had previously put down the formation of the boggy swamps of the North American States to its well-known habits of building and colonization, the good influence of the change of fashion is somewhat questionable.

Growing out of this inadvertence there is a strong and constant if never broadly expressed conviction, that the stability of nature, as seen in never cultivated or long disused tracts of country, is to be accepted as the ideal of that harmony which man continually disturbs but should wisely endeavour to restore. This is the great, and, we think, the only important fallacy in the book. It does not appear to have occurred to him in his exhaustive accumulation of facts, that there was not only a limit to man's so-called improvements upon nature, but another limit where this harmonious ideal existed no longer, and bettered man's condition by its non-existence. If, for instance, this primitive stability were only as real and natural as he assumes, then all cultivation by man has been injurious to it, and so long as man remains it can never be restored. But we hold not only that this harmony has limits without the serious consequences he contemplates, but that these limits are so variable as not to admit of any strict definition, or even any express declaration of fact concerning them. A parlour aquarium is a pretty example of the balance of animal and vegetable life, but it does not and cannot disclose to us the shifting line that climate, geographical configuration, and a hundred other causes contribute to produce in each country, without any detriment to the productive powers of nature, the hidden chemistries of the soil, or the successful support and comfort of man. The aquarium manifests the relations as to degree pretty accurately, but not as to kind. Change the plants, the animals, and the medium, and we can never insulate them to produce such perfect results. The harmony that existed in England in this respect when Cæsar invaded it is for ever lost, but no one will venture to affirm that anything like harmony cannot be found now. The degree and the kind have both altered, but a harmony remains. Man, also, lives easily amidst the bounties of nature, but he does not starve where her stability is one of ice,

ice, barrenness, and inhospitality. If he deranges an elder unity by his civilizing destructiveness, he contributes to another by his marvellous industry, discovery, and advancement. We admit the existence of relations that it is important man should neither neglect nor trifle with, but we cannot believe in a fixed and primal unity which comes down upon man with terrible vengeance whenever and wherever he interposes his wants and wishes and changing conditions. It is possible we may have mistaken Mr. Marsh's view, but it is patent to any ordinary reader. With this, and a wish that his work had not been disarranged and made cumbrous by over-arrangement, sub-division, and lengthy foot notes, our fault-finding ends. Mr. Marsh is an indefatigable student, and has moulded even his borrowed facts and ideas by such an amount of keen, delicate observation, careful sifting, and so deep a love for man, animal, bird, insect, and all natural forms of life, as makes his book as suggestive, stimulating, and refreshing as any work that modern physical research has given to the world. He has broken ground on a most enchanting and terribly significant subject, and it is cheering and ennobling to think that the New World has given us one who can not only picture for us the origin and growth of our language, but tenderly point out to the Old World how it may avoid the evils and the fate of the nations it holds up to its growing youths and mature men as the models of all that is imposing in national grandeur, beautiful in learning and art, and heroic in virtue and war.

The influence of man in nature is so complex that we must consider it in parts. Let us begin with his influence on vegetable life. The geographical distribution of plants corresponds to climatal conditions, and would scarcely have been altered by any but geological changes, but for the operations of man and birds. These effects are very curious and extensive, and we only profess to touch upon them. Our homes, gardens, fields, food, clothing, and industries are plentiful witnesses to them. If a plant be found growing in one locality and is made to develop in another, hotter or colder, the direct agent in the change is the being who transplants it and fosters it, notwithstanding that the soil and the air are indispensable secondary agents. Herein we see one of man's most striking revolutions. Nearly all the important productions of each country owe their origin to some mechanical transference of one kind or another, and were once distributed in another order over other areas. The flax plant is a curious instance of this. It will grow in almost any country, and is found to have been cultivated by almost every important nation

nation as early as historical research can penetrate. Scandinavia, Egypt, Asia, China, Persia, England, America, and New Zealand all possess it, and perhaps, with the exception of the two latter, have possessed it for ages. And yet if there be one fact growing more distinctly out of recent investigations, it is that of single centres of creation, and a subsequent dispersal, which will come out as we proceed. The flax plant, for instance, only grows wild in Persia, and so it is justly supposed to have been originally brought thence by the hand of man. Take the cotton plant. Asia and Africa cultivated it from the remotest antiquity, and probably the former was its habitat. It was not known in Greece until B.C. 340, was not introduced into China from India until A.D. 1280, nor into Surinam until 1735. How and when it was introduced into the West Indies is not known; the early voyagers found it both there and in the American provinces first cultivated by the Spaniards. It was introduced into North America by Europeans, and did not become an important article of commerce until after the Revolution. The sugar cane camé from China, and was unknown to the Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans. It was brought into Arabia in the thirteenth century, and thence to Egypt, Nubia, Ethiopia, Sicily, and Spain. Two centuries later the Spaniards introduced it to the Canary Islands, and the Portuguese to Madeira, whence it spread to the West Indies and the Brazils. It is also curious that although the cane was cultivated in a few spots about the Mediterranean sea, it was not until after 1466 that sugar was known in England for any other purpose than as a medicine. The tea plant is native to China and Japan, but is now extensively cultivated in Brazil and elsewhere, and is soon likely to be an important article of cultivation in the more Southern American States. Philadelphia has about the same temperature and climate, and is in the same latitude as Pekin, so that it may hereafter be extensively cultivated there. The coffee plant has a similar history. The lemon was known to the ancients, and, like the orange, very likely came from tropical Asia. The latter appears to have reached the East Indies in almost pre-historic times. The names of its different European varieties show its path of extension, as Seville, Maltese, and Bergamo. The latter variety is named from the town of Bergamo, in Italy, where it is largely cultivated, and the well-known scent, *bergamot*, is manufactured from its rind. The history of the potato plant is well-known, and notwithstanding that it met with opposition in nearly every country into which it was introduced, it has now become a staple article of food. The mystery of the potato blight may well be thought a part of

of the destructive influence of over-cultivation, and with the maladies of the vine, the olive, and the mulberry, is sometimes attributed to the destruction of the forests. The flax plant is known to degenerate unless the seed or the soil be occasionally changed, and it may be that the same rule holds good with regard to the potato. Wheat, rye, oats, barley, beans, clover, and other now necessary vegetable growths, were all introduced into America from Europe after the close of the sixteenth century.

The modes of introduction have sometimes been accidental and romantic. The lilac and the tulip were brought from Constantinople about 1550, by an Austrian ambassador, and the weeping willows of Europe and the United States are derived from a slip the poet Pope received from Smyrna, and planted at Twickenham. Nearly all our favourite garden flowers come from America, Japan, and the remote East. Wherever the English settler locates in the New World some of the familiar weeds of his native land spring up around him, and Montgomery has written a poem on a daisy that sprung up in India out of the refuse soil that had come about some other plants. Some twenty-five different species of plants, belonging to the Roman Campagna, were propagated in Copenhagen simply by the scattering of the straw and grass employed to pack up the artistic treasures of Thorwaldsen, and a few of them are still cultivated in his memory. The saddles of the Russian troops, in 1814, brought many seeds from the Dnieper to the Rhine, and some of the plants of the Steppes are now seen in the neighbourhood of Paris. The red horse-hoof and the snake-root 'grow only where there were convents and dwellings in the middle ages,' says Vaupell, a Danish authority. We quote the following from Humboldt: 'A negro slave of the great Cortez was the first who sowed wheat in New Spain. He found three grains of it among the rice which had been brought from Spain as food for the soldiers. In the Franciscan monastery, at Quito, I saw the earthen pot which contained the first wheat sown there by Friar Jodoco Rixi, of Ghent. It was preserved as a relic.' In some countries the endemic productions are gradually yielding to the 'advancing legions of foreign plants,' as in the case of New Zealand, especially signalled out by Darwin. Later authorities assure us that our common English weeds are rapidly supplanting the native flora. Our watercress, for example, flourishes abundantly in the rivers, and its stems reach the enormous length of twelve feet, with a diameter of three-fourths of an inch. The rivers are choked, and have to be cleared at some expense to prevent the stoppage of all navigation. The

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[redacted] question still [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] deal with [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] with giving [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

'we check the dissemination of a plant; when we kill a bird which digests the seed it swallows, we promote the increase of a vegetable.' The indiscriminate destruction of small birds has of late attracted great attention, but not so much as it deserves. So late as December, 1862, one who styles himself 'A Real Friend to the Farmer,' gloats over the number of victims destroyed by the Crawley Sparrow Club, the prize-giving, and the annual dinner, in a way that quite kindles our American's ire. A single pair of swallows, according to M. Michelet, carry every week to the nest 4,300 caterpillars or coleoptera; and if we multiply this by 11,944, the number of sparrows destroyed by this famous club, we have a grand total of something like fifty-one millions of insects blindly petted into mischievous ways by these enlightened reformers, who probably saved as much grain by their trouble as would defray the expenses of nets, gunpowder, shot, and birds' nesters. In other countries the same warfare is waged. The declaration of the French Assembly, that every man was free to hunt upon his own land, soon filled France with an 'intolerable cloud of sportsmen,' and there has since been a steady diminution in the number of small birds. This general hostility in Europe is well estimated by Mr. Marsh to be, 'in part, the remote effect of the reaction created by the game laws.' Wild birds are an important article of food in Italy. About Naples the traveller is puzzled by many slender towers, from fifteen to twenty feet high, and little thinks they are the stations of fowlers, who watch from them for flocks of birds, and then pelt them down into their nets with stones. In one Tuscan province alone, Grosseto, some 300,000 thrushes and other small birds are consumed annually. Even the robin does not escape, in spite of his worm-eating propensities, and the old rhyme, which says—

'When you go to catch a robin,
Mind you don't come back a sobbin'.'

The swallow alone seems a sacred bird everywhere. The Romans consecrated it to their household gods, and the Lombardy peasants still think it a sin to kill one, because they are *le gallinelle del Signore*—the chickens of the Lord. In England an old rhyme assures us that—

'Robins and swallows
Are God's own scholars.'

In New England there is a superstition to the effect that if swallows are killed the cows give bloody milk. Fossombroni states that they will not frequent a marshy, malarious district, and adds, that a proof of the restoration of the salu-

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brity of the Val di Chiana, in Italy, is furnished by the re-appearance of these sacred birds. No birds appear to be so injurious as is supposed. The woodpecker is erroneously thought to be pecking holes in a sound tree when he is only extracting worms who are already boring it away. The following paragraph from M. Michelet's work, 'L'Oiseau,' appropriately sums up this part of our subject :—

'The *stingy* farmer, an epithet justly and feelingly bestowed by Virgil, avaricious, blind, indeed, who proscribes the birds — those destroyers of insects, those defenders of his harvests. Not a grain for the creature which, during the rains of winter, hunts the future insect, finds out the nests of the larvæ, examines, turns over every leaf, and destroys, every day, thousands of incipient caterpillars. But sacks of corn for the mature insect, whole fields for the grasshopper, which the bird would have made war upon. With eyes fixed upon his furrow, upon the present moment only, without seeing, and without foreseeing, blind to the great harmony which is never broken with impunity, he has everywhere demanded or approved laws for the extermination of that necessary ally of his toil—the insectivorous bird. And the insect has well avenged the bird. It has become necessary to revoke in haste the proscription. In the Isle of Bourbon, for instance, a price was set on the head of the martin ; it disappeared, and the grasshopper took possession of the island, devouring, withering, scorching with a biting drought all that they did not consume. In North America it has been the same with the starling, the protector of Indian corn. Even the sparrow, which really does attack grain, but which protects it still more, the pil'erer, the outlaw, loaded with abuse and smitten with curses—it has been found in Hungary that they were likely to perish without him, that he alone could sustain the mighty war against the beetles and the thousand winged enemies that swarm in the low lands; they have revoked the decree of banishment, recalled in haste this valiant militia, which, though deficient in discipline, is nevertheless the salvation of the country. Not long since, in the neighbourhood of Rouen, and in the valley of Monville, the blackbird was for some time proscribed. The beetles profited well by this proscription; their larvæ, infinitely multiplied, carried on their subterranean labours with such success that a meadow was shown me, the surface of which was completely dried up, every herbaceous root was consumed, and the whole grassy mantle, easily loosened, might have been rolled up and carried away like a carpet.' (Pp. 169, 170.)

We must not forget the insects, for they also need protection against destruction, and hence the difficulty of fixing the balance of power and number between them and the birds. The silkworm, the bee, the gall-nut-producing insect, the kermes, and the cochineal, are all to be respected, whilst there is still ample room for abundant and successful insecticide. Earthworms also serve to sustain the fertility of some soils by effecting a miniature drainage similar to what is practised in Holland, where stakes are driven into the soil, and the water percolates around them. Insects play no mean part in the fertilization of plants. According to Mr. Darwin some six thousand species of orchids are absolutely dependent upon them for fertilization, and if unvisited by insects would rapidly disappear. Papilionaceous flowers are similarly fructified by the visits of bees, and the red clover and the heartsease would soon become very rare with the disappearance of the humble bee. Now, field mice live on the nests of humble bees, and cats

cats catch and eat the mice, so that the number of cats in a village or a town determines in some measure the spread of these flowers. The same sort of thing is seen in the case of the salmon. We quote Mr. Marsh :—

'The larvæ of the mosquito and the gnat are the favourite food of the trout in the wooded regions where those insects abound. Earlier in the year the trout feeds on the larvæ of the May fly, which is itself very destructive to the spawn of the salmon, and hence, by a sort of house-that-Jack-built, the destruction of the mosquito, that feeds the trout that preys on the May-fly that destroys the eggs that hatch the salmon that pampers the epicure, may occasion a scarcity of this latter fish in waters where he would otherwise be abundant.'

As yet we have only been surveying the outskirts of our subject. To produce a varied and useful flora and fauna is certainly a striking testimony to the wonder-working power of man. But such workings only remotely affect the grand whole of nature, although essential parts of it. It is when we come to those agencies that directly modify climate, give a full swing to some of the tremendous forces of nature, and sensibly affect man and the physical geography of different countries, that we are staggered, bewildered, and alternately humbled and exalted. We have been told to beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet, but man, the doer, and the maker, is as potent as man the thinker in altering the ways and forms of things. Newly civilized countries help us to discover the conditions and ways of man's acting, and to estimate their consequences as surely as though we had seen both with our bodily eyes. The continent of America has repeated for us the history and the fashions of our older world. The colonizer seems to be doing a new thing when he fells or burns the forest trees and sows his crops upon the cleared soil, but in reality he is unconsciously imitating the colonist who lived after the mammoths, and died before the siege of Troy and the poems of Homer. The greater portion of the whole earth was originally wooded, and topographical nomenclature everywhere shows that forests were not destroyed until after centuries of civilization. The African and Arabian deserts, and the American prairies are the only broad exceptions to this statement; but we are not warranted in being positive as to the former, and there is every probability that the latter were cleared by the primitive mound-builders, and would soon relapse even now but for the ravages of the animals that range upon them and the annual fires. The woods had been silently at work for ages before man appeared in altering the constituents of the atmosphere, and making it respirable for him. Perhaps they had completed their beneficent work when he appeared, and were ready to shelter, feed, and sustain him. Any way, no serious alteration

[redacted] of their proportions could take place without affecting the chemistry of the air, the volume of the rivers, and the extent and quality of cultivable soil. Their destruction diminished the humidity of the first, deepened the channels by the increased force of the second—all rivers, according to geologists, being originally very broad and very shallow—and promoted the gradual desiccation and more uniform stratification of the third. So far all was well. But there were limits to this beneficent action; and drought, desert, flood, landslip, gigantic desolation, and elemental storm have been vengeful witnesses to disturbed harmonies and the blind caprice of man.

Water was the first great natural necessity of man, and his settlements have usually been from the lake or river bank inwards, excepting such modern instances as those in Detroit and Michigan, where the construction of railroads and the erection of first-class hotels has been the singular method of advancing on the woody wilderness.* Man could, then, live only on the borders of the woods, and as he felled, and burnt, and sowed, the soil soon became exhausted, and he went on repeating this threefold process until he had denuded large areas of land. In America this has been seen in our own time. From the Atlantic to the Alleghanies, from the banks of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains and the Andes, this work of cultivation and waste has proceeded. The newly-won soil is always more productive than the old, and so there is every temporary inducement to proceed. The extensive flat tracts of land near Montreal, in Canada, were once the granary of North America, but will not now support their own population, who have had to cultivate the oat and the potato as helps and substitutes. 'The peculiarly wheat-producing zone is gradually shifting itself more to the West. This has long been evident to the careful observer, and to the collector of statistics.' † The etymology of many localities shows a similar process in our own land, where we find the Danes establishing themselves on the *bys*, or waste-places, thus deserted by the Saxons. The industry and discovery of man perpetually tend to compensate for this, and even to produce a larger average of production, yet still the renovator cannot keep pace with the destroyer, and elsewhere the latter has produced very serious evils. The aridity of Spain is as well known as the Spaniards' proverbial hatred of a tree, and the two link themselves together as effect and cause. One or two Spanish

* 'North America.' By Anthony Trollope. Vol. i., p. 178.

† 'Notes on North America.' By J. F. W. Johnson. Quoted in his 'Chemistry of Common Life.' Vol. i., p. 69.

writers,

writers, as Herrera and Antonio Ponz, vainly endeavoured to crush this foolish prejudice against trees as the breeders of birds and birds as the devourers of grain; and the latter even assures us that the notion was even carried so far as to lead to the wanton destruction of the shade and ornamental trees planted about the cities. This absence of trees, so especially marked in the two Castilles, is unhesitatingly put down by Sir J. F. W. Herschel as 'one of the reasons of the extreme aridity of Spain.' The scarcity of timber in Spain, coupled with the emptiness of the public exchequer during the unwise administration of the successors of Philip II., is even put down by Reutzsch as the grand agent in diminishing her fleets, and consequently her once favourable prospects of universal power. North Africa and Peru are almost rainless for the same reason. The islands of Trinidad, Martinique, and San Domingo have similarly suffered. Any very extensive forest-clearing appears to operate in two ways—firstly, by diminishing the average volume of rivers and lakes; and, secondly, by creating sudden floods and inundations. The two operations are intimately connected. The large expanse of vegetation presented by a forest increases the amount of evaporation, impedes the progress of mists and low rain-clouds, shelters the ground against a too rapid solar evaporation, and uniformly acts as a large equalizing power in the composition of the air and its average temperature. Forests, again, whilst they invite and increase the rain-fall, prevent its too rapid flowing off again by their large expanse of leaves, and the sobby, spongy soil which their annual leaf-fall makes about them, and which, as it absorbs the moisture on its surface until saturation is complete, quietly and gradually, assisted by the roots of the trees, distributes it through the mineral strata below. Even in the driest summers the air and the soil of a forest, especially a virgin forest, are unmistakably humid and cool. The denudation of the soil exposes it to other serious evils. Where it is loose and light it is washed into the rivers by the heavy spring and autumnal rains; and where the land adjoins a mountainous tract, the avalanches crash down unhindered, and the rains, meeting with no obstacles by the way, form swollen torrents, rushing along with accumulating force, and spreading ruin and desolation in their course.

Let us take each aspect of the great double fact separately. The island of Malta presents us with a singular circumstance, bearing on the absence of trees and a diminished rain-fall. M. Blanqui affirms that since the woods were cleared to make room for the cultivation of the cotton plant, rain has been

assures that when he visited it, in the autumn of 1841, not a drop had fallen for three entire years! The island of St. Helena was once almost equally dry, but since its woody surface has been extended by planting, rain has proportionately increased, so much so as to double the amount of its rain-fall in the half century since Napoleon's residence upon the island. During the French occupation of Lower Egypt, about 1798, there was no rain for sixteen months about Cairo and near Alexandria, but it has fallen oftener and more abundantly since Mehemet Aali and Ibrahim Pasha have planted something like twenty millions of trees thereabouts. In other parts of Egypt similar phenomena have been observed. In Russia, the large plains are undergoing a rapid desiccation from the same cause, and the stream of the Volga is gradually lessening, and the level of Lake Aral also sinking. The Swiss lakes have also suffered a depression of level in historic times. The volume of the Rhone is observed to fluctuate alarmingly, and many streams in both the Old and New World are no longer able to feed with regular supplies the many mills on their banks once always at work. In America, the poet Bryant has observed several instances of this diminution of rivers. He says:—

'It is a common observation that our summers are become drier, and our streams smaller. Take the Cuyahoga as an illustration. Fifty years ago large barges loaded with goods went up and down that river, and one of the vessels engaged in the battle of Lake Erie, on which the gallant Perry was victorious, was built at Old Portage, six miles north of Albion, and floated down to the lake. Now, in an ordinary stage of the water, a canoe or a skiff can hardly pass down the stream. Many a boat of fifty tons burden has been built and loaded in the Tascarawas, at New Portage, and sailed to New Orleans without breaking bulk. Now the river hardly affords a supply of water at New Portage for the canal. The same may be said of other streams—they are drying up. And from the same cause—the destruction of our forests—our summers are growing drier and our winters colder.'

Humboldt and Bousingalt have furnished another, and perhaps a more striking testimony, from their well-known scientific habits and position, to the effect of forest-clearing, in the case of the Lake Tacarigua or Valencia, in Venezuela. When the first traveller visited it, this important lake, then seven and a half English miles in length, had been gradually diminishing for thirty years. When Oviedo visited the valley, in 1555, New Valencia was half a league from the lake; in 1800 it was three and one-third English miles away. Adjacent hillocks, at the latter date, were still called islands, and new ones were showing themselves; in fact, one of them upon which a fortress had been erected in 1740, had grown into a peninsula. It was at first thought that the depression of the level was due to a subterranean outlet, but Humboldt unhesitatingly affirmed that the adjacent wood-clearings were the

the cause. When Bousingalt visited the lake, thirty years later, its waters were again advancing. The bare grounds previously planted with cotton, bananas, and sugar cane were submerged, the old islands had become dangerous shoals, and the fears of the inhabitants were being dissipated. A civil revolution had taken place in which the slaves had assisted, deserting the plantations, the general cultivation had been stopped, the woods had sown themselves anew, and the water supply was fast returning.

The influence of woods in retaining and more regularly distributing the rain-falls can be shown by both positive and negative facts. The leaves, the trunks, the spongy soil, and the roots are all agents in producing this really single effect. Any extensive clearings or extravagant drainage will, of course, counteract this. Where groves have been cut down, adjacent perennial springs have first lessened, then intermitted, and finally ceased altogether. Brooks have lessened to a thread from the same cause, and even wells have suffered. You have only to look at the ditches on the Chevreuse road, near Paris, according to Clavé, and you may see the fact for yourself; the ditch on the side toward the cultivated fields is soon dry, whilst the one near the forest will remain filled with water, the result of this infiltration, long after the other is completely exhausted. Negative facts are abundant. The destructive freshets of many American rivers are attributed to forest-clearing. The beds of the streams in the Tyrol have been so heightened by the continual washing down of the soil from the cleared heights by the rains, and the increase in their volume, that the bed of the Fersina is higher than the city of Trent near it, the Villerbach threatens to overwhelm Neumarkt and Vill, the Talfer at Botzen runs level with the house-tops, and the surface of the Gadribach is even higher than the church steeples of the neighbouring villages of Schlanders, Kortsch, and Laas. The river Mella, in Brescia, once famous for its gentle, easy stream, and said by the Latin poet Catullus to flow *molli flumine*, was in 1850 subject to such an influx of water, due to the denudation of the hill sides whence it rises for fuel to work a famous establishment for the manufacture of fire-arms, that bridges, dams, and factories were all swept away, the rocks bared of their soil, and its most beautiful valley transformed into a savage gorge. The river Po has brought down silt enough to make Ravenna four miles away from the sea that once washed its walls, and, assisted by the Adige, has managed to make the town of Adria, once so famous a port as to give its name to the Adriatic, and still in use in the time of Augustus, full fourteen

miles

miles inland. The river Durance, in Provence, which was once so navigable that its boatmen were a distinct corporation, is now a devastating torrent; and it was computed that, in 1789, it had already covered with gravel and pebbles some 130,000 acres of what would otherwise have been some of the finest land in the country. Many a mountain slide in the Alps owes its origin to the blind operations, perchance the stern necessities, of men; and it is on record that the very first winter after a clearing between Saanen and Gsteig, in Switzerland, an enormous avalanche formed where one had never been known before, and bore down with it nearly a million cubic feet of inviolated forest.

The provinces of France furnish us with the most lamentable instances of these torrents yet on record. Here have been the most wanton destructions and the most terrible reprisals. M. Michelet avers that French peasants have been known to cut down two fir trees to make one pair of wooden shoes. The clearing of the Alpine districts commenced with vigour almost coincidently with the Revolution. The first hints of terracing and irrigation, in fact, had been brought back by the Crusaders from the East, and the work had been in operation ever since. At the close of the fifteenth century the woods were plentiful, the low grounds fruitful, and cultivation unhindered by stormy natural forces. But gradually as the clearings extended came the torrents. Nature writhed in a revolution of her own that men could not see. Men and lands were destroyed. Taxes were reduced because people could not pay them, and their fields were bare. Short tragic sentences write the history of this revolution. 'Commune of Barles, 1707: Two hills have become connected by land slides, and have formed a lake which covers the best part of the soil. 1746: New slides buried twenty houses, composing a village, no trace of which is left; more than one-third of the land has disappeared. Monans, 1724: Deserted by its inhabitants and no longer cultivated. Gueydan, 1760: It appears, by records, that the best grounds have been swept off since 1756, and that ravines occupy their places. Digne, 1762: The river Bleoné has destroyed the most valuable part of the territory. Malmaison, 1768: The inhabitants have emigrated, all their fields having been lost.' In 1843, M. Blanqui directed the attention of the Academy to these terrible matters. We have only space for a few words:—

'Signs of unparalleled destitution are visible in all the mountain zone, and the solitudes of those districts are assuming an indescribable character of sterility and desolation. The gradual destruction of the woods has, in a thousand localities, annihilated at once the springs and the fuel. Between Grenoble and Briançon, in the valley of the Romanche, many villages are so destitute of wood that they are

are reduced to the necessity of baking their bread with sun-dried cow-dung, and even this they can afford to do but once a year. This bread becomes so hard that it can be cut only with an axe, and I myself have seen a loaf of bread in September, at the kneading of which I was present the January previous. Whoever has visited the valley of Barcelonette, those of Embrun, and of Verdun, and that Arabia Petræa of the Department of the Upper Alps, called Dévoluy, knows that there is no time to lose, that in fifty years from this date France will be separated from Savoy, as Egypt from Syria, by a desert.'

In 1856 came another inundation in the valleys of the Loire, and such an immense destruction of life and property occurred, that in June, 1859, the French Government began to legislate on the matter, formed a body of police for the protection of the woods, enacted stringent laws; and in 1860 further set apart ten millions of francs to be expended at the rate of one million a year in executing or aiding the replanting of the woods. Some 250,000 acres of new forest are expected to be secured out of this appropriation.

Woods have been shown to have other issues than those implied in these disastrous issues of clearing. As a shelter to the soil, and a mechanical resistance to strong currents, their use is undeniable. The air is held together by a mutual attraction of its parts, and generally moves in large columns, so that a comparatively small obstacle will divert or abstract a large volume of air. According to the calculations of M. Becquerel, the height of resistance may be roughly put down at a little more than ten times that of the opposing obstacle, so that, unless under conditions of great elevation or depression, a wood of an average height of twenty feet would break the force of a current extending some 180 feet higher than itself. If we accept the average resistance as only half of this, it becomes an important fact. M. Arago reported to a committee on an article in the French Forest Code, in 1836, that a double effect might be produced by such clearing in France. The removal of a curtain of forest on the coast of Normandy and Brittany would open those provinces to the mild western sea-breezes and moderate the cold of winter; whilst the destruction of a similar belt on the eastern border of France would let in the glacial east winds, and seriously augment the cold of winter. In New England the former effect has been already seen from forest clearing. The warm, odorous south wind is free to affect its surface, has reached immense distances from the sea, and has already contributed to lengthen the New England summer. The destruction of the Adirondack forest would, it is thought, seriously affect the climate of the State of New York, which in its more northerly part is already subject to as great extremes of temperature as Southern France. It would remove a solid obstacle to the full sweep of the north winds, and

 possibly

possibly inaugurate an era of torrents and devastations similar to those already detailed elsewhere. The desolation of the high plateau, north of Trieste, known as the *Karst*, is due to the felling of some hundreds of mighty firs, recklessly cut down by Venice for her navies in her days of glory. The rocks are now bared of their soil, and are 'swept and scoured by the raging Bora,' to use Hummel's graphic words. The lovely hills and valleys of the Cévennes are similarly swept by the *mistral*, or north-west wind, which Dussard calls the 'child of man, the result of his devastations.' Once sheltered by a powerful belt of forest, its gradual removal introduced this scourge of tender spring vegetation, which struck terror from Avignon to the Bouches du Rhone, and thence to Marseilles. The people grew superstitious about it, its advent was so unusual and unexpected. They named it the Scourge of God, and erected altars to it, and made sacrifices to appease its rage. But in vain; it rages still, and the cultivation of the olive and the orange is falling into desuetude before it. In North America, Sweden, Switzerland, France, and Northern Italy, a gradual retardation is felt and seen in the advent of spring owing to these clearings. The frosts are later, keener, more irregular, and it is extremely difficult to rear young trees. The winters are later from the same cause. Noah Webster, an American observer, states that the marked inconstancy of the weather in modern winters is due to the removal of the woods, and the loss of their volume and activity in the many ways in which they operate; and adds 'that the warm weather of autumn extends further into the winter months, and the cold weather of winter and spring encroaches upon the summer.' The same fact is seen plainly enough in our own country, where the devastations consequent upon excessive disafforesting are less seen than in any other country. One fact is, to our thinking, very singular. Huge boughs of hawthorn once figured conspicuously in the early May-games, commencing on the first of May, and it would be impossible to obtain these now anywhere in the midland counties until a fortnight or three weeks later, in spite of occasional unusually forward springs. The unhealthiness of the Virginian and Carolina swamps only seriously commences with the removal of their trees. Parks and woody squares are, therefore, unmistakably healthy chemical agents in all large cities, and the unhealthiness sometimes attributed to having plants in a living room is due only to the limitation preventing a real balance of the air. A few rows of sunflowers, according to Lieutenant Maury, have saved the inmates of the Washington Observatory from the intermittent

mittent fevers to which they were formerly so liable, by screening them from, and otherwise acting upon, the marshy vapours of the Potomac. It is even conceived by many eminent authorities that trees have such an influence on the electricity of the air as to decrease the number and intensity of hailstorms, which are seen to be frightfully common and destructive in some places where trees have been largely destroyed.

One of the most important uses of woods deserves mention by itself. It is this. Wherever they have not been extravagantly cleared, there the neighbouring fields are free from the insect pests so injurious to husbandry and horticulture. The terrible locust is a plain, sand-bred insect, and has become frightfully common in Asia Minor and Cyrene since the felling of the forests. The grasshopper, which has 'become a burden' of great weight in parts of North America, only breeds in injurious numbers where the woods are gone. The *oidium*, the potato-blight, and other plant-destroyers, are thought to be of the same order. Whether the woods encourage the fecundity of the birds that prey upon them, or whether the agency exerted is a purely chemical one, is not known. The reason of the fact is obscure, but the fact itself cannot be disputed. All natural observers have confirmed it. In the virgin forests there appears to be a more even balance of species, which may be due to more causes than those yet partially ascertained; but it is clear that man alone has altered their proportions.

Nature and man struggle for the mastery on the flat lands, and the victory alternates. Some 400,000 acres of territory have been reclaimed from the sea in Lincolnshire alone by her memorable dykes. The Netherlands were once apparently a cluster of islands, and one-tenth of the whole area of the kingdom has been won by man from the sea; although it is calculated, we know not on what data, that more land has been lost to that country, since the commencement of the Christian era, than it has gained, owing chiefly to the improvidence of man. The coast of the now-familiar provinces of Schleswig-Holstein is defended in a way that is very interesting. In other localities, as Holland, where as much as seven millions of guilders are sometimes annually expended in dyking and hydraulic works, all the skill and resources of the ablest engineers are employed to master the great foe; but the patient peasantry of these poor provinces charm the angry sea by a golden wisp or a threaded reed. The old embankments of their coast are defended from ice and waves by wreaths of twisted straw or reeds, woven along lines of

staves;

staves; and this weft is sometimes renewed twice a year, but always once. This charm the peasantry poetically call 'the golden border' of their Vaterland. The draining of Haarlem Lake is another witness to the conquering might of man. Some fifteen miles in length, by seven in breadth, and situate between Amsterdam and Leyden, enormous sums of money have been expended in repairing its barriers, and its destructive inundations have threatened once more to submerge a large portion of valuable territory. The preliminary operations commenced in 1840. The lake was ringed by a canal and dyke, to cut off its communication with the Ij, and through it with the rolling Zuiderzee. This was completed by enormous labour in 1848, and three powerful steam pumps were then employed for five years in discharging its waters and effectually draining its area of fifty thousand acres. The whole of this immense engineering triumph was paid for by the State, and cost £764,500. The recovered land has since been nearly all sold, and it is estimated that the total loss to the State, exclusive of interest, will not be more than £100,000; whilst the direct gain, through the cultivation it will open, and the security now afforded, will be immense. The difficulties and the effects of draining are both extraordinary. Sometimes not natural but religious obstacles have been in the way. Many of the fish ponds in the south of Europe were made by lay and ecclesiastical proprietors, during the middle ages, to supply monastic establishments and the faithful generally with fish for their fast days. They were soon prolific causes of endemic disease, but were too sacred to be touched. There are still many tracts of land that would be extremely fertile if drained, but the proprietors of the ponds would lose the produce of their fish; and this temporary benefit is the only obstacle in the way, save that fish must be had. The neighbouring poor starve always, that the rich may do so religiously and occasionally, as the discipline of their church demands.

The effects of irrigation deserve a word or two here. Wherever it has been practised, whether in South America, Italy, Switzerland, France, Palestine, Idumæa, or Egypt, its first effect has been to increase the area of cultivable soil. This is a matter of easy belief, and does not require any statistics to prove it. Its secondary effects are neither so generally known nor so beneficial. It necessitates expensive works that favour large proprietors only, reducing the yeomen to peasants, the peasants to serfs; it creates petty jealousies and endless litigations as to the right of supply; it develops pestilential diseases where extensively practised, so that even the

the flocks of cattle, as well as men generally, suffer from typhus fever in the neighbourhood of large rice fields, as in Italy and elsewhere; and it is doubtful whether, in many cases, it has not made a gradual deposit of saline matter that in the end makes the soil absolutely sterile. For facts to support these conclusions we must refer to Mr. Marsh's volume, but we may mention in support of the latter that Professor Medlicott has shown that certain barren wastes in Northern and Western India, once evidently cultivated, owe their infertility to a peculiar saline effervescence called *Reh* and *Kuller*, consisting of varying proportions of sulphate and soda and common salt, which have been deposited by incessant irrigation and evaporation. In small quantities these are normal constituents of good soil, and even deposited by the rivers; but as their inundations are only annual, and irrigation is continued for months in succession, the latter is unquestionably the chief cause, especially in India, and where, as in Egypt and Nubia, sterile grounds above the level of the Nile waters still exhibit traces of ancient cultivation, and are similarly covered.

The sand dunes are also important instances of man's good and evil influence on nature. They are of two kinds, inland dunes and coast dunes. The former are found in the South American, Polish, and Algerian deserts, and in parts of the latter are continually advancing upon the villages. The latter, however, are more important, as being in many places the natural barriers of the sea. They are found on the Baltic coasts of Russia and Prussia, the shores of Denmark, Holland, Gascony, the Caspian Sea, Lake Michigan, and Cape Cod. There is also, we are of opinion, good reason to suppose that the ancient forest beds of the Norfolk Cliffs, referred to by Lyell, were somewhat of this character.* The etymology of the word dune supplies us with an important piece of historical fact. The old Northern language had no term for dune, which has been but recently introduced into German. The modern Icelanders call the Jutland dunes *Klettr*, a hill or cliff. 'Had the dunes been distinguished from other hillocks, in ancient times, by so remarkable a feature as the propensity to drift,' says Mr. Marsh, with his usual sagacity, 'they would certainly have acquired a specific name in both old Northern and German. So long as they were wooded knolls they needed no peculiar name; when they became formidable, from the destruction of the woods which confined them, they acquired a designation.' The silence of Strabo, Cæsar, Ptolemy, and

* 'Antiquity of Man,' p. 214.

Pliny

Pliny about them, strongly confirms this view. The dunes have been thrown off by the sea itself, and consist of several elements, of which quartzose sand and calcareous shells are most important. Internally they are sobbed with moisture, and externally should be clothed with vegetation. Dull, prosaic looking things as they may be, Herr T. G. Kohl has found in them a fund of poetry. A single grain of the quartzose sand that composes one, may have a history longer than that of the human race, tossed to and fro for æons upon æons until it found rest with its fellows in the dune. 'Could we arm our eyes with a microscope, and then dive like a sparling into one of these dunes, the pile, which is indeed only a heap of countless crystal blocks, would strike us as the most marvellous building upon the earth. The sunbeams would pass with illuminating power through all these crystalline bodies. We should see how every sand grain is formed, by what multifarious little facets it is bounded, we should even discover that it is itself composed of many distinct particles.' We have not space to show the extent and full nature of the waste and ruin created by unclothing these mounds, and the gradual repair of them as the result of artificial planting, but the following story is a good one, and conveys the lesson of the whole :—

'In the middle ages, the Nehrung was extending itself further, and the narrow opening near Lochstadt had filled itself up with sand. A great pine forest bound with its roots the dune sand and the heath uninterruptedly from Danzig to Pillau. King Frederic William I. was once in want of money. A certain Herr von Korff (what epithet would Carlyle give him?) "promised to procure it for him, without loan or taxes, if he could be allowed to remove something quite useless. He thinned out the forests of Prussia, which then, indeed, possessed little pecuniary value; but he felled the entire woods of the Frische Nehrung, so far as they lay within the Prussian territory. The financial operations was a success. The king had money, but in the elementary operation which resulted from it, the State received irreparable injury. The sea winds rushed over the bared hills; the Frische Haff is half choked with sand; the channel between Elbing, the sea, and Königsberg is endangered, and the fisheries in the Haff injured. The operation of Herr von Korff brought the king 200,000 thalers. The State would now willingly expend millions to restore the forests again."' (Willibald Alexis, quoted by Marsh, p. 486, note.)

The sand plains of different countries have manifested the truth of much of what has been urged about forest-clearing. In many cases, where probably created by a pre-historic destruction of vegetation, they have again become fertile under the planting operations of man. The memorable 'continents of Brandenburg sand,' so often referred to by Carlyle, in the first volume of his 'Frederick the Great,' are gradually being reclaimed by artificial forest that will prepare the soil for future cultivation. The landes of Gascony, once the despair of all agriculturists, have undergone similar improvement.

ment through the ingenious method, invented by M. Bremontier, of fixing the coast dunes which blew into the interior by plantations of maritime pine. The landes are estimated to consist of about 1,700,000 acres, so that their recovery, which is now gradually proceeding, will considerably affect the agricultural prosperity of France. The extensive forest of Fontainbleau also rests upon a sandy soil, interspersed with rock, which would be a drifting wilderness but for this artificial planting. The sandy Steppes, near Odessa, have been recently fixed, after many unsuccessful attempts, by the planting of the *ailanthus*, or varnish tree. The Campine of Belgium, a heath-plain, extending across the confines of Holland, is, perhaps, as good an example as any of man's reclaiming industry; although Mr. Marsh thinks, with a little unusual narrowness of view, that the efforts made upon it have not yielded results at all proportional to the amount of capital invested in them. We do not think even such a fact can justify his short notice of these really marvellous processes, and so we venture to supply his deficiencies, as we have already done in the previous pages. Originally the very worst soil in Europe, the Campine has now become almost as fertile as any, and its various agricultural products form a most important part of the weekly food of our metropolis. This result has not been achieved by capital, but by the wonderful industry of a peasant proprietary, of the good effect of which it stands as a bold, undeniable testimony. The Flemish farmer is not so well educated as the English one, but he surpasses him in minute attention to his land, and dogged perseverance. It has been said of him that 'he wants nothing but a space to work upon,' and he will make it productive, be it what it may. The Campine sands are bare enough to begin with, but the Flemish peasant is earth-hungry, and justifies what M. Michelet says of the French soldier, when he writes: 'The acquisition of land is for him a combat; he goes to it as he would to a battle charge, and will not retreat.' We quote, second-hand, from 'Flemish Husbandry,' in the 'Farmers' Series' of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the following account of this campaign on the champagne:—

'The sands on the Campine can be compared to nothing but the sands on the sea shore, which they probably were originally. * * Here you see a cottage and rude cowshed erected on a spot of the most unpromising aspect. The loose white sand, blown into irregular mounds, is only kept together by the roots of the heath; a small spot only is levelled and surrounded by a ditch; part of this is covered with young broom, part is planted with potatoes, and perhaps a small patch of diminutive clover may show itself; and this is the nucleus from which, in a few years, a little farm will spread around. * * * If there is no manure at hand, the only thing that can be sown, on pure sand at first, is broom; this grows in the most barren soils; in three years it is fit to cut, and produces some return in fagots

for the bakers and brickmakers. The leaves which have fallen have somewhat enriched the soil, and the fibres of the roots have given it a certain degree of compactness. It may now be ploughed and sown with buck wheat, or even with rye, without manure. By the time this is reaped some manure may have been collected, and a regular course of cropping may begin. As soon as clover and potatoes enable the farmer to keep cows and make manure, the improvement goes on rapidly; in a few years the soil undergoes a complete change; it becomes mellow and retentive of moisture, and enriched by the vegetable matter afforded by the decomposition of the roots of clover and other plants. * * After the land has been gradually brought into a good state, and is cultivated in a regular manner, there appears much less difference between the soils which have been originally good, and those which have been made so by labour and industry. At least the crops in both appear more nearly alike at harvest, than is the case in soils of different qualities in other countries.'*

Our programme is yet by no means exhausted. Canals, mines, railroads, isthmus-cuttings, and the draining and diversion of rivers, are all striking geographical changes wrought out by the hands of man, and productive alike of evil and beneficial effects, which our means are as yet inadequate to estimate and balance. They are so striking, and have so long been regarded as the especial triumphs of humanity over natural forces and barriers, answering to a very common definition of civilization, that this very fact must be our excuse for simply referring to them in this incidental, perfunctory manner. We have chosen to give prominence to the less known and more unconscious operations of human enterprize. The public prints and books of travel do their best to keep people well-informed as to these gigantic changes and the possibilities arising out of them, but the more minute and gradual ones are almost lost to view, and rarely attract the attention of any save those especially interested in the different pursuits to which they refer, and the different agencies and productions which they so extensively modify and transform. Without going back to the extravagant doctrine, seriously held by Malebranche and others,† that we may, or rather might, if our vision were but armed with omnipotent lenses, see the stems, leaves, petals, and stamens of a tulip in its bulbous root, and infinite oak forests in a single acorn, or orchards in the pippin of an apple, there is still sufficient saneness in this notion of a world in little to make it useful for us here. Minuteness may be insignificant to the senses, but it can be measured by the intellect. All great changes and effects are composed of littlenesses, as centuries of domestication and crossings alter animals and plants, the felling of tree after tree affects climate, and millions of sand grains make a sand dune. It is so in other spheres.

* 'Principles of Political Economy.' By John Stuart Mill. Vol. i., pp. 327, 8.

† 'The Search After Truth,' &c. By Father Malebranche. B. I., chap. vi. Oxford: 1694.

Each

Each individual is a whole, produced by cells, minute hereditary qualities, and acquired habits. The unity may charm us; but the development and accretion is the greater wonder. Trifling habits indicate character much better than large ones. Every man dresses up so much, as it were, for outward inspection and public life, that he forgets the significance of his casual expressions, his little habits, and the petty details of his daily being. As human beings are for ever throwing off little photographs of themselves in this way without knowing it, so do they effect immense incalculable external changes by similar means and in similar ignorance. The core of the world crops out, as it were, in every little garden and farm, with all its various laws overlapping and trenching upon each other and its manifold compensations. Man, the creator, the destroyer, and the renovator, fulfils all these functions and gratifies all his instincts and higher desires by a vast succession of simply insignificant acts, reaching in their effects farther than the perceptions of his senses and the large shadow cast by his own being; so that diverse, social, moral, and national lessons are suggested by these many-linked relations of cause and effect. Here is man altering other organisms, his very habitat, climate, and geographical limits. If men can change the very laws of nature when they seem to be most crushed in their grasp, why should they not effect the equal miracle of moral renovation, challenge the very evils their progress has created, and overthrow them in a warfare a thousand-fold nobler than any of the chivalries of an earlier world? To 'interrogate nature'—it is singular that the phrase originated with a mystic, Plotinus, and not a scientific *savan*—is no doubt a calm, elevating, and inspiring occupation, pregnant with manifold moral and intellectual influences. But it is at best a comprehensive term for a very partial proceeding, and one that dwarfs the soul in the end, if no other influences are admitted. Even that indefatigable naturalist, Mr. H. W. Bates, found the continued contemplation of nature wearying and unsatisfying amidst the wonders of the tropics. 'I was obliged at last to come to the conclusion,' he says, 'that the contemplation of nature alone is not sufficient to fill the human heart and mind.'* The forms of life, the sins of life, the monstrous corruptions of life have their definite sequences as much as the facts of external nature, and should be equally amenable to the same influences.

The naturalistic philosopher may laugh at the reformer, and has laughed, and does laugh loudly enough, but his wit re-

* 'The Naturalist on the Amazons.' Vol. ii., p. 186.

bounds

bounds upon himself. We cannot bring down the law of gravitation, and harness it like a Pegasus, that it may do our moral work, any more than he can make it kindle his fire, dust his library, or arrange his treasures. But we give it our equal reverence and recognition. We do more; we explain facts by other laws as simple, as all-binding, and as far-reaching. He does not see, in his grim, humorous way of putting aside all moral facts and possibilities by a wave of the hand and a pretty but a purloined phrase, that it is only his own dear method that is pursued in this other kingdom, with a difference of subject-matter and time. He finds his primal or contingent facts, endeavours to explain them, and trace forward their remoter possibilities. The moral philosopher does no more. The simple facts of human consciousness and daily life are surely as reliable, even in their diverse changes, as the movements of the planets that led Laplace to map out his exposition of the solar system; the geological data which helped Sir Charles Lyell and others to decipher the stone-written epic of the world; or, later still, the facts which have enabled Mr. Marsh to trace the influence of man on the physical conditions of the globe. The scientific spirit, according to its most ambitious exponent, M. Comte, is that which 'looks from without inwards;'* and however imperfectly the nobler humanitarian may have hitherto seemed to be moved by it, our present subject is eminently calculated to imbue us with it more thoroughly and soundly. Certain systems, as phrenology and physiognomy have feebly endeavoured to do this, as far as mind and character are concerned, but we have no concern with them here. We might have waited for ages ere they would have taught us so much as we may learn from this revelation of man's power over nature, when we transfer, as we have a right to do, the same method to his power over himself. No science of morals is possible without the assumption of the latter fact, any more than a science of medicine without the recognition of the modifying influences of remedial agents on the different bodily organs as well as upon themselves. Man, in fact, is not mere order of nature, link in a chain, nor any ignominous baggage, as Emerson says, but 'a stupendous antagonism, a dragging together of the poles of the universe.' He is a part of nature, and so far says Shakespeare truly:—

> 'Nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean.'

But he is nature's miracle and above her. He feels the

* 'Positive Philosophy,' translated by H. Martineau. Vol. ii., p. 191.

grand

grand law of gravitation and it cinctures him, but he continually breaks and resists it, if only to be triumphed over it by it when life has ceased. He alters her primal facts and laws by the varied operations of his industry and his will. The history of the world as imprinted on its surface is not more eloquent with the one order of law than it is with the other.

A new phase in the moral history of humanity is, therefore, opened out by these natural discoveries. It has pleased Cousin, Ruskin, and others, to trace the influence of physical geography on the mind and the arts of men; it is a newer phase in human thought when man's influence comes to be traced on the broad outlying circle of influence itself. The thought seems to have completed itself, and we are open to study and delight ourselves with its results in other departments. It is full of joy, hope, and courage for the stern, steady-working, and sometimes despised humanitarian. It may cheer him like an unfolding prophecy, and stimulate him like a new revelation. Like the natural philosopher, he sits down before stupendous facts that will not be concealed. They have written out their history in man's heart and life as clearly as ever the earth holds the history of creation in its strata, and of man's activities on its surface. Science discloses the latter, and no less surely declares the former. We can never afford to shorten or weaken our grasp of things by a lazy indifference to any kind of progress or inquiry, and it has so long been the fashion to regard nature as a stern, unyielding fate, whose laws come crushing down like an avalanche or an iceberg in a glacial sea, that any turn of thought is refreshing to us, however it may seem to make it more emphatic, if it helps us to recognize more plainly and fully any high strong centre of combative and remedial influence. The same kind of law crushes us in one aspect of morals, and we leap for joy as we learn anew that all is not girt about with invincible barriers, but that a new set of forces and agencies, a new circle of being, has power to alter, mould, and remedy in a most marvellous degree. The better things we hope for, work for, and pray for, no longer troop about us as the phantasms of an idle brain and enthusiast's dream, but as the realized palpable practicalities of a broad noonday existence. Far along the future flashes our radiant vision, and the shadows of a nobler human throng are flung across our path, and yet there is no mournful pageant in the west, no solemn setting of the sun.

Art. II. — POPULAR EDUCATION IN LARGE TOWNS.

1. *Inquiry into the Educational and other Conditions of a District in Deansgate.* By the Manchester Statistical Society. November, 1864.
2. *First Report of the Manchester and Salford Education Aid Society.* 1865.

THAT current of human affairs, which is generally designated by the name of progress, is every day making it more impossible for human beings to live in civilized communities without the rudiments of education. Whether we desire it or not, it is making society continually more complex, building up great cities, inventing new machinery, netting the world with railways and electric telegraphs, and drilling the human race into modes of life of which the foundation is as much artificial as natural. In this state of things a man who does not keep pace with the knowledge of his time becomes more helpless every day. When life was chiefly agricultural or pastoral, it was otherwise. The ploughman or the shepherd each has his value in his own place, his duties being simple, unchanging, and almost independent of any mental culture. And when the world went on in the old rustic way, it scarcely mattered whether Hodge had learnt his letters or not. But in our days, so rapid are the changes which whirl us about, that no man knows what may be required of him next year; and if our uneducated field-worker, with his family, should be drifted into a large town, with no human being above his own condition who knows of his existence, and should there be suddenly cast out of employment, it is very possible that the darkness and hopelessness of his lot would at once break down his spirit, his self-respect, and every safeguard of good conduct.

It is not possible for any of our readers to imagine what his own condition would have been, supposing him never to have learnt to read. But it may be worth a few moments' thought to make the attempt to understand it in some faint degree. When we see a blind man our sympathy is awakened because the fearfulness of his privation is so manifest. But it is not so easy to get a clear notion of the state of the man who has eyes and sees not. Almost everything of our modern civilization has come to be the property of those who can read and write. We no more think of addressing the uneducated with hieroglyphics now, than we expect a public speaker to interpret his spoken words with the finger-alphabet, for the benefit of

of the deaf and dumb. In mile-stones and finger-posts on the highways, in street names in towns, in placards upon walls, in labels in shops, in advertisements in newspapers, in railway tickets and time-tables, in sign-boards and printed and painted directions at every step, our business-life assumes that all men are instructed in eye-language as well as in ear-language. The poor man who enters upon the responsibilities of life without the rudiments of education, slowly opens his eyes to the fact that he is in a world of treasures locked up, of which he has not the key. He comes at length, perhaps, to a dim apprehension that he belongs to an inferior order of beings, or that the true man in him, which might successfully have done battle with the difficulties that beset him, is still locked in the slumber of a chrysalis state. Hence the preternaturally intelligent boy of the streets becomes the stolid and lethargic man. He grows accustomed to see and hear, like a cow or a horse, a thousand things pass around him which he does not understand; and he grows resigned, hopelessly and helplessly resigned, to his fate. If he can keep in some groove in which he has begun, bearing all burdens, his life may run out without any greater disaster than that which is involved in the fact of a human soul living a life intellectually very little above that of the lower animals. But if by some change he be thrown loose from his old moorings, what creature in the universe so desolate and helpless as he? Life runs past him day by day, and leaves him stranded. He sees that a universe of ideas, knowledge, and activity lies around him, of which he can take no cognizance. His faculties are awakened just enough, perhaps, to show him what he lacks. What wonder that he often seeks to drown these dim perceptions, with the remembrance of his miseries, in some muddy pool of sensual indulgence?

And look, again, at the uneducated man in relation to spiritual culture. He is almost necessarily coarse, cloddish, unimaginative, unpoetical, painfully literal. With educated people, especially in modern times, thought not only finds its expression in, but is chiefly carried on by the help of, symbols drawn from nature, or the sciences, or literature, and especially from poetry. Words, therefore, come to have many senses, according to the connection in which they are used. And a whole and extensive language exists, in a region entirely above the region of life of the work-day world. The illiterate man lacks the very machinery of thought. For, in the intellectual as well as the physical region, modern life is full of mechanism, of which the thinkers and poets of all ages are the inventors. Every extension or new application of science, every

every new item of knowledge—astronomical, geological, chemical, or biological—is immediately seized by the imagination (the pioneer of thought), and beyond and above the duty it performs in the lower physical region of life, it is idealized and made a basis of a new series of intellectual images, deductions, and illustrations. Thus, as the earth beneath becomes more fruitful to the advancing intellect, the soul finds, in its own region, the corresponding archetypes of physical phenomena, extending its domain into the heaven of thought. This connection of the spiritual and the physical is not fanciful, but real. Nature and science furnish us, not only with similes and comparisons, but also with implements and weapons by which new regions of the soul's heritage are opened out and brought under its dominion. From all this the ignorant man is shut out. His state realizes the old stories of enchantment; he carries his human instinct buried under an exterior almost satyr-like, and feels his loss, though he cannot speak it.

With the church he connects the ideas of baptisms, marriages, and funerals, but usually seems to consider that he has nothing to do with any other religious observances. Ask a clergyman who knows well some of the more densely peopled districts in large towns, respecting the attendance of his parishioners at his or any other place of worship. Some of those who have made special inquiries from house to house, have found that not one in ten of the grown people ever go to any place of worship. Why is it that in our day this dulness of intellect and this absence of religious culture and æsthetic feeling characterize the illiterate man? Is it not because literature has now become almost our only teacher? We often speak with pride and exultation of the triumphs which the press has achieved in our day. 'The daily press,' as Carlyle has said, 'is the preaching dervish of our age.' Before the invention of printing, books were as rare as gems. It was then necessary that the orator and the artist should have much more to do with teaching than now. The Catholic Church of the middle ages appealed, by its symbols, its oral instructions, and its works of art, to the unlearned as well as to the learned. Its pre-eminence in shows and ceremonials has sprung from this very necessity of the past. But in modern England the printing press has taken the place of almost all other modes of teaching, and has given to literature such an overpowering influence upon the educated classes, that a new and distinct literary vocabulary has grown up, so that, if a man be unable to read, he will seldom be able to hear a sermon that he can understand. Moreover, if he goes to a church, he is expected to

to use several books, and if these are unintelligible to him, while at the same time he is unable to make out the sense of the sermon because of his own limited knowledge of words, is it likely he will be often attracted thither?

Some of the churches, alas! seem to have almost forgotten that Christianity is sent especially to instruct the poor and to save the lost. They preach to the intelligent classes, and make it fashionable and proper to attend their services. Those who are not fashionable and proper, therefore, naturally shun them. The established routine supposes every person to be intelligent, but the great mass of the nation is not brought up to the degree of intelligence necessary to enable them to enter with heart and understanding into the forms of worship which refined taste finds necessary. . And yet the churches are the appointed educators of the nation. The office has been demanded by them, and accorded to them. What is to be the future of the people and of the churches? Is the mass of the nation to sink into heathenism? Are we to have churces? for the educated only, and are the people to be abandoned? Can we flatter ourselves that the command of Him who said to His disciples, 'Go, teach all nations,' is in this age complied with? When shall we see in the churches those signs of Divine manifestation to which He appealed, 'to the poor the gospel is preached,' and 'the common people hear gladly?' Let us by no means be understood to intimate that religion cannot purify and ennoble the uneducated man. We believe some of those upon whom Christianity has exercised its highest influences have been ignorant men and women. But if the ignorant are to be virtually excluded from hearing and knowing anything about Christianity, how can its influence be brought to bear upon them? Religion is now, apparently, considered rather as an accomplishment than as a necessity of life for every human being.

Looking to the disintegrating forces in operation, and to the fewness and feebleness of the conservative agencies to counteract them, we need not be surprised to find that in all our large towns, and in many small towns also, there are vast populations, crowded together in small spaces, in filth and squalor indescribable, without regard to the decencies of life, and amongst many of whom even the ordinary notions of morality are either extinct, or have never come into conscious existence. In short, in this triumphant nineteenth century, great numbers of the people have gone back into savagism in the chief cities of this great and wealthy country. There are nearly a million of paupers, normally, in England and Wales, costing £6,000,000 sterling per annum. And crime abounds to such

such an extent that the expenditure for prisons and police in this country, for 1861, was £4,500,000 sterling, and it was estimated at the same time, that there were 130,000 criminals at large, preying on the community. The cost of these criminals to the country, estimating them at only £50 per annum each, will be £6,500,000 sterling, making the whole cost of crime £11,000,000 per annum. Pauperism and crime, therefore, burden us to the extent of £17,000,000 per annum, or four times the amount needed to educate every working man's child in the kingdom.

As material prosperity has advanced, and wealth has accumulated, this degraded population has grown in numbers. There are more rich men, and the rich men are richer, than formerly, but the poor have increased in numbers more rapidly than the rich, and their poverty is deeper, more squalid, and more difficult to relieve than ever, because it is a poverty of thought and good principles, still more than of food and clothing. It is the necessary consequence of the attempt to make men with unawakened intellect and uninstructed consciences fill a place in the midst of an artificial society which has made culture indispensable. It is now more literally true than in any former age, that 'the people perish for lack of knowledge.'

The perception of the necessity of general education in these altered times has been growing for more than half a century. In most civilized countries it has been vigorously attempted, and in some it has been fairly accomplished. In the two chief republics of the world—the United States and Switzerland—every child is taught at the public expense. In most of the more despotically governed German States, education of all the children is also accomplished, by compulsory laws, and at the public cost. In freer Holland there are excellent free schools for the poor, and those who do not educate their children are entered in a black book, and suffer under certain disabilities. France and Italy are making rapid progress in education. In the chief British colonies excellent common schools are supported at the public expense. England, foremost as she is in wealth and in material progress, claiming the position of leader in philanthropic movements—and among whose artizan population, more than among any other people, education has become a necessity of life—has half the nation receiving no instruction of any practical value.

For the last thirty years, it is true, an experiment has been in progress in this country, and a constantly growing proportion of the public revenue has been devoted to this experiment, until the sum yearly voted has reached more than

than £750,000 sterling. But it is now generally admitted that very little, indeed, has been accomplished of the work which this annual sum was meant to effect, viz., the education of those children whose parents were unable to pay for it themselves.

For this most unpractical result, indeed, neither the Legislature nor the Executive are to blame, otherwise than as they are the exponents of the national will. As soon as a Government grant for education was mentioned, the Church demanded to have the disposal of it. But then came the old difficulty between church and church. The field of educational effort was converted into the battle-field of the Established Church with Dissent. It became necessary for the Committee of Privy Council, in distributing aid, to assist all denominations impartially. Hence, the Government was not able to establish schools at all, or to come into contact with the people to be educated, except through the mediation of schools established by the churches. And generally, only those scholars are admitted to the assisted schools who are able to pay school-fees. By far the larger portion of the grants made by Government, as now distributed by the churches, reaches only those who are able to pay school-fees. And it is well-known that a very considerable proportion of the scholars, for whom capitation grants are at present made, are the children of shopkeepers and tradesmen who could well afford to pay the whole cost of their education. At the same time the mass of the poorer working people are left uneducated, because they cannot afford to pay the school-fees.

We do not intend, here, to utter any word of reproach of the religious bodies. Among the leaders of religious opinion there are, and have been, many good and wise men, and we doubt not they sincerely purposed to bestir themselves in this matter of education. Doubtless, they expressed only what their consciences dictated of an apprehension lest the nation should be educated in accordance with the maxims of a materializing civilization. But the root of the mischief is the introduction into this subject of that war of creeds and ceremonials, in the din of which *the Church* is lost among *churches*. We wish only to recall, and to place in consecutive order, the simple facts of our present condition, as they are known to every intelligent man, and the causes which have brought them about. The religious bodies that subscribe large sums of money to send Christianity and civilization to Juggernaut worshippers and Fiji cannibals, and to establish schools among these savages, have in each large town in England more untaught heathens that have nothing to do

with the churches, and know hardly anything of Christianity, than are to be found in any of the more considerable islands of the Pacific. They are men, women, and children with white skins and British blood, inferior to no race in the world—but sinking in masses—their spiritual nature into moral corruption and intellectual stagnation, and their bodies into festering heaps of wretchedness, such as can be found in no Australian forest or Hottentot kraal. And the churches that have said, 'We dare not let these people be educated by any others than ourselves, because we wish their education to be a religious one'—are standing by, and neither educate them nor admit their powerlessness. We are pretty sure, indeed, that they would at once rise up as before, to resist any interference with the *status quo*.

Of what has been accomplished by the Committee of Privy Council we are far from wishing to speak slightingly. They have done what was possible under the circumstances. The teaching in the schools under Government inspection is a vast improvement upon any which was practised forty years ago. Apprenticeship of pupil teachers, certificating of qualified teachers, training colleges, and periodical examination of schools by professional inspectors, have all borne good fruits. But if the majority of the children for whom these schools are intended never enter their walls, it is evident that the Government method is, to that extent, a failure. And, virtually, this was acknowledged the other day in Parliament by Mr. Bruce. The conviction is all but universal that the present state of popular education is most unsatisfactory, and that change must be made.

Some years ago the people of Manchester made an effort to initiate a better state of things for their own town, if not for the kingdom. A scheme of general education, to be supported by local rates, was proposed. This brought out a rival scheme, the two parties taking conflicting views. An attempt to make a compromise was unsuccessful, and after much contention, each defeated the other, and both fell to the ground. Ten years passed away, and the education question rested. But in the beginning of 1864 the subject was again brought into prominence. Startling statements were made in the local daily papers respecting the condition of the great mass of poorer people crowded in the central parts of the town. It was shown that there must be 50,000 children in Manchester and Salford, within the school-going limits of age, who were not attending day schools; while only 42,000 were receiving instruction in day schools. Although these statements called forth contradictions and questionings, there was, unhappily, no

no lack of confirmatory evidence. A society, of which we shall presently have occasion to speak (the Education Aid Society), adduced the following in a tract published about the same time :—

'The alarming condition into which the working population of Manchester and Salford is sinking, is well illustrated by a few facts gleaned during the working of the Sewing School established in Garden Lane, Lower King-street, by the Provident Society, during the recent cotton famine.

'The total number of young women, factory workers, from sixteen to twenty-three years of age, that have passed through this school, is 963. They were instructed by ladies who gave their time and labour to the benevolent work. Of the 963 there were only 199 who could both read and write. 319 more of them were able to read; but 445, or nearly half of the whole, were unable to read at all.

'But, what is still more important to those likely soon to become mothers of families is, that not one in ten of these young women could sew, in any available way; and not more than one in twenty could sew moderately well. They required to be taught even to hold the needle, and were made to practise first on patchwork provided for the purpose, which was frequently so badly sewed as to need unstitching after their attempts. Of domestic management they were entirely ignorant. They were unable to cook the simplest kind of food. It was very difficult to teach them to peel potatoes without excessive wastefulness. And not a single girl knew how to make bread.'

Some of our readers will doubtless wonderingly ask how this state of things can have come to pass, seeing that children under thirteen, who are sent to work in cotton mills, are obliged to attend factory schools. It may be that many of these girls did not go to work in cotton mills until they were over thirteen years of age; it is more than probable that most of them were sent very young. But the truth is, the factory schools are, in most cases, a delusion. Mr. Leonard Horner, Factory Inspector, in the most unqualified terms, states this in his reports; and these reports are again quoted as evidence of the fact by the Royal Commission appointed to examine into the state of popular education, in their report published in 1861. He says plainly that the Legislature has passed a delusive act, which only requires a certificate that certain time has been passed in a place called a school, applying no test of the kind of instruction given. He says: 'If the children are crammed into a cellar, and it is called a school, the inspector must accept the certificate.' And again: 'I have been in many such schools, where I have seen rows of children doing absolutely nothing;' and 'in statistical returns such children are set down as being educated.' At the same time Mr. Horner says that 'several good schools really exist in his district, and in them the half-time system has been eminently successful.' Of 427 factory schools in his district, seventy-six are good, and twenty-six are tolerable; the remaining 325 are indifferent and worse. The half-time schools for print-works are in a still worse condition, and Mr. Horner designates them as 'mockeries of education.'

The

The discussion originating in the newspaper correspondence, already alluded to, excited so much attention, that the Manchester Statistical Society undertook the investigation of a selected sample district in Deansgate, Manchester. The part chosen was densely peopled, but was not considered to be pre-eminent in any speciality of character. It was not the poorest quarter, nor the most demoralized, nor were its inhabitants employed exclusively, or even chiefly, in any single kind of occupation. 713 houses and 68 inhabited cellars were visited, containing 1,055 families, or 4,349 persons. There was a wide diversity in their earnings. 255 families earned from £1 to £2 per week, while there were 339 families (just a third of the whole number in the district) whose average weekly income was only 5s. 6½d. per family, or about 1s. 6½d. for each person per week. There are no less than 297 families, or 28 per cent. of the whole, living in single rooms. Many of these families consist of four, five, six, and seven persons. In one case, five persons, living in one room, earn altogether 4s. per week, and pay 1s. for rent. In another room live a man and his wife and two lodgers, and the man earns 18s. per week. In another room there is a family of seven persons, father, mother, two boys and three girls (two of them over twelve years), and their united earnings are 23s. per week. In one house of five rooms there are five families, consisting of twenty-four persons, whose united earnings are £4. 16s. per week. A great number of such cases are mentioned, but they are only instances of modes of living such as are known to abound in all large towns to an immense extent. In this small portion of the Deansgate district 438 children were reported to be attending day schools, while 577 children, above three years of age, were neither at school nor at work.

Of course, where there is ignorance and degradation, strong drink is not far away. In this small district there are forty-four houses devoted to the sale of beer or spirits—that is, about one such house for every 100 persons. Twenty-two houses in the district are known to be brothels, and nine others appear to be so. In nineteen of these houses there are 105 women, and in three others there are forty-four women. Some of the brothels are also beerhouses. In two cases a daughter supports her mother by prostitution, and in one case a widow keeps two prostitutes along with her own daughter.

Such is a sample district of Manchester, and let no one imagine it may not be taken fairly to represent the condition of vast masses of population in all the other large towns of this country. We do not suppose, for a moment, that Manchester has attained such a 'bad pre-eminence' that her sister towns

towns need lift up their hands in pious horror. Let them only as fairly examine themselves. Where, alas! is that 'bold peasantry' upon which our fathers, two or three generations ago, prided themselves? The drift of modern life towards manufactures and trade has carried them into large towns, loosened old ties, broken down the safeguards of morals; and finding us unprepared by general and sound training, and all grasping at wealth, has given the sacred name of Liberty to that uncontrolled indulgence of sensual desires by which an ignorant people are first enslaved and then destroyed.

Early in 1864 a society was formed in Manchester, called the Education Aid Society, with the object of bringing some of the neglected children of the poor into school, and for this purpose supplementing the Government scheme, by small grants of its own, to the children of parents unable to pay. All public schools which comply with the Government conditions relating to religious instruction are placed on the society's list. These conditions are, that the school shall be either connected with some religious body, or that there shall be read in it each day a portion of the Holy Scriptures in the authorized version. In all cases the parents have the choice of the school to which their children are to be sent. Each applicant is visited, and inquiries are made into the circumstances of the family. Every case is examined, after visitation, by a committee which sits once a week. The first report of this society is before us, giving an account of the first six months' working. It states that nine-tenths of the public schools in Manchester and Salford are in connection with it, and receive the children sent by the committee. Ninety of these schools have sent in their accounts for the quarter ending Christmas last. 4,978 children have been sent, but only 3,701 of them had actually attended school. Several reasons are given for this difference. In some cases the children had not clothes or shoes in which they could appear at school. In some cases the partial grants of the society could not be made up by the parents into the full school-fee. In other cases the parents were too careless to send their children if paid for.

Of the poverty of the families assisted there seems to be no doubt. Fifteen per cent. of them are those of widows, and we are told there are almost as many cases of mothers deserted by their husbands. From the average of a selection of families taken from all parts of the town, the weekly income per head of those assisted appears to be nineteen-pence, after deducting rent. Nineteen-pence per week for each person, for food, clothing, fuel, and all other necessaries and comforts, certainly cannot be expected to leave much for education. Yet even these

these people pay a trifle in addition to the society's payment.

The importance of this society consists, we think, not in the work it has accomplished, for its operations have only just commenced. It is, in our estimation, significant as an earnest practical effort, by men of all parties, and as pointing out a possible solution of the difficulties which beset the subject of popular education. All denominational distinctions are ignored, and the committee consists of men known as representive of various shades of religious and political opinions. Yet they have shown that in this work there is nothing to prevent hearty union of effort.

The report of the Education Aid Society makes it clear that the working classes must not be looked upon as a homogeneous mass, as they have, apparently, been supposed to be. Our legislators have been high above them in station, have had little practical knowledge of and sympathy with them, and of this fact appear hardly as yet to have become aware. To educate the working classes, it has been considered to be simply necessary to make certain grants through the recognized school-managers. And, as we have already seen, these grants reach only those who least need them. The working classes consist of three very distinct strata. First, there is the thrifty, healthy, and comfortable class, who earn fair, and sometimes large wages. These, along with small shopkeepers, clerks, and even master tradesmen, send their children to the existing schools, and almost entirely absorb the grants of the Committee of Privy Council. But below these there are two other strata, that are scarcely touched by the existing arrangements. The next lower one consists of a very large class of honest, working people, labourers, jobbing tailors, and shoemakers, porters, hawkers, men with feeble health of all trades, often without work, and unable to do much when they have it, men whose original business has decayed from some change in fashion, and who now are driven to some make-shift; widows with children, and many others. In vast numbers of such cases the family earnings are too small to enable them to send their children to school, if they are to pay for their education. Often the idea of schooling for their children is scarcely dreamt of. Education, to them, is an inaccessible luxury. The Government grants scarcely reach this class at all. And below these, again, there is another class, descending through various degrees, from the drunken husband or wife who could not be got to send their children to school, if free education were provided, down to the vagrant and thief, who send out their children to beg or steal, and beat them if they fail to bring home the required spoil.

For

For the lowest stratum it will doubtless be found, at length, that compulsion, under some form, is necessary. But how to compel them is a question which may be deferred until the second class is provided for. And it is this second or middle stratum that will be affected by the operation of such societies as the Education Aid Society of Manchester. This will be a most important step in the application of remedial measures. At present the middle stratum is continually sliding down into the lowest, and filling up its ranks. If this process is stopped, there is room for hope that the declension may be at length changed into an upward movement.

With the present arrangements, as we have seen, it is almost impossible for Government assistance to reach the class of which we are speaking. But why should not every town have a supplementary organization of its own, an Education Aid Society, by which this class might be reached? Surely there is public spirit enough in all English towns to administer the aid required, and to establish the necessary schools, if more schools be wanted after filling those already existing. We believe that there would be little difficulty in getting such institutions supported by small local rates, when once their beneficial working had been proved. If a rate can be obtained for public libraries and parks, surely for such an object as this there could be no difficulty.

With such an administration of local aid, the sums voted by Parliament would begin to be available for the class that most needs educational help. The Committee of Privy Council on Education estimate that the Revised Code will afford for each scholar in the schools receiving grants an average of about 9s. 3d. per annum. This is about half the ordinary average cost of education in such schools. There are prosperous Government schools in existence, that pay all expenses, keep an efficient staff of teachers, and supply the scholars with stationery, and in which the fees are only 2d. and 3d. per week, in addition to the grants made by Government. The smallness of the sum required for the efficient education of the whole nation is one of the facts which make the present inertia the more painful, and the more to be condemned, when the good which might be achieved by it is put side by side with it.

The present system of Privy Council will work admirably in connection with the local scheme here spoken of, and is, indeed, almost a necessary counterpart of it. The Government inspection, and the grants made through them, will secure efficiency in the schools; while the local administration will have to care chiefly that the poorest children are sent, to benefit

benefit by their own grants, as well as by those of the Government.

We do not wish it to be inferred, from the remarks we have made respecting the attitude of the religious bodies in the matter of education, that we should desire them to give up their claim to be the educators of the nation. Already a great organization of schools and training colleges exists, which has attained to a considerable degree of perfection. On this ground alone we should be great losers to begin *de novo*. But we think it also most desirable that the direction of education should be in the hands of men of religious feeling. Not that we should advocate the making prominent of distinctive creeds and catechisms. Very often these are made to serve no other purpose in schools than that of desecrating the hallowed things of which they treat.

We would have the churches rather to become alive to the responsibility of the position they have assumed. At present, because they have taken the place of educators as their right, they are absolutely preventing educational effort in other quarters. On the sincerity and earnestness with which they fill their post depend not only the well-being, but the very lives of millions of our fellow-countrymen—for education is now a necessity of life. The future of England is wrapped up in the problem which they have undertaken to solve. It is very certain that if these masses of people in all our large towns be allowed to remain uneducated, all our talk about progress, increase of wealth and trade, inventions and discoveries, freedom and religion, is self-delusion. We shall gradually become worm-eaten and hollow, and when some great external conflict comes, the sapped strength and hidden corruption will be revealed in a crash of ruin, such as the world witnesses only at the consummation of an *æon*.

Something has lately been done in reclaiming the waifs and wanderers of society, by reformatories and industrial schools. Immediate good results have been seen in the diminution of the number of juvenile criminals. But it would be a mistake to suppose this to indicate a solid and permanent advance in society, so long as for every child reclaimed from crime there are many other neglected ones sliding down into the same pit. It is well known that the town population is increasing much more rapidly than that of the whole kingdom; and to careful observers it is manifest also, that the neglected and uneducated classes in large towns are increasing in proportion to the more intelligent. Whatever dangers may threaten us from foreign nations—whatever matters of interest may demand our attention throughout the world in which our trade

trade has spread its *tentaculæ*, so as to make us sensitive to every ebb and flow of the tides of life, in every land, and on every sea—if these lowly brothers and sisters of ours, in our own towns, be neglected, we cannot but, ere long, share their ruin. In what way the ruin may come, we may be unable to perceive. But He who has bound us all together in one community, given us one land to dwell in, one language to speak, one air to breathe, one law of conscience to guide us, one heart to feel, and one Redeemer to save us by self-sacrifice, has made us to know that we must be saved together or perish together. In these pages it has aforetime been well shown that the moral unity of humanity is no fancy of the poet's brain, but a sober and most solemn truth. If the hand or foot be gangrened, the corruption will require only a short time to reach the head and the heart, and the whole body must die. With nations and with races it is as with individuals. The very selfishness which cannot be stirred to action when such vast miseries as we have been describing, exist, is a sign that the life-blood of the nation is already tainted. Who that has looked into the condition of these sinking multitudes and felt the difficulty of making it believed that anything is needed to be done, has not often asked himself, 'Is it possible that all this may yet be retrieved? Is it not too late?' That it was too late, some quarter of a century ago, was the deliberate judgment of one great and good man, Dr. Arnold. We are not disposed to think our condition is beyond human power to redeem. Whether upon our modern Babylon is already written, by invisible fingers, the irrevocable '*Mene, Mene, Tekel,*' or whether yet some sweet airs from heaven shall blow upon our stony hearts and melt them into fruitful pity for our brothers who bleed to death by the way-side which we, like the Levite in the parable, shun, we cannot tell. If an effective sympathy for them shall come, we know that it will be new life for us all. Let us hope for it, but, while we pray, let us also work.

Art. III.—A VISIT TO LAFORCE.

SOME time ago we were present at a meeting held at Clifton, invited to hear a French Protestant minister, M. John Bost, give an account of three institutions, founded by himself at Laforce, in the department of Dordogne, France, for the training of destitute girls of his own faith, and the reception of patients (also Protestants) of both sexes afflicted with incurable disease either of body or mind.

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The effect of his address was to make us resolve that we would seize the very first opportunity that might arise for visiting Laforce. It came sooner than we anticipated. Early in the following summer we joined a party about to start on a continental tour, all equally desirous to verify with our own eyes the touching narrative of M. Bost; and, shaping our route accordingly, we found ourselves on our way to Laforce. We had stopped the previous night at Libourne, on the Poictiers and Bordeaux Railway, and about twenty miles short of the latter city. Hiring a carriage, and starting at six o'clock in the morning, we had reached St. Foy, twenty-four miles distant, by ten o'clock; and, there obtaining fresh horses, had visited the excellent Protestant Reformatory for both boys and girls a mile from that town. We are now driving along the banks of the Dordogne, a wide and placid river, flowing through a fertile plain, bounded on either side by a range of hills, low, but well-wooded. The charming landscape glows in sunshine, and the air is redolent of flowers and new-mown hay.

Eight or nine miles from St. Foy, a lofty-roofed, picturesque chateau appears on the summit of the northern ridge. It is that of Laforce, and indicates the spot to which we are proceeding. Mounting the height by a road winding among trees, we find ourselves on a plateau, and in the village of Laforce. Passing the modest edifice which serves the various public uses of district school-house for both sexes, of post-office, *palaîs de justice*, and *hotel de ville*, and driving by small houses and cottages, scattered among gardens, we arrive at the Parsonage (our English designation has been adopted), the residence of M. John Bost, with whom dwells his elder brother and earnest fellow-labourer, Samuel, formerly a missionary in the East Indies.

We had given no notice of our intended visit, and now learnt that M. John Bost was absent, but was expected to return in the course of the afternoon. Meanwhile his brother received us, though perfect strangers, with the utmost cordiality, and proceeded at once to show us the objects of our journey.

These are three in number, the school for girls, called La Famille Evangelique, the asylum for female incurables, called Bethesda, and that for males similarly afflicted, called Siloë. They occupy three distinct buildings, about a bowshot from each other and the Parsonage; intervening are the gardens attached to each, and the small quantity of land under cultivation as yet* acquired for the institution, in all about eight acres.

* 1861.

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The Famille Evangelique was the department earliest created, and thither we first bent our steps. On our way we met several 'halt and lame,' among them a crippled boy, seated on a small plank, moving himself quickly and easily along by his hands alone; and further on we encountered a group of little day-scholars—one diminutive creature escorted by a huge dog—who were just starting homewards, some of them having four or five miles to walk, so far are their parents thankful to send them to a school of their own faith.

The origin of the Famille Evangelique was in this wise. Several years ago the Protestants of Laforce, disagreeing with their Consistory regarding their pastor, detached themselves from the National Church, and appointed a minister of their own selection. Their choice was a happy one. It fell upon John Bost, one of twelve sons of a Protestant minister, whose ancestors had suffered proscription for the sake of their religion. Originally choosing the artist's profession, he went to Paris to pursue his studies. Buoyant in temperament, and possessing a keen appreciation of fun, he had, withal, a heart overflowing with charity, and his pity being moved by the perilous position of a young girl, the child of an abandoned mother, his desire to rescue her suggested to him the founding of such an institution as the Famille Evangelique. But, as an artist, he had neither opportunity nor funds for carrying his scheme into effect, and the idea remained in abeyance, though the poor child whose impending ruin had given it birth was not neglected. She now occupies a responsible and honoured post at Laforce.

Meanwhile, M. Bost discovered that he had mistaken his vocation. A desire to enter the sacred profession arose, his thoughts being thus directed, in the first instance, he told us, by the perusal of a work by our eminent Nonconformist divine, the late John Angell James.

Circumstances brought M. Bost to Laforce just as the former pastor—who had rendered himself so distasteful to his congregation that they utterly refused to hear him—was about to leave. M. Bost was invited to succeed him, and, after due consideration, accepted the pastorate. Aiming to raise his flock above mere sectarian discussions, and to extinguish party spirit by turning their thoughts towards practical Christianity, he set to work at once to bring the asylum so long pondered into existence. Being yet a very young man, he sought and obtained the advice and approbation of the President of the Consistory, and of the most eminent of his fellow-pastors, among whom was the late Adolph Monod. His next step was to procure funds. Forty thousand francs (£1,600) was, he estimated,

estimated, the smallest sum with which he could begin; yet this was one of alarming amount to raise. He started, however, on a tour of collection through France and England, and not only obtained the whole, but made fast friends, who have since continued their support. And here let us note M. Bost's frank and fervent acknowledgment of the aid he has received from this country. More, indeed, than half the money expended on his institutions has, we believe, been contributed by England. He warmly expresses his gratitude also to a munificent American family.

It was in 1846 that M. Bost began to build; and now help was offered of a nature far more touching than mere gifts of money. His parishioners, chiefly peasants, and, in all, not more than eighty families, volunteered their services for the transport of materials, bestowing an amount of labour which, at the lowest estimate, would have cost 16,000 francs. Moreover, as they pursued their ordinary occupations by day, they performed this gratuitous work at night.

In 1848, the edifice was complete, and so well had the work been done that at the time of our visit, thirteen years afterwards, not a penny had been needed for repair. An entertainment given by M. Bost to his generous flock inaugurated the institution, and, an excellent directress having been found, the school was opened with three girls, whose number increased until, in the course of three years, it had reached the complement of fifty pupils.

But, meantime, great difficulties had been encountered. The local authorities, probably regarding M. Bost as an interloper, strenuously opposed his enterprize, and so injurious were the accusations circulated against both it and him, that an order was actually issued for the school to be closed within a few days. This short interval, however, he employed to such good effect that the Préfet of the Dordogne, after acquainting himself with the nature and object of the institution, declared the only fault he could find with it was that it was too small; and three months later, in consequence of the favourable reports of the Government Inspector, M. Bost's school obtained honourable mention from the Minister of Public Instruction.

The girls received are: 1st. Orphans who, for various reasons, are excluded from other institutions. 2ndly. Girls whose circumstances involve great moral peril; among these are not only deserted children and the offspring of abandoned mothers still sunk in vice, but of those also who are repentant and desirous of leading a better life—the tender care bestowed upon their children and its happy results having often been the

the means of awakening the conscience of the parents. And 3rdly. Those whose isolated position in Catholic districts affords no opportunity of education in their own faith. It must be remembered that many of the French Protestant congregations are too small and too poor to support schools of their own, and the children of such a flock must be dependent on Catholic institutions for instruction. The daughters of *colporteurs* also, whose parents have perhaps no settled home, would be peculiarly destitute of the means of training but for the Famille Evangelique.

Parents are required to contribute to the utmost extent of their means towards the cost of their child, which is estimated at £10 a-year. A less sum is received from those who are absolutely too poor to pay the whole; and the balance, and the entire cost of orphans who are not paid for by patrons, is defrayed by the subscriptions M. Bost is able to obtain. Societies in memory of Adolph Monod, and distinguished by his name, have been created solely to aid in raising these funds, in the form of annual *bourses* of £10, and *demi-bourses* of £5, each whole bourse covering, of course, the expense of one inmate. Friends in different countries have adopted the same form of contribution towards each of the three departments of Laforce, individuals being in some instances the founders of a bourse.

The course of mental instruction is limited to reading, writing, simple arithmetic, a little geography, sacred history, and singing; but, the purpose of their training being to make these girls competent servants, they are practically instructed in all household duties by performing them for the whole institution; and they are also taught the various branches of the seamstress's art, including the cutting out and repairing of every garment.

'We often hear the complaint,' writes M. Bost, in a little work entitled 'The Institutions of Laforce,'* 'that the girls who come from orphan schools are not fit for service; they are too idle, and nearly useless in the management of a household. It is added that they can read, write, and reckon well, but understand nothing of service; that it is necessary to teach them everything, especially order and obedience.

'We have listened to these complaints with the desire to profit by them. The friends who have made them may be looked upon as some of our best supporters. We believe that, in many cases, their judgment has been too severe; they forget that at the age of eighteen years a girl cannot be expected to have the experience of a woman who has passed many years in service. Experience cannot be obtained from books. Nevertheless there is much truth in these reproaches. The education given in many establishments has given rise to these accusations. In many instances the children are treated as though they were at home; the teachers take the place of mothers to them; there are servants who do all the hard work, the cooking, washing, &c.; the girl sees the meals prepared and placed upon the table; she has only to seat herself and take them; she has her hours for recreation, which

* London: Mitchell and Son, Wardour-street. 1858.

no

no one has the right to take from her; her clothes are given to her ready made; she goes to bed early, and rises when called; in a word, she has no responsibility; she is as though shut up in a convent, she rarely goes out but to church; she scarcely knows what a street or shop is; all contact with the world is carefully avoided, they fear to expose her to temptation, to the dangers of imagination. A young girl may have passed five, six years, or even more, in an establishment, without ever having been out alone, when suddenly she is sent to service. She is cast into the world; in two days she has learnt more than in ten years in her Protestant convent. * * * * * *

'In our family, more especially lately, we have followed a very different course. The young girl is taught to look upon herself as her own servant, and as the servant of the house. We are far from thinking that we have always been successful, alas! But at least we have a clear conscience; we teach them to help themselves, we enable them to provide for their own wants, and to understand the direction of a household. * * * The children do all the washing; they count the linen, wash it, iron it, and put it away. They are sometimes mistaken in their calculations. In ironing, they sometimes burn the linen; but can we expect them to understand a thing without having served their apprenticeship? In the work-room they learn to do all that you can expect from a good plain dressmaker. Here the children also cut out their work, pre, are it, sew it, and finish it off. A girl may sew and stitch beautifully, but in our opinion she knows nothing if her work has been prepared for her. But it may be said, "Do they not often make mistakes, and spoil the material?" Certainly, it frequently happens so. We accustom the child to easy work at first; and when sure of her hand we entrust to her work of a superior kind.

'We ask you, dear friends, Suppose that the child spoils some dresses or some linen, but that she goes out from our family understanding her occupation, and able to present herself as a good lady's maid; have we not in this an ample recompense for any losses she may have caused us? If she has never cut out work, and leaves us without knowing how to do it without help, will she not have lost her time, our time, and your money?'

Too often, when inquiring in English training schools if the girls were allowed to cut out, we have been answered, in a tone implying contempt for our simplicity in supposing such licence possible, 'Oh, no! Why, they would waste more than their clothes are worth!' True, but would they waste more than the *lesson* is worth? If such practice be not permitted, can we wonder to hear of the young wife of an artizan, who, eager to perform her new duties, and finding her husband in need of shirts, resorted, in her ignorance how to cut them out, to the extraordinary expedient of asking him to lie flat on the floor while with chalk she traced thereon his size and shape? or be astonished to hear, as we did lately, from a leading dressmaker in a large city, that she is obliged to refuse fresh customers, because she cannot now find seamstresses competent to undertake any portion of her work without her constant supervision and direction,—what was formerly a difficulty having of late years become an impossibility? Such facts throw a mournful light upon the causes of want and sin among us, revealing the almost worthlessness of our present system of female education which underlies the whole problem now urgently pressing for solution, of female employment. The wail of distressed needlewomen, and of their thousands of fellow-sufferers

fellow-sufferers forming the vast army of incapables, is scarcely less persistent than the cry of employers for efficient work-people. If the instruction given in our girls' schools included such domestic knowledge as every housewife however humble ought to possess, and were made thorough and complete so far as it went, not only would the pupils become to that extent fitted for the ordinary duties of after life, but the mental discipline of such an education, however limited in scope, would enable them to acquire for themselves other branches of information, and render them capable of adapting themselves to the requirements of any position which they might be called upon to fill.

No servants are kept in the Famille Evangelique; the entire staff consisting of two directresses and two assistants, besides a man who is at once butcher, gardener, carpenter, and baker, the girls working under him wherever their labour is available. Great, however, are sometimes the struggles with parents in respect to the course pursued. Often they seem to regard an education so homely as an insult, and instances have even occurred in which they have taken a child away because her performance of every detail of household work could not be dispensed with.

Equal simplicity is observed in dress. Each girl is required to bring a stock of clothes, and not seldom these have to be sent back, and exchanged for others less fine. Those subsequently provided at the institution are necessarily plain, the sum allowed for their purchase being small. But this sum each girl (of sufficient age) is permitted to spend herself, in order to accustom her to the outlay of money. Mistakes are, of course, sometimes made, and occasionally a girl is heard, when balancing her accounts, to lament her unwise choice of an article which, tempting to the eye, has swallowed too large a proportion of her little fund; or, of inferior though showy make, has worn out before its time. Prudence and economy, however, in the selection and care of clothes are thus practically inculcated—a valuable preparation for the future, of which the wearers of a uniform are deprived. Mettray is the only other institution known to us where an endeavour is made, by giving a small reward at the end of the year to those lads who can show their clothes in a comparatively good state, to encourage care of apparel.

The girls at Laforce are further practised in womanly responsibilities by accompanying their teachers, or even going alone, to make all the purchases for the household.

'Another advantage,' says M. Bost, 'results from this plan which we think very important; their minds open, they see other faces besides those by which they

they are constantly surrounded; they learn that the world is not Laforce, and that all the families on the earth do not live in the Famille Evangelique. The large number of young girls of the same age living together presents difficulties of many kinds. *. * * Taking Christian society as it now exists, we feel convinced that our Famille Evangelique should endeavour more and more to become a family in society, so that our children, when leaving us, may not feel themselves out of place when entering service.' *

The food supplied to the pupils in the Famille Evangelique (and it is probably the same in the other branches of the establishment) consists of soup in the morning, a slice of bread at midday, with soup and vegetables for supper, the vegetables being replaced by meat three times a week. This dietary is inferior to that of any English institution—including even our workhouses—but the French poor live much more frugally than ours, and M. Bost wisely avoids a scale above that which his girls can expect to sustain in their own homes. 'The food,' he says, 'of the children and of the teachers is very simple. We do not flatter ourselves that we make clever cooks; but if a girl can prepare a plain meal with promptitude and cleanliness, she will soon learn under the direction of a good mistress all that she needs to know to become a fair cook.' Though humble in quality it must yet be superior of its kind, and abundant in quantity, for the children enjoy excellent health. Many arrive in a sadly diseased condition, yet not a single death had occurred, we learn from the report for 1860, during the previous four years, notwithstanding that within that period fearful epidemics prevailed among the surrounding population. Great efficacy is attributed by M. Bost to the delicious climate of Laforce, both warm and dry. There snow is rarely seen, and—the converse of our own less favoured land, where

'Lingering winter chills the lap of May'—

the inhabitants, it is remarked, might almost say 'the autumn spends the winter with them, waiting for the spring.' Upon the sickly this fine air, in which they pass several hours of the day out-of-doors, has so restorative an effect that many who have come to Bethesda and Siloë as incurable, sometimes as it was believed only to die, have regained their health, and have been able even to go into service.

By 1851 the Famille Evangelique, adapted for fifty pupils, had its full number of occupants, but applications for admission poured in on all sides, and M. Bost decided to enlarge the building. This, by the aid of fresh contributions, he achieved, and it will now, we believe, accommodate eighty inmates. It is an airy, spacious edifice, and throughout a model of neatness and simplicity. The dormitories especially pleased us.

* 'Institutions of Laforce.'

Each

Each girl sleeps in a separate bed. The little bedsteads, adapted in size to their occupants, and with bedding of snowy whiteness, are of dark-polished wood, like those used in all well-to-do French households, and were selected by M. Bost that the children might be accustomed to the care of good furniture. During his first tour in England in behalf of this school, he addressed a meeting at Liverpool, and especially urged his need of fifty little beds. 'How much will one cost?' asked a voice from among the audience. 'Two pounds,' was his answer, and before the meeting separated one person after another came up to him and placed in his hands money, in all enough to buy the fifty little beds, besides three large ones for the teachers. One sympathizing auditor understood the appeal in its literal sense, and appeared at M. Bost's hotel next day with a little bedstead and bedding all complete.

In a bedroom of a directress, adjoining the dormitories, was a beautiful *chaise-longue* made for her by some of the inmates of Siloë. In another was the school lending library. Books are exchanged on Sundays, and for the use of each the borrowers pay a *sou*. Their little pocket money is obtained by the sale of their worn-out clothes, of which they are permitted to dispose.

From the dormitories we descended to the kitchen, where an elder and a little girl, her pupil, do the cooking; all the girls, we believe, taking this and every other office in turn. We now perceived in action the peculiar principle which pervades the whole organization of Laforce—that of mutual aid among those diversely afflicted, the happiness of helping others, and the consciousness of usefulness thereby engendered tending to mitigate such affliction, and becoming even a means of cure; but this principle is more fully developed in Bethesda and Siloë, its effect investing their history with an intense and most pathetic interest. Here, each elder girl takes a little schoolfellow under her care, helps her, if needful, to wash and dress herself, and to mend her clothes, besides instructing her in household duties, the younger one performing such little offices as she is able in return. Except that the Famille Evangelique makes bread for Bethesda, and washes for both that asylum and Siloë, the interchange of services is usually limited to the inmates of their respective houses. This rule, however, has its exceptions when occasions arise. There was, at the time of our visit, a child among the invalids, at Bethesda, afflicted with a disease in the head, to cure which it was necessary that the hairs growing on the part affected should be plucked out, a delicate operation, requiring skill and practice. It so happened that one of the

pupils in the Famille Evangelique, who came from Paris, had learnt this art, and under her care the child's head was recovering.

From the kitchen we proceeded to the other domestic offices. The girls are allowed the help of a kneading machine in making their bread, and by another apparatus they bolt their own flour, so as to avoid adulteration. The bran is given to the pigs, whom we next visited. Fine fat ones they are, of English breed. The girl whose turn it was to tend them was giving their styes the Saturday cleansing, and a thorough one it was. No shirking of hard or dirty work here! Her recompense is that when a pig is killed she receives a little of the meat, and is allowed to invite some of her companions to share the feast.

It was difficult to believe that the scrupulously neat and almost elegant-looking girls, whose exquisite needlework we had so much admired in the large airy sewing-room, and whose intelligence in class had proved the pleasure they took in their lessons, and the bustling damsels in their coarse working dresses in the domestic offices were all on an equality, and would exchange places as the weeks rolled on. Many of these young persons become nursemaids, and, being Protestants, are much sought for as attendants on children in England. Only by very rare exception are they prepared for a position above service.

One or two evincing a peculiar fitness for it have been instructed in book-keeping, an occupation, it will be recollected, allotted to women more commonly in France than it has hitherto been with us; and a very few others, who displayed marked taste and aptitude for the scholastic profession, have been educated for it, first here, and subsequently (in one instance, if not more) at a Government Training School, the expense being borne by the funds of the Famille Evangelique. Well have they acquitted themselves, taking a high position at the strict examination which must be passed to obtain a diploma. On a recent occasion, a pupil from Laforce stood first among the successful candidates. All her competitors were Roman Catholics, and so were her examiners; a circumstance M. Bost rejoiced to mention, as proving that difference of faith made no difference in their awards. Of one of these young women, M. Bost related, at Clifton, a pretty anecdote. Travelling homeward some years ago in a diligence, he met with a young sailor and two little girls. In conversation, the lad asked if his fellow-traveller knew anything of an institution called Laforce, established and conducted by a Monsieur Bost. On being answered in the affirmative, he explained that, having

having recently returned to Bordeaux from the East Indies, he found that his father had died, and his mother being obliged to go from home daily to work for the maintenance of herself and the two little girls, his sisters, these had no one to take care of them, and were running about the streets. He had saved some money, which, before he reached home, he had intended to place in a bank; but in no bank, he now thought, could he place it to so much advantage as in the hands of M. Bost, to pay for the education of his sisters, and they were travelling to Laforce to fulfil his design. The little girls appeared alarmed at the prospect of a strange home, and telling their unknown companion that they had heard M. Bost was very severe, implored him, as he knew M. Bost, to ask him to be kind to them. They were assured, in answer, that he was severe only with naughty children, and that they might be certain he would treat them kindly if they behaved well. He soon made friends with his timid little fellow-travellers, as well as with their sailor-brother, and, arriving at Laforce, undertook to introduce them himself. Still the little girls seemed apprehensive about M. Bost, but he completed their happiness by making known his name. The children remained in the school until they were young women. One of them underwent an examination for a diploma, and acquitted herself so successfully, that she received many offers of employment from Switzerland and England, as well as from various parts of France; but, declining all, she told M. Bost she could not leave Laforce. She longed to repay some of the benefits it had bestowed upon her; and, reminding him that he was in want of a directress for Bethesda, she besought him to accept her services for the post. Finding her resolved upon this act of self-devotion—for it is an office of great responsibility, involving the endurance of much that is repugnant, and even revolting,—he gladly acceded to her wishes. The incurables arrive frequently with their whole bodies diseased; the idiots are often in a most brutalized condition, and for a long time all that can be effected for many of them is to give them cleanly habits and subdue their passions. M. Bost told us that he received one, a strong young woman of two or three and twenty, whose first act was to give him so violent a blow in the face that the blood came streaming from his nose; and he confessed that his primary feeling towards these poor creatures was invariably one of aversion. The young directress, however, has efficiently discharged her duties, and made herself an object of ardent affection to her wards.

Intensely gratified with what we had witnessed in the Famille Evangelique, we made our way to Bethesda, where we were

were to be still more deeply interested. On the road we met M. John Bost (whose return had been hastened on our account by a messenger from his brother), and had the advantage of inspecting the remaining asylums under the guidance of their estimable founder.

That, perhaps, which first strikes an English visitor on approaching Bethesda and Siloë, is their extremely simple, or it may even be called, humble aspect. They were not built for their present purposes, but are apparently mere cottages which have been enlarged and adapted to the wants of their inmates; and when their suitability is recognized, and their home-like character felt, how readily will be acknowledged the superior wisdom which has chosen these plain little dwellings rather than a vast and pompous edifice, absorbent of funds, such as those wherein our national benevolence too often loves to locate its objects. The means M. Bost has had at his command have never been large, and not one penny has been spent in show. Yet, we are convinced, the happiness and advantage of the inmates, no less than economy, have been consulted in the selection of these abodes. The 'family system' is preserved, and arrangements on a grand scale, rendering individualization difficult if not impossible, are not only not needed, but become almost impracticable. It is hard to believe that a building, consisting of vast halls, dormitories containing fifty or a hundred beds, and covering acres of ground, can have other than a depressing effect upon patients arriving from the humblest dwellings, who, whether afflicted in body or mind, cling to home influences, and for some of whom at least the development of the affections is the chief means of cure.*

Bethesda is devoted to the reception of female invalids, and originated in M. Bost's desire to separate sick children who had been sent to the Famille Evangelique from their companions, and to relieve them from the regular school discipline, inappropriate of course to persons suffering from illness.

The garden, into which all the day-rooms of Bethesda open, had many occupants when we entered it; some in groups in the shady alcoves, others seated on chairs and benches just outside the doors, and two or three of the idiots rambling about in the objectless manner characteristic of their vacant minds. Some were occupied with sewing or knitting, others conversing, others quite idle for the time; but all looked

* Since writing the above, we have been favoured by Dr. W. A. F. Browne, Commissioner in Lunacy (Scotland), with copies of two pamphlets from his pen on Cottage Asylums,' reprinted from the 'Medical Critic.' He thinks they might be usefully adopted in combination with larger buildings.

happy,

happy, and had the air of being thoroughly at home. The weak in mind and the ailing in body were mingled together, and by the blessed system of M. Bost—for no weaker epithet will satisfy those who have beheld its beneficent and almost miraculous effect—were supplying their reciprocal deficiencies. To each of the bodily afflicted is assigned an idiot, enjoying health, who, having been already trained by tender and intelligent teachers, is competent to perform the duties of nurse to the invalid; while she, in her turn, draws out and cultivates by her remarks, and by information on surrounding objects conveyed in simple language, such germs of moral and intellectual qualities as the poor idiot may possess. Few, if any, M. Bost told us, are entirely destitute of such qualities, and their development under this genial influence is astonishing; while as nurses they are unsurpassed. None are more watchful, more self-devoted, more gentle than they. Sometimes the open air is prescribed for the patient who can take it only in a carriage. But who shall be pony? Why, no other than her idiot nurse; and an admirable pony she makes. Scrupulously does she avoid any roughness in the path; and in turning a corner how well she manœuvres the little carriage, and how carefully she watches the course of its wheels that no grating against the kerb may jolt her charge! In return, the invalid will commission her to pluck the flowers by the wayside, explain to her their formation, and enable her to appreciate their beauties.

The affection felt by the idiot for her patient becomes intense. Some years ago there arrived at Laforce an unfortunate child whose lower limbs were paralyzed, and whose whole body was so diseased that she was a revolting spectacle; indeed, so fearfully was she afflicted that M. Bost and the physician who examined her upon her admission could not forbear weeping. This poor creature had lived for years in a cellar, where an old cask partly filled with straw was her bed; and the only care her inhuman mother took of her was to supply her with some wretched food. When she reached the asylum, one of the idiots happened to be in the room to which she was carried, and instantly begged to be her nurse. The petition was granted, and during the two years the little sufferer yet lingered the idiot tended her with the most anxious solicitude; and when death at length released her, with difficulty could her devoted attendant be induced to part with her corpse.

A poor girl, far advanced in consumption, was similarly cared for, and on her side strove unweariedly to develop the intelligence of her nurse. One evening, a few hours before her

her death, M. Bost, entering her chamber, found her reclining with her head pillowed on the idiot's breast, and at the foot of the bed a blind girl reading to her from an embossed copy of the Scriptures. Thus are they accustomed to aid and solace one another. We witnessed a touching instance of the warm attachment which springs up between those united by the sweet bond of mutual helpfulness. In one of the rooms—in which were a dumb girl, another who was deaf, two afflicted with lameness, a fifth quite paralyzed in one arm, but sewing with the other hand—we saw a young woman named Louise, a dwarf, and the smallest female dwarf we ever beheld, who came to the institution many years ago, deep sunk in idiocy, though we little suspected it from her present manner and expression. Her dearest friend is Anna, a blind girl, and so constantly are they together that, as M. Bost expressed it, 'If you want Anna you have only to ask for Louise, or if you want Louise you have only to ask for Anna.' Louise reads stories aloud to Anna, who with the retentive memory of the blind soon learns them by heart, and can repeat them to Louise.

Poor Anna possessed her sight until she was twelve years old (she is now grown up), and recollects the colour of the sky and grass, and something of the form of the trees and flowers. Her benefactor, M. Bost, and the other kind friends who surround her, she has never seen, but her affection for them is as deep as it is frank. At his request she fetched her writing-slate from a cupboard (Louise watching her movements earnestly, doubtless that no accident might befall), wrote rapidly upon it, and then read what she had written, that we might see how the ingenious apparatus is used. She was instructed in this mode of writing by a companion afflicted with scrofula, who acquired the art in order to teach it to Anna.

Passing to another room, we saw two cases of idiocy regarded as almost hopeless even by M. Bost, who has wrought so many cures. One of these was a full-grown girl who sat curled up in her chair smiling, or, alas! rather grinning to herself, uttering now and then discordant cries, but taking notice of no one. We afterwards saw her crouched on the ground in the garden amusing herself by throwing about such sticks as were used in England in the fashionable game of 'Aunt Sally.' Let the players reflect upon their prototype in France! She is at times very violent, and it is necessary to watch her (and all so grievously afflicted as she is) to prevent harm to others, but no one seemed afraid of her. The other case was of a much younger girl, a perfect virago,

virago, who, when addressed, jumps from her chair and rushes at the speaker to attack him with her teeth and nails. Even the caresses of M. Bost, which seemed to bestow such exquisite pleasure upon others, she received thus, and he had to seize her hands and hold her at arm's length to save himself from injury. She was extremely ugly, with eyes of different colours, and uttered from time to time frightful yells. Yet she is not more repulsive in appearance and conduct than some of her companions had been who are now not only orderly and harmless but even agreeable. In the same room with these two, so sorely afflicted (in which also were several of the invalids), a bright little maiden ran up to us smiling, and holding out her hand to be shaken. At the first glance we little supposed her to be an idiot, yet when she arrived she was, we believe, in every respect as unpromising and turbulent as the two just particularized. She cannot even yet utter more than a few words, but gay and light-hearted, her face beaming with smiles, she is now the pet of the household.

The ordinary dormitories of the inmates are on the ground floor, but the rooms used as an infirmary are upstairs. Perfectly ventilated, cheerfully, even tastefully furnished, their windows overlooking the fertile landscape which environs Laforce, a more soothing retreat for the hopelessly ill could not be imagined. In one of these rooms we found three idiots. One of them was knitting, another was ill, and, therefore, in bed, and the third was her nurse, occupied when we entered in fanning her to keep the flies from her face. They were quite by themselves, and could be left thus, M. Bost assured us, with perfect safety. In another chamber were two young women, one of whom told us she had been afflicted for fourteen years with internal disease; it had incapacitated her for work during the last twenty months, and these she had spent at Laforce. Heartfelt were her expressions of gratitude towards the institution. The other was evidently near the close of her sufferings. An illegitimate child, destitute of family and friends, she had found refuge in a Deaconess's house at Paris. In the hope that the air of Laforce might restore her, she was dispatched thither some months before our visit; but the long journey, in itself, almost destroyed her. She had never rallied, and was now in the last stage of pulmonary consumption. But how enviable her lot, tended by a devoted nurse, whatever might pleasantly assuage her thirst, moisten her parched lips, or stimulate the waning sensibility of her palate, bountifully supplied; the fresh country air, and fragrant flowers sweetening her death-chamber; better still, the serene atmosphere of a noble work surrounding her, and the ministrations

tions of a pastor, whose worth is testified by his devotion to the pious mission to which he has dedicated his life—how enviable her lot compared with that of the hundreds and thousands of incurables who die in the vast wards of our workhouses, the virtuous and the profligate crowded side by side, tended—or neglected—by a pauper nurse; the solemn moment of dissolution unmarked by those around, save that they cannot but hear the agonized gasps for the last breath their fellow-sufferer will ever draw. A few weeks before our visit to Laforce, we had been taken over a London workhouse, not one of the worst, but as we had reason to believe a favourable specimen. As we passed through a sick ward, there proceeded from a bed round which a clothes-horse covered by an old blanket served as a partial screen, but where no attendant watched, a peculiar rattling noise. Never before had we heard that sound, and we asked what caused it: 'Only a woman dying,' was the reply. God prosper the effort that enlightened benevolence is now making in England for the more Christian care of this pitiable class!

But a comparison once instituted between our workhouses and Bethesda does not end with the incurables. None who, having visited the insane wards of the former, wherein harmless lunatics and idiots are confined, should afterwards go to Laforce, but must poignantly feel the difference in the fate of our idiots—who, though doubtless kindly treated, are yet condemned to the monotony of official routine, and the impossibility of cure, because no one thinks of attempting it—and of those who are received at Laforce. True, these latter are but few, and perhaps, as a rule, the poverty-stricken idiot in France fares even worse than with us. But, having learnt from M. Bost's noble lesson what may be accomplished for these afflicted beings—and, under due direction, accomplished, with reciprocal benefit—can we still satisfy our consciences in leaving the task unattempted?

It was proposed to introduce into the Lunacy Act for Scotland, passed in 1862, a clause authorizing—with limits and safeguards against abuse—the allocation of insane and imbecile paupers to the ordinary wards of workhouses. The object of the proposal was to define the class of lunatics placed in poorhouses, and to remove a pretext for multiplying poorhouse asylums, which are but abortive and even vicious types of what is needed for the insane. Still, although the object of the arrangement was not to call in the aid of the healthy in mind to watch over the mentally infirm, nor that these, if in bodily health, should give assistance to the physically afflicted, yet such interdependence would have resulted; and it is to be

be regretted that the rejection of the clause has lost us an opportunity for trying the experiment which has so eminently succeeded at Laforce.

One of the promoters of this attempt, Dr. W. A. F. Browne, Commissioner in Lunacy (Scotland), permits us to cite his opinion in support of a system which

'Brings organizations diseased, but differently diseased, to act upon each other. There is,' he continues, 'a Poorhouse Asylum in this city (Edinburgh), containing sixty or seventy female lunatics. Until very recently, these, and a smaller number of males, were entrusted to the care of nurses themselves of weak or wayward, or positively unsound mind. A trained attendant is now at the head of this staff, which has been modified so far that the members have been removed from the register as *recovered*, and their numbers swelled by the addition of several ordinary paupers. In reality, however, many of these persons are still of enfeebled mind; but, according to the opinion of their superior, discharge their duties faithfully and efficiently.

'During my own experience of the insane for twenty-five years, it was my constant practice to employ them as guides, guardians, teachers, and nurses of their fellow-patients; to commit the invalid to the care of the robust and humane, him who was shorn of many powers to him who was shorn of a few, the demented to the monomaniac. The whole economy of an asylum is, so far, an illustration of the same arrangements. The sane staff depends greatly, and at all times, upon recruits and co-operation from the insane. * * * The best assistants I ever had in the infirmary of an asylum were themselves insane. Whenever a child is born in an asylum, it is confided to a judiciously-selected lunatic. I have repeatedly placed idiots in the hands of insane women, who displayed all the affection and solicitude of parents. It was my conviction, however, in such cases, that it was more blessed to give than to receive; that the mothers (so to call them) derived more benefit from the exercise of their natural gifts and sympathies, than the child from the petting and caressing bestowed.

'I yesterday saw an idiot girl under the superintendence of a female cherishing the most grotesque delusions; and a boy, who shared the attentions of several demented old men. In the Idiot School, at Larbert, an educated imbecile acts as nursemaid to the more helpless infants and children in the establishment.

'These, with many similar facts, are triumphs of management, as well as curiosities in psychology; but I am not fully persuaded that the objects thus attained might not have been attained *better* by *other* instruments.'

Here, we think, Dr. Browne indicates the capital defect in the plan he describes, though one which is inevitable under the circumstances. We mean the association of those *mentally* afflicted only. It is the action of the *healthy* mind that M. Bost relies on for the invigoration and development of that of the imbecile; and it is only by associating sane patients with the insane that this happy influence can be fully obtained.

From Bethesda we repaired to Siloë, the refuge for boys. Two humble cottages, which have been somewhat altered to adapt them to the wants of their inmates, and a modest habitation for the excellent master and matron—themselves formerly objects of M. Bost's care—constitute this asylum. A garden stretches to the south, and, with the dwellings, overlooks the beautiful valley of the Dordogne. It was no part of M. Bost's original plan to admit male patients. One day, however, he received a letter beseeching him to take in a sorely

sorely afflicted boy. The objections to locating him among the girls at Bethesda are obvious, but it was not in M. Bost's heart to refuse the appeal. Indeed, hardly had he the opportunity to do so, for close upon the letter followed the subject of the application. The youth, suffering from spinal disease, idiotic, crippled, paralyzed, and yet tormented with constant convulsive movements, was brought to Laforce and deposited, in the chair in which he had been carried thither, at M. Bost's door. It was impossible to reject one so afflicted, and Siloë was founded.

This was in 1858. At our visit we saw this original inmate, still grievously tormented with involuntary movements—now bending backwards, now twisting round upon his seat. His left hand was a shapeless mass, but with the other he had learnt to write with wonderful perfection. In the garden, where two idiots were carrying him in his chair, we exchanged a few words with an intelligent-looking lad, who, though his hands, with the exception of the finger and thumb on one of them, were mere knobs from some terrible disease affecting the joints, and his legs were shrivelled to the size only of a thick stick, did not appear unhappy. While we stood outside the house, another sufferer, with legs also shrunk and doubled up in front of him, disappeared in-doors from before our eyes with wonderful velocity. It was evidently a feat performed for our astonishment. He was seated on a board, upon which he moved himself rapidly along by his hands, holding in each a little block of wood to save them from injury, and probably was the same cripple we had remarked on arriving. He had a tall, finely-formed body, and a bright, handsome face, and was quite an athlete in his way. For amusement he would spring, board and all, over objects in his road; he was very fond of gymnastics, we were told, and tried to keep up with the other boys in their exercises.

We had seen two of the Siloë boys watering the garden of Bethesda. One of these was the hero of a touching anecdote. His mother was dying in a hospital, and he longed to obtain for her some little luxuries in food. So he worked extra time in the factory where he was employed; but weariness overmastered him, and, falling asleep at his post, his right hand became entangled with the machinery which cut off all the fingers, leaving only the thumb. To adapt his mutilated hand to his present occupation he turned it upwards, thus converting his wrist into a hook, upon which he slung the watering pot.

M. Bost desires to make Siloë self-supporting by agriculture, and with this view he wishes to add considerably to the land

land now possessed by the institution, which would enable him also greatly to increase the number of inmates. That he is fully competent to secure for his enterprize a commercial success, equal to the moral results already obtained, is strongly impressed on the mind of the visitor, who marks the practical wisdom exemplified in every detail of his noble undertaking; and indeed amusing testimony was presented to us in confirmation of this impression when he invited us, on quitting Siloë, to inspect some pigsties under course of erection hard by. They were being built on the most approved plan, and, in conversing with the workmen, M. Bost displayed not only a thorough knowledge of the subject, but seemed for the time to regard the building of pigsties as the one important object in life.

The achievements of M. Bost have been acknowledged by the French Academy in awarding to him the Monthyon prize, founded in 1780 by a nobleman of that name, as a reward of merit. In *La Patrie* for August 24th, 1850, is given the address of M. de Remusat, Director of the Academy, on the occasion of distributing the Monthyon prizes for that year. Of the labours of the more remarkable among the twenty-two recipients, seventeen of whom were women, the speaker gave a sketch, describing with some detail the asylums founded by M. Bost.

'Such, gentlemen,' he concluded, 'are the beneficent institutions contained within the humble commune of Laforce. Witnesses of the highest credibility have related the profound impression produced by what they have there beheld, and all are agreed in attributing this work—the concentrated result of widely-collected charity—to the efforts of one man, who still animates that which he has created. He doubtless needs no recompense; and the love of men can only claim the name of charity when sanctified by the love of God. But, as a proof of its highest esteem, as an encouragement and a mark of approval which all can appreciate, the Academy decrees to M. John Bost the prize of 3,000 francs.'

During our hospitable entertainment at the Parsonage, which closed the visit, we had further opportunity for conversation with our excellent hosts; then, casting aside his philanthropic anxieties, John Bost gave play to the genial humour which, uniting itself happily to his benevolence, forms one of his most delightful characteristics. Many were the mirth-provoking anecdotes he related; one or two only will our limits permit us to repeat. An English gentleman addressing a religious meeting in France, desired to point out the means for gaining spiritual strength. 'Mes amis,' he said, 'il faut chercher *l'eau de vie;* lorsque nous nous couchons, buvons de *l'eau de vie;* en nous levant, imbibons-nous de *l'eau de vie;* toujours *l'eau de vie;* soyons REMPLIS de *l'eau de vie!*' Any national sensitiveness we may have experienced during the recital of this anecdote was amply avenged by the next, in which

which not Anglo-French, but the narrator's own faulty English, was the source of fun.

In the course of M. Bost's tour through Great Britain to invite subscriptions, the first occasion for his speaking in public occurred at Edinburgh, before his mastery of the English tongue—now complete—had been quite perfected.

On his way thither, observing the baldness of the hill-tops along the route, he asked a fellow-traveller how summits of that kind were designated. 'We call them *barren*,' was the answer. This he took to be the equivalent of *chauf*, and stored it in memory for use.

The meeting assembled, the celebrated Dr. Chalmers presiding. M. Bost was called upon to speak. Himself a young man surrounded by his elders—persons of note, it was natural to begin with expressions of diffidence, and accordingly he commenced—'When I see before me so many barren heads'—A roar of irrepressible laughter burst from the whole audience. In vain he turned for explanation to the chairman, who, holding his 'barren head' with both his hands, and rolling to and fro in the agony of his enjoyment, was bereft of speech. The next day the newspapers reported that M. Bost had spoken home truths which no one else had ventured to utter.

In listening to our host's 'experiences' of life, both grave and gay, our remaining hours at Laforce glided only too swiftly along, and the midsummer twilight was already deepening before we could summon resolution to depart. A drive back to St. Foy, in glorious moonlight, closed this memorable day.

Art. IV.—DR. JOHNSON AS A TEMPERANCE MORALIST.

1. *The Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* 9 Vols. Oxford. 1825.
2. *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* By James Boswell, Esq. With Additions and Notes by Right Hon. J. W. Croker, M.P. Revised and Enlarged by J. Wright, Esq. London: H. G. Bohn. 1859.
3. *Johnsoniana: A Sequel to Croker's Edition of Boswell's Johnson.* 2 Vols. London: H. G. Bohn. 1859.
4. *The Edinburgh Review.* No. CVII. (Sept., 1831.) Art. I. *Croker's Edition of Boswell's Johnson.*
5. *Biographies.* By Lord Macaulay. Contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1860.

AMONG the moral writers of Britain in the eighteenth century none can be compared for a moment with Dr. Samuel Johnson. His title to be regarded as a profound classical scholar may be impugned; his literary criticisms are confessedly often faulty and vitiated by his political prejudices; as a lexicographer, he was rather a founder than a master-builder; his dictatorship in the world of letters has

has long since passed away; but as a moral painter and teacher, his reputation retains its original freshness, and successive generations of readers pay cheerfully the only tribute which genius, enshrined in its literary relics, can receive. He revered truth, hated hypocrisy, walked humbly before his God, and fearlessly spoke out his mind. Within his burly frame, and under a carriage frequently morose, he held a heart warm, generous, and tender. The lid of his treasury frequently closed and opened with a snap, but the treasure was beyond dispute. The moral side of things was uppermost in his thoughts, and a deep moral colouring, if not an express moral purpose, pervaded his intercourse with mankind. Moral attributes and habits were those that first caught the eye and moved the finger of the great literary artist. Inferior in delicate fancy and blooming grace to Addison, surpassed by Pope in pointed antithesis and diamond-like dazzle, and yielding to Goldsmith—his own familiar 'Goldy'—in humour and exquisite simplicity, he excelled them all, and the rest of their brother wits, in the range and variety of his topics, in the profusion of his ideas, in the keenness of his penetration, in the largeness of his grasp, and in the nervous eloquence of his style. As poet, novelist, biographer, and essayist, his constant aim was to pourtray the excellence of virtue, to trace and expose the deceitfulness of vice, and to induce men to seek for happiness in conformity with the highest examples of moral goodness, and in obedience to the dictates of revealed religion. Inquiry might, therefore, naturally arise whether Dr. Johnson had made reference to the subject of temperance as now understood; what were the views he entertained of intoxicating liquors, their common use, and the customs of society respecting them; and how far his personal practice was in correspondence with his professed convictions. Should it be discovered that he had reflected but little, if at all, upon these questions, and that he had silently acquiesced in the opinions and usages of his times, no value would attach to either his sentiments or conduct; but if the opposite of this is true—as true it is; if it is known that for years he pondered this subject of drinking, and delivered himself upon it freely and frequently—and, further, that in a marked degree his manner of life was regulated by his convictions—a lively interest must be at once awakened in the hearts of all who admire his abilities and revere his virtues. To ascertain, then, by an examination of his writings, and of authentic biographical memorials, how far the sentiments and practice of this eminent moral teacher were in agreement with the temperance principles and institutions of the present day, will be the object of our inquiry—one that it is impossible for any man of intelligence to pursue without some measure of instruction and delight.

Dr. Johnson was born Sept. 7, 1709, old style (18th Sept. new style), in the city of Lichfield, the citizens of which had little reason, a century and a half ago, to be proud of its sobriety, if, as stated by her most distinguished son, 'he remembered when all the decent people in it got drunk every night (on ale), and were not the worse thought of.' At other times, Johnson spoke with enthusiasm of his birthplace, and claimed for the inhabitants politer manners than those of any other town in the kingdom. Failing in the attempt to raise a private academy at Edall, near Lichfield, Johnson removed to London in the March of 1737, where he soon collected the materials for his 'London,' a poem published in May, 1738. Nocturnal perils then beset the unhappy pedestrians of London streets, and that these were not unconnected with 'the drink,' is shown by the following lines:—

> 'Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
> And sign your will before you sup from home.
> Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
> Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,
> Some frolic drunkard reeling from a feast
> Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.'

About this time, Johnson formed an acquaintance with Richard Savage, the reputed natural son of the ex-Countess of Macclesfield, and not unfrequently perambulated the metropolis, at all hours of the night, in the company of that dissipated child of song. Poor Savage, it is well known, had himself been convicted in 1728 of murdering a man in a quarrel, brought on by the intemperance of himself and two of his friends. Savage was pardoned, but did not shun the cause of this and many other of his troubles. His talents and forlorn condition endeared

endeared him to Johnson, but it is noteworthy that, according to Murphy, Johnson's 'abstinence from wine and strong liquors began soon after the departure of Savage' from London in 1739. The weakness and wildness of poor Savage are not disguised in his life by Johnson, but it is touching to observe how delicately the truth is stated, and how warmly the biographer deprecates the reader's self-boasting over the grave of the ruined man-of-letters. This 'Life' was published in 1744, and can leave no doubt in the candid mind that, but for the influence of intoxicating drink on a highly sensitive organization, more than half the follies of which Savage was guilty would have been avoided, and that, unwarped by wine, the 'mocker,' he might have left both a purer and prouder name on the literary annals of his age. It is not improbable, however, that Johnson's abstinence from wine preceded Savage's departure from London, and, perhaps, even their knowledge of each other. He stated, long after, that he used to dine 'very well for 8d., with very good company, at the Pine Apple, in New-street (near the Strand). It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for 6d., and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny: so that I was quite well served, nay better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing.' Boswell adds, 'He at this time (1737), I believe, abstained entirely from fermented liquors: a practice to which he rigidly conformed for many years together, at different periods of his life.' Mr. Croker, in a note on this passage, remarks—'At this time his abstinence from wine may, perhaps, be attributed to poverty, but in his subsequent life he was restrained from that indulgence by, as it appears, moral, or, rather, medical, considerations. He probably found by experience that wine, though it dissipated for a moment, yet eventually aggravated the hereditary disease (melancholy) under which he suffered; and perhaps it may have been owing to a long course of abstinence that his mental health seems to have been better in the latter than in the earlier portion of his life.' It was early in 1738, and just previous to the appearance of his 'London,' that Johnson had been brought into personal contact with Mr. Edward Cave, the publisher of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' In a memoir of this gentleman, Johnson has sketched his excellencies and defects, and, among other facts, has stated that Mr. Cave abstained for four years from animal food, and for a longer period from intoxicating liquors, to cure himself of the gout, but the fashionable ailment would not be so disposed of.

Besides other work upon the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' Johnson was engaged by Cave to report, or, rather, compose, the Parliamentary debates. Reporting, in the modern sense of the term, was then unknown. Lords and Commons united to suppress every visible means of noting down their proceedings as they occurred; and such reports as were published were either of the most meagre character, or saw the light under a mask of mysterious ciphers, and long after the gloss of novelty had departed. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' announced them as debates in the Senate of Lilliput, and in the 'London Magazine' they were produced as the discussions of an ancient Roman Political Club. Johnson's engagement dated from the session commencing Nov. 19, 1740, and terminated at the end of February, 1743; and it opportunely fell out that his last efforts in this vocation were exercised upon the debates in the House of Lords on the Bill for repealing the celebrated Gin Act of 1736, and substituting in lieu of it a small licence fee and spirit duty. These debates in February, 1743, were published in the numbers of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for November and December, the Supplement for 1743, and the January number for 1744. The report of the same debates which appeared in the 'London Magazine' differs so extensively from Johnson's report, and both vary so widely from the manuscript notes of Archbishop Secker, as to make it evident that nothing beyond a few brief jottings, taken by stealth, could have been written on the spot, and that Johnson and the reporters for rival magazines gave to the noble and right reverend speakers a diction, and not a few ideas, to which the orators were personally strangers. What concerns us here is to remark that Johnson in his report manifestly studied to assign to the opponents of the Government Bill the superiority in both length and strength of oratorical performance. The supporters of the Bill speak well, but even they are made to admit that ardent spirits are poisonous, and their common use to be deprecated and discouraged by legislation. The opponents of the measure who attack it as a legislative encouragement of drunkenness and immorality, and a sacrifice of the highest public interests

to

to pecuniary expediency, deliver themselves in brilliant Johnsonese, and, in reality, anticipate almost every line and vein of argument now brought forward in favour of the Maine-law and the Permissive Bill. The opposition to the Bill was led by Lord Harvey, whose opening speech takes in the 'London Magazine' report about 4,000 words, and in Johnson's report about 8,000. Johnson gives to the opposition speeches, delivered 22nd Feb., 14,000 words, and to the Government speeches only 8,000—a fact which, after allowing for any actual difference of length, points to a bias in the 'reporter' which he probably would not have hesitated to avow. Any doubt on this point must, at all events, disappear, when the comparative quality, no less than the quantity of the oratory, *pro* and *con*, is examined. A very interesting light is thus reflected upon the private sentiments of the illustrious moralist, who had just completed his thirty-fourth year, and was well acquainted, by personal observation, with the lower strata of London life, he himself struggling bravely, but slowly, up to a higher social level.

'The Vision of Theodore,' an allegorical tale, appeared in 1748 in the 'Preceptor,' a work designed for young people; and Johnson once said he thought this the best thing he ever wrote, yet it was composed at a single sitting. The good and evil fortunes of human beings, in ascending the Mountain of Existence, are vividly depicted, and among the delineations of character and conduct occurs the following:—'Others were enticed by Intemperance to ramble in search of the fruits which hung over the rocks and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed that the Habits which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to Reason, or sooner sunk into the gulf that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, Reason looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment. Neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats; and Habit had so absolute a power that even Conscience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.' This passage marks the difficulty, practically insuperable, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, connected with the reclamation of inebriates; yet no one would have more heartily rejoiced at the correction of this opinion, rendered necessary by the numerous instances of rescue from the 'retreats' of intemperance, effected by means of persuasions to abstinence, in union with the principle of benevolent association applied to this particular end. Nevertheless, the multitudes who perish unreclaimed witness to the undeniable difficulty of permanent reformation, and to the demand for preventive appliances, both persuasive and legislative, vigorously carried out.

A number of poetical pieces, printed in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1747, are inserted in the Oxford edition of Johnson's works—odes to 'Spring,' 'Summer,' 'Autumn,' and 'Winter,' but Croker assigns them all to Hawkesworth; and among the evidences of their non-Johnsonian origin, not the least is their extravagant praise of wine. Hawkesworth might, but it is incredible that Johnson should have sung—

> 'My Stella with new charms shall glow,
> And every bliss in wine shall meet.'

In January, 1749, appeared his poem on the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' which, amidst other striking scenes, depicts the pampered sensualist as surrounded by his 'joyless wines.' Near the close, the reader is thus addressed—

> 'Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
> Obedient passions, and a will resigned.'

And Johnson had already learned that, in order to render the passions obedient, no more efficacious instrument was at hand than the avoidance of the drinks that stupefy watchfulness, and give to the animal nature an unnatural force. His drama of 'Irene,' long before composed, was brought out in February, 1749, and in one of the opening passages, Demetrius, a noble Greek, who had assisted at the unavailing defence of Constantinople, is made to say—

> 'Twas vice that shook our nerves; 'twas vice, Leontius,
> That froze our veins, and withered all our powers.'

On the 20th of March, 1750, Johnson sent from the press the first number of the

the 'Rambler,' and continued its publication twice a week till March 14, 1752. Each number contained about as much letterpress as four pages of 'Meliora,' and consisted of a didactic essay, or tale, or imaginary epistle. There is no number exclusively occupied with temperance or intemperance, but motives to self-restraint often recur, and in No. 110, in referring to mortification of the sensuous nature, the philosopher remarks—'It is observed by one of the Fathers that "he who restrains himself in the use of things lawful, will never encroach upon things forbidden." Abstinence, if nothing more, is, at least, a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of permission, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction, or delights to approach the dangers which he knows it fatal to partake.'

In 1748 Johnson had established a club at the King's Head, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, consisting of a few of his personal friends—not to be confounded with the more famous 'Literary Club' of 1764—and to show his interest in a literary friend, Mrs. Lenox, Sir J. Hawkins relates that, in 1751, 'he proposed to us the celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lenox's first literary child, as he called her book, by a whole night spent in festivity. . . . The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled, at different periods, with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five, Johnson's countenance shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater number had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn.' Whether Johnson's abstinence had been interrupted from 1737 or '39 up to '51, we have no means of knowing. Here we find him, however, past the middle of the eighteenth century, in radiant spirits on lemonade, surrounded by the jaded followers of Bacchus. In 1757 occurred Johnson's literary *rencontre* with Mr. Jonas Hanway, the author of a book of foreign travels, and also of a 'Journal of Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames.' Mr. Hanway was a man of genuine benevolence, but exceedingly sensitive to criticism. Attached to his 'Eight Days' Journey' was an essay vehemently dilating on the pernicious effects of tea; and he was not a little ruffled by the jocose and satirical style of a review in the *Literary Magazine* from Johnson's pen. In this production, which bears no trace of malice, Johnson refers to himself as 'a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning.' Boswell, in describing this controversy, confirms the conjecture that there was a great deal of serious truth in the reviewer's account of his tea-bibbing propensities, and that he deserves to rank with the Rev. Robert Hall in the intensity of his devotion to the 'fascinating plant' of far Cathay. Mr. Hanway had denied that the crews of Chinese ships were preserved from scurvy by their liberal use of tea; and Johnson, though believing that these Chinese mariners were less subject to that malady than other seamen, considered that the tea was beneficial, 'not as possessing any medicinal qualities, but as tempting them to drink more water, to dilute their salt food more copiously, and, perhaps, to forbear punch or other strong liquors.' Hanway is afterwards quoted as asserting that 'the Portuguese ladies drink cold water instead of sipping hot, and never taste any fermented liquors.' There was one point on which Johnson expressed his agreement with Mr. Hanway—the latter's opposition to ardent spirits. 'From tea,' says Johnson in his capacity of reviewer, 'the writer digresses to spirituous liquors, about which he will have no controversy with the *Literary Magazine*. We shall, therefore, insert almost his whole letter, and add to it one [a misprint for 'our'] testimony that the mischiefs arising on every side from this compendious mode of drunkenness are enormous and insupportable; equally to be found among the great and the mean; filling palaces with disquiet and distraction, harder to be borne as it cannot be mentioned, and overwhelming multitudes with incurable diseases and unpitied poverty.' Then follows Mr. Hanway's paper, in which he states that he had been informed that in certain hospitals where the sick in 14 years had been 5,600, the number increased from 1706—18 to 8,189; from 1718—34 to 12,710; and from 1734—49 to 38,147—a result owing, in his opinion, to the more prevalent consumption of ardent spirits. Mr. Hanway having suggested a root-and-branch extirpation policy, proceeds: —'Spirituous liquors

liquors being abolished, instead of having the most undisciplined and abandoned poor we might soon boast a race of men temperate, religious, and industrious even to a proverb. We should soon see the ponderous burden of the poor's rate decrease, and the beauty and strength of the land rejuvenate. Schools, workhouses, and hospitals might then be sufficient to clear our streets of distress and misery, which never will be the case whilst the love of poison prevails, and the means of ruin is sold in above one thousand houses in the city of London, in two thousand two hundred in Westminster, and 1,930 in Holborn and St. Giles'.' Failing entire suppression, Mr. Hanway was not at a loss:—'But if other uses still demand liquid fire, I would really propose that it should be sold only in quart bottles, sealed up with the King's seal, with a very high duty, and none sold without being mixed with a strong emetic!' Mr. Hanway was not placated by Johnson's anti-spirituous sentiments, but replied testily in the *Gazetteer;* and to this attack Johnson rejoined in a short article in the *Literary Magazine*—notable as the only instance in which he ever answered an opponent. From this rejoinder one sentence may be culled as an excellent text for the advocate of prohibition:—'I hold, though no enthusiastic patriot, that every man who lives and trades on the community, is obliged to consider whether he hurts or benefits those who protect him; and that the most that can be indulged to private interest is a neutral traffic, if any such can be, by which our country is not injured though it be not benefited.'

Boswell introduces, under his notes of the year 1752, an incident which must have occurred five or six years later. He tells how, at three o'clock one morning, Johnson, who was asleep at his lodgings in the Temple, was knocked up by two young friends, Langton and Beauclerk, then students at Oxford, and that the philosopher, entering into their humour for an early ramble, dressed and sallied out, the trio soon repairing to one of the neighbouring taverns, 'where they made a bowl of hot liquor called "bishop," which Johnson had always liked; while, in joyous contempt of sleep from which he had been roused,' he repeated some festive lines, giving, however, a new turn to their bacchanalian sense. It is not expressly said, though it is implied, that Johnson partook of this 'bishop;' but Boswell had the story from Langton, who may have repeated it inaccurately. Under the title of *The Idler*, Johnson contributed papers to the *Universal Chronicle or Weekly Gazette*, commencing April 15th, 1758, and in the number for April 14th, 1759, there is a passage very similar to one from the *Rambler* before quoted:—'Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and, by assuring us of our power of retreat, precipitates us into hazard. . . . To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observed to be not a virtue, but the groundwork of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour to resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.' Be the use of intoxicating liquors, therefore, as innocent as the users contend, abstinence is not exposed to the charge of moral weakness, or an ungrateful refusal of Divine bounties, but is an example of the discipline highly valuable in the moral training of the man; and if the value of this discipline correspond to the seductiveness and possible injuriousness of the article abstained from, no abstinence is worthy of so much applause as that which has respect to inebriating liquors of every quality and name. In *The Idler* of December 9th, 1758, Johnson pursues a comparison, borrowed, he says, from 'a philosopher of my acquaintance' (Dr. Blacklock, who in a poem, printed in 1756, made human life one part of the comparison) between the elements of conversation and the constituents of a bowl of punch:—'Spirit alone is too powerful for use. It will produce madness rather than merriment, and instead of quenching thirst will inflame the blood.' 'Water is the universal vehicle by which are conveyed the particles necessary to sustentation and growth, by which thirst is quenched, and all the wants of life and nature are supplied. . . . Water is the only ingredient in punch which can be used alone, and with which man is content, till fancy has framed an artificial want.' In his 'Prayers and Meditations,' under date Sept. 18th, 1760, runs the following entry:—'Resolved to rise early, to study religion, to go to church, to drink less strong liquors.' This minute leaves no doubt that he had deviated from his previous rule of entire abstinence; when he resumed it will soon appear. On the 16th of May, 1763, Dr. Johnson first met Mr. Boswell, his future biographer and photographer, to whom mankind is in-

debted for the assiduity with which he treasured, and the ability with which he transcribed the sayings of the man to whom he looked up with almost idolizing reverence. Boswell did not share Johnson's sentiments on the use of wine, but he has preserved many valuable notes of conversations when the subject was introduced, after Johnson's return to habitual abstinence from intoxicating drinks. At the period of their acquaintance, Johnson frequented the Mitre Tavern in Fleet-street, and there the two 'had a good supper and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle.' He did not lose, however, his lively sense of the folly of trying to cure melancholy by the glass.

Boswell reports a conversation in the July of 1763: 'Against melancholy he recommended constant occupation of mind, a great deal of exercise, moderation in eating and drinking, and especially to shun drinking at night. He said melancholy people were apt to fly to intemperance for relief, but that it sunk them much deeper in misery. He observed that labouring men who work hard and live sparingly are seldom or never troubled with low spirits.' Thirteen years later he said to Boswell, 'Melancholy should be diverted by every means but drinking.' When remarking that preachers should be plain and familiar, he said: 'To insist against drunkenness as a crime because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and show them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression.' But to limit preaching against drunkenness to such warnings has proved like making deep impressions upon the sand: the next tide of appetite is sure to efface all impressions that have not led to practical reformation.

In February, 1764, the club first proposed by Sir Joshua Reynolds was formed, afterwards known as the Literary Club. It met every week at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street, Soho, and was distinguished above all existing assemblages of the kind by the eminence of the members and the brilliancy of the conversation. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Burke were among Dr. Johnson's first associates in this convivial and intellectual society. In his 'Prayers and Meditations,' the following extracts fall under 1764:—'Good Friday, April 20th: I have made no reformation. . . . More addicted to wine and meat.' 'April 21st: My thoughts have been clouded with sensuality, and except that from the beginning of this year I have in some measure forborne excess of strong drink, my appetites have predominated over my reason.' Dr. Johnson, it is to be observed, was one of the few men who judge themselves more strictly than they judge others. 'Easter Day, April 22nd: I then prayed for resolution and perseverance to amend my life. . . . Dined with Miss W [illiams]; went to prayers at church; went to Davi [es]; spent the evening not pleasantly, avoided wine, and tempered a very few glasses with sherbet, came home and prayed.'

In 1765 Dr. Johnson was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and found in their hospitable home and unremitting kindness a frequent retreat from pressing cares. Mrs. Thrale, in her 'Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson,' states:—'With regard to drink, his liking was for the strongest, as it was not the flavour but the effect he sought for and professed to desire; and when I first knew him (1765) he used to pour capillaire into his port wine. For the last twelve years, however, he left off all fermented liquors.'

Dr. Johnson's use of strong liquors did not at this or any other time lead him into open drunkenness, so that his self-reproaches must be understood as referring to effects of which he himself was cognizant, and not his companions. Sweet wines are said to have been at one time his chief favourites: and when none of these were before him he would sometimes drink port, with a lump of sugar in every glass. The strongest liquors, and in very large quantities, had no other effect but a moderate exhilaration—visibly, at least. Mr. Steevens, in his Anecdotes of him, observes:—'Once, and but once, he is known to have had too much wine; an instance which he himself discovered on finding one of his sesquipedalian words hang fire. He then started up, and gravely observed, "I think it time we should go to bed."' Mr. Tyers, in his Sketch, remarks, 'It never was said of him that he was overtaken with liquor—a declaration Bishop Hoadley makes of himself. But he owned that he drank his bottle at a certain time of life. Like Solomon, who tried so many things for curiosity and delight, he renounced strong liquors; and he might have said, as that king is made to do by Prior—

"I drank; I liked it not; 'twas rage, 'twas noise—
An airy scene of transitory joys."'

Boswell

Boswell revisited London in February, 1766, and one of his memorandums is to this effect:—'At night I supped with him in the Mitre Tavern, but there was now a considerable difference in his way of living. Having had an illness, in which he was advised to leave off wine, he had from that period continued to abstain from it, and drank only water or lemonade.' This abstinence did not continue unbroken, being probably intermitted during his visit to the Thrales. Under date April 2nd, 1767, this entry occurs in his 'Meditations':—'I have for some days forborne wine and suppers. Abstinence is not easily practised in another's house, but I think it fit to try....By abstinence from wine and suppers I obtained sudden and great relief, and had freedom of mind restored to me, which I have wanted for all this year without being able to find any means of obtaining it.' Mr. Croker quotes, in illustration, a passage from Selden's 'Table Talk' (p. 17), and adds:—'These remarks are important, because depression of spirits is too often treated on a contrary system, from ignorance of, or inattention to, what may be its *real* cause.' Very much of female intemperance is doubtless attributable to the alcoholic treatment of nervous disorders. From about the year 1770, Johnson's abstinence may be said to have been, with some rare exceptions, uniformly consistent. Mrs. Thrale, when she became Mrs. Piozzi, ascribed it to 'religious motives, though he did not own it;' and if he 'one evening in a gay humour talked in praise of wine as one of the blessings permitted by heaven when used in moderation to lighten the load of life, and give more strength to endure it,' this was no doubt before his return to abstinence, or he was indulging in a kind of pleasant banter; and it is suspicious that an incident which she connects with this remark as having occurred in her presence, Boswell declares to have been reported to her by himself, and to have been spoiled by her in the narration. If Johnson, as Mrs. Piozzi relates elsewhere, ever spoke of wine as 'that noblest liquor which rejoices the heart, and gives vigour to the imagination,' he made large reserves on the other side, and was minded neither to rejoice his own heart, nor invigorate his own imagination, with the liquor which his hostess held in exalted estimation.

The story of which Boswell says the 'true point' escaped Mrs. Piozzi, he tells in the following words (the date was April 15, 1772):—'Desirous of calling Johnson forth to talk, and exercise his wit, though I myself should be the object of it, I resolutely ventured to undertake the defence of convivial indulgence in wine, though he was not to-night in the most genial humour. After urging the common plausible topics, I at last had recourse to the maxim *in vino veritas*, a man who is well warmed with wine will speak the truth. Johnson: "Why, sir, that may be argument for drinking if you suppose men in general to be liars. But, sir, I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him."' Dr. Johnson's indiscriminate almsgiving to beggars, though arising from 'an earnest desire to make them happy,' was a fault only to be excused by his knowledge that no proper system of relief for even the deserving poor was then in being. Mrs. Piozzi, in one of her anecdotes, introduces 'some one' as saying, 'What signifies giving halfpence to beggars? they only lay it out in gin and tobacco;' and Johnson as replying, 'And why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence? It is surely very savage to refuse them every possible avenue to pleasure, reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths.' Addressed to self-indulgent wine drinkers, this was a forcible *argumentum ad hominem*, and probably was so meant and nothing more; for Johnson was aware how much of all this poverty and misery was the penalty of wasting resources on gin and beer. Dr. Johnson was no ascetic, and, as Mrs. Piozzi states, disapproved of solitude, and the avoidance of innocent pleasure; 'those who resist gaiety,' he said, 'will be likely, for the most part, to fall a sacrifice to appetite, for the solicitations of sense are always at hand, and a dram to a vacant and solitary person is a speedy and seducing relief.' Luxury, as signifying the abundance of things above the class of necessaries, was not, in his judgment, a cause of public degeneracy. 'Let us take a walk,' he said to Goldsmith, who maintained the contrary, (April 13, 1773) 'from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, through, I suppose, the greatest series of shops in the world; what is there in any of these shops *(if you except gin shops)* that can do any human being any

any harm?' In the August of 1773, Dr. Johnson commenced, with Mr. Boswell, a journey to the Hebrides. Travelling through the Highlands, they came to an inn at Glenmorison, where they saw a 'Treatise against Drunkenness,' translated from the French, and soon after thoughtlessly contributed to the vice against which the Frenchman wrote. Both relate the circumstance, which was briefly this:—In passing a party of soldiers at work upon the high road, they gave them two shillings to drink. The men walked to this very inn to spend the money, and 'made merry in the barn.' On Johnson's proposal, he and Boswell went and gave them a couple of shillings more, the result being that 'the poor soldiers got too much liquor. Some of them fought, and left blood upon the spot, and cursed whisky next morning'—'indignant,' says Johnson, 'at the bad qualities of whisky.' Dr. Johnson, in his narrative, does not excuse this act of indiscretion, and, no doubt, had life been lost in the soldiers' quarrel, his remorse would have been intense. That this encouragement to drinking was against his better judgment is beyond a question. When describing the whisky and drinking habits of the Hebridians, he says, 'I never tasted it except once from experience in Inverary, when I thought it preferable to any English malt brandy. It was strong, but not pungent, and was free from the empyreumatic taste or smell. What was the process I had no opportunity of inquiring, nor do I wish to improve the art of making poison pleasant.' Boswell's account of this 'experiment' is as follows: 'After supper, Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen taste any fermented liquor during all our travels'—and the hardships incurred might have pleaded with a less resolute mind for more than a taste—'called for a gill of whisky. "Come," said he, "let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy." He drank it all but a drop, which I begged leave to pour into my glass, that I might say we had drank whisky together. I proposed Mrs. Thrale should be our toast. He would not have her drunk in whisky, but rather some "insular lady," so we drank one of the ladies whom we had lately left.' At Col, where 'whisky was served round in a shell in the ancient Highland custom, Dr. Johnson,' says Boswell, 'would not partake of it, but being desirous to do honour to the modes "of other times," drank some water out of the shell.' According to Boswell, Johnson through the whole of this tour 'seemed much pleased to assume the appearance of an ancient Caledonian. We only regretted,' he continues, 'that he could not be prevailed with to partake of the social glass. One of his arguments against drinking appears to me not convincing. He argued that "in proportion as drinking makes a man different from what he is before he has drank, it is bad; because it has so far affected his reason." But may it not be answered that a man may be altered by it for the better? that his spirits may be exhilarated without his reason being affected? On the general subject of drinking, however, I do not mean positively to take the other side. I am *dubius non improbus* [dubious not dissolute].' This is very well for Boswell, who owns in another place to being 'fond of wine,' and whom Macaulay has flatly dubbed 'a sot.' Clearness of judgment is disturbed exactly as drink exerts its power—an influence doubly dangerous, because inducing the greatest self-confidence when there is the least self-controlling power remaining. On the subject of Johnson's own abstinence, Boswell has preserved the notes of a conversation at Dunvegan, in the Hebrides, September 26, 1773—'Miss Macleod prevailed upon him to drink a little brandy when he was going to bed. He has great virtue in not drinking wine or any fermented liquor, because, as he acknowledged to us, he could not do it in moderation. Lady Macleod would hardly believe him, and said, "I am sure, sir, you would not carry it too far." Johnson: "Nay, Madam, it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off [when, alas! too many now contract or confirm the habit!] It was then prescribed to me not to drink wine, and having broken off the habit, I have never returned to it."' Connected with this, may be cited a passage by Boswell, under date 1776—'Finding him still persevering in his abstinence from wine, I ventured to speak to him of it. Johnson: "Sir, I have no objection to a man's drinking wine in moderation. I find myself apt to go to excess in it, and therefore, after having been some time without it, on account of illness, I thought it better not to return to it. Every man is to judge for himself according to the effects which he experiences."' This rule, however, can never be observed, when men try only the use and not the disuse of intoxicating drinks. Johnson's tolerance of 'moderation' arose from his love of seeing people happy in

in their own way, and did not spring from ignorance of the moral dangers connected with wine drinking, or any notion of its physical advantage. Dr. Cheyne's 'Essay on Health,' a thoroughly anti-wine book, was recommended to Boswell by Dr. Johnson. His reply to Mrs. Hannah Moore is well known. Her account is: 'I dined very pleasantly at the Bishop of Chester's [Dr. Porteus, afterwards Bishop of London]; Johnson was there. . . . I urged him to take a little wine; he replied, "I can't take a little, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult." He was very good humoured and gay.' The candour of such a confession is as rare as it is admirable; inferior minds have often felt as Johnson felt, but have had neither the frankness nor courage to say as much and do as he did. His distinction between 'abstinence' and 'temperance' was conventional, and adopted for convenience sake; since no one knew better than Johnson that both etymologically and metaphysically abstinence from what is believed to be dangerous or injurious is to the abstainer one of the highest forms and exhibitions of the virtue of temperance.

In 1775 Dr. Johnson accompanied the Thrales on an excursion to France, which lasted nearly two months. In his notes of what he there saw no mention is made of the French clarets, concerning which he had made in the course of his Hebridian tour a humorous remark. In discussing the state of Scotland before the Union, Boswell had said, 'We had wine before the Union;' and Johnson replied, 'No, sir; you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which could not make you drunk.' Boswell persisted, 'I assure you, sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness.' Johnson rejoined, 'No, sir, there were people who died of dropsies they contracted in trying to get drunk.' The drunkenness and dropsies were doubtless both prevalent as cause and effect. In Paris, after seeing the King and Queen at dinner (Oct. 19), Johnson writes:—'At night we went to a comedy. I neither saw nor heard. Drunken women.' During an excursion in 1776, made with Boswell to Oxford and Lichfield, Dr. Johnson pronounced his well-known eulogium on English taverns and inns as compared with those of France. Guests at private houses must always experience 'some degree of care and anxiety; whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn;' and Boswell quotes Sir John Hawkins as reporting Johnson thus:—'As soon as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude; when I am seated I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my will; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants; wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love. I dogmatize, and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight.' Had Johnson's wife lived, or had he been a father, he would have probably formed another estimate of the superiority of tavern over domestic life. The company that gathered around him in his places of public resort afforded scope for the exercise of his conversational powers—one of his dearest delights. The exhilaration of his spirits by wine was confined to a certain portion of his life; and that it was not dependent on vinous influence, Boswell's own pages offer the most convincing proof. In all the essential elements of comfort and social freedom, hotels without the drink now favourably compare with the taverns of the last century and the present. The holding first of his Ivy Lane, and then of the Literary Club, at taverns, had helped to associate such places in his mind with pleasurable feelings. Of the members of the Literary Club none are known to have participated to the full in Johnson's principles of abstinence. With Sir Joshua Reynolds the great moralist had more than one warm discussion on this subject. In a letter to Boswell, dated Jan. 21st, 1775, he went so far as to state, 'Reynolds has taken too much to strong liquor, and seems to delight in his new character.' In a note upon this, Boswell states:—'It should be recollected that this fanciful description of his friend was given by Johnson after he himself had become a water drinker.' Mr. Croker's comment on Boswell is:—'Johnson had been a water drinker ever since 1766, and therefore *that* could not be his motive for making, nine years after, an observation on Sir Joshua's

Joshua's "new character." Sir Joshua was *always* convivial, and this expression was either an allusion to some little anecdote now forgotten, or arose out of that odd fancy which Johnson (perhaps from his own morbid feelings) entertained that every one who drank wine in any quantity whatsoever was more or less drunk.' There is not a tittle of proof that Dr. Johnson ever had the "odd fancy" ascribed to him by Mr. Croker, and if he had it, why should he have given expression at this time to the preceding reflection on Sir Joshua Reynolds, and not on other of his London friends? In April, 1776, after a social supper at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, 'we discussed the question' says Boswell, 'whether drinking improved conversation and benevolence. Sir Joshua maintained it did. Johnson: 'No, sir. Before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding; and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk. When they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects.' Sir Joshua said the doctor was talking of the effects of excess in wine, but that a moderate glass enlivened the mind by giving a proper circulation to the blood. 'I am,' said he, 'in very good spirits when I get up in the morning. By dinner-time I am exhausted. Wine puts me in the same state as when I get up; and I am sure that moderate drinking makes people talk better.' Johnson: 'No, sir; wine gives not light, gay, ideal hilarity; but tumultuous, noisy, clamorous merriment. I have heard none of those drunken—nay, drunken is a coarse word—none of those *vinous* flights.' Sir Joshua: 'Because you have sat by, quite sober, and felt an envy of the happiness of those who were drinking.' Johnson: 'Perhaps contempt. And, sir, it is not necessary to be drunk one's-self to relish the wit of drunkenness. Do we not judge of the drunken wit of the dialogue between Iago and Cassio (the most excellent in its kind), when we are quite sober? Wit is wit, by whatever means it is produced; and if good, will appear so at all times. I admit that the spirits are raised by drinking, as by the common gratification of any pleasure. Cockfighting or bearbaiting will raise the spirits of a company as drinking does, though surely they will not improve conversation. I also admit that there are some sluggish men who are improved by drinking, as there are fruits which are not good till they are rotten. There are such men, but they are medlars. I, indeed, allow that there have been a very few men of talent who were improved by drinking; but I maintain that I am right as to the effects of drinking in general. And let it be considered that there is no position, however false in its universality, which is not true of some particular men.' Sir William Forbes said: 'Might not a man warmed with wine be like a bottle of beer which is made brisker by being set before the fire?' 'Nay,' said Johnson, laughing, 'I cannot answer that; it is too much for me.' I observed that wine did some people harm, by inflaming, confusing, and irritating their minds; but that the experience of mankind had declared in favour of moderate drinking. [Without trying the contrary!] Johnson: 'Sir, I do not say it is wrong to produce self-complacency by drinking; I only deny that it improves the mind. When I drank wine, I scorned to drink it when in company. I have drank many a bottle by myself; in the first place, because I had need of it to raise my spirits; in the second place, because I would have nobody to witness its effects upon me.'" In a ride with Boswell from Ashbourne to Derby, the former said: "Dr. Johnson recommended to me, as he had often done, to drink water only, for, said he, 'You are then sure not to get drunk, whereas, if you drink wine, you are never sure.' I said drinking wine was a pleasure which I was unwilling to give up. 'Sir,' said he, 'no doubt that not to drink wine is a great deduction from life, but it may be necessary.' [On Johnson's meaning see afterwards.] He, however, owned that in his opinion a free use of wine did not shorten life, and that he would not give less for the life of a certain Scotch lord, whom he named, celebrated for hard drinking, than for that of a sober man. But soon after, with his usual intelligence and accuracy, he inquired, 'Does it take much wine to make him drunk?' I answered, 'A great deal of wine or strong punch.' Then he said, 'So much the worse.' I presume to illustrate my friend's observation thus: A fortress which soon surrenders has its walls less shattered than when a strong and obstinate resistance is made." Drinkers who never get drunk will not extract much consolation from this colloquy, or Boswell's rule. The Scotch lord referred to died at the age of 49. Boswell tells in another place that Dr. J. Campbell, a voluminous writer,

writer, told him that he drank thirteen bottles of wine at a sitting. He adds, "I am absolutely certain that Dr. Campbell told me it. I paid particular attention to it, *being myself a lover of wine*, and therefore anxious to hear whatever is remarkable concerning drinking. There can be no doubt that some men can drink without suffering any injury [!] such a quantity as to others appears incredible. It is but fair to add that Dr. Campbell told me he took a very long time at this great potation, and I have heard Dr. Johnson say, 'Sir, if a man drinks very slowly, and lets one glass operate before he takes another, I know not how long he may drink.' Dr. Campbell mentioned that a colonel of militia sat with him all the time and drank equally."

In April, 1778, 'talking of drinking wine, he said, "I did not leave off wine because I could not bear it; I have drank three bottles of port without being the worse for it. University College has witnessed this" '—probably, says Croker, at his first residence as an undergraduate. 'Boswell: "Why, then, sir, did you leave it off?" Johnson: "Why, sir, because it is so much better for a man to be sure that he is never to be intoxicated, never to lose the power over himself. I shall not begin to drink wine again till I grow old and want it." Boswell: "I think, sir, you once said to me that not to drink wine was a great deduction from life." Johnson: "It is a deduction of pleasure, to be sure; but I do not say a diminution of happiness. There is more happiness in being rational." Boswell: "But if we could have pleasure always, should not we be happy? The greatest part of men would compound for pleasure." Johnson: "Supposing one could have pleasure always, an intellectual man would not compound for it. The greatest part of men would compound, because the greatest part of men are gross." Boswell: "I allow there may be greater pleasure than from wine. I have had more pleasure from your conversation. I have indeed; I assure you I have." Johnson: "When we talk of pleasure, we mean sensual pleasure. . . Philosophers tell you that pleasure is contrary to happiness. Gross men prefer animal pleasure." ' Very shortly afterwards, says Boswell, 'Talking of a man's resolving to deny himself the use of wine from moral and religious considerations, he said, "He must not doubt about it. When we doubt as to pleasure, we know what will be the conclusion. I now no more think of drinking wine than a horse does. The wine upon the table is no more for me than for the dog who is under the table." ' On a later occasion, he said—'Pleasure is a word of dubious import; pleasure is, in general, dangerous and pernicious to virtue; to be able, therefore, to furnish pleasure that is harmless, pleasure pure and unalloyed, is as great a power as man can possess.' In discussing (April 15, 1778) the doctrine of Mandeville, that private vices are public benefits, Dr. Johnson said: 'The fallacy of that book is that Mandeville defines neither vices nor benefits. He reckons among vices everything that gives pleasure. Pleasure of itself is not a vice. Having a garden, which we all know to be perfectly innocent, is a great pleasure. The happiness of heaven will be that pleasure and virtue will be perfectly consistent. Mandeville puts the case of a man who gets drunk at an alehouse, and says it is a public benefit because so much money is got by it to the public. But it must be considered that all the good, through the gradation of alehousekeeper, brewer, maltster, and farmer is overbalanced by the evil caused to the man and his family by his getting drunk. This is the way to try what is vicious by ascertaining whether more evil than good is produced by it, upon the whole, which is the case in all vice.' It is also demonstrable in opposition to Mandeville's statement, that the money spent in getting drunk might, if otherwise spent, yield more benefit to trade than by being wasted injuriously in intoxicating liquor.

On the Good Friday of the same year, which fell very late (April 17th), he accidentally met with a Mr. Edwards, a fellow collegian at Pembroke College in 1729, whom he had not met since that time, though both had lived in London for forty years, and a long conversation followed in the streets and at Johnson's house. Boswell is again the reporter of the following, *inter alia*:—' "Edwards: How do you live, sir? For my part, I must have my regular meals, and a glass of good wine. I find I require it." Johnson: "I now drink no wine, sir. Early in life I drank wine; for many years I drank none. I then for some years drank a great deal." Edwards: "Some hogsheads, I warrant you." Johnson: "I then had a severe illness, and left it off, and have never begun it again." . . . Edwards: "I am grown old; I am sixty-five." Johnson: "I shall be sixty-eight next birthday. Come, sir, drink water, and put in for a hundred." ' In

In a distinguished company, April 24th, he talked of the effects of drinking. 'Drinking,' he said, 'may be practised with great prudence. A man who exposes himself when he is drunk, has not the art of getting drunk. A sober man, who happens occasionally to get drunk, readily enough goes into a new company, which a man who has been drinking should never do. Such a man will undertake anything; he is without skill in inebriation. I used to slink home when I had drank too much. A man accustomed to self-examination will be conscious when he is drunk, though a habitual drunkard will not be conscious of it. I knew a physician [said to be Dr. James, inventor of the fever powders] who for twelve years was not sober; yet, in a pamphlet which he wrote upon fevers, he appealed to Garrick and me for his vindication from a charge of drunkenness. A bookseller [naming him] who got a large fortune by trade [said by Croker to be Andrew Millar], was so habitually and equally drunk that his most intimate friends never perceived that he was more sober at one time than another."

At General Paoli's, April 28th, 1778, Sir Joshua Reynolds being of the company, "we talked," says Boswell, "of drinking wine. Johnson: 'I require wine only when I am alone. I have then often wished for it, and often taken it.' Spottiswoode: 'What, by way of a companion, sir?' Johnson: 'To get rid of myself; to send myself away. Wine gives great pleasure, and every pleasure is of itself a good. It is a good unless counterbalanced by evil. A man may have a strong reason not to drink wine, and that may be greater than the pleasure. Wine makes a man better pleased with himself. I do not say that it makes him more pleasing to others. Sometimes it does. But the danger is, that while a man grows better pleased with himself, he may be growing less pleasing to others. Wine gives a man nothing. It neither gives him knowledge nor wit; it only animates a man, and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost. But this may be good, or it may be bad.' Spottiswoode: 'So, sir, wine is a key which opens a box; but this box may be either full or empty?' Johnson: 'Nay, sir; conversation is the key; wine is a picklock which forces open the door, and injures it. A man should cultivate his mind so as to have that confidence and readiness without wine which wine gives.' Boswell: 'The great difficulty of resisting wine is from benevolence! For instance, a good, worthy man asks you to taste his wine, which he has had twenty years in his cellar.' Johnson: 'Sir, all this notion about benevolence arises from a man's imagining himself to be of more importance to others than he really is. They don't care a farthing whether he drinks wine or not.' Sir Joshua Reynolds: 'Yes, they do for the time.' Johnson: 'For the time! If they care this minute, they forget the next. And as for the good, worthy man, how do you know he is good and worthy? No good and worthy man will insist upon another man's drinking wine. As to the wine twenty years in the cellar; of ten men, three say this merely because they must say something, three are telling a lie when they say they have had the wine twenty years, three would rather save the wine, one, perhaps, cares. I allow it is something to please one's company; and people are always pleased with those who partake pleasure with them. But after a man has brought himself to relinquish the great personal pleasure which arises from drinking wine, any other consideration is a trifle. To please others by drinking wine is something only if there be nothing against it. I should, however, be sorry to offend worthy men:—

"Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe."'

Boswell: 'Curst be the *spring*, the *water*.' Johnson: 'But let us consider what a sad thing it would be, if we were obliged to drink or do anything else that may happen to be agreeable to the company where we are.' Langton: 'By the same rule you must join a gang of cut-purses.' Johnson: 'Yes, sir; but yet we must do justice to wine; we must allow it the power it possesses. To make a man pleased with himself, let me tell you, is doing a very great thing:—

"Si patriæ volumus, si *nobis* vivere cari."'

I was at this time (adds Boswell) myself a water drinker, upon trial, by Johnson's recommendation. Johnson: 'Boswell is a bolder combatant than Sir Joshua. He argues for wine without the help of wine, but Sir Joshua with it.' Sir Joshua Reynolds:

Reynolds: 'But to please one's company is a strong motive.' Johnson (who, from drinking only water, supposed everybody who drank wine to be elevated): 'I won't argue any more with you, sir; you are too far gone.' Sir Joshua: 'I should have thought so, indeed, sir, had I made such a speech as you have now done.' Johnson (drawing himself in, and, I really thought, blushing): 'Nay, don't be angry. I did not mean to offend you.' Sir Joshua: 'At first the taste of wine was disagreeable to me; but I brought myself to drink it that I might be like other people. The pleasure of drinking wine is so connected with pleasing your company, that altogether there is something of social goodness in it.' Johnson: 'Sir, this is only saying the same thing over again.' Sir Joshua: 'No; this is new.' Johnson: 'You put it in new words, but it is an old thought. This is one of the disadvantages of wine, it makes a man mistake words for thoughts.' Boswell: 'I think it is a new thought; at least it is in a new attitude.' Johnson: 'Nay, sir, it is only in a new coat, or an old coat with a new facing.' Then laughing heartily: 'It is the old dog in the new doublet. An extraordinary instance, however, may occur where a man's patron will do nothing for him unless he will drink; *there* may be a good reason for drinking.' I mentioned a nobleman who, I believed, was really uneasy if his company would not drink hard. Johnson: 'That is from having had people about him whom he has been accustomed to command.' Boswell: 'Supposing I should be *tête à tête* with him at table?' Johnson: 'Sir, there is no more reason for your drinking with *him* than his being sober with *you*.' Boswell: 'Why, that is true; for it would do him less hurt to be sober than it would do me to get drunk.' Johnson: 'Yes, sir, and from what I have heard of him, one would not wish to sacrifice himself to such a man. If he must always have somebody to drink with him, he should buy a slave, and then he would be sure to have it. They who submit to drink as another pleases make themselves his slaves.' Boswell: 'But, sir, you will surely make allowance for the duty of hospitality. A gentleman who loves drinking comes to visit me.' Johnson: 'Sir, a man knows whom he visits; he comes to the table of a sober man.' Boswell: 'But, sir, you and I should not have been so well received in the Highlands and Hebrides if I had not drank with our worthy friends. Had I drank water only, as you did, they would not have been so cordial.' Johnson: 'Sir William Temple mentions that in his travels through the Netherlands he had two or three gentlemen with him; and when a bumper was necessary he put it on *them*. Were I to travel again through the islands, I would have Sir Joshua with me to take the bumpers.'"

In the only account Boswell has left us of a conversation at the Literary Club, the subject of drinking comes curiously up. Boswell designates some of the interlocutors by letters, and not by their names. But "E." undoubtedly stands for Edmund Burke. "E.: I understand the hogshead of claret which this society was favoured with by our friend the dean [Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, afterwards Bishop of Killaloe and Limerick] is nearly out, I think he should be written to to send another of the same kind. Let the request be made with a happy ambiguity of expression, so that we may have the chance of his sending it also as a present.' Johnson: 'I am willing to offer my services as secretary on this occasion.' P.: 'As many as are for Dr. Johnson being secretary, hold up your hands. Carried unanimously.' Boswell: 'He will be our dictator.' Johnson: 'No, the company is to dictate to me. I am only to write for wine; and I am quite disinterested, as I drink none; I shall not be suspected of having forged the application. I am no more than humble *scribe*.' E.: 'Then you shall *pre*scribe.' Johnson: 'Were I your dictator, you should have no wine. It would be my business *cavere ne quid detrimenti Republica caperet* (to take care that the republic is not injured), and wine is dangerous. Rome was ruined by luxury (smiling).' E.: 'If you allow no wine as dictator, you shall not have me for your master of horse.'" In the same company the conversation turned on putting the virtue of men in general, and of servants in particular, to the test. Dr. Johnson's remark may serve to silence, if it does not convince, the shallow thinkers who oppose both total abstinence and prohibition because they would supersede the resistance of certain temptations by the removal of the temptations. 'You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man you do him an injury, and if he is overcome, you share his guilt.' P.: 'And when once overcome, it is easier for him to

to be got the better of again.' Boswell: 'Yes, you are his seducer; you have debauched him.'"

In 1778, the first instalment of the "Lives of the Poets" was issued, the whole work being completed in 1781. In the first series appeared the life of Waller, of whom Johnson wrote:—"He passed his time in the company that was highest both in rank and wit, from which even his obstinate sobriety did not exclude him. Though he drank water, he was enabled, by his fertility of mind, to heighten the mirth of bacchanalian assemblies, and Mr. Saville said that 'no man in England should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller.' The praise given him by St. Evremond is a proof of his reputation. In Parliament 'he was,' says Burnet, the delight of the House, and, though old, said the liveliest things of any among them.' He was of such consideration that his remarks were circulated and recorded."

Another of Boswell's sprightly narratives is as follows:—'On Wednesday, April 7, 1779, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. Johnson harangued upon the qualities of different liquors, and spoke with great contempt of claret, as so weak that "a man would be drowned by it before it made him drunk." He was persuaded to drink one glass of it, that he might judge, not from recollection, which might be faint, but from immediate sensation. He shook his head and said, "Poor stuff! No, sir, claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling), must drink brandy. In the first place, the flavour of brandy is most grateful to the palate; and then brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking *can* do for him. There are, indeed, few who are able to drink brandy. That is a power rather to be wished for than attained. And yet, as in all pleasure hope is a considerable part, I know not but fruition comes too quick by brandy. Florence wine I think the worst; it is wine only to the eye; it is wine neither while you are drinking it, nor after you have drunk it; it neither pleases the taste nor exhilarates the spirits." I reminded him how heartily he and I used to drink wine together when we were first acquainted; and how I used to have a headache after sitting up with him. He did not like to have this recalled; or, perhaps, thinking that I boasted improperly, resolved to have a witty stroke at me. "Nay, sir, it was not the wine that made your head ache, but the *sense* that I put into it." Boswell: "What, sir! will sense make the head ache?" Johnson: "Yes, sir (with a smile), when it is not used to it."'

When, about two years after, Boswell mentioned, at a dinner party, Johnson's scale of liquors, Burke said, 'Then, let me have claret, I love to be a boy, to have the careless gaiety of boyish days;' and Johnson rejoined, 'I should drink claret too, if it would give me that; but it does not; it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You'll be drowned by it before it has any effect upon you.'

Sometime in 1780 he was medically advised to return to wine. Under date Jan. 1, '81, he has an entry in these words—'At night I took wine, did not sleep well.' Mr. Thrale, on whom Boswell waited in the following March, told him that he 'might now have the pleasure to see Dr. Johnson drink wine again, for he had lately returned to it.' Boswell adds, 'When I mentioned this to Johnson, he said, "I drink it now sometimes, but not socially." The first morning that I was with him at Thrale's, I observed he poured a large quantity of it into a glass and swallowed it.'

On the 4th of April succeeding this, Mr. Thrale died, and was mourned by none more sincerely and deeply than by Dr. Johnson. The Doctor was left one of the executors, and took an active official part in the sale of the brewery to Mr. Thrale's late manager, Mr. Perkins, and Mr. Barclay, a descendant of the Quaker Apologist. The price paid was £135,000, and out of this sale proceeded what Mr. Croker calls 'the largest establishment of its kind in the world.' Lord Lucan told a story to the effect that 'while the sale was going on, Johnson appeared bustling about with an inkhorn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' Boswell, who gives this version of the story, says 'that if not precisely exact, it is certainly characteristical.' It may have been set afloat as an imitation of the great essayist's style. No hint is given of the moral light in which Johnson viewed the accumulation of wealth like that of the Thrales's, side by side with the accumulation of poverty

poverty and misery in the homes whence the wealth was extracted. This contrast, it would be seen on reflection, was not accidental but consequential. Fortunes raised by 'making poison pleasant' in the form of gin, Johnson must have regarded with deep aversion; and if in the shape of beer the poison was less virulent, it would have occurred to him that it was not less present, and was not less really making havoc of industry, virtue, health, and domestic hopes and joys. Johnson's occasional use of wine continued without any progressive benefit. Under date March 17, 1782, he himself writes:—'I made punch for myself and my servants, by which in the night I thought both my breast and imagination disordered.' To Boswell, who was in Scotland, and preparing to become a candidate for Parliamentary honours, he addressed an affectionate letter (March 30, 1784), in which he remarked:—'One thing I must enjoin you, which is seldom observed in the conduct of elections. I must entreat you to be scrupulous in the use of strong liquors. One night's drunkenness may defeat the labours of forty days well employed.' The last days of the great moralist were now fast approaching; and it is impressive to notice that like some other eminent men he entertained a great horror of being dosed with narcotics and intoxicants, when any medicinal value they might have possessed had been exhausted. The Right Hon. W. Windham, in his account of Dr. Johnson's last conversations with him, relates that he was asking him to take nourishment, but, 'Before I had quite stated my meaning, he interrupted me by saying that he had refused no sustenance but inebriating sustenance; and proceeded to give instances where, in compliance with the wishes of his physician, he had even taken a small quantity of wine. I mildly assented to any objections he might have to nourishment of that kind, and, observing that milk was the only nourishment I intended, flattered myself that I had succeeded in my endeavours, when he recurred to his general refusal, and begged that there might be an end of it.' He expired in his sleep on the 13th December, 1784. Of his writings, few have a posthumous date, and of these none need to be mentioned here, except the 'Prayers and Meditations,' already quoted from, and a volume of sermons 'left for publication' by Rev. Dr. John Taylor, of Ashbourne, a prebendary of Westminster, and an old friend of Johnson's. It is believed that at least forty sermons were composed for various preachers by Dr. Johnson, who thus proved his claim to the panegyric pronounced by himself on Goldsmith, that he touched almost every species of writing, and that whatever he touched he adorned. The twenty-five sermons left by Dr. Taylor without any indication of the true authorship, were, when published, immediately recognized as having proceeded from the great master's hand. Few direct allusions to intemperance are contained in these discourses; but there are some principles laid down of easy and emphatic application to the drinking and temperance systems. In the second sermon, referring to repentance, it is said:—'There is, indeed, a partial restitution, with which many have attempted to quiet their consciences, and have betrayed their own souls. When they are sufficiently enriched by wicked practices, and leave off to rob from satiety of wealth, or are awakened to reflection upon their own lives by danger, anxiety, or sickness, they then become desirous to be at peace with God, and hope to obtain, by refunding part of their acquisitions, a permission to enjoy the rest. In pursuance of this view, churches are built, schools endowed, the poor clothed, and the ignorant educated—works, indeed, highly pleasing to God, when performed in concurrence with the other duties of religion, but which will never atone for the violation of justice. To plunder one man for the sake of another is not charity; to build temples with the gains of wickedness, is to endeavour to bribe the Divinity. This ought ye to have done, and not left the other undone. Ye ought, doubtless, to be charitable, but ye ought first to be just.' Sermon the third is on religious fear, and the lay preacher thus wisely discourses:—'The dread of sin necessarily produces the dread of temptation: he that wishes to escape the effect flies likewise from the cause. The humility of a man truly religious seldom suffers him to think himself able to resist those incitements to evil which, by the approach of immediate gratifications, may be presented to sense or fancy; his care is not for victory, but safety; and when he can escape assaults, he does not willingly encounter them.'

But we must not linger. Sermon 24 is on righteous authority, and the proper office of legislation is maintained by the writer:—'No man knows anyone except himself whom he judges fit to to be set free from the coercion of laws, and to be abandoned

abandoned entirely to his own choice. By this consideration have all civilised nations been induced to the enaction of penal laws—laws by which every man's danger becomes every man's safety, and by which, though all are restrained, all are benefited.' Again:—'No man thinks laws unnecessary for others; and no man, if he considers his own inherent frailty, can justly think them unnecessary for himself. The wisest man is not always wise, and the best man is not always good. We all sometimes want the admonitions of law as supplemental to the dictates of reason, and the suggestions of conscience.' These noble words are a virtual repetition of a remark by Dr. Johnson in conversation:—'Law is the last result of human wisdom, acting upon human experience for the public good.'

During his long intercourse with mankind, Dr. Johnson had a large experience of the influence of drink on the health and prospects of men of education and learning. Not a few of Goldsmith's difficulties had a vinous origin. Johnson was once hastily summoned from Streetham to the assistance of his friend, whom he found in a state of siege, by his landlady for arrears, and by bailiffs for debts. Goldsmith handed the MS. of his 'Vicar of Wakefield' to Johnson, who went out and sold it to a bookseller, and released the beleaguered author. It is said by Mrs. Piozzi that on Johnson's arrival Goldsmith was 'drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care;' and that when the former returned with relief, Goldsmith 'called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment.' Boswell denies the drunkenness, but confesses to the bottle of Madeira. Mrs. Piozzi reports several of the not infrequent abuses of Johnson's generous kindness: 'Another man,' she says, 'for whom he often begged, spent in punch the solitary guinea which had been brought him one morning; when, resolving to add another claimant to a share of the bowl, besides a woman who always lived with him, and a footman who used to carry out petitions for charity, he borrowed a chairman's watch, and pawning it for half-a-crown, paid a clergyman to marry him to a fellow-lodger in the wretched house they all inhabited, and got so drunk on the guinea bowl of punch the evening of his wedding day, that having many years lost the use of one leg, he now contrived to fall from the top of the stairs to the bottom, and break his arm; in which condition his companions left him to call on Mr. Johnson, who, relating the series of his tragi-comical distresses, obtained from the Literary Club reasonable relief.'

Dr. Johnson's principle of abstinence was sometimes put to very fashionable and pressing ordeal. On Oct. 12, 1779, he dined with Lord Newhaven, and a beautiful niece, Miss Graham, who 'asked him to hob or nob with her. He was flattered by such pleasing attention, and politely told her he never drank wine; but "if she would drink a glass of water, he was much at her service." She accepted. "Oho, sir!" said Lord Newhaven, "you are caught." Johnson: "Nay, I do not see how I am caught; but if I am caught, I don't want to get free again. If am caught, I hope to be kept." Then when the two glasses of water were brought, smiling placidly to the young lady, he said, "Madam, let us reciprocate."'

His reverence for the bench of bishops was 'profound,' says Boswell, so that 'he expected from a bishop the highest degree of decorum. He was offended even at their going to taverns. "A bishop," said he, "has nothing to do at a tippling-house. It is not, indeed, immoral in him to go to a tavern, neither would it be immoral in him to whip a top in Grosvenor Square; but if he did, I hope the boys would fall upon him, and apply the whip to him. There are gradations in conduct—morality, decency, propriety; none of these should be violated by a bishop."' Both Johnson and Boswell seemed unaware that the presence not only of bishops, but presbyters in taverns was forbidden under heavy penalties by several of the early councils. He is represented by Boswell to have once maintained that the present was never a happy state to man, and when pressed again, answered, 'Never but when he is drunk.' Yet Johnson at other times distinguished between sensual pleasure and happiness. The truth was that he had so acutely morbid a sense of human infirmities, that he conceived perfect happiness to a reflecting being impossible in this world. Hence a man when drunk is happy, because he is incapable of reflection—no encouragement to inebriation. 'A man who has been drinking wine at all freely,' said Johnson, 'should never go into a new company. With those who have partaken of wine with him he may be pretty well in unison, but he will probably be offensive, or appear ridiculous to other people.' 'Once when

when in Fleet-street,' he said, 'a gentlewoman begged I would give my arm to assist her in crossing, which accordingly I did, upon which she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be a watchman. I fancy that she was somewhat in liquor.' Let us hope that the gentlewoman was shortsighted, and so mistook the big moralist for a guardian of the peace.

In conversation one day, he finely discriminated the state of a clergyman, Rev. Charles Congreve, who had considerable preferment in Ireland, but spent much of his time in London, where he took a short airing in his postchaise every day, and had an elderly woman whom he called cousin to live with him, who nudged his elbow when his glass was standing empty, and encouraged him to drink. 'Not that he gets drunk,' added Johnson, 'for he is a very pious man, but he is always *muddy*. He confesses to one bottle of port every day, and probably drinks more. He is quite unsocial, in conversation is quite monosyllabic, and when at my last visit I asked him what o'clock it was, that signal of my departure had so pleasing an effect on him that he sprung up to look at his watch like a greyhound bounding at a hare.'

A gentleman (Boswell himself, Croker thinks,) having to some of the usual arguments for drinking added this: "You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable; would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" "Yes, sir," said the unmerciful retorter, "if he sat next *you*."

One of his sayings, as reported by the Rev. D. Maxwell, was that "few people have intellectual resources sufficient to forego the pleasures of wines; they could not otherwise contrive how to fill the interval between dinner and supper." How will wine-drinkers take the explanation?

On the moral insecurity produced by wine-drinking, he said, "One may drink wine and be nothing the worse for it; or another wine may have effects so inflammatory as to injure him both in body and mind, and perhaps make him commit something for which he deserves to be hanged."

Here we must draw the rein, and must allow Johnson, rather than ourselves, to unbend the bow. That he should have always been consistent in his familiar talk on drinking was not to be expected, and still less that he should have expressed those clear and positive views upon the drinking system which the modern temperance advocate feels himself called upon and compelled to maintain. But that he was greatly in advance of most of his contemporaries in both his ideas and practice is placed beyond reasonable question; while the high-minded resolution with which he held his ground as an abstainer in all circles, and the skill with which he carried the war of ideas into the strongholds of drinking customs, merit our heartiest admiration. From what we know of him, all the probabilities are in favour of the conclusion that if now living, his masterly pen and voice would be cheerfully enlisted on the side of those who teach that neither to drink strong liquors nor to licence their sale is the wisdom of Christian men and of a Christian State.

ONE FALSE STEP.—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

SLOWLY the spoon went round and round in Mrs. Merrit's cup as she pondered what her daughter had just told her. The communication must have troubled her, or that tea would never have remained so long untasted. Mrs. Merrit did not often get her favourite beverage so strong, or of such flavour. But when 'Our Mary' came to spend her afternoon's holiday with the dear old mother, she always, on her way, called in at 'Shuttleworth's' for two ounces of their 'very best mixed,' and heartily she enjoyed, each time, the old lady's appreciation of its quality.

'Well, I don't know, Mary,' Mrs. Merrit said at last, 'George Benson is well enough, but——'

'But what, mother?' said Mary, with a warm flush and quick tone—'I'm sure neither you nor anybody else could ever say anything bad of George.'

'No, it's not bad, exactly—at least not yet—but I'm feared of what it may grow

grow to. George likes a drop of drink now and then.'

'Oh, mother! that's too bad! Why we've known him all these years, and I don't believe you've ever seen drink on him above three times in a twelvemonth! It's all nonsense! Young men will have a spree sometimes.'

'Aye! and old ones come to have one often! Mary, lass, when I first knew thy father, one wouldn't see drink on him oftener than that, and you know what it came to.'

'Don't talk of it, mother. George will never be like that.' Mary shivered. And well she might, remembering the horrors of her childhood, the turning out of doors to freeze in the dead hours of bitter, stormy nights—the clinging, shrieking, round her beaten, shrieking mother—the heavy blows, once from a red-hot poker, dealt on her own childish head and shoulders; the pretty baby scalded to death by the father's drunken stumbling with the kettle. The rags, and famine, and squalor of the drunkard's home—the oaths and curses with which the maddened man had been wont to burst into their home each night—and that last awful home-coming of his bleeding body, battered to death in a public-house quarrel. No, they would not talk of it; the remembrance turned their cheeks pale and their hearts sick; and every day the widow prayed earnestly to be forgiven, remembering that when her eyes had fallen on the corpse of her once loved-husband, thankfulness had rushed to her heart that, even by that fearful mode, she and her children were delivered from him. She prayed so that tea-time, as her thoughts went back yet once more to his gay, handsome youthfulness when first he wooed her.

Soon she spoke again. 'Lass! thou'd better never marry than have to go through what I've gone through;—and I'm feared, I'm feared.'

'Oh, mother! why you're worse than Mrs. Thelwall: George came to the house one night when he'd had a sup, and she happened to see him. He was only merry-like, you know—nothing much—but you should have heard the lecture she gave me next morning. One would have thought, to hear her talk, that people couldn't take a drop of drink now and then without some dreadful accident or other happening them. Teetotal folks do get such notions. But even she didn't lay it down that poor George is to turn out a drunkard, because he sometimes takes a drop more than is good for him.'

'Well, Mrs. Thelwall's been a good mistress to you, Mary; and I'm sure she means you well. And she's right enough. If you'll take my advice and her's, you'll make George be a teetotaler before you promise to marry him.'

But that did not meet Mary's views. George was never so amusing and good-natured as when he'd 'had a drop.' He worked hard for his money, and why should not he enjoy himself? She would never grudge it to him. Old folks were so easily frightened. In fact, though Mary had come ostensibly to ask her mother's advice, she had really made up her mind to let George fix the day as early as he liked; and that very evening, as he took her back to her mistress's house, he did fix it.

Who can wonder? Who ever learned by other people's experience? Do not we each believe, in our hopeful youth, that life is going to be bright with us, whatever others may have found it? And who *could* distrust George? I am not sure that even Mrs. Merrit did, so long as she looked into his bright, ingenuous face, and heard his cheery, kindly talk, and saw his loving glances bent on Mary. Everybody liked George. Shopmates, acquaintances,—all enjoyed his merry talk, half-gossipy, half-intelligent and shrewd; all were ready and eager to have him with them. This night he was radiant, full of great news. Since their last meeting he had heard of a legacy of fifty pounds that was coming to him in a few weeks, left by a distant cousin.

'Mary! you said you wouldn't go into lodgings, and now I can furnish as nice a little house for you as Tom Briggs has. Mary, only say the word!'

And Mary did say the word. Two more months saw them settled in the 'nice little house,' and Mary was as happy as a queen—too happy to remember her mother's warnings. And the mother—if her forebodings were not quite laid to sleep—tried to still them with hope, and prayer, and with the remembrance that 'It's of no use crying over spilled milk.'

And really there seemed no need to cry. George loved his little wife so tenderly, so proudly; he never wanted to be away from her, never seemed to wish for more than the dinner and supper beer which they shared so cozily. In

In their weekly marketings, and their walks, and other bits of pleasure-taking she was with him, and it was a wonderful safeguard. As his shopmates said: 'There's no getting hold of George for a bit of a spree now. He's always coddling after that wife of his.' And the shopmates' evenings were the duller for it. But Mary triumphed over his wonderful sobriety, and was, oh, how happy!

George, who for the last few years had lived in lodgings, was charmed with his snug little home, and wondered at the comfort his twenty shillings a week could buy, now that Mary had the spending of it. The thorough tidiness and cleanliness, the bright fire, the warm, comfortable meals, the neat, well-kept dress, the little occasional additions to their simple furnishing, were never-ending delights to him; and he thought he had the cleverest little wife in England. Mary would almost have thought so, too, if she could have managed not only to produce this amount of daily comfort, but also to lay by something for the 'rainy day,' or the 'more mouths' that might come. But she could not manage it. As she said to Mrs. Merrit, 'Things cost so much, George likes to have them nice, and the money slips away before one knows.' Of course, she made 'ends meet and tie' each week. Mary was thoroughly honest, and would even have treated her petted husband to a course of 'flint soup' rather than have run into debt; but she did not seem able to begin a little store. Some people have a genius for saving; the rest of us may try, trying will do something—but the results will not be brilliant.

Of course, neither of them thought of giving up the daily beer, and putting aside its cost. It was one of the necessaries they fancied they could not do without, so the problem went unsolved, and they were happy in spite of it. Twelve months passed away, and it began to press a little closer. Both their hearts were warm with a new hope, a new joy, sweeter to Mary, at least, than any they had yet known;—but, as joys do, it brought new cares with it. Mary did not quite see how she was to buy all the soft, warm, dainty little clothes that would be wanted in a few months; or provide for all the other extra expenses of that longed-for time. She tried a little pinching in the quality of food and the quantity of fire, and George wanted to know 'if she was going to starve him.' Of course, he laughed as he said it, and kissed her tenderly when she whispered her reasons—but he evidently did not like the retrenchment.

One day Mrs. Thelwall came to see her. The *ci-devant* mistress was also in a state of perplexity, and came to her old servant seeking help. Her difficulties arose from the fidgetiness of an over-particular, invalid husband, who could not bear strangers about him, could not endure the service of those who had not learned all his little peculiar fancies and dislikes. The maid-of-all-work, who had succeeded Mary, was now going home to nurse a sick mother, promising to come back as soon as she could; and Mrs. Thelwall, warned by past grumblings and fatigues, was anxious to avoid engaging untried help, or losing the return of this really valuable servant. So she asked if Mary could come to them for the interval. Mary caught at the suggestion. Mrs. Thelwall offered to pay her well, and the wages and the home saving of her food, would, she thought, supply the needful money. Her mother lived near, and would come in several times a day to look after the house and George's meals. Of course, it would be lonely for him, but she should soon be back again; and Mrs. Thelwall said he might come and see his wife whenever he liked, and she would often get a run home to see how he was going on. Altogether, it appeared a capital way of getting over her difficulty; and, with much coaxing, she at last persuaded George to admit that it was so, and to let her go. But he did not like it, though he admire,l his wife's willingness to help; it somewhat chafed him to have even so little of the bloom brushed off the loving joy he had felt in working to provide all things for his darling wife.

Mrs. Merrit shook her head, but she, too, felt the force of Mary's reasons. So she promised to do all she could for George, and did it, while Mary went back to her old work in the well-known kitchen.

How strange it was to her to be there again, going mechanically about her many duties, while her thoughts were with her husband, or picturing their little home, rich with a tiny occupant. How full her life seemed, as she meditated that hope! The little children of the house grew strangely dear to her, and their voices rang in her ears as sweet

sweet music; her whole soul deepened and drew near to God, as she felt the wonder of the life He had given. A new sense of the worth and beauty of life awoke in her, with the strange trembling tenderness for the little unborn one; and with it came a more anxious tenderness for her husband. She wondered how she could have left him; fancied each hour what he might be doing; longed for the evening, when there might be a chance of seeing him; and felt dimly that this leaving him homeless was an abandonment of her real duty.

George came often to see her, always with a small grumble on his tongue,—declaring that he didn't know the house without her, he couldn't tell how it was, the sunshine was gone out of it, and it all looked in a muddle. When was she coming home? Mary could not quite tell. Week after week slipped away; the absent servant's mother was still too feeble to spare her, and Mr. Thelwall was more than usually ill. George's grumbles were growing almost into growls. 'It's enough to drive a man melancholy-mad to go home and find nobody to speak to,' said he, again and again.

'But, there's mother,' pleaded Mary.

'Aye! bless her old heart! She's there as oft as she can; but she's overbusy to come much, and mother isn't thee, lass!'

Then came an extra coaxing, and a new picturing of all the happiness to follow when she did come back. And again and again the good fellow gave way, for he liked and respected Mrs. Thelwall for old and new kindnesses to his wife, and could not bear to insist on what would add to her troubles.

At last came the happy day of return. Three months had Mary been absent. Now she brought back with her four bright sovereigns, and a little precious parcel, given to her, with many a kind, matronly, and Christian counsel, by her old mistress. Its contents were laid away daintily in a drawer, and that night George was suffered to peep at them. What absurd speeches he made! How he poised the wee caps on his fingers! And after all the teasing, how tenderly he kissed his wife, as they turned away, and went down to their supper *together*.

Next day Mary was early with her mother.

'I'm glad thou'rt home, lass!' said the old lady, 'George has just been like a fish out of water without thee. Thou mustn't go out again, wages or no wages. Husbands won't bear being left alone. They must have a bit of comfort somewhere.'

I fancy Mary suspected that George had found his 'bit of comfort' at the public-house, or some other spending-place, for there was no accumulation to add to her four pounds earned by those long months of self-denial. She hinted her disappointment a little, and George, really vexed with himself, only spoke as if vexed with her: 'Well, what's a fellow to do? One must go somewhere, when there's never a home to come to; and the chaps at the shop are always bothering a body to go with them.'

Mary was finding out that it is but poor economy for a wife to leave home and husband to take care of themselves, while she earns money elsewhere. She learned it more thoroughly still afterwards; for, the home-staying habit being broken, the 'chaps at the shop' did not always bother in vain, thenceforth. Every now and then—it was not very often, certainly—she was left to a lonely evening; and when George did appear, his tongue ran so glibly that she well knew what had oiled it. Her old words came to mind. Did she 'grudge him his bit of pleasure' now? No, surely! But she did grudge his company to 'strangers when she had been all day longing for evening to come that he and she might be happy together. And she could not always help feeling a little chafed at the unnecessary expenditure which was making her sacrifice of small avail. Yet, inwardly, she scolded herself for feeling this, and tried to atone for the murmuring thought by finding some new sacrifice she could make, something she could do without for herself, so as to still make ends meet.

All seemed set right when the baby came. Perhaps there is no fuller, sweeter sense of delight than that which possesses parents as they gaze on the tiny face of their first-born; their own! their very life! And almost it feels to the mother still to be part of her individual life, its dependence is so utter. Never again will it seem quite so much hers, never, perhaps, quite so sweet as during that first year, when one minute's neglect or carelessness on her part might cost the little life.

How utterly happy George and Mary were, and how foolishly they talked! Young

Young parents share the lover's privilege of never wearying of the small details of love and admiration. There is no end to, and no cloying in, their chatter over the loveliness and sweetness of their little ones.

'Look at his bits of fingers, Mary! I think I'll have a morsel of a gold ring made for him. Never lady's hand looked as fit for one.'

'You goosey! You don't mean his fingers to grow, then?'

'Don't I? Aye, lad! thou'lt work for thy old father and mother yet, won't thou? Fancy that tiny fist tugging at the machine handle!'

'What shall we call him, George?'

'Willie. It's almost as if my little brother Will were come back. Mary, I've never forgiven myself for letting him slip out of my sight that day he got drowned. This little chap feels to comfort me more than anything yet.'

'Oh, George! isn't it dreadful to think what a small wrong-doing may cost a life, or spoil one?'

And Mary bent over to kiss her baby. The tiny teacher was already whispering many a deep lesson to her. Blessed be God for 'the little ones,' who teach us so much of the meaning of life.

So they breathed the blessed calm of that Sunday evening. Baby had been born on the previous night. Nurse was taking needful rest, and there was no one to break in on their rapture of thankful love. The Sabbath bells filled the air with their jubilant entreating, as if they, too, praised God with grateful hope. A lifetime of happiness had crowded for the young parents into that one day, and already they felt as if their new wealth was a possession of old use and wont. The swift current of their joy had swept away, for the time, all heartburnings, all fears, and misgivings. Great peace was with them.

But Monday mornings will follow Sabbath evenings, and George had to go, as usual, to the factory. What a sense of the new dignity encompassed him as he went out, after loving leave-takings. The men in the shop might have read in his look what had occurred. But they knew it beforehand.

'Well, George, so thou's been setting up a son, has te? and thou'rt fussy enough, I reckon?'

'I should just think I am.'

'I daresay; but wait till thou's as many on em as I have, and thou'll sing smaller!'

'M'appen he may. But, I say, George, thou'rt going to stand glasses round, I guess? A fellow mun stand treat o'er th' first lad!'

"Well, bless the lad! he's worth standing treat for!' quoth poor George, who would willingly, in his frank delight, have fed them with gold if he could. So sundry cans of ale were sent for, which made a hole in the residue of George's wages, and only served to whet the thirst of most who partook. By dinner time sundry of the men adjourned to the Sir John Warren, there to do a little St. Monday keeping. George stayed at work; but, going home, he passed the house, and his comrades hailed him from the window. He turned in, and was treated in his turn. Beery and smoky enough he smelt when he got to Mary's bedside again, and she hardly liked to trust her precious little morsel to his unsteady hands, much as he insisted that he must feel how the small chap had grown since morning. Mary grew nervous as he jerked the little bundle up and down; and that important functionary, nurse, had to interpose her authority, and take the baby from him. Mrs. Merrit came in, and did her quiet utmost to soothe the excitement of both; but the first sweet peace was sorely marred; and the good mother sighed over her old fears—a shadow of which she saw upon her daughter's brow. For Mary, lying sick and helpless, with her precious one to shield from every rough touch, gained a new impression concerning the heedlessness which drinking engenders, and many a disquieting thought crept into her mind in its train.

But the days passed, and as strength returned, and she went once more about her usual avocations, as the first trembling sense of baby's fragility wore off, she was once more aptin excuses for what seemed George's venial error in being unwisely glad over his new treasure. Nurse was gone, they three were alone in their little home, and all in all to each other. Every day Mrs. Merrit came in to see her little grandson, and her heart almost grew young anew in the happiness of loving the small, frail thing. The fountains of tender memory were unsealed as she hung over his cradle, or brooded him cozily in her arms; and Mary listened with untiring interest to the flow of stories of her own and her mother's childhood. The grandmother whom she had never known came to live

live familiarly in her thought, as she garnered many a little detail of her ways and sayings. 'I think, Mary, I never loved my mother rightly till I had babies of my own, then I knew a little what mother's love is worth. My mother's hymns and prayers went in at one ear and out at th' other, when I were a girl; but they come back to me now—they have done many a year; and often when I've been sore tried, I think they've saved me from going altogether to despair; but now the hymns sing themselves in my heart, and I seem to hear her voice saying her prayers beside me, many's the time, till I really seem with her again. Eh, lass, there's no saying what mothers can be to their children.'

Truly, it seemed as if 'mother's comfort' was with the dear old speaker now, and a softening peace was on her face, a reflection of the 'peace of God, which passeth understanding.' Her murmured caressings of the baby were often snatches of prayer—or low croonings of her mother's hymns. A new reverence crept into Mary's heart with the quickened love for her mother which baby had brought—one of his many good gifts. She felt as if these early blessings must influence her darling's future—as if he must be safe from ill while they lingered about him.

But slowly, and with unwilling eyes, she was beginning to see a great bodily change in her mother. Mrs. Merrit was little more than fifty; but the sufferings, and griefs, and overwork of her life had made her prematurely old. Little by little, during the last three years, she had been obliged to give up the laundry work which had long maintained her. Now, one family only of her old customers gave their washing to her; but her money cares had been lightened lately by a 'burgess part,' which, in due course, had fallen to her, an annuity of twenty pounds. That was riches to Mrs. Merrit, poor a pittance as we should think it. She gave grateful thanks for it to the 'Giver of all good gifts,' rejoicing that in her old age she should not need to burden her children. She set her heart on having baby christened; so one fine Sunday morning the wee thing was carried to the little Methodist Chapel which its grandmother attended, and she stood by the young father and mother, praying with her whole heart that the earnest words of the minister, to which they listened with bent heads and awed looks, might bear fruit in them. They carried home the young lamb of Christ's fold, feeling as if they too, henceforth, were sanctified and set apart with him. Tenderer tones were in their voices, a hushed, gentle joy was with them all that day; and when George returned from seeing the old lady home at night, his latest words were: 'Mary, I wish thou and I were as ready for heaven as mother is.'

Poor George! he was open enough to good influences, but the inevitable Monday morning brought far others to bear upon him.

'Well, George, I never thought thou'd turn stingy! Christening thy lad, and never asking nobody to th' christening—never a drop o' drink stirring, I'se warrant! Hast te turned teetotaler or Methody? Which?'

'Neither, Jem; but I were thinking a time or two yesterday that it 'ud be a good thing if I *were* a Methody.'

'Aye, I dare say; but don't begin by shirking your old friends. Why, did I ever christen one o' my kids, without inviting th' whole lot o' you? It's real mean, I say!'

'Oh, George is going to save his brass to give at collections.'

Of course, it ended in the old way; and Mary was startled that evening out of her quiet pondering over the minister's solemn words by the home-coming of her husband, more thoroughly in liquor than she had ever seen him before. Two of his shopmates, a trifle more sober, or at least steadier on their legs, escorted him; and it needed all Mary's management to avoid their sitting down in her little room to continue their carouse. She got rid of them, however, and coaxed George off to bed; crying a little with vexation, and a sore sense of being snatched out of the holy calm which had encompassed her since yesterday.

George was cross next day, though penitent, and baby was cross too, suffering the effects of his mother's overnight agitation. Many a time that day Mary wished her mother would come in, but she did not appear; and Mary did not like to leave George in the evening, lest he should go out again. She well knew that, after the last night, it was of no use to ask him to present himself before Mrs. Merrit, of whose dislike to his escapades he was fully aware.

Wednesday morning brought a message from the mother, who was not well, had

had taken cold on Sunday night, and wished Mary to go down. That fatal cold was never dislodged. Asthma, fixed first on the lungs in those old night exposures, had once more returned to complete its work, and the decline was quick and sure. But ere she died the sufferer found breath to urge on George a request that he would seek the safety of total abstinence. The few gasped-out words were very forcible, but George could not bring himself to promise. 'I can't, mother, it's of no use, I should have no peace of my life for those fellows at the shop. But I'll promise you to be careful, bless you; I love Mary and the lad too well ever to be a drunkard—for their sakes—never fear for me!'

'Oh, George, you're standing in your own strength, and I'm feared! I'm feared!'

Mary bent down to kiss her mother. I think she, too, was 'feared' sometimes now—now and then, for a few passing moments. But she did not second the pleading. She disliked the suggestion. Fidgetty Mr. Thelwall was her idea of a total abstainer (Mary did not know that he owed his ruined digestion and shattered nerves to former intemperance and dissipation, from which total abstinence had at length rescued him). Besides, how could she ask George to do without beer while she took it herself? And how could she nurse her baby without it? Like many another mistaken woman, she did not believe in that possibility. So the poor mother went to her grave unsoothed by the promise she craved.

What a void her death left in Mary's heart! Every trouble pressed more heavily now there was no mother to hear of it, and to lighten the load by merely listening to the recital. Mothers do not need to say much about our worries and grief; their kiss, or gentle, stroking hand on the hair, or murmured 'poor child!' have in them such full assurance of sympathy that we make ourselves strong again, in order not to press on them. Well for them who still have a mother to share both joys and sorrows! 'Oh, if mother were but here!' sighed poor Mary often and again, when small illnesses came to baby, and she needed experienced counsel, or George stayed too often at the Sir John Warren, or the nerves were overworn with weary efforts to stretch those hardly meeting 'ends,' which were made so much tighter by those recurring visits.

George could not bear dulness. His social temperament seemed unable to do long without some excitement of merry talk or sharp argument. And he found home somewhat 'humdrum' about this time. Mary's heart was sore with her great loss, and she herself was not well. She had overtasked her strength during her mother's illness—which followed so quickly her own confinement—and a low, wearing fever fixed itself on her nerves, depressing her naturally gay spirits till it was well-nigh impossible for her to speak other than melancholy words. Then baby suffered through her, had to be weaned very early, and did not take kindly to the process. Altogether there was some excuse for pleasure-loving George, for little but dismal words and plaintive wailings diversified the home evenings for a while.

But Mary did not feel it the less hard to be left lonely with her miserable, nervous anxieties and forebodings. She blamed herself more than she blamed him; but bodily illness was the root of her gloom, and she could not shake it off. Try as she might, she could not be cheerful as of old. And George, who had never learned to take refuge in books, sought his 'bit of brightness' in outside companionship.

Mary's good constitution soon shook off the incubus, however, and smiles came back to her eyes and jests to her lips; and George said that home felt like home once more. Yet, meanwhile, the publican's noose had been drawn a little more firmly round him.

Little Willie got over his weaning and grew and throve, and cut his teeth, and lived through the whooping-cough and measles, and nestled ever closer and warmer unto his father's and mother's hearts. When he was two years old, a severe fit of bronchitis brought him near to death, and they hung over his little cot trembling, many nights, lest morning should never rise for their darling. But he rallied at length, and was well enough to crave again for 'goodies.' How gladly George promised to bring him some!

CHAPTER II.

'The People's Hall' was all aglow with light, reflected and re-reflected from gilding and glass, and soft-shining polished wood

wood; gleaming like moonlight in the marble slabs, and lying warm on the crimson draperies and glowing arabesques. Gay music sprang out at the touch of fingers of no mean skill, smiles were on the waiters' faces, and men's voices in gossipy news-talk sounded cheerfully by the counters. For this People's Hall, with its mask of a name, was, alas, only a gin palace and music saloon.

It was very tempting to the cold passers-by, that stormy Monday evening. Pale men, who had been leaning to the stocking frame all day, and for hundreds of days past, till they will never more lose the stoop so contracted, men wearied in arm and brain by the heavy pull, and crash, and shake of lace machines; oppressed in mind and body by the din and dirt and oil-reek, amid which they had been spending ten long hours; looked in, and turned in, drawn irresistibly by all that splendid contrast to the mean homes towards which they were previously lounging.

They who built and decorated that shining store for 'firewaters' knew something of one part of our human nature. Well they knew that not the meanest and most squalid who should enter would be insensible to the parade of meretricious beauty set as a trap to catch them. Sandy Lane and Narrow Marsh, with all their filth, and stench, and gloom, and squalor; thundering and reeking factory, or over-packed lodging house, crowded with dirt and vice, cannot quite avail to choke the spring of gladness which the Loving One who called us into being meant should gush free and brightly at the sight of all fair things. Which of His good gifts, alas, have we not turned to evil uses? Well for us if we have done so in mere ignorance, and not of set and intelligent purpose, as they who baited this man-trap with beauty.

They placed it cunningly, too; there, at the western entrance to the great Market Place, where half the working population must pass every Saturday, with money in their pockets, intent on the week's providing; but often not so intent as to be proof against the suggestions made by the trap's imposing presence, to 'Turn in and have a glass.' Cunningly set, too, with another view. There is hope for the ginseller that he may convert the working-men and women who pass, into regular, good customers; but he knows of another set of people who are already such. These narrow openings on each side the buildings are the avenues to the acknowledged haunts of thieves and prostitutes. On their way thither the wretched decoys bring the unwary, guilty men who listen to their luring, and fit them to fall a yet easier prey to shame and robbery. They come themselves, also, to still with drink the despair that is helping their evil ways to kill them.

Alas, too, for the evil which is done in this place, where man's passions are fired, and woman's guard of modesty is weakened, where often she takes the first step towards the misery of those most wretched ones, whom the world counts as women no longer. Fausts and Margarets stand often before this counter, and Mephistophiles hands to them from the other side the poison cup which leads through sin to death. Circe-palace! den of the sorcery which maddens and imbrutes, how those whose eyes are open hate thee for thy works' sake!

Meanwhile thousands of eyes are not open, and the music and the vibrating glow of light and colour are as the syren's song to many who pass.

'George, old fellow, is that thee? I thought thou'dst gone to California, it's so long since anybody's seen thee.'

'Aye, it's me. My lad's been ill, and he likes his daddy to nurse him, so I've stopped pretty well at home for a good while.'

'Then I reckon he's better, as you're out.'

'Yes, I think he'll win, now. I've been doing some markets for my missis; she can't well leave him yet, he's so weak and fractious. Ah! they've been trimming up the hall, haven't they? Will you go in? One wants warming to-night.'

And in they went, George treating his friend to 'Old Tom,' and himself to the first draught of the newly-tapped 'Cream of the Valley.' Very warming it was, very comforting and pleasant to the throat, unaccustomed, for near a month, to the familiar titillation, and another glass had to follow 'to keep it company.'

Several acquaintances were there who had something to tell of the new rules mooted the last club night; and there was much to hear and discuss concerning the O'Connor land scheme. No wonder the latter was so fruitful a theme for the talkers; they were all subscribers

scribers to it; they hoped for an allotment in time. O'Connorville was their Utopia, their dreamland, where the golden age should come again, and they live in unheard-of comfort. It was, in their eyes, their one chance of escape from the poverty and toil; the unhealthy homes and murky town life in which they had lived hitherto, with only occasional glances at the fresh beauty enfolding country life. True, most of them had their especial garden plots amid the six thousand such that surrounded the town; but the pure Hungerhill air, the fresh smell of the upturned mould, the springing and blooming of their vegetables and flowers, the keen zest and pleasure in meals, and work, and mere breathing, felt during their brief glimpses of out-door life in that garden-land, set the prospect of 'living on the land' in very vivid contrast with their wonted avocations.

They talked eagerly and unwearyingly. The two glasses received, ere long, an accession to their number. George grew warm in the debate, and forgot that his pocket was emptying too fast. He muttered as he threw his last pence on the counter, gulped the liquor, and was off with a scarce spoken 'good-night.'

'What's made Georgey so crusty all at once?' said the companions he left. It was the remembrance, which broke suddenly upon him as he spent the last penny, that his sick child was waiting at home for the 'butterscotch' he had promised to bring back.

'I'm a fool!' said poor George to himself, as he went, not very steadily, up the hill. 'I'd no business to spend a penny. Mary won't have a farthing all week to get things for Will; and he'll cry for his toffy all night long. I'm a fool.'

George was not over wise, certainly, but he was a loving father, though a careless one; and muddled as the gin had left him, it did not abate one sting of the anguish with which he thought of the eager 'dood, dadda!' that would greet him from his darling's lips. He groaned as he came in sight of the sweetmeat-stall at the top of the Derby Road, and was sorely tempted to clutch its store of the coveted dainty. Slowly he stumbled on past it, the maddening fumes of the liquor mounting faster and faster to his brain. Soon he stopped short, 'It's no use,' he said, 'I can't go home to hear that poor lad cry out upon me all night long. I *will* take him some.' And, hurrying back to the stall, he watched, as a drunken man watches, for an opportunity to seize some of the packets lying in tempting profusion close to his hand.

Pause awhile, dear reader, in your quick blame. Throw not down our story in sheer disgust with the thief. Not you, with all your indignant scorn of dishonesty, not the true-hearted wife to whom you read this, has more hatred and contempt for thievery and meanness than had our poor hero in saner hours, when he was himself, not deluded and distracted by the drink that quickened his impulses and blinded his reason, till the worse appeared the better action. 'Ha, stop, my fine fellow! Police! Police!' Struggling, and blows, and fierce plunges, hard fighting with stall-keeper and policeman, kicks, bites, any wild or brutal method of forcing them to let him go; the quick run of another constable, and in a minute George Benson, the heretofore honest and respected, is in the grasp of the law, charged with assaulting its officer, and with theft.

Little Willie may watch, and wait, and long, and sob himself to his troubled sleep, and wake, and cry for his 'dadda' and the 'dood;' Mary may listen, and wonder, and open the door and look out, and turn pale and sick, first with vexation, and then, as the morning hours creep on, with fear. She may grow frantic with her vague and terrible surmises; may feel Willie's cries tearing her heart, overladen with anxious grief; may leave him next morning to go in search of the truant; but the husband and father that left them will never return. The George Benson that passed his threshold that night, an upright, if a weak man, will recross it such as the association of the gaol will make him. He will come back ashamed to look his neighbours in the face, slinking away from a street-meeting with his old shopmates; with a character that will shut him out from almost every factory in the town; and with the knowledge, gleaned from prison companions, of ways and means of living which make honest work seem slow drudgery. With worse than these—he will come back with the poisoned spirit and distorted views, and stupefied conscience, which veil from thieves half the horrors of their position. He will come back with a half admiration for the quick perception, the adroitness and clever cunning which

which are stock-in-trade to those who prey upon their fellow men; and all these new circumstances and possessions will make it easy for him to step further and further on the road he has entered this night.

Alas! for husband and wife and child! Least for the child, the little half-recovered invalid, who, but fitfully tended by its shame-stricken, distracted mother, poorly fed, now that the provider was withdrawn, drooped again into more than the old illness, and passed away from the sorrow to come.

This was the news which met George when he stole back to his home after a three months' imprisonment, and it decided his fate. Love for his child had been his strongest feeling. He had thought, during those prison days, that when he got out, he would sell their furniture, and move off to some place where they were unknown, to Calais perhaps; twist-hands might find work there. But the furniture had already been sold, bit by bit, to bury Willie and keep Mary alive. The home had dwindled from the clean little three-roomed house to a wretched one room, almost empty, and left to accumulating squalor by the wife whose spring of action had vanished with her pride in her husband, and the life of her first-born. Good and loving wife as Mary had ever been, in her first desolation she judged her husband, rather by the harsh commentaries of her neighbours, than by the pleadings of her own heart. She was ashamed and bereft. Stung doubly where she was most sensitive, she would not go forth to meet him whose sin had wrought her terrible woe. So George read first in the childless room, and her convulsed face, that he was no longer a father, and when, in answer to his gasping inquiry, all was told in one word, it seemed that hope and strength were gone out from his life for ever.

'Dead! dead!' Well, it was best so, he would never know his father's shame; or, if he knew it now, surely the little angel of the land where all things are known would not call that a crime, which was done for love of him.

Ah, George, self-deluding George; there is prison sophistry and danger in that consolation of thine! Thy wife had clearer eyes. 'It was not that,' George, she said, 'it was not that—but, oh! I can never forgive thee for spending my baby's pennies in drink.' George hissed a fierce oath, and could almost have struck her; the true placing of the wrong went home to him so keenly. He had thought she would understand his sore temptation, and would forgive him when he told her all; but that was before he knew how much she had to forgive.

Yet, even then, had any one been nigh, able to feel their temptation, their grief, and their great strait; had there been any one to turn to for sympathy and counsel, they might have arisen, even from this slough of despond. They had loved each other truly, not with the steady, enduring love which has its firm foundation in mutual esteem and regnant principle, but very really, as they love who, having natures full of kindly impulses, live chiefly by impulse. And the old habit might have reasserted itself; for even amid these bitter words, the remnant of their love was stirring within, though it had not force enough to control the strong passions that fought so fiercely in its despite; if only some kind voice to which both could listen had shown them then the path of repentance and safety; if only some compassionate friend had had faith enough in George to open to him once more the means of gaining an honest livelihood! But his master was a stern man, who had laid it down as a rule for himself, that no one, detected in dishonesty, should ever again have employment or recommendation from him. Probably he had never reflected how such a rule, carried out, must cut off the chances of return, from those who had strayed—it might be only once—from the path of integrity. However it might be, he counted no force of sudden temptation, gave no weight to past good character; once over the precipice of ill-doing, the malefactor might lie helpless on the shore, to be swept out to sea by the next tide, for any hand that this man would stretch to bear him back to life and hope. And yet, if good is ever to roll back the current of evil in this world of temptation, they who love goodness must learn to forgive, to open the door of return to their brother, even unto the 'seventy times seven.' The Master of us all knew well, as He spoke those precious words, that they held the seed of hope for his weak, failing ones.

There seemed to be no one to help and counsel poor George and Mary. The tender Christian mother was gone. Mrs. Thelwall and her sick husband were living in the South of England, seeking health for the invalid. Nor, indeed,

indeed could Mary have borne to tell her husband's shame to this honoured friend. George was the last survivor of his family, as Mary of hers. There was literally no one; and the tide was free to sweep over these poor ones.

Step by step George descended in the opinion of his already scornful neighbours. Drink was his first thought of refuge from his desolation. Drink was the sapper and miner that laid his soul ever more open to the tempting of the outcasts who held him now as one of themselves. Soon he was committed to that course of dishonesty from which utter loss of character blocks the return. Surely, hopelessly, he sank and dragged with him the helpless wife bound to him now 'for worse,' as once 'for better.' Outraged soon in every right feeling, the slave of one who grew every day more brutal and vile, she fell beneath her own contempt; and so fallen, so associated, what reascent or hope remained for her? Drink laid its strong hand on her also, and, yet more powerful than her husband's influence, made her first his tool, and then his willing helpmate in all his sin. Terrible remorse came to both in intervals, but weak will and evil habits and influences kept it from ever passing over into active repentance. Other children were born to them, but the joy of parentage never came back; that was lost to them with the pure soul of their little Willie. Children born of such parents as they became are curses and not blessings; born evil by inheritance, abandoned to all evil influences, trained purposely to profitable sin.

> 'It is good,' says the thinker, 'when it happens
> That they die before their time.'

But these children died not. They were left to their endowment of poverty, and sin, and shame, when father and mother were borne away by the convict ship to linger out their lives, and die in an Australian hospital.

Yet I have heard of a Mary Benson, who, grown human again when drink was withheld from her, told, on her dying bed to the hospital nurse, the story of her first-born baby's sweetness; and closed her eyes in faint hope that even for her, the great sinner of years, and for the pure child-spirit, there might yet, through God's helping, cleansing mercy, be some future meeting wherein the penitent mother might look as from afar upon her stainless child.

But, alas, for the faintness of the hopes we link to repentances of the twelfth hour!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Messrs. Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green, of London, have recently brought out part of 'The Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan Ben Uzziel on the Pentateuch; with the Fragments of the Jerusalem Targum from the Chaldee:' by J. W. Etheridge, M.A., Translator of the New Testament from the Peschito-Syriac. It was in 1862 that the first volume of Mr. Etheridge's translation of the Chaldee Targums was published; it contained those upon Genesis and Exodus, with some useful preliminary information. Thanks to Mr. Etheridge, English people have now for the first time the opportunity of reading in their own tongue the Targums upon the other three books of Moses; that is to say, the ancient Targum of Onkelos, the less ancient Jerusalem Targum, and the mediæval Targum coupled with the name of Jonathan Ben Uzziel. In the second volume is supplied also a glossary of hieratic and legal terms in the Pentateuch, 'on the best authorities,' Christian and Rabbinical; and although we cannot set an equal value on all the statements we find herein, there is some interesting information here on the Divine names; on notices of the Messiah; on the names and priesthoods of heathen deities in the Pentateuch; on the Sacred Place, with the features and furniture of the Tabernacle; on the Hebrew priesthood, its duties and

and apparatus; on the various sacrifices and oblations, festivals, and the great fast; and on sundry miscellaneous matters. Mr. Etheridge is known by his 'Misericordia, or Contemplations on the Mercy of God; regarded especially in its Aspects on the Young;' by his 'Horœ Aramaicœ;' by his book on 'The Syrian Churches, their Early History, Liturgies, and Literature, with a Literal Translation of the Four Gospels from the Peschito;' by his 'Translation of the Apostolical Acts and Epistles from the Peschito,' and of the remaining 'Epistles and Book of Revelation from a later Syrian text;' by his 'Jerusalem and Tiberias, Sora, and Cordova, a Survey of the Religious and Scholastic Learning of the Jews, designed as an introduction to the study of Hebrew Literature;' and by his Lives of the Rev. Adam Clarke and Thomas Coke; as well as by the production of his first volume of the Targums. Mr. Etheridge is therefore no novice either in composition, compilation, or translation; learned and laborious, he has won for himself an honourable place amongst those who have added to the riches of English literature. The volume before us is printed in large type and on excellent paper. It is to be followed by further translations from the Chaldee Targum of Jonathan Ben Uzziel on Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel.

Anxious to promote the greater efficiency of the Established Church, a gentleman some time back offered a prize of one hundred and fifty guineas for the best two essays on the working of the parochial system. The second prize was awarded to a treatise by the Rev. F. R. Wynne, A.B., Incumbent of St. Mary's, Kilkenny, now published by S. W. Partridge, of 9, Paternoster Row, London, under the title of 'The Model Parish: A Prize Essay on the Pastoral Character and Pastoral Work.' We have not seen the first prize essay, and cannot compare with it the second; but we can and do say emphatically, that if this is really surpassed in sterling qualities by that, there must be something uncommonly excellent about the first prize essay. The spirit of George Herbert's 'Country Parson' breathes throughout Mr. Wynne's volume, but with special adaptation to the new and enlarged wants of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The wisdom which is from above pervades almost every page; we find it impracticable to suppose that any really Christian pastor, whether in or out of the Established Church, could fail to read this admirable volume with delight, or to find many a serviceable lesson within it. The author's plan divides the topics of the essay into two parts; first, as to the Pastor; second, as to the Parish. Six chapters are especially devoted to the Pastor; dealing first with his personal relationship with Christ; then with his lovingness of character; the boldness he requires to exercise; his studiousness; his laboriousness; and lastly his prayerfulness and patience. Under these titles fall many instructive details; as to the nature of the work; its special dangers, and particular needs; its difficulties and the means of overcoming them; the different systems of study the pastor finds useful; the quality, quantity, distribution, and order of his labour. The second part treats of the Parish, in ten chapters; as to preaching in it; personal intercourse with its inhabitants; treatment of its different classes of minds; its schools, catechetical classes, associations, prayer meetings, lay agency, and fifty other matters that are at once parochial and pastoral. Now, had we space to spare, nothing would be pleasanter than to extract largely from these pages; for the matter of them is such as to be valuable to every priest—that is to say, to every Christian. But room here is just what we most want; wherefore we bid Mr. Wynne's book a sudden farewell, not tying our praise to all parts of it alike, as if every paragraph were wise and good, but on the whole expressing our hearty and true affection for it, and dismissing it with our delighted and grateful commendation.

A book which the author believed himself to have been assisted to an extraordinary degree by a Divine influence whilst writing, should be valuable; and such a book we have here on the table, dedicated to the Rev. William Morley Punshon, M.A., edited by the Rev. Gervase Smith, written by the late Rev. Joseph Thorpe Milner, author of 'Sabbath Readings,' &c., and from the press of H. J. Tresidder, of 17, Ave Maria Lane. We have tried to fasten upon the volume here and there; moving over its surface like a leech upon glass, just

just able to hold on, but finding it quite difficult to bite in or get anything out of it, we have come to the conclusion, not that the writer must have been mistaken in supposing himself Divinely moved and assisted, but that the message cannot have been particularly intended for ourselves. For those who will be interested and benefited by a series of twenty 'meditations,' that is to say, sermons, or as many texts of Scripture, treated in an earnest and devout spirit, but in a really commonplace manner, this volume is the exact thing. The list of titles includes 'The Saviour's Mission and Service;' 'The Saint's Final Recompense;' 'The Goodness of the Lord Tasted and Seen;' 'Girding the Loins of the Mind;' 'The Suffering and Glorified Saviour;' 'The Day of Trouble;' 'An Evil Deprecated;' 'Rescue from Bondage in Egypt;' 'An Approaching End;' 'The Mind of Christ;' 'The Dispensation of the Holy Spirit;' 'Building on the Rock and Sand;' 'Benefits Received and Acknowledged;' 'The Mediatorial Exaltation of Christ;' 'The Householder Hiring Labourers;' 'Hope in Death;' 'The Sin of Unbelief;' 'The Uttermost Salvation;' 'Appearing before God;' and 'The Multitude before the Throne.'

We are not disposed to fill much space in noticing 'The Impending Woes of Europe,' a sensational pamphlet issued from the press of Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row. Misled by the inveterate tendency of most of the students of the prophetic books to find the events fulfilled literally in the natural world—instead of spiritually in that spiritual world, to which, clearly, the Apostle, intromitted into 'the spirit,' was introduced when he heard behind him a great voice as of a trumpet speaking—the writer has constructed a chart of the near future, painted red all over with blood, and full of great strokes of horror. Pity that good time and hard labour should have been thus wasted!

Some of our readers will thank us for pointing out to them the existence of a pamphlet on 'Health, what it is, and how to get and keep it,' intended for youth and young men, and published in London by H. J. Tresidder, of 17, Ave Maria Lane. It is a little four-penny book, full of advice, for the most part sound and judicious, on the subject named in the title. One chapter treats of 'health, what it is;' another of food; another of clothing; others of air, sunshine, exercise, washing and bathing, work, recreation, rest, religion, alcohol, tobacco, opium, tea and coffee, sensuality, excessive study and anxiety, indigestion, over-exposure, over-exertion, and so forth. We would rather have had the style less stiffly methodical; here and there we have noted an unnecessary attention to comparatively trifling points. But these are small faults. The special value of the pamphlet lies in this:—that deeply encased in a padding of advice about many other matters affecting health, some very excellent counsel is judiciously given on a topic of all others most important as an affair of health, and yet of all others most difficult to speak of. The pamphlet might be put without offence into the hands of any young man, for chastity is only one of the many matters it alludes to, and the allusions to this are wisely couched; but the book would often be of incalculable service in warning against perils fatal to many whom a timely word of good advice would have saved.

The 'Sunday School Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament,' with explanatory notes and hints for teaching, by Eustace R. Condor, M.A., continues to come out at irregular periods, under the care of Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row. The seventh number closes in the 13th chapter of Matthew. This is a very excellent commentary of its kind.

Of very fair merit is a tale by 'M. A. R.,' recently published by W. Tweedie, of 337, Strand, London, with the title of 'Holmdale Rectory: Its Experiences, Influences, and Surroundings.' A loving and for the most part a happy family, the inmates of Holmdale Rectory, and sundry acquaintances of theirs, are the persons of the plot; including the rector and his wife, one son, and three amiable daughters; a Captain Archer, whose life becomes sacrificed to the bottle; Susan Oakley, an old servant of the rector's, who is ruined for life by the intemperance of her husband; Janet Hastings, a middle-aged

dle-aged spinster, held fast in the school of suffering through the drinking proclivities of a lover whom she rejected on their account; and Gilbert Archer, a relative of the captain's, who is in love with and marries Marion Douglas, a lovely girl whose life is abruptly and violently terminated through a fit of intoxication happening to her husband. The greatest fault of the book, in an artistic sense, is in the attribution of every one of its catastrophes to strong drink; but this makes the book none the less valuable as a temperance advocate; and in this aspect, and for its agreeable style and well-sustained interest, our cordial good wishes go along with the volume.

For fulness of knowledge and a happy trick of expression, commend us to the 'Gardeners' Weekly Magazine,' conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S., and published by E. W. Allen, of 11, Ave Maria Lane. Fresh, ample, and sound is the information; racy, rich, and vigorous the style of communication. The editor writes with a rare gusto; he reminds us of Cobbett; is, indeed quite equal to him in raciness, and, as befits his superior advantages, is in knowledge of his art immensely his superior.

'Nettie Leigh's Birthday,' by A. E. R., is the name of a right pleasant little tale. It is one of the best of the many excellent stories for children published by Mr. Partridge, of 9, Paternoster Row. It is an amusing story, but it is much more; lessons of Christian wisdom abound in it, and are so wisely conveyed as to make it a real treasure for young people.

Mr. Partridge has also published a second edition of 'Lays of the Future; Comfort to the Sad; Peace on Earth; Glory in the Highest;' by William Leask. The writer has, no doubt, strong poetical feeling, but his success in giving it metrical expression is not great. His lines are bare and hard, like lengths of iron wire; prosaic common-places abound; and we have not found a single original phrase or metaphor in the whole collection. A devout and soaring purpose, however, animates all the pieces in the book. The Future, of which these purport to be lays, is the pre-millennial coming of the Lord Jesus, as deduced from a literal handling chiefly of the Book of Revelation. The literal Jews are to be restored to a literal holy land, although we are distinctly warned by an apostle, that in the deeper sense of the word he is not a Jew who is one outwardly.

There is always very much that is valuable in the 'Alexandra Magazine and Englishwoman's Journal,' which happily continues to make its monthly appearance under the care of Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, of 27, Paternoster Row. The existence of such a serial amongst Englishwomen is an honour to the class; its regular perusal by all the sex would be one of the happiest of all possible things for the country.

Two numbers have reached us of 'Our Own Fireside, a Magazine of Home Literature for the Christian Family.' The publisher is Wm. Macintosh, of Paternoster Row. The editor is the Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, author of 'The Way Home,' 'The Syrian Leper.' 'Our Own Fireside is one of the rivals of 'Good Words;' called into existence, probably, by a desire to have a magazine under the care of a clergyman of the Church of England, rather than to derive from a Presbyterian source. However this may have been, the result is a magazine for families, containing a judicious admixture of Scriptural comment, tale, essay, poetry, and music, with Sunday riddles, and all sorts of scraps for children and the desultory. Amongst the names of authors we find G. Tounshend Smith, Esq., Rev. Thos. Ragg, Rev. S. J. Stone, B.A., Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour (whose excellent temperance tales are widely known), Mrs. Webb, O. S. Round, Miss Margaret Plues, Rev. Jno. Miller, D.D., Alfred J. Caldicott, Esq., W. H. Kingston, Esq., John Cumming, Esq., F.G.S., and Rev. Edward Lester.

A new friend under an old name, the 'Literary Gazette,' published by E. Tucker, of No. 5, Warwick Square, London, reminds us strongly of a very useful monthly which recently disappeared, to the grief of many poor lovers of literature. But the 'Literary Gazette,' although in price as low as the lost 'Weldon's

'Weldon's Register' was at its cheapest, is in some respects a great improvement thereupon. The 'Gazette' 'hopes to be useful by supplying all desirable information about recently published books, and occasionally about some that are unpublished,' by, for the most part, making each book speak for itself. The plan is excellent, and the 'Gazette,' although twopence is all its price, will be a real treasure to those who have not the larger and costlier literary magazines at command.

'The Turkish Bath an Antidote to the Cravings of the Drunkard,' is the title of a tract published by R. D. Webb, 177, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. The title explains the object of its publication. The craving for drink is said to be 'cured by a positive luxury, which it is hoped will soon be within the reach of all.' Doctor Barter (of Dublin), 'has set a noble example by erecting an Improved Turkish Bath exclusively for the poor, where they receive gratuitously its inestimable benefits; and, as is in other places where the bath is in general use, drunkenness is scarcely known in the neighbourhood of his establishment.'

'Seed Sown:' published for the author by C. Langley, jun., of 23, George-street, Euston Road, London, is a sketch of twenty-five years' labour of the Fitzroy Teetotal Association. It would be well if other old societies would follow the example of reviving thus the recollection of their bygone proceedings. To all the old members it supplies a deeply interesting review of the past; and good stimulus to the new ones.

The Rev. Frederick H. Knapp, Curate of Patrixbourne, near Canterbury, is the author of a little book published by James Nisbet and Co., of 21, Berners-street, called Faithful Words: 'A Few Thoughts on Christian Friendship,' with a preface by the Rev. Jno. Stevenson, D.D. It is a tiny treatise on friendship, intended mainly to commend to the attention of the reader the One who 'above all others well deserves the name of Friend.'

It is rather late to notice 'Caudwell's Temperance and Alliance Almanac' for 1865, but it had not reached our hands when 'Meliora' last went to press, and the mention of it now may serve to remind our temperance friends to keep it in view on its next appearance at any rate, and, if they have it not, to get it even now. It has much useful information in it, and the price is very low. Besides the calendar, there is a review of the past year's temperance news from British North America, the United States, Australia, India, and Europe; there are articles on savings' banks, drinking fountains, the United Kingdom Alliance, and sundry temperance leagues, temperance advocates, and societies; and, to cut a long list short, there is something about almost every prominent point of interest in connection with temperance operations.

'Merry and Wise' is a Magazine for Young People, edited by 'Old Merry,' and published by Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, of 27, Paternoster Row, London. The young people are so abundantly taken care of in these days, that whether there is yet room for a new magazine for juveniles is a question difficult to be solved. But, if room exists, 'Merry and Wise' may very properly claim to occupy it, for its pages are full of pleasant articles, tales, enigmas, and other matters welcome to the young, and the wisdom is not forgotten by 'Old Merry,' notwithstanding his tone for merriment.

'The Shareholders' Guardian' professes to be a general compendium of all financial and Stock Exchange news, and a review of all matters relating to joint-stock companies. It claims to be devoted to the interest of the investing classes; and, judged from the odd number that has been forwarded to 'Meliora,' appears to make good its claim. It is published at No. 16, Ludgate-street, London, by John Holdsworth.

Of articles reprinted from the 'Social Science Review,' three have been forwarded to our office. One is a paper read by Mr. Thos. Beggs, F.S.S., honorary secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, with a report of the discussion which ensued upon

upon the reading; and the second is a General Review of the Subject of Capital Punishment, by Mr. William Tallack, secretary to the same society. Those who doubt the propriety of abolishing capital punishments should by all means read these articles. The third is a paper on Wet-nursing by Strangers, and Its Ill Effects upon Mothers and Infants. This last is printed by Wm. H. Warr and Co., 17, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London. The other two are to be had at the office of the Capital Punishment Abolition Society, Southampton-street, Strand, London.

'The Church of England Magazine' and the 'Temperance Spectator, published, the former by Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, of 54, Fleet-street, the latter by Job Caudwell, of 335, Strand, maintain their respective places in a very important field of labour. 'Old Jonathan, or the District and Parish Helper,' from the press of W. H. Collingridge, of Aldersgate-street, London, continues to put in its monthly appearance with good counsels and pleasant engravings.

Meliora.

Art. I.—THE LEGAL POSITION OF WOMEN AND ITS MORAL EFFECTS.

DURING recent years there has been, as we all know, a growing tendency on the part of women to criticise the treatment which they receive at the hands of the male possessors of legislative and administrative power. With the advocates of 'women's rights' the ordinary topics have been the merits of their sex and the injustice shown them by the other. Women, it is said, are possessed of virtues, abilities, tastes, intuitive perceptions, and powers of endurance which make them fully the equals of the other sex; while the latter, in withholding their recognition of these facts, display an unappreciative stupidity, even if they are not actuated by a petty jealousy and love of domination.

The conclusion usually aimed at by these premises is that women should be put on an equality with men as regards all public rights, such as the right of voting at parliamentary and municipal elections, and of offering themselves as candidates, and the right to exercise the learned professions, and to take their part in the civil if not in the military service of the country. The right to exercise almost every calling other than those above-mentioned is already granted by the law, and there is, therefore, no ground for complaining that women cannot be painters, sculptors, civil engineers, dissenting ministers, dentists, artizans, or labourers.

In this discussion, however, we do not propose now to take a part, having no wish to add to the list of combatants on a question which can never be decided by the pen. But it is rather to the other side of the picture that we would invite attention in this article. It is not so much in the rights refused to them as in the obligations which are not imposed on them that consists the injury done to women by the law. At first sight, it is true, an obligation does not appear to be a thing to be eagerly sought after, while the denial of a right may very often be matter of complaint. But whatever is paradoxical about this proposition will be cleared away upon examination.

It will be presently seen that, although valuable rights are withheld from a large portion of the female sex, yet a far keener insult is offered to them, and they are placed in a far lower moral *status*, by being exempted from the civil or penal consequences of their wrongful acts on the ground that, like infants of tender years, they have not the will constituting that moral responsibility which alone could justify their liability.

Disabilities and protection go hand in hand. Where the law disqualifies from the exercise of rights it also grants an exemption from the performance of duties. We are speaking, of course, of legal duties; and, by an exemption from them, we mean an immunity from any liability for the neglect or omission to discharge them. It is in this way that the law treats that part of the female sex which is most honoured in a social point of view by their own sex and by the other. It is the married woman who is selected, under pretence of protection, for this unflattering treatment. Perfect freedom before the law, whether in private or political matters, has its duties and dangers as well as its privileges, and the latter can only be enjoyed at the expense of the performance and incurrence of the former. History is but a repetition of this lesson as far as regards political matters; and biography, which is the history of individual greatness and littleness, inculcates the same truths from more contracted but more perceptible premises. And we would urge upon those who advocate the perfect freedom of women before the law, to devote their attention to the question of immunity from legal obligations, as showing a far weaker point in the conduct and principles of their opponents than the mere exclusion from rights however galling it may be. Do not let us shut out rights, however, from our view, for they are so inseparably bound up with duties that to exclude them would produce confusion and imperfection. For instance, the right to make a contract would not be of much value without the corresponding liability to its performance, inasmuch as no one would be found willing to make a bargain with one against whom it could not be enforced. Let us, then, confine ourselves to the case of married women, but so that we take into account both the rights and liabilities of which they are deprived.

Marriage being the aim of nearly every woman, and one which is attained by so many, let us examine the position which those who have fulfilled this happy destiny occupy in the eye of the law—the law made and kept in force by the other sex, which professes even a higher respect for the married than for the unmarried woman—and then let us consider what are the teachings

teachings inculcated by the law upon the married woman, and what is the mental and moral attitude to which this teaching has a tendency to drive her.

In the first place the wife can hold no personal property, whatever she has being vested absolutely in her husband, unless some other person, under the name of a trustee, holds it actually or constructively for her under such circumstances as that the Court of Chancery will allow her the use of it. Thus it is with her furniture, jewels, money in the funds, shares and leases, and all legacies of such property which are left her without the interposition of a trustee, or so that the Court will treat some one as a trustee. The trustee is the legal owner, and the courts of common law and the banks and joint stock companies will not hear of any other owner. In the Court of Chancery alone, and not always without expense, will the right of the wife be recognized. As regards that kind of property which is called real, namely, estates for life or of inheritance, the husband may take the profits while his wife and he are alive, and sometimes longer.

Next, the law, which has thus denied to the married woman the possession of property, consistently prohibits her from pursuing any means of acquiring it. The married woman *cannot contract*, or, what comes to the same thing, if she goes through the form of contracting, she can derive no benefit from the bargain. If she goes out either as a menial or a governess, she can acquire nothing but her board and lodging from day to day. Her wages must be paid to her husband, and her receipt will be no discharge, unless, expressly or by implication, authorized by him. If she engages to sing at a theatre for £20 a night, she can maintain no action for the money, nor will the manager be safe in paying her without her husband's authority. So, on the other hand, the person who contracts with the wife has no means of making her perform her contract, and this naturally results in an abatement of the price, or in her incurring an obligation to a third person, whom she induces to guarantee her performance of her bargain; which obligation is equivalent to a reduction of the price. The manager, for example, might at any time find himself deserted by the lady on whom he had relied to perform his leading part. The husband, by selecting a residence at a distance from his wife's labours, may oblige her to relinquish them; for, if she leaves him without his permission, he may bring her back by a suit for restitution of conjugal rights. And, even if the woman is suffered to carry out her contract, the husband may forbear to enforce and may discharge it, or may accept any amount less than what is due in satisfaction of it.

it. It is true that the wife may bargain that the remuneration shall be paid over to a trustee for her; but then the husband may prevent her from earning any money at all; and, at all events, the money will never be safe till it is paid over to the trustee. It is hardly necessary to say that the rules of law above stated and exemplified render it absolutely impossible for the wife to set up in business by herself without her husband's concurrence, and then only with the intervention of a trustee. The rules which render impossible one contract would equally invalidate a series of contracts. We may mention, however, that by the custom of the city of London a woman may carry on business there in her own name; but then her husband must not meddle with it.

It may be said that the disadvantages of these incapacities will seldom be severely felt as long as the husband is able to give a home to the wife. But two things must be borne in mind. First, the husband is the sole chooser of the situation where he shall live, and of the kind of home which he shall afford his partner; for, although the wife has power to pledge her husband's credit for things necessary according to their mode of living, the husband alone has the power of choosing what that mode of living shall be, and how much of his income shall be expended upon it. Next, that, even where the wife is liberally provided for, her happiness may not consist of 'bread alone,' but may require the exercise of the faculties and energies with which she is endowed.

Let us suppose, however, that the husband is absent from the country. The wife, in this case, is unable to obtain a house; for of what use would be her covenant to pay rent or to repair? She can at any time leave the premises deserted and her landlord without a remedy. People will hesitate to undertake the schooling of her children, for there is no one who can be sued for the price. She finds a difficulty in engaging a tutor or governess, or in employing any one whose remuneration is not to be paid at short intervals. For all these things she must find a friend who will rely upon her honour, and will make the contract in his name or guarantee her performance of it.

The above being a description of the wife's position where she never possessed property, or where what she had passed to her husband by her marriage, let us try to imagine how much she would be bettered if she or her friends were prudent enough to require a settlement, and so vest property in a trustee for her, or if she has been so fortunate as to be the recipient of a devise or bequest by which property is left to a trustee for her. In this case it is not impossible to contract with her, for the Court of Chancery recognizes her as the

the sole disposer of the property which the trustee holds for her, and will order her obligations to be discharged out of such property. But then it is never possible to enforce the fulfilment of any of her obligations without a Chancery suit; for, as has already been said, the courts of common law will not hold the wife bound by her contracts, and will consider no one but the trustee as the owner of the property held in trust for the wife. Now, it is hardly necessary to point out that no one cares to enter into a contract which can only be enforced by such an inconvenient remedy, or that if, in spite of this inconvenience, the contract is entered into, there is a natural tendency towards an increased price. In short, there is not that simplicity and clearness in the transaction which ought always to be preserved if both parties are to meet on equal terms and derive all the fair benefits.

Having thus seen how incapable the wife is to make a bargain, except on her husband's account, or as agent for a third person, with any of her fellow-creatures, let us now see what impunity the law gives her for doing injuries to the rest of mankind. When a person of the male sex makes a bargain the law holds him to it; and, when the same person commits a wrong, whether or not connected with any bargain, he is answerable in damages for it. The same with an unmarried woman. With the wife, however, it is quite otherwise. Whatever wrongs the wife does must be paid for by the husband. The wife is virtually irresponsible for those breaches of positive morality which the law punishes by damages. If she owes her husband a grudge, she has nothing to do but to slander, or libel, or assault, or drive over some one; if this is not convenient, the refuse of the house may be thrown over a neighbour's wall, or some other mode of trespass may be resorted to. Whether she is living with her husband or not makes no difference. An amicable separation from an unfriendly wife is no protection to a husband. The law supposes that a husband must always live with his wife, unless one or other of them commits some offence cognizable in the Divorce Court, in which case, at great expense, they may be judicially separated, or may have their marriage dissolved, as the case may be. The law tells the man that, if he wants even to be separated from his wife, so as to be exempt from paying damages for his misdeeds, he must beat her or commit adultery, and must persevere in this course with sufficient pertinacity to drive her to the Divorce Court. During all this time he must, moreover, save a little fund for costs and alimony, and must, therefore, persuade his wife to be thrifty. Now, on what grounds does the law make the husband

band liable for the wrongs inflicted on others by the wife? It is on the supposition that, as long as the marriage lasts, he has a control over her; and, as he has a control over her, says the law, we must make him exercise it or pay the penalty. In other words, under pretence of his having a control over her, the law gives her a control over him, for it puts him completely in her power.

We do not assert, however, that, where the wife has a separate estate, it is not possible to make her responsible for her wrongs as well as for her contracts. But observe upon what this depends. Both husband and wife must be sued together; they must be co-defendants. If the wife has committed the offence in question, as by the supposition she has done, judgment is given against both. But the plaintiff may issue execution against both or either. He may, therefore, require the husband to pay the whole of the damages and the costs on both sides, and he may enforce this by execution against his person or against his property. And he may do this although the husband is very poor and the wife is possessed of large separate estate. As regards the wife, her separate estate could not be taken in execution, for in the eye of the courts of common law—of which kind would be the court in which this action would be brought—the property does not belong to her but to her trustee, and one person's property is not to be made answerable for a judgment against another person. All that could be done, therefore, would be to lock up the wife until she paid. It will, therefore, be seen that if the wife has committed a wrong it always depends on the caprice of the successful plaintiff whether she shall be made to suffer for it or not; while if—to take a step further—we choose to imagine the wife conspiring with the plaintiff, the ruin of the husband may be reduced to a certainty.

We have now considered the civil irresponsibilities of the wife, first for contracts which she has entered into, and then for wrongs which she has committed; and we have considered these in the two cases of her having no separate property in the hands of a trustee, and in the case of her having such property. There only remains to be understood her impunity for her crimes. Now here we see, more clearly perhaps than before, because the illustration is more important, what complete omnipotence the law insists on imputing to the man, and what utter insignificance, both moral and physical, it insists on ascribing to the woman. The rule is that, whatever offences, other than treason, murder, or manslaughter, a woman does in the presence of her husband she is not responsible for them; she has complete immunity from

from the consequences. The wife may commit burglary, cutting and wounding, robbery or larceny, with the utmost freedom, so long as her husband is with her. The reason of this is that the very presence of the husband is presumed to amount to coercion; a presumption which the law regards with such tenderness and affection as scarcely to allow it to be rebutted. And the difficulty of rebutting it, and the limited number of cases in which that is possible, may be collected from the fact that the examples given in the books are 'where the husband is crippled or bedridden!' The law, therefore, regards the wife as having no will of her own—a position which our male and female readers both know to be untrue—and, being weak and irresponsible, as being therefore unpunishable. A child is considered as having a will of his own, and so is a servant. A child, who is docile, subservient, and dependent by his years and education, is as much responsible for a criminal act committed at the bidding, and even in the presence of his natural guide, as if he had done it of his own accord. A servant, who occupies a position of subordination, and whose will, by contract and by habit, becomes subjected to that of his master, is as much liable for what he does by his master's direction, and even in his presence, as if the act were committed in defiance of the strictest orders. The wife alone is regarded as having no mind, no will, no conscience apart from the head of the family.

Now, to any one who complains of this state of things, it may perhaps be answered that these extremes of legal folly with regard to wrongs and crimes are seldom actually experienced in practice; that husbands and wives, though they often quarrel, still preserve a fair practical unanimity as to worldly interests from a knowledge that what injures the one cannot be beneficial to the other. To this we reply that this is fortunately true, or society could not hold together for a single day; but the above remarks are directed against an evil which may still continue although society is not dissolved. That which is complained of is that the law, which is with us a very powerful moral teacher, takes a great deal of trouble and uses a great many absurd fictions, to avoid teaching the simple lesson that every adult and sane woman must be held responsible for the wrongs, whether civil or criminal, which she knowingly commits against her neighbour.

Upon a view of the whole action of the law concerning women, as well as from the remarkable reasons which, here as elsewhere, the law, unluckily for its own reputation, has consented to give, it will appear that, while a single woman is capable of exercising nearly all the rights and of incurring nearly

nearly all the liabilities which may be exercised or incurred by a man, the married woman is regarded as a weak, irresponsible being, who requires protection and is beneath punishment. In treatises and statutes, when we come to that part which speaks of disabilities, we find the married woman placed in unflattering contiguity with 'infants, idiots, and persons of unsound mind.' With the married woman, as with these others, protection and disabilities go hand in hand. They both of them indicate, on the part of the legislator, whether senatorial or judicial—for law is not all made in Parliament—a sort of contemptuous kindness for the person who is thus dealt with. Let us suppose a married woman explaining to the Genius of English law that she was still, morally speaking, a free agent, and that she desired to continue in the rights and was ready to accept the responsibilities which were hers when she was single; that, if the law would permit her to use her industry, and buy and sell, and hold property, she would not shrink from the necessity of answering, in purse or person, or both, for whatever injuries she might inflict on her fellow-creatures.

To this the Genius would answer: 'Madam, you know not how well off you are. It is true you cannot earn a penny because you cannot sue, but then neither can you be sued; and there are many of our sex, madam, who would be glad to be in the same position. And then, why should you wish to be able to make bargains, and to enforce them? It is your husband's business to support you; the law casts that duty upon him: confine yourself to your domestic work. You say you have no family, and your husband is abroad about his business, and has been unfortunate. Well, we never take into consideration these exceptional cases; besides which, the going abroad was his own act, and if, when the law considered you as having a will of your own, you consented to marry a husband who was likely to go abroad, you have nobody to blame but yourself. Though you are forbidden from acting or having a will of your own since your marriage, yet your marriage itself was your own act. Anyhow, wherever your husband is, the duty of supporting you is upon him; and, if I were you, I would leave it there, and, if he does not perform it, so much the worse for him; but your conscience will be clear though your purse may be empty. Then, again, what can be more absurd than to want to be amenable to actions for assaulting, or libelling, or running over people? Many men wish they could do these things with impunity! See the advantage which this power gives you over your husband! When once he has married you he has indeed given

given hostages to fortune—that is to law. Forego in future the curtain lecture, and hint gently at the libel, or the assault. You will see astonishment and fear, softly blending into admiration, diffuse themselves over the male countenance, and thenceforth your smallest wish will be attended to. Your husband will be your slave for life. If you desire a separation, you can command any terms you please. It is unnecessary to apply to the Divorce Court. The same gentle suggestion will produce all that you require. Your husband will never be beyond your power till he has packed up his carpet-bag, and fled from the country. As long as he lives here he cannot free himself except by killing you, and for that you know, madam, we can hang him. I may mention, however, as a caution to you, that we probably only catch one murderer out of five, and, out of every five whom we do catch, we only hang one; so that you must not presume too far on his fear of being hanged. As for your desire to be punishable for indictable offences as if you had a will of your own, I must warn you that this is an evidence of your insanity, which you had better keep to yourself, or your husband may get rid of you by a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. Go, then, madam; be thankful for your happy lot: all the immunities and disabilities of innocent childhood are yours.'

We are well aware that there are many other sanctions which have an operation on the mind besides the legal ones. Nevertheless the law, by the constancy of its operation, and by the fact that its lessons are practical, visible and immediate, has a more powerful effect on many minds than either religion or positive morality. And there are certain cases in which the teachings of religion are so little wont to be applied, and the doctrines of positive morality are so wanting in force and distinctness, that the law is suffered to take the place of these; for the law, whether right or wrong, is definite, constant, and abounding in examples. Thus the maxims of the law become a code of morality binding upon minds which other systems do not reach, and even in all minds giving a tone to thoughts concerning matters which are regarded as unaffected by the other sanctions. When, therefore, at all times, and in every one of its provisions concerning married women, the law indicates that it regards them in the light of children, can it be expected that this opinion, constantly expressed and acted on, can fail to have a depressing and demoralizing effect on the class who are the subjects of it, and, through them, upon the whole sex of which they are the most honoured members? Can it have any other effect than to lessen the feeling of self-respect, to lower the sense of responsibility, and to invalidate the

the moral safeguards of conduct? And, as regards the male sex, must it not serve to stereotype their opinions in the mould in which they were fashionod at the time when woman was considered as in the *manus* of her husband, or, still later, when her incapacity to perform the military feudal services rendered her of no account?

Let the advocates of the entire freedom of women before the law rely less upon their hopeful announcements of the intended achievements of the sex, and turn their attention to this question of protections and immunities; for they will find it a weak joint in the adversary's armour.

Art. II.—THE SECOND REPORT OF THE CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION.

Children's Employment Commission (1862). *Second Report of the Commissioners, with Appendix, presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.* London: George Edward Eyre and Wm. Spottiswoode. 1864.

FOLLOWING up their first report, which served as the basis of an article in the sixth volume of 'Meliora,' the Royal Commissioners on the Employment of Children presented to Parliament, by command of the Queen, a second report full of information on the occupation and condition of a large number of the young people in Her Majesty's dominions. When we state that the recommendations in this second report apply, on the whole, to a population of at least 956,000, mostly young persons and children, whilst under the existing Factory Acts not more than some 825,600 are protected, it will be evident that the scope of the report is very extensive, and that it behoves Parliament to take into early and serious consideration recommendations applying to so large a number of our youthful population.

The manufactures falling within the compass of the second report, are those of lace, hosiery, straw plait, Irish lace and embroidery, hand-loom products and hosiery in Ireland and Scotland, paper-tubes or spools, and wearing apparel.

The evidence as to the state of the lace and hosiery manufacturers, not yet under regulation, was supplied in the appendix to the first report; the comments of the Royal Commissioners were not there given, but are contained in the report now before us.

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The branches of the lace manufacture, not yet under regulation, are distinguished from nearly all the industries hitherto legislated upon by two peculiarities. They are carried on (1) with a small and unimportant exception, by unassisted manual labour; and (2) often in rooms in private houses, frequently in mere dwelling or sleeping apartments in cottages, as well as in large manufactories. They comprise three departments of labour: (1) lace-finishing; (2) pillow-lace making; and (3) the 'making-up' of lace that has been made either by machinery or on the pillow.

In these departments, about 150,000 persons are computed to be employed; and 10,000 of these, of all ages and both sexes, are estimated as engaged in lace-*making*. Only a few of the 150,000 are at present under legislative protection; and the whole, save a small proportion, are women, children, or 'young persons' of age between the two. The places of work are dressing-rooms, warehouses, or houses 'private, or so-called.' The greater part of the work in dressing-rooms is done by females, many quite young, some of them children. The same may be said of the work done in the warehouses; and as for the private houses, all the work in them is done by women and children.

In these branches of the lace manufacture alone there is 'a larger number of persons in greater need of protection' than those already under the shield of the legislature. The places of work are provided with no, or with injudicious, means of ventilation; are often improperly crowded and very hot. The hours of work are sometimes excessive for several weeks and months together. Great injury to the general health, and a high rate of mortality from consumption are amongst the consequences of this state of things; and there is much neglect of early education, there is a low moral condition, there is much unfitness amongst the young women to undertake the care of a family, and all this contributes to a high rate of infant mortality. Many employers in Nottingham and elsewhere have long been desirous to apply a legislative remedy to this state of things, if practicable.

The Commissioners point out that, as in earlier times, when the only injuries likely to be inflicted by parents upon their children were those resulting from the abuse of physical force, the law protected children against parents thus abusing them; so, when, with the growth of trades and manufactures, children as apprentices began to pass out of the hands of their parents to those of masters, legislative means were used to shield them from the misuse of the power of those masters. But the vast development of our manufacturing industry within

within this century has brought with it, except in a few branches, no corresponding measures of protection to the young, although it has exposed them to tenfold greater sources of injury to health, mind, and morals, than existed in any previous condition of society. The earnings of the children are often of much real importance to the parents, owing to the severity of competition and the fluctuation of the demand for labour: but, in too many cases, it is proved that the children are over-worked by parents who could do very well without their earnings, were it not that they want money to spend in unwarrantable self-indulgence. In all such cases, surely, children may justifiably claim from the legislature, as a positive right, security for an exemption from what destroys their strength and keeps them low in the intellectual and moral scale. The legislature, in granting such security, would greatly add to the national power, by giving fuller development to the great sources of that power, the vigour and intelligence, the religion and the morality of the labouring classes.

But how is domestic tyranny of this kind to be found out? The Commissioners do not permit themselves to be staggered by this question. They point out that the parents who work in this manner with their own children are generally mere lodgers, occupying a small room, often a garret, in the same or in neighbouring houses with the mistresses who employ children, young persons, and women at the same kind of work for wages. Their hours of work can, therefore, be no secret to their neighbours. The mother, too, must go to the warehouse for the work, and the time at which this is to be returned finished is specified by the employer, who must know very well whether extra hours must be used for its completion. If extra hours were declared illegal, the evidence shows that the public opinion of the employers would second the legislature and that they would abstain from requiring such work to be done. And, considering all the facts, the Commissioners conclude that as regards these children and young persons working for their parents in these branches of the lace trade, some protection is not only desirable but is practicable, although not to the same extent as with the same description of persons working for wages in the mistresses' houses. They recommend:—

1. That it should be unlawful to employ any child under the age of eight years in 'mending,' drawing, joining, clipping, scolloping, folding, facing, or any other process of lace-finishing.

2. That it should be unlawful to employ any child under thirteen

thirteen years of age in any of the said processes more than six hours in any one day, or before the hours of six a.m., or after the hour of seven p.m.

3. That every child or young person or woman employed in any of the said processes should be entitled to the same meal hours as are secured to those working in manufactories under the Factory Act.

4. That it should be unlawful to employ any young person above the age of thirteen, and under the age of eighteen, or any woman, in any of the said processes more than ten and a half hours in any one day, or between the hours of seven p.m. and six a.m.

The above regulations should be worked under the local authority.

The Commissioners further recommended that every workroom used, as above, in working for wages, should be deemed a lace-finishing warehouse; that every such warehouse should be placed under the regulations of the Factory Act, except that the hours for work should be between seven a.m. and seven p.m., all the year round; and that a two years' interval should, in certain cases, be allowed between the lime-washings prescribed by the act.

Seeing, moreover, that existing enactments take cognizance not only of private dwellings, but of parts of private dwellings; that they require certain private dwellings to be registered and inspected; impose restrictions on the number of persons who can be received in private dwellings; and subject private dwellings to local bye-laws, against filth, overcrowding, and non-ventilation; on these and other grounds the Commissioners are emboldened to recommend that lace-finishing warehouses be subjected to the provisions of such enactments in regard to registration and inspection by the local authority, with the view of securing sufficient means of ventilation and of preventing overcrowding. In all other respects the provisions as to the warehouses would be carried into effect by the inspectors of factories.

The above regulations in substance would also apply to pillow-lace making, and are recommended by the Commissioners; and very similar legislation is suggested to be applied to the hosiery and straw-plait, and the other manufactures dealt with in the report, excepting the manufacture of wearing apparel.

We pass these hastily over, in order to have more space to devote to the manufacture last named, as much fresh evidence with regard to it is given in the report now before us. This report, having in its field of view not England alone, but Ireland

land and Scotland also, relates to one of the most numerous classes of persons engaged in industrial occupations. It might, indeed, have taken in every form of needlework done for gain, whether by females or males, and whether by hand labour or machinery; but the Commissioners have very judiciously limited the inquiry, as far as this report goes, exclusively to females employed as dressmakers, milliners and mantle-makers, seamstresses, shirt makers, collar makers, ladies' outfitters, stay makers, skirt (crinoline) makers, neck-tie, belt, and brace makers, tailors, hatters, cap makers, bonnet makers, boot and shoe makers, glovers, and a few others. In a subsequent report they promise to include the male workers thus excluded. A large class of women, working on their own account, are also placed outside the range of this report, because in the case of such it is obvious no legislative interference can be attempted.

The number of milliners and dressmakers in England and Wales, in 1861, was 286,298; and nearly 300,000 other women and girls were employed as seamstresses, shirt makers, &c.; making a total of nearly 600,000 females in this kingdom alone occupied in the manufacture of wearing apparel. In Ireland, moreover, there were 50,854 of the former class, and 61,771 of the latter; and in Scotland there were 33,066 milliners and dressmakers, and 18,345 seamstresses, &c. It was thus to a grand total of upwards of 750,000 persons that the Commissioners' present inquiry extended. No small number of these, however, are employed without the mediation of third parties; they work on their own account, and are not hired at wages. To such, as we have said, the researches of the Commissioners were not intended to apply.

The somewhat arbitrary distinction into two classes—milliners, dressmakers, and mantle-makers, on the one hand; seamstresses, and makers of shirts, collars, gloves, &c., on the other—was almost necessarily made by the Commissioners for facilitation of the inquiry. As a rule, dressmakers and milliners work on the premises of employers; and they either reside under the roof, or they are 'day workers,' paid by the day, and living elsewhere. The other class of seamstresses, &c., work variously, sometimes at their own homes; but in many instances collected in what are in reality factories. It is very seldom that they board or lodge with the employer.

Dealing, first, with the milliners and dressmakers; it is worthy of remark that children under thirteen years are very seldom thus employed, and then scarcely unless in assisting the workers at the sewing machine; and that, on the other hand, very few above thirty years of age are found in the regular establishments,

establishments, the older ones being either in business fo themselves, married, or otherwise disposed of. In a total c 54,870 dressmakers and milliners in London, 1,039 are foun to be under fifteen years of age, and 10,651 under twenty; an since of the elder ones very many work without the mediatio of trade employers, it is evident that a large proportion of th workers are very young people.

Still dealing with the question of age, we notice tha milliners resident with and boarded by their employers, ar usually apprenticed at about 14 years old, for two or thre years, paying a premium of from £20 to £50. It would b well, by the way, if some stipulation limiting the hours c work were in the indenture or agreement, but there seldom is In London and other large towns the apprentices find them selves usually in the company of 'improvers,' a second clas of inmates, who have gained some acquaintance with th business elsewhere, and who often pay a large premium fo the privilege of improvement. A third class of inmates ar paid assistants, receiving, with board and lodging, salarie varying from £8 to £16 a year in ordinary establishments, bu as much as £30 to £70 in certain places. The payment c premium often operates very injuriously, because the appren tice or improver, however ill-treated, must still stay on o lose the whole of the premium, and is thus bound in a heav penalty to continue at the mercy of the employers. Knowin that they have them fast, the latter are apt to put all th over-work upon these helpless classes, rather than obtai extra hands, who would require to be paid for.

'Day workers,' engaged and paid by the day, residing else where, board also where they reside; except that tea is ofte provided by the employer. At the West End of London th wages of this class stand at from 8s. to 12s. per week; or, i few cases, 18s. to 20s. When paid by the piece, they ear much more. In provincial towns the pay varies from 5s. 6d to 11s. or 12s., with extra wages for extra work. Of lat years, the sewing machine has made great changes in th business, and it promises to lead to greater; 'in fact, to meta morphose the whole trade, more particularly the commone kind of needlework.' The machine has benefited th employed, who, as a rule, earn by its help much more, an much more healthily, than the hand-workers.

Any inquiry into the condition of the resident and day workers very soon reveals a variety of evils under which the labour. There is, first, the bad condition of the workrooms too many of which, especially in 'private' houses of business are so wretchedly overcrowded in the season, that no ordinar

mean

means of ventilation can avail. In not a few, the requirement of fresh air is wholly disregarded; and even where some trifling apparatus is provided, the workpeople, rendered unnaturally sensitive by the habitual closeness and heat, catch cold where there is the slightest draught, and this causes them to have a strong dread of fresh air and carefully to close up the orifices provided for its admission. 'Sedentary occupations,' as Dr. J. Sutherland, of Edinburgh, says, 'are not heat-producing. They are all cold. Every breath of cold air causes a shiver in the workers, and they close up every cranny to protect themselves, notwithstanding the certainty of disease and possibility of death before them.'

In thirty-four workrooms, examined by Dr. Ord, the allowance of air was from 100 to 250 cubic feet; in fourteen others, from 250 to 500 or more cubic feet; whereas in barracks 600 cubic feet per head are judged necessary, and a minimum of 500 feet is considered desirable for all persons engaged in sedentary occupations; at the same time, there must, in all cases, be provision for incessant change of air by ventilation. One-half per cent. of carbonic acid given off by the lungs and skin, in addition to the other noxious emanations proceeding from living bodies, is considered to be enough to produce mischief if left in the air to be re-breathed; and as an adult gives off by the mouth alone nearly a cubic foot of carbonic acid per hour, this dangerous state of the atmosphere would be induced in an hour and a half in a closed room containing only 300 cubic feet of air. Every time we inbreathe, about twenty cubic inches of air enter the lungs; this gives an average of nearly 14 cubic feet per hour, or 36 hogsheads per diem for each person. This statement illustrates the cruelty of the limitation of the supply of fresh air in the instances above quoted.

The workrooms being too often unhealthy, it is of so much the more vital importance that there should be every good sanitary provision in the bedrooms, that night may at least do something to repair the mischief done in the day. Unhappily, very objectionable arrangements for sleeping are not unfrequent. It is especially in the establishments of Court milliners and dressmakers, living in the precincts of the fashionable world, that such arrangements are found. Large numbers of occupants thrust into small rooms; none but the most indispensable articles of furniture supplied; and utter discomfort to eye, touch, and smell; are features much complained of. In one room, in the height of the season, three persons slept in one bed, where the bedroom was so damp that the water ran down the wall; in another, eight girls had to sleep in one room,

room, wherein was a sink, down which all the slops were poured; in a large number there was no system of ventilation provided, or, at any rate, made use of. In one Court milliner's house at the West End, one of the Assistant Commissioners, Mr. Lord, found only 178 cubic feet of air allowed for each occupant. In other places, there was little or nothing to complain of.

The long-continued respiration of a foul and heated atmosphere is regarded as the greatest of the physical evils incident to this class of workers with the needle. The immediate results are head-ache, giddiness, nausea, fainting; and, in a very large number of cases, lung-disease and death ensue. The lungs are affected not alone by the chemical and organic impurities of the air; to these causes of mischief must be added the presence in workrooms of dust and shreds of materials which float in the air and irritate the lungs. Amongst other agents of evil, coal-gas is a very active one; for in the rooms where it is burnt it not only rapidly spoils the purity of the air, but it imparts an unwholesome heat to it; besides, it injures the sight through the glare and the incessant flicker of its flame. The vitiation of air by a common gaslight giving the light of twelve standard sperm candles, is 50·2 cubic feet per hour, consuming 3·30 cubic feet of oxygen, and liberating 2·01 cubic feet of carbonic acid. Most urgent complaints are made of the excessive heat of workrooms where gas is consumed; and this is not surprising when we learn that nearly 700 cubic feet of air may be raised twenty degrees of heat in one hour by a common gaslight. To the eyes, gaslight is injurious from several causes. It is deficient in the blue ray, and is, therefore, much more exciting to the retina than daylight; and there is in it an incessant tremor, a visible vibration, which exhausts the iris of the eye with efforts to compensate for the unsteadiness.

Turning next to the duration of working, the Commissioners report with pleasure that although this business is still unfortunately too much distinguished from other occupations by the excessive prolongation of the labour, there has been some improvement throughout the country, since the inquiry of their predecessors in 1841-2, especially amongst dressmakers and milliners in provincial towns and in the wholesale city houses. The greatest obstacle to further improvement in London, is the fashionable 'season,' which, during three or four months in the year, excites all the millinery establishments to a fever. Orders suddenly come in, and either they must be executed no matter what the suffering, or (it is alleged) the customers must be offended, and their custom lost.

lost. The employers state that skilful extra hands are not to be obtained at such times; that very expensive establishments must therefore be kept up all the year round, in order to retain superior workwomen; that upon the hands thus employed must fall all the extra work in times of pressure; and that thus the evil admits of no remedy. It is much aggravated by the short notice so often given by ladies for the execution of their orders. A titled lady is alluded to, who sent three times before morning service on Sunday for a dinner dress. In short, woman is here her sister's worst enemy: most often, no doubt, from thoughtlessness or ignorance, but sometimes too evidently from want of heart.

The long credit often given in this business adds to the evil by crippling the means of the employers, and forcing them, for economy's sake, to exact more labour from their assistants. It is surprising how long ladies even of title will let their milliners' bills lie unpaid. Perhaps they would hardly do this, if they reflected that, where such a system prevails, the milliner must charge very high prices to compensate for the loss of interest and the risk; besides finding it easy, if so disposed, to put false items in the bills which the customer will not be so well able to check as she would if the bills were paid before the disappearance of the dresses.

The long hours complained of by the in-door workers in many establishments are justly alleged to be due in most cases to the want of proper arrangements and management. Either the principal is at fault, or the forewoman is unsystematic, or the young people themselves lose time, or make mistakes in the forenoon which have to be atoned for by work in the night. It is in the West End of London, and for the most part in the private establishments of fashionable dressmakers there, that oppressive hours of work are still the rule for the three or four months between March and July, constituting 'the season.' In such houses the usual hours are at least fourteen and more commonly fifteen per diem; that is to say, from eight o'clock in the morning till eleven, or even later, at night, the poor creatures are kept in constrained postures, boring out their eyesight, contracting their chests, and sitting their limbs almost into atrophy, whilst wearying their fingers with the needle. In the week preceding each 'drawing-room,' that is to say, for three or four weeks in each season, the hour of closing is postponed to twelve, to one, or even to two o'clock for several nights in succession; and on the day and night immediately prior to a 'drawing-room' it is a common thing to work for twenty hours at a stretch, and not unfrequently the whole night through. One young person was found who

who had occasionally worked from eight a.m. to three the next morning, night after night for weeks together. Another was always up by six a.m., and never in bed before twelve, from April to the end of June, and often was later. Others, before a 'drawing-room,' worked till four a.m. for three nights, and till three a.m. on one. If, by a whimsical Nemesis, the ladies, who wear the dresses thus produced, were to be doomed to lie on masses of needle points for twenty-four hours, we might think it cruel, but who could protest against the injustice of the decree?

It is not only in London that iniquities like those above referred to are transacted. In many of the provincial towns the evil of long hours seems to be just as great as it is in London. In Cheltenham, Exeter, Bath, Southport, Manchester, and other places, atrociously long hours of working are well known. In Ireland, generally, greater moderation is observed; and most of the silk mercers and drapers in London who make dresses and millinery, rarely exceed twelve hours. The day-workers, as a rule, have regular and not inordinately protracted hours; but the rule has many exceptions. For all classes of workers, affairs are much better managed out of 'the season;' and many of the employers then give long holidays, in kindly consideration for the health of their work-people.

It is not to be supposed that excesses such as we have hinted at, superadded to the effects of sedentary and round-shouldered occupation, can have any but the most deplorable results on the health of the workers. As a class, needle-women notoriously suffer most seriously, especially from consumption and other lung and chest diseases, and from derangement of the digestive and reproductive organs.

Mr. Lord, Assistant Commissioner, says in his reports:—

'But it is not the weakly ones alone that fall victims to the conditions, whether of late hours or of unhealthy apartments, under which this business exists. The poor girl at Ryde, "who was quite observed there for her good looks and health," dying of consumption after a year in London; the two who had been very well in Plymouth, utterly broken down by one season at the West End; the painful iteration throughout this evidence, "my health has suffered; my constitution has been very much impaired; very many suffer; I was myself very strong;" leave no room for doubt. "They are continually ailing; their appetite fails with long sitting in close rooms; coughs and face-aches are very general, and head-aches too; they often faint at their work; it is so usual that no particular notice is taken." "I do assure you it was quite sad," says a day-worker, speaking of the residents where she worked last season, "to look at their pale faces, and see them walk quite crippled with swelled feet by standing so long at the trains." "*The servants were far healthier than the young ladies in that house.*" "No doubt," remarks a very superior first-hand in one of the most fashionable houses in the West End, "needle-work does affect you in the course of years. It is not so much that dressmakers become really ill, but they become gradually, almost imperceptibly, weaker. *A little thing soon knocks them down!*" In that last sentence the whole effect of their work upon their health is briefly epitomized.'

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That the health of almost all the workers is more or less disordered; that bloodshot eyes, frequent head-aches, dyspepsia, and liver complaints abound; that dressmakers undergo a slow but well-marked physical deterioration; that their condition is apt to be languid, sapless, anæmic; that chlorosis is abnormally prevalent amongst them; and that among the needlewomen in the city of London there is an excessive mortality, especially from consumption and continued fever, there is abundant evidence given in the report before us.

The Commissioners point out that whilst in addition to the pressure of the fashionable 'season,' there is that of sudden and large orders in the case of mourning, weddings, &c., severely trying the resources of the establishments, it is amply evident that, by carefully considered arrangements, the necessity for long and exhausting hours might be done away with. They remark very truly that the inconvenience caused by a sudden influx of orders is by no means peculiar to dressmakers and milliners; that it is very common in other trades liable to shipping orders and other disturbing incidents; and that even in these, though involving large mercantile transactions, the moderate hours of the Factory Acts are found in practice to be perfectly compatible with the most active and successful industries. They further call attention to the fact, that the exact time when the pressure of the 'season' will occur is, in the case of needle-women, well known beforehand, recurring with great regularity every year, and could therefore by suitable means be more easily provided for than in many other trades where the fluctuations are uncertain and cannot be foreseen. That long hours are not profitable to employers there is every reason to confess; for if needlewomen work late at night, they must be fagged and comparatively useless the next morning. There is also no real reason to deny that late hours are unnecessary. A review of the evidence collected by the Assistant Commissioners distinctly prove that a great change has come over the minds of employers since the former inquiry was held (in 1841-2), many of the principals of the most fashionable houses now being in favour of more moderate hours. Establishments in high repute are mentioned, wherein twelve or thirteen hours per diem are very seldom exceeded in the fashionable season; and if these find such hours sufficient, there is no doubt the rest might do so too.

Approaching, now, the question of legislation, the Commissioners report, to the credit of many large employers, that those have conscientiously and successfully exerted themselves to keep moderate hours, even at what seemed some pecuniary

pecuniary loss; and the Commissioners are satisfied that a larger number would most gladly follow the example, if they could be assured that the limitation of hours could be made general, so that unscrupulous competitors might not thrive at their expense. The requirement, in all such cases, is, that one rule shall prevail all round the trade; and as willinghood cannot be relied upon in all, those who will not yield to moral or social pressure, must be acted on by something sterner and more irresistible.

'"As it is," says a reliable witness, "if I refuse a lady, she goes to my neighbour, who takes her order; so I cannot refuse without displeasing her, and perhaps may lose her custom, because she thinks me so disobliging. But if everyone were the same—if all were equally prevented by the law from working more than what I have said—we should be all alike; and the ladies, when they knew that it is necessary, would give us a little more time; their orders would be executed quite as quickly as now. If there were a law, then the young ladies might complain to some one if they were overworked, and a commissioner would come to see about it. Now there is nothing to be done at all."'

And another, equally reliable, is equally emphatic:—

'"The best thing for all," he says, "would be a strict factory law to limit the hours of work. The trade might safely be left to right itself. We have, besides our resident saleswomen, from forty to fifty young women here in our workrooms; all are day-workers. Their hours are from eight a.m. to eight p.m., and we do not mean ever to exceed them. One hour is allowed them for dinner, and half an hour for tea. When we have as much work as we can get through in the week, we must refuse orders, or take on more hands. I am quite sure that all philanthropic efforts, whether by individuals or associations, will end in smoke; nothing but an Act of Parliament will be of any use to restrict the hours of work. I do not say this on the spur of the moment, it has long been my deliberate conviction."'

It is true that, by many of the employers, any legislative restriction is regarded with distate and apprehension; coercion is unpleasant, when it is they, not their workpeople, that are to be coerced; and any possible injury to their business is dreaded. Some who are credited with kindly intentions to the workpeople are of opinion that if the hours of work were put under factory-law, day-workers would be largely substituted for residents; and in walking homeward at nights would be exposed to much moral danger. The Commissioners think it, however, by no means certain that a legal limitation of the hours of work would lead to such a substitution; they find great confidence expressed that girls of the class of which residents now consist, would not be obtainable except on condition of having residence provided for them; and that it is so essential to employers to have such girls about them that they will be content to keep them on those terms. Then, with regard to the fear of pecuniary loss, they note that in this trade there can be no foreign competition; that the work must be done on the spot; and that, this being so, if all were placed

placed under one common rule of law, arrangements would soon be made by all to carry on their business without ruining the health of their workpeople.

The Commissioners view it as thoroughly established that there is nothing in itself injurious in millinery and dressmaking to the well-being of the persons so employed, provided that the hours of work do not exceed those which suffice in other industrial callings, and that the work and bedrooms be properly ventilated. On the subject of ventilation, they proffer some excellent counsel. They lay it down as a rule, that, in a proper system of ventilation, there must be no 'draughts;' that there must be a motive power sufficient to renew rapidly the whole body of air; and that there must be means for warming the fresh air in winter. Where the ventilation produces cold draughts, the workpeople rise up in protest against and soon put a stop to it. Where the renewal of air is merely by a current crossing the upper part of a room, this will not suffice, for the air down below may still remain unrenovated. For warming the fresh air before it enters, the Commissioners recommend the 'Ordnance Ventilating Stove,' which has been tested at the War Office and found efficient. This stove is made like a common grate, but has behind it a fire-brick chamber, in which is warmed, and through which passes, fresh air from without, coming into the room by an aperture near the ceiling. Fresh warm air being thus supplied, means must be provided for the withdrawal of foul air; as by wooden shafts of proper size, ascending from corners of the room, above the roof of the building, with other apertures placed close to the ceiling and fenced with wire-gauze, or perforate zinc; or by Sherringham's valve; or by the chimney ventilator of Dr. Arnot; or by Watson's self-acting syphon ventilator. This last invention has been largely tried in public institutions, factories, and other places in different parts of the kingdom, with the greatest advantage. It acts by establishing a double current of air, removing the old whilst bringing in the new. It has the excellent recommendation of being self-acting, for the heated foul air produces an up-current just in proportion to the amount of heat generated by breathing or combustion. It draws the fresh air, too, from the roof of the building, where it is more likely to be pure. Provision for further ventilation may be made by pipes conveying outside a current heated by gas lamps, where these are burned; and the Commissioners, in a note, commend an ingenious method of burning gas *upside down*, which has been invented by Mons. Soubra on the continent. On this plan, a wide glass tube, bent in the form of a syphon, with

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one leg, of course, considerably longer than the other, is so fixed in relation to an argand gas burner, that the latter is inverted within the shorter leg of the tube; then the longer leg being heated for a short time in order to warm the air in it and generate a downward current into the short end, the burner is lighted, and the flame, following the direction of the current, continues to burn upside down. Here is at once, removal of the burnt gas and protection from flame; can anything be more felicitous?

Returning to the question of legislation, the Commissioners hold it to be satisfactorily established by every kind of evidence that legislative enactment is essential to insure a limitation of the hours of work, and to make the workrooms and sleeping places wholesome; that in no other department of industry are such measures more urgently required; the persons concerned belonging, as to sex and age, to that part of the labouring population for whose welfare the Factory Acts have been enacted. A large proportion of them are either apprentices—a class already partly under the protection of the law—or are equally dependent. The well-being of many thousands of women in the earlier years of life is involved in this question.

The Commissioners deem it of primary importance that all workrooms and sleeping apartments should be subjected to official inspection; and that that inspection should be by legally qualified medical practitioners, acting under 'the local authority' of the district, and properly remunerated for their labour. In order to insure sanitary propriety, powers for ventilation and cleansing should be given similar to those in the Factory Extension Act of 1864. The Commissioners also think that the great and peculiar evils arising from gas-lights should be remedied, both by special provision for carrying off the products of gas-combustion, and by the use, as they suggest, of coloured glass shades. After mature consideration of all the evidence, they have arrived at the definite conclusion that there is nothing in the dressmaking and millinery business incompatible with the hours of work prescribed in the Factory Acts. For the first year, indeed, to make the transition more easy, they suggest that the hours of work may be either between six and six, or seven and seven, or eight and eight; but after that they would have them fixed at either six and six, or seven and seven at the option of the employer. As it is clearly established that utterly insufficient time is at present allowed for meals, and that it is important that a reasonable period be allowed for change and exercise as well as for feeding, they consider it essential that at least an

an hour and a half be allowed, and this at suitable times, as specified in the Factory Acts. As few persons under the age of thirteen are employed, the provisions of the Factory Acts with regard to children may be dispensed with; and the same observation they apply to other provisions, such as those relating to machinery, and to time and place of taking meals. With regard to the extent of the enactment, they conceive that all cases where young persons and women are employed for the profit of others fall legitimately within the principles of the Factory Act. For the purpose of interpretation some such words as those in the Act for the Regulation of Bakehouses might suffice, the expression 'employed' being applied to any person working in a millinery or dress-making establishment, or any kind of needlework for the profit of another person, whether receiving wages or not.

So much applies to the first of the two great classes of needlewomen. We must pass now to the second class, consisting of seamstresses, shirt-makers, glove-makers, boot-makers, and other workpeople, all having certain common features in their employment, especially as to the mode in which they are paid, resembling the workpeople of ordinary industrial callings. In all the trades now under review, the use of the machine is rapidly extending. In the wholesale boot and shoe trade of Leicester alone, for instance, there are upwards of 800 machines in use. In spite of difficulties, too, the application of steam power is progressing, and the Commissioners think it will become general in the end. They remark that the introduction of the machine, joined to the extraordinary and increasing demand in foreign, and especially in the colonial markets, for wearing apparel of English manufacture, is effecting quite a revolution in those trades; that, in fact, it is evident that the whole employment is at this time in such a state of transition as has befallen the lace trade, weaving, &c., in the superseding of hand labour by mechanical power.

According to the census tables, of 287,082 needlewomen of all classes, excluding dressmakers and milliners in England, 44,365 were under twenty, and 10,801 under fifteen years of age. There are amongst these 119,007 shoemakers, 76,015 shirt-makers and seamstresses, 27,386 tailors, and 23,605 glovers. These are all or nearly all females. In the North of Ireland are some very large shirt-making establishments. One at Londonderry has given employment to as many as 10,000 persons at a time. In London, Dublin, Bristol, Norwich, Leicester, Belfast, Dromore, Glasgow, and other

other places, large clothing factories exist. In all these places a large part of the work, especially the finishing, is done out of the factory, often by small journeymasters and mistresses. The cutting-out and machining is done in the factory. A large number of children and young persons are employed in the various departments of needlework; they help the machinist, or they hem shirts, or line boots, or are otherwise made useful. Except perhaps in the boot-trade, no regular system of apprenticeships exists, so far as concerns females; but in many instances there is an agreement to serve from three and six months, to two and three years, the girl receiving a small payment, gradually increasing from 6d. to 2s. and 3s. a week.

The wages in the sewing trades now under notice differ much in their character. In some kinds of shirt and collar-making a mere pittance is paid for hard labour; in other branches good wages are given. As a rule, all home-work is worse paid than factory-labour; partly because time is wasted, and partly because employers trust most willingly out of their own custody the cheapest kind of work. The machinists are the best paid class at all ages; thus, whilst girls, of 14 or 15, in boot-factories at Norwich and Plymouth earn 4s. and 5s. weekly, machinists often earn from 12s. to 15s.; if not more than 5s. in some cases, as high as 30s. in others. In factories with work limited to 10½ hours per diem, machinists frequently earn from 6s. to 12s., and machinists from 9s. to 18s., or about one-third more. In the shirt and collar trade, and in belt and brace-making, some women earning only 8½d. or 9d. a-day make no complaint! Women working at gloves seldom make more than 4s. or 5s. a-week. It is thought that most wholesale houses pay a fair price to all whom they employ directly; it is when work passes through several hands, each of which will have its profit, whilst only the last does the work, that the pay which reaches the workwoman is miserably disproportioned to the price paid by the purchaser for the manufactured article. It is observed that if employers would adopt the plan of marking on a ticket the price to be paid for each piece of work, as done by Messrs. Tillie and Co., at Londonderry, the great evil so often inflicted by middlemen would be prevented. But who can guarantee that the middleman will show this ticket to the worker?

With regard to the hours of work, as a rule they are more regular and limited in factories, especially in the larger ones, than where the work is done at home, or in the houses of small employers In the majority of shirt, stay, and clothing manufactories the stated day is about nine or ten hours' actual work,

work, beginning at eight or nine o'clock a.m. A few have the regular factory hours. There are, however, many exceptional cases, and very long hours are occasionally exacted. The most prolonged labour, as we have said, occurs in the cases of persons working for themselves; thus shirt-makers often work from five a.m. to eight p.m., and in the boot-trade some hand-workers keep at it from seven a.m. to ten p.m. But long hours more particularly prevail when workpeople employed in a factory are allowed to take work home to be done after their factory labour is over. In the case of small masters and mistresses, long hours are rather the rule than the exception; and although the number of children and young persons employed by each is small, collectively the young workers are an extremely numerous class. In one case a child only seven years of age was found working at brace-making for an old woman in a court out of Golden Lane, London, from eight a.m. to eight p.m. for 6d. a-week. In that neighbourhood many children work from half-past eight to seven p.m., and others, from seven to thirteen years of age, work still longer; some thirteen hours, and, on alternate days, fourteen hours a-day. Long hours like these are not peculiar to London, they prevail also in country districts. At Yeovil, it is quite common for the children at eight or nine years old, who work three or four together at glove-making for a mistress, to labour from six a.m. to eight p.m. And, bad as this is, it is exceeded by the cruel exactions of parents in the case of their own offspring; and painful illustrations are adduced by the Commissioners of the sad truth that too often parents, when their pecuniary interests are concerned, cannot be trusted with the welfare of their children.

The allowance of time for meals is more liberal in factories than in small workshops; but, at home and in small places, the food is hastily taken, often scarcely stopping the work. At Yeovil, the medical officer for the union reported that the hasty swallowing of meals, and the habit even among the females of taking beer or other stimulants in the place of substantial food, 'to save time,' were productive of bad results.

Employed at so early an age, and in such protracted labour, it is certain that many cruel practices must be used to keep the children at work. A person at Yeovil told the Assistant Commissioner that her daughter began to work at six years old; her mistress employed her from 6-30 a.m. to 8-30 p.m., and 'it was as much as her life was worth to look up.' The Commissioners think that this is in no degree an exceptional case.

As with the dressmakers, so with the seamstresses, great reason

reason exists to deplore the unwholesome character of many of the places where they work. Several well-built factories and warehouses are noticed, whose proprietors have been anxious to introduce good sanitary arrangements and secure the health of their workpeople—as Messrs. Tillie and Henderson, of Londonderry, where in an extremely well-managed establishment, proper accommodation of lavatories, water-closets, hot-water-pipes for warming, and strict cleanliness and healthfulness of the buildings, have been provided, besides a regular medical attendant at a salary of £100 per annum; and the health of all the workers is very good; also, Mr. Edwin Bostock, bootmaker, of Stafford; and Messrs. Lloyd, and Messrs. Gibson and Woolley, of the same town. But still the Commissioners regret to report that in many of the larger, and in all the smaller places of work, the rooms are overcrowded, and either altogether unventilated, or only ventilated by chance. They say:—

'It cannot be too often repeated that ventilation secured is equivalent to space gained; that it is, therefore, in the highest degree economical, especially in large cities and towns, where rents are so high; and that, apart from the question of health, it is known that in every form of prolonged, and especially sedentary occupation, and therefore especially in all kinds of needlework, a pure atmosphere, by sustaining the bodily vigour, enables the worker to produce more in a given time, and so to benefit equally the employer and the employed. There is no doubt, also, that the depressing influence of a foul atmosphere induces a desire for stimulants difficult to resist.'

In point of education the whole class is in an extremely low condition, as well in London and in the large towns, as in the more rural districts. In a school in Golden Square, where are 200 girls aged from nine to fifteen, mostly employed in the shops and factories in the neighbourhood during the day, the state of ignorance is reported by the mistress to be something astonishing. Although there were not more than a dozen of the whole number who had not attended a day-school, not more than a third of the 200 were able to read, write, and cypher; and the remaining two-thirds were unable to say the alphabet. Of about fifty girls employed by one person in making chenille nets, not one-half could read. In a boot factory in Norwich, of twenty girls from sixteen to twenty years old, seven could not read; and at a clothing and shirt factory in Manchester, two girls who were questioned, each thirteen years old, proved to be able neither to write nor to read, and others were reported to be in an equally neglected state. Amongst the glovers in country districts matters are still worse. The children, working constantly from eight years of age, and without any half-time provision, are 'utterly uneducated and often unable to read.' Growing up thus empty of learning, and able

able at an early age to support themselves independently of parents and guardians, they easily fall a prey to vice. The want of respectable lodgings has been a source of much evil, and many praiseworthy efforts have been made in London and elsewhere to rectify the mischief by the establishment of 'homes,' where the young women are lodged and boarded.

The Commissioners think that no real difficulty would accrue in a limitation of the hours of work, and in the adoption of the half-time system as prescribed by the Factory Act; and they recommend that, allowing the option of from six to six or from seven to seven all the year round, the provisions of the Factory Act as to time should be applied to all establishments for the manufacture of wearing apparel, be they small or large. In the case of children working for their parents at home, they suggest a general enactment to be carried into effect by the local authority, forbiding children under eight years of age to be employed at certain processes, and regulating the time of work of others above that age.

As the first report of these Commissioners on the employment of children, of which an abstract was given in 'Meliora,' in Vol. VI., was followed by legislation, bringing about 50,000 persons under its protection, we may surely hope that during the next Session of Parliament something may be done in a similar manner to ameliorate the condition of the very much larger class still outside the pale. Any sincere effort to bring this about will assuredly receive the most hearty commendation of 'Meliora.'

Art. III.—THE MODERN THALIA.

'I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre balladmongers.'
Shakespeare's Henry the Fourth.

IT will probably be generally acknowledged that the present is hardly the time for entering upon a discussion as to the lawfulness or necessity of amusement.

The complaints against the amusements of the age rest, indeed, not at all upon the fact of their being amusements, but upon the characteristics of frivolity and viciousness with which almost all are alike impressed. Putting wholly out of the question the attractions of the public-house, which depend chiefly, if not solely, upon the quantity of intoxicating drink consumed; and those of the skittle-alley, to which precisely the same

same complaint is applicable; and turning to those places which offer simply amusement to the visitor, it is painful to see how strongly the entertainments they offer are characterized by utter and hopeless frivolity. If we turn, for a moment, to the theatres, we observe the degradation that has fallen upon the stage in all degrees, from the wealthiest theatre of the West End of London to the miserable playhouse of Whitechapel or the Waterloo Road. From all of them passion and thought are equally banished, sense has given way to 'sensation,' and, in place of appeals to the intellectual faculties, the eye and ear alone are addressed. The same class of dramatic writing meets us wherever our steps are directed. East and west alike, a light comedy of manners, a 'screaming farce,' or a 'sensation melodrama,' appealing only to the lowest and most vulgar emotions of our nature, has the best chance of gaining the suffrages of an 'enlightened British public.' Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists have been ruthlessly put aside to make room for clumsy adaptations (or rather translations) from the French. If a play of Shakespeare happen by any chance to be performed, it is brought out either to exhibit the resources of the theatre in matter of upholstery, stage decoration, and effect, or else because it is supposed to be the only method for the display of a 'star' actor surrounded by a 'bundle of sticks.' It is soon withdrawn, and the old dreary round of farce, melodrama, and pantomime succeeds. Let anyone who may be disposed to think this a hasty and undeserved censure, simply take the trouble of calling to mind those plays which have met with the largest measure of success during the last five or six years. Did not crowds flock nightly to one of our largest theatres for more than two years to see a 'sensation header'? did not the lisping and stammering of a half-idiotic lord draw nightly throngs for more than a year to another house? did not a clever optical illusion form for many months the chief attraction at a third? and have not the two most successful pieces recently in course of representation been in one case a melodrama, the repulsive incidents of which are only made palatable by wonderfully elaborate scenery and startling mechanical effects, and in the other a revivification of a clumsy and stupid play expressly to exhibit the shameless gestures and vulgar attitudinizing of a half-naked woman? If melodramas such as these, crowded with such vulgar emotions as these, and impressed with such frivolity and degradation of thought, be tolerated at the theatres of the West End, what can be expected in those of the East? While the 'Ticket of Leave Man' draws crowds to the Olympic night after night we need not be surprised to find

find 'The Convict's Fate; or, Life at the Hulks' in Shoreditch or Whitechapel. When four long acts of slow poisoning, spiced with adultery, form the intellectual food presented to the frequenters of a West End house, it needs not astonish us to find an East End manager advertising 'Charley the Cracksman; or, Love and Revenge;' and if Miss Menken startle her audience at Astley's by performing in a chemise, it is not a matter for wonder that another woman should be found willing to caper before the select audience of the Pavilion lightly attired in a towel and sandals.

We have hitherto purposely avoided all mention of the most frivolous of all kinds of dramatic literature—that of burlesques and extravaganzas. The writers of these productions may, if they please, imagine themselves to be the legitimate successors of Aristophanes, but it will require much ingenuity to persuade an educated Englishman that there is much resemblance between the author of 'The Clouds' and the writer of the last vulgar and common-place burlesque of 'Romeo and Juliet,' or 'Othello.' Without doubt this species of composition has its uses, and when applied to the legitimate purposes of ridiculing pretension and satirizing incompetence, whether political, social, or theatrical, it is a useful species of the dramatic art. The 'Rehearsal,' the 'Critic,' the 'Beggar's Opera,' and 'Bombastes Furioso' are excellent specimens of what burlesque ought to be. Folly is sharply satirized, and that in the most complete and effective way, by exhibiting it in its completeness, but with only such an amount of distortion as is produced by exaggerating the weak points of the subject of the burlesque. But what can be said of those works, the only object of which seems to be to raise a laugh, even though at the expense of the loftiest poetry and the most dignified ethical teaching? It is perfectly legitimate to turn a sensation melodrama into ridicule, but the writer surely oversteps the bounds of his art when he takes up such a subject as 'Othello,' and represents him as a stage 'nigger' with a high collar and a banjo, or seizes upon 'Faust' and turns Gretchen into a harlot, and the scene of the Walpurgis-nacht into Cremorne Gardens. We need only go a little farther, and, as Douglas Jerrold said, we shall have 'a comic prayer-book, and the sermon on the mount set to the tune of the "King of the Cannibal Islands."' But, apart from all considerations of subject, the manner of the modern burlesque is eminently open to criticism. Only those who have listened to some half dozen of these productions can have any idea of the extent to which the absurd system of quibbling and playing on words is carried. Whole speeches are constructed expressly to lead

lead up to some pun more striking than the rest, and throughout this introduction the hearer is kept under a perfect hail of plays upon words and distortions of meaning to obtain something like a jingle of sound of the most distracting character. In Barham's 'Life of Theodore Hook' there is a fragment on punning by Hook, which contains a list of prohibited puns—that is to say of puns that are so dull, common-place, or obvious, that the professional diner-out is strictly cautioned against using them. As may be expected, they are not very amusing reading, but compared with the tasteless, senseless, and purposeless jingles of the burlesque writers the article becomes excruciatingly humorous.

It would be possible to forgive a burlesque if its stupidity were the only complaint to be brought against it. Unfortunately it happens that that is the fault of least consequence. The manager of a theatre, like everyone else, is liable to say and do stupid things occasionally, and ought not, on that account, to be blamed too severely; but he can certainly avoid delivering himself up to the promotion of actual immorality. There is no doubt but that the kind of acting and the line of thought produced by a long series of burlesques, is anything but favourable to the morals of those engaged, and it is difficult to see how it could be otherwise. To look around upon the London theatres, it would not appear to be a matter of much consequence what sort of writing or what kind of acting are bestowed on a burlesque, so long as the ballet is amply supplied with pretty faces and trim ancles, or an actress can be induced to put on a dress which would be scanty even for the ballet, and to coquette with her audience in the midst of her part. This has been done, and done with so much success, that it would not be difficult to name more than one theatre the stage of which exhibits, with tolerable plainness, the manners of the Argyle tempered by the wit of the Haymarket.

The complaints which have been made of the theatres attach—and with even greater force—to the music halls, which within the last few years have sprung up, mushroom-like, all over London, from Islington in the far north to Lambeth in the south, and from Ratcliffe Highway in the east to the Edgware Road in the west. Whatever is worst and weakest at the lowest class of theatre is exaggerated and multiplied tenfold at the music hall; the music is worse, the songs are more vulgar, the dancing is more indecent, and the whole entertainment more frivolous in every respect. Yet these places are crowded night after night, though it is probable that very few are attracted by the entertainment offered, and that most find their chief inducements in the liberty of smoking,

smoking, the facility for unlimited drinking, and the presence of a crowd of the lowest and least reputable of both sexes. The proprietors of these places are sufficiently alive to their own interests to know that it is quite unnecessary to provide anything very good or very costly in the way of entertainment for their customers. Many of them have talked loudly enough about 'elevating the masses'—'bringing good music home to the people,' and similar revolting cant; the question is, 'How have they performed their task?' And to this one honest answer only can be given—that what they do is to give indifferent music to bad company in a poisonous atmosphere. They know perfectly well that the extrinsic attractions of a music hall are amply sufficient to draw a crowded and remunerative audience night after night, through all seasons of the year, an audience profitable not merely by the sums that are paid for admission, though they must be very considerable, but on account especially of the inordinate profits made upon every portion of liquor consumed. And the sale for drink is exceedingly large for a great many reasons. First of all the entertainment is really so bad that the *habitué* of the place finds himself under a sort of necessity to drink more than he otherwise would, if for no other reason, then simply *pour passer le temps;* secondly, in the intervals of the performances—that is to say about every quarter of an hour or twenty minutes—the waiters run about asking for orders, and a great many of the younger visitors think it right and necessary to 'encourage' them by calling for a number of things which they do not want. These are always the very youthful part of the audience, lads who have a nervous dread of the waiter, and who fear to look small or poor in his eyes, or else who think that to drink more than they like or than agrees with them is a sign of manliness and knowledge of the world.

The whole question, indeed, may be resolved into a very simple matter—given a music hall in a likely neighbourhood; let it be gaudily painted and fitted up, especially in the item of plate-glass; lay in a sufficient stock of adulterated wine, bad beer and poisonous spirits; provide a company consisting of a few women with indifferent voices, worn faces, and damaged reputations, a few men destitute alike of voice, character, and humour, a 'nigger' or two; and the thing is done, provided, of course, that the patronage of what is euphemistically called 'the social evil' be secured. It becomes then only necessary to add a strong flavour of the 'comic element,' of which the two following forms have been found most successful;—either a jumping idiot who sings a vile song to a vulgar tune,

tune; while he indulges in coarse and brutal gesticulation, or a woman who has parted with enough of her modesty to dress herself in a man's clothes, and to sing an indelicate song in that array. One point more should not escape the 'intelligent and spirited proprietor,' though that is happily losing much of its attractiveness—the introduction of a man, woman, or child, the latter preferred, to expose him or herself to the nightly chance of death or mutilation on the tight rope or *trapéze*. Supposing all these requirements attended to, success is certain. Night after night the music hall will be thronged, the consumption of drink will increase, and the degraded women who form the greatest attraction of the place will become a nuisance to the neighbourhood. But what cares the 'spirited' proprietor for these things? His profits are secure, and the greater the nuisance the larger they become. Very speedily he is in a position to retire from business altogether—to set up his villa at Putney or Highgate; or, perhaps, to spend thousands of pounds in an abortive attempt to corrupt some other and quieter neighbourhood, by conveying into it those followers of his who have been so dire a nuisance in the place formerly graced by his presence. Let any one whose good nature may be shocked by the severity of this censure, and who may set it down as harsh and undeserved, simply open his eyes to what is going on around him. Let him go for once to the nearest music hall—it will not be a long journey in any case if he live in London;—let him note carefully the company he meets there, and observe the quality of the entertainment offered. Or if this be too tiresome an experiment, and it must be owned that it will be to any man of taste or feeling, let him buy, instead, half a dozen of the most popular of the 'Music Hall Melodies'—those gorgeously illuminated publications that grace—or disgrace—the shop-windows of half the music-sellers of the present day. Let him read the words, note the intense vulgarity of the music, and ask himself candidly in what category he should place people who can find pleasure in such things as these. Take for example the song of 'The Perfect Cure.' On the cover is a portrait of the vulgar mountebank whose performance of it rendered it so popular, dressed in the costume of striped calico and foolscap—(appropriate enough as to this last item)—in which he sings and—jumps. The inquirer turns the page and finds a piece of wretched doggrel beginning:—

'Young Cupid plays some funny tricks
With us unlucky elves,
So, gentlemen, I pray look out,
And take care of yourselves.

One day I met a nice young maid,
Looking so demure,
When all at once to me she said,
Why you're "The Perfect Cure!"'

The song goes on to tell how he 'wasted on her lots of cash, in hopes her love to share,' but discovered that he was not the only favoured lover. Kicked out of her house, he

* * * 'fell into a common sewer,
They dragged me out, and loud did shout,
There goes "The Perfect Cure!"
I was laid up ill for seven months,
Indeed I'm not romancing,
Which brought on Mr. Santinny's dance,
That's why I keep on dancing.'

It is impossible to continue the quotation in these pages. The story is old and filthy, and one that may be read in the police reports often enough. It is told in language of the coarsest and most vulgar description, unredeemed in its utter stupidity by the smallest spark of wit or fun, and appealing only to the lowest passions and basest experiences of a horde of reprobates. Bad though the words are, however, they are not the worst features of the song. In actual performance they and the music are of quite secondary importance, compared with the insane jumping and obscene gestures of the singer—gestures that are frantically applauded and rapturously encored by a crowded audience of both sexes.

Or if this specimen be insufficient, let our inquirer make another experiment, from which he may, perhaps, gain a clearer idea of the sort of thing that finds a pleased audience in a London music hall. A single verse will be sufficient by way of a specimen, but that is so stupendously silly, that it may be worth while to mention that the song from which it is taken is really published by a 'respectable' house in New Bond-street. The music is composed by a Mr. Hobson, and the words are the work of a person named Maclagan, by whom it has been sung, according to the title page, 'with immense success.' The title is 'Wanted a Wife,' and the following is the first and by no means the worst of the four stanzas of which it consists:—

'Ho! A Ho! a partner for life, with a hoop a doodle diddle dum!
Either short or tall, A Ho! A Ho! the fairest of you all,
With a hoop a doodle diddle dum.
Oh, ladies dear, mind what I say! Oh, dear ladies, before I go away!
Oh, dear ladies, mind what I say! Oh, dear ladies, or else I'll faint away!
[Spoken.]
Now, ladies! don't all speak at once!
Chorus.
Hoop a doodle dum! A Ho! A Ho! Hoop a doodle day.'
[*Repeated eight times to each of the first three stanzas and twelve times to the fourth.*]

This

This is not the babble of infancy, nor the drivel of an inmate either of the asylum at Earlswood or of that at Colney Hatch, but is an actual song that has been sung night after night in the Islington Philharmonic Hall to a crowded audience, who cheered it just as enthusiastically as they would applaud the political orator who flattered them with the usual electioneering phrases of 'free,' 'intelligent,' and 'independent' electors. It would be very easy to multiply instances of this kind of thing, but a single specimen in an altogether different class must suffice. The song of 'Isabella with her Gingham Umbrella' was exceedingly popular a short time ago, and is said to have produced a small fortune for the proprietor. In seven long stanzas it describes the loves and sorrows of a city clerk, in connection with a young lady concerning whom he informs his hearers that when he met her on a penny steamboat:—

> ——'soon I did diskiver,
> As we steamed up the river,
> She was bo'sun to a bonnet shop in Battersea.
> I asked her her residence, I asked her her name,
> When she said that with pleasure she would tell me the same,
> And putting up her umbrella, said, my name is Isabella,
> And my father keeps a barber's shop in Islington.'

After the manner of his kind, the hero of the song pays his addresses to the young woman, but discovers at last, 'in a sixpenny hop,' that he has been jilted by the faithless Isabella 'for a ginger-whiskered feller,' with whom he discovers her 'doing double-shuffle up at Islington.'

If after these specimens the curiosity of any reader should still be unsatiated—should any one still desire to explore farther in this region of frantic nonsense and conspicuous vulgarity, let him run through the songs that are most popular or that have been so during the last year or two—'The Dark Girl dressed in Blue,' 'The Charming Young Widow I met in the Train,' 'Polly Perkins of Paddington Green,' 'The Belle of Highbury,' 'Didn't she seem to like it,' and the rest; and he will find that they consist for the most part of versified police reports, seasoned with the additional attractions of coarseness and vulgarity, and adorned with Cockney street slang and filthy *doubles entendres* by way of jokes. If, in addition to all this, the inquirer pays a single visit to any one of the places at which those songs are sung, he will speedily be convinced—if any farther conviction be needed—that the chief cause for their popularity consists in their inborn indecency, and in the pleasure that their degraded hearers find in seeing a woman, with no character to boast, dressed in the clothes

clothes of a man and singing before a mixed audience songs which twenty years ago would have been confined to the Cider Cellars or the Coal Hole, and would not even in those dens of infamy have found listeners until after midnight.

To what a change in the manners and habits of the English people does this state of things point! It is true that songs and ballads form no longer the staple of our literature, but as a straw will show the direction of the wind, they serve to indicate with more or less precision the habits and tastes of those who delight in them. And if this be the case, and there is really too much reason for thinking that it is, the life of the masses of the middle and lower classes of our countrymen must be compounded in about equal proportions of impurity and frivolity; while their pleasures, if these songs be taken as a criterion, are chiefly derived from the contemplation of profane, vulgar, and revolting ideas and images. There was a time, and that a not far distant one, when the ballads of the English people were based for the most part upon noble and chivalrous subjects; when a love of truth and right, and a hearty scorn of meanness and ignobility of sentiment illuminated the songs of the populace; when if sin, shame, and dishonour were spoken of, they were not turned into matters for vulgar jesting, but a decent gravity was observed, and the dignity of virtue was not insulted; when a healthy and masculine love of Nature and delight in her works shone through the rustic verse; and when some glow of dramatic power and passion gave a living and a vivid reality to even the humblest attempts. But this 'enlightened' age of popular education and smart pupil-teachers has seen a painful change come over all these things. In these latter days SUCCESS has become the idol before which all must offer their devotions, and now the history of a successful railway contractor, or the life of a wealthy grocer, finds more readers and more admirers than the story of the toil of an apostle, the agony of a martyr, or the glory of a saint. Now, the possession of wealth is held of infinitely higher account than the honours won by diligent and unswerving self-sacrifice, and the history of the children of Israel becomes again a fact for the people of England, inasmuch as they have set up their golden calf higher than ever before, and a degrading Manicheism has usurped the rights of the Maker of the Universe. Such, if the tinsel be stripped off, is the true character of the age, in spite of the rhetorical flourishes with which 'popular' writers have disguised it; and as it is, so is it reflected in the songs and drama of the time. A base, worldly and heartless tone is, indeed, perpetually discoverable in these compositions. Instead of the worthy

worthy singers of the times gone by, who found in their hearts the passion and feeling to which they gave life and body in their verse, we have a race of hack-verse makers who derive their inspiration from books, and their subjects from the very worst points in the lives and morals of their fellows. And this is the more to be lamented since the age is not in itself altogether deficient in glorious deeds. Our coasts are the perpetual witnesses of acts of heroic self-sacrifice, and of unconscious and unquestioning bravery and virtue, while an event such as the loss of the 'Birkenhead' is one to the full as splendid as any of those recorded in history—one which must bring tears of joy and pride to the eyes of every true Englishman, and wring from him thanks to God that he is of the same blood with those who died there, and, so far at least, shares in the inextinguishable glory which attaches to their names. But such things as these find no expression in our popular literature, a paragraph in the corner of a country newspaper is their sole record, and they pass into oblivion unhonoured and unsung. We have plenty of songs celebrating the triumphs of vulgarity and chicanery, or relating at ample length the adventures of clerks, shop-girls, and 'dashing Cyprians;'—why have we no one to write for us a ballad that might be sung about the streets, or by the fire-sides of English homes in winter—a ballad that might worthily celebrate such deeds as these? Why should our poets and song-writers persist in going to all the ends of the earth for their tragedy, or into the slums of the modern Babylon for their comedy, when materials such as these lie ready to their hands? Or, do they desire subjects of unrelieved grief and terror—our streets are filled night after night with a crowd of well-dressed women, every third one of whom could, if she chose, tell a story of poverty, perfidy, misery, and disgrace, that is a shame and a scandal to a country calling itself Christian. If our verse-writers would but learn the one lesson that 'that is best which lieth nearest,' if they would but write of the greater subjects they see and know, the wrongs and sorrows of these would not be unsung, and we might congratulate ourselves upon the fact that a popular song is no longer the glorification of shame, and a place of popular amusement no longer the home of vice and filthiness.

These considerations all lead down to the true cause of the trifling value of modern song-writing and the modern drama. There was a time in which our balladists wrote, not for the mere sake of writing, or because of the money to be made by their labours, and when our dramatists strove, however imperfectly, to 'hold the mirror up to nature.' The verse

was

was written because the poet could do no otherwise—something within him would find a voice, and indeed sink into song as naturally as the ink and lines of the caligraphist. With the invention of printing and the cheap and rapid mode of production thereby introduced, a change came over the aspect of things, and ballad-writing ceased to be the work of the poet, became a trade, governed by the laws of supply and demand. The change was, of course, gradual, but it has been complete. Its consequence is that ballad-writing is, in the present day, a work of the smallest consideration and even pecuniary value. The persons who exercise it are, almost without exception, utterly destitute of all the nobler faculties of insight and dramatic power; but, having a certain knack of versification, they manage to make a living by the production of a vast quantity of trash, which, were they or their publishers wise, would never see the light. A similar reproach attaches to modern plays. They are produced as a matter of trade, and bear all the characteristics which might be expected on that account. The plots are almost invariably taken from the French, and it not unfrequently happens that the dialogue is transplanted in a similar manner. The consequences are, perhaps, felt most severely by the class which perpetrates the crime. A public accustomed to the highly flavoured dishes which suit the French taste cannot appreciate the simpler plots and less violent sensations which characterize the best periods of the English school, and, as a consequence, the dramatist who relies solely upon his invention in the production of his work is likely to be speedily distanced by his less honest, but more worldly-wise, competitor. As for dramatic criticism, that is practically dead. The journal which attacks the productions of the modern stage, speedily finds itself shut out from those houses the pieces produced at which he has condemned, so that journalistic criticism is reduced either to a complaisant praise of everything produced at every theatre, or to a mere notification of the appearance of a new piece, with the cast and a sketch of the plot. Public expression of opinion is gagged in a somewhat similar way. The enthusiastic pitite who should utter too loudly his contempt for the hash presented to him on the stage, would speedily find himself engaged in the contemplation of the theatre from the outside under the guidance of a policeman in the interest of the management.

The present state of the literature of the stage and of the music halls, leads to some rather serious reflections as to the state of mind of those who enjoy them, and as to the prevailing tone in society which they reveal. The present generation

tion is one greatly given to glorifying itself, to boasting of the material progress which it has made, and to scoffing at the ignorance of its benighted ancestors. But surely we have little reason to be proud of such a state of thought and feeling as that revealed by the songs and plays of which we have spoken. Such things as these are signs of declension rather than progress, and cannot but fill the thoughtful looker-on with the deepest apprehensions for the future of those who take their pleasure in them. He will be inclined to suspect that, with a more extensive range of knowledge, we have become shallower and less reflective; that for the wisdom that comes by thought we have exchanged a crude and superficial knowledge of certain details of fact; that our aspirations, instead of being purified and ennobled by time, have retrograded; and that vice and sensuality have, in spite of our efforts to disguise the fact, to the full as much influence over us as over the most backward of our ancestors. We have, it is true, learned exactly the distance between the sun and the earth, we know how to calculate eclipses, are quite certain that there is nothing supernatural in the lightning, and that the thunder is not the voice of the gods; and now that we have all this knowledge, of what value is it to us? Has it made any one of us wiser or happier, or caused us to occupy ourselves in ways one whit worthier or nobler than those which filled the lives of our forefathers? Are our pleasures purer or more refined? less tainted by sensuality or less scarred by vice? It can hardly be questioned that a truthful answer to these questions must be a decided negative. Noble impulses seem in this whirling town life of ours to be almost dead, or pushed aside at the dictation of a vile theory of expediency. The London music halls—alike by their literature and the company which frequent them—prove only too distinctly where many find their chief pleasure, amongst the triumphs of base and ignoble sentiment, and in the contemplation of the lowest forms of vice and impurity; while the condition of the London theatres affords ample evidence that a vehement sensation is greatly preferred by the majority to the highest forms of poetry or the most refined graces of acting. Of the nonsense uttered at the music halls it seems almost useless to speak, though it certainly is a most remarkable circumstance that the popularity of a song should apparently be in an inverse ratio to the rationality of the words. Their baseness and impurity in language and tendency are open to the strongest animadversion. As literature they are utterly worthless, as far as the provocation of genuine fun is concerned they are worse than useless. They

They produce no honest and wholesome laughter; the most that they can do is to cause a sort of effervescence of the polluted spirits of the auditors through their lips. It were well if all who delight in them, whose corrupted natures find a congenial food in these worthless and impure stories, who enjoy them, listen to them with approbation, and witness the shameless gestures of the performance without protest, could be brought to see into what a depth of degradation they have fallen, that they have learned 'to call evil good and good evil,' that their conduct is likely, under such circumstances as these, to be a reflection of the amusements in which they take pleasure, that they are likely to be guided by the basest motives, and that they themselves are on their way to become the slaves of the vilest passions. When people do begin to see this—do begin to realize the moral death of which these productions are a sign—then, but not until then, we may look for a reformation in the productions of the stage, and then we may begin to hope that music halls like those now existing, with their concomitant evils, will pass into the limbo of all worthless things, and their literature become a thing of the past.

Art. IV.—STIMULANTS AND NARCOTICS.

1. *Stimulants and Narcotics, their Mutual Relations; with Special Researches on the Action of Alcohol, &c., on the Vital Organism.* By Francis E. Anstie, M.D. London: Macmillan and Co. 1864.

2. *Lectures: Chiefly Clinical.* By Thomas King Chambers, M.D., Honorary Physican to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; Physician to St. Mary's Hospital. London: Churchill and Sons. 1864.

THE medical profession, like every other that has been petted and privileged, is essentially conservative. It clings to the old, and obstinately opposes the new. Hence, within its own circle, and among its own disciples and members, an undying warfare has been carried on, between Authority on the one hand, and Truth on the other. The young and ardent disciples of Physic, inevitably affected by the philosophy of their time, are ever questioning the decrepid 'opinion' of the past, and demanding that it shall justify its existence by the evidence of facts and reason. Protests against medical

medical dogmatism, like protests against all other dogmatism, have necessarily arisen, constituting the steps of progress in medical science, so far as it is science at all. As the two bulky volumes before us mark the history, or rather the approaching termination of such a struggle, especially in respect of one very important and practical point connected with Sociology and Temperance, we will, prior to any detailed discussion of the problem, briefly indicate the opinions that have in succession been held and propagated by the medical schools as to the relations of alcohol to the human organism, and each of which in turn has had to vanish before the light of science and the demonstrations of daily life.

First was the period of darkness and of absolute faith in strong drink, and this within the limits of the time when George the Third was king. It was a condition of total national blindness, wherein neither doctors nor patients ever dreamed that alcohol was not a daily necessity, as innocent as water and as valuable as bread! But at the close of the great war men began to think once more, and inquiry and science started forth on a new mission destined to change the entire aspect of the social and physical world. Doubts were engendered, causes were sought into, and truth emerged. Beddoes was succeeded by Carrick and Cheyne and Sir Astley Cooper, who declared that '*spirits* and *poisons* are synonymous terms.' Combe and Hope and Billing, and other men of that high class, followed in the track; and, as the distilled form of alcohol became discredited as a beverage amongst the intelligent portion of the profession, examination of the facts rapidly spread amongst the outside and deeply interested public. But superstition, especially when sustained by appetite, is like a limpet, and holds on to its barren anchorage with a singular tenacity of life. Hence, secondly, no sooner had the doctrines of Liebig been promulgated than they were at once misinterpreted and misapplied. If alcohol could not nourish it could at least warm; for it had been discovered that it was an element of combustion! After a long reign, during which doctors and *litterateurs* wrote much that was absurd about 'carbon,' it was at last discovered that alcohol was eliminated from the body in great part as alcohol, and that there was no proof that any portion was decomposed or burnt up. A third theory shot up on the continent, the author being Professor Moleschott, who alleged that if alcohol was not food itself it made food last longer; and, therefore, that the bottle was a savings' box! On the same principle, the pipe and the opium pill must be regarded as provender; and so, for awhile, it was contended, by some few

few consistent enthusiasts, that tobacco, opium, arsenic, and alcohol were 'diet'—'extra diet.' By and by, however, this theory was found to mean only this—that the more you kill the molecular life, by narcotizing it, the less life there is; therefore, the less waste; therefore, the less need for food to supply the waste. So, in spite of the names of Johnston, and Lankester, and Lewes, the thing died under the weight of its own ridiculousness, and the wisest of its patrons (Dr. Chambers) read its burial service.

Dr. Anstie now steps in with another saving theory. If alcohol cannot nourish, in any ordinary sense,—if it cannot warm, under the ordinary conditions of the body,—if it is not food, in any ordinary usage of the phrase,—then it must be made food in some new and extraordinary sense of the word! In this at least, our author has accomplished no questionable success: for we have here a costly book of 500 pages, laboriously devoted to prove that alcohol, in certain doses, is a stimulant and a tonic, not a poison; which redefines all the meanings usually attached to the words; which shows that food is medicine and medicine food; that stimulants are tonics, and tonics are stimulants, and food is both; and, therefore, that alcohol is food! Gravely, we assure the incredulous reader that this is the gist and substance of the book, stripped of the elaborate periphrases which cover and conceal the lengthened absurdity. Let us not be unjust to the book, however, for though this verdict is true with respect to leading purpose and final proposition, we concede that the volume exhibits the results of much reading, as well as a praiseworthy attempt at reasoning, and occasionally reproduces some excellent ideas, particularly when the author is working with the conceptions of Dr. Chambers and other writers possessed of more insight than himself.

In the very 'introduction' Dr. Anstie, as it appears to us, misstates the doctrine he designs to refute. Who has ever said that all the results of the use of alcohol, in all doses, are 'the same essentially'? Nay, what can be meant here by this word 'essentially'? We fear that much of his book, as well as much that has been written by writers less learned than Dr. Anstie, is a mere confusion and chaos of words. The cardinal fault is the absence of definition, arising from the absence of clear conceptions on fundamental relations. Affirming, for the sake of argument, that alcohol has a fixed disturbing relation to living tissue and to blood corpuscle; that every appreciable dose, brought into contact with the smallest [illegible] of muscle, nerve, or cell, is followed by an unnatural [illegible]reaction, or a destructive dissolution,—what force have the earliest

earliest illustrations of Dr. Anstie against this position? Common salt, says he, is food in small doses; an emetic medicine in medium; a fatal poison in larger. 'It is plain,' he adds, 'that the first and second of these actions* are not physiologically continuous. The food action consists of being absorbed into the blood, and partly decomposed into acid for the gastric juice, and soda for the bile. The irritant effects are not vital at all, but morbid.' Now, we hold that this is as shallow and as erroneous as a kindred transatlantic theory recently broached—namely, that salt, arsenic, alcohol, &c., do not act in the least, but that the action is confined to the vital organism acting upon them; and is, in fact, that mysterious and mythical principle, yclept 'Vitality,' putting forth its remedial efforts in order to assist and expel what does not act at all! It must be patent to every person capable of thinking, that to resist what does not press or injure is a foolish work of supererogation, of which Nature would scarcely be guilty. It is equally plain that none of these agents are physiologically inert, innocent, or neutral. They palpably provoke resistance, and must, therefore, do something to account for being done-to in that inhospitable and unfriendly fashion! The body, we may suppose, no more seeks to expel its 'friends' than the whole man does; and 'friends' do not systematically sicken, corrode, or intoxicate their hosts. Neither do we employ policemen to expel from our borders people who do nothing wrong. Now is it not undeniable that we have in diet a class of substances which, taken in considerable quantities in health, produce none of these effects; while in drugs we have a numerous class of things the use of which regularly, almost universally, is followed by such disturbances—generally in very minute, and almost in comparatively small, doses? Dr. Anstie is bent upon the Quixotic scheme of abolishing this broad distinction, by what is certainly a very obvious assumption and sophism; and, we may add, as an example of the meeting of extremes, that the theory of the *inertness* of drugs comes to the same conclusion, since it leaves

* The author deceives himself with the double meaning of the word 'action'—namely the process of acting, and the result of acting. Now, what sense is there in affirming that a succession of physiological effects are not physiologically continuous? It is as injudicious as to affirm that 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, are not numerically continuous. Will Dr. Anstie tell us what breaks in between 2 and 3, 5 and 6 numerically, or between 'irritation' and 'inflammation' physiologically? Moreover, the illustration is sophistical on another ground—namely, that the same dose is not concerned in the three 'actions' named. It is *not* food, and *emetic*, and *poison* at the same time; and, therefore, the word 'continuous' has no business here. When Dr. Anstie has proved that *any* portion of alcohol (as of salt) is available as *food* for the body by decomposition, he will have caught the teetotalers by putting salt on their tails; but at present he is illogical.

'Vitality' without any discriminating reason for treating these innocent drugs so violently and so differently. The source of the double fallacy consists in regarding action as one-sided. When the soda and the acid are mingled in the common effervescing draught—*which* acts and *which* is inert? Plainly, there is a mutual affinity and a mutual repulsion among the elements; it is an example of coaction. A strong corrosive agent, capable of acting upon dead tissue, will of course not the less act upon the living. Will it, so far as it acts, act differently? No, but the result will be different; while 'the tendency'—its own law and direction of force—will remain the same. The effect is a joint result, whereby one law of force modifies another. For example, let a man slip from the joists of a bath house when the water is out, he may *fall* twenty feet, and break his bones upon the flags. Let him slip when the water is in, and he will fall only fifteen feet to where the water meets and sustains him, and float unharmed on the top of it. 'The pressure,' 'the tendency,' the push or draw downwards, is just 'the same essentially,' but it is resisted or overcome by another condition, or rather by the same tendency modified—the gravity of the water. 'It is manifest,' as Hobbes long ago remarked, 'that efficient and material causes are severally by themselves parts only of an entire cause, and cannot produce any effect but by being joined together. So, also, power, active and passive, are parts only of an entire power; nor, except they be joined, can any act proceed from them; and, therefore, these powers are but conditional—namely, the agent has power if it be applied to a patient; and the patient has power if it be applied to an agent; otherwise, neither of them.'*

The doctrine of the fixed character of alcohol, then, is no more refuted by Dr. Anstie's illustration than the uniform tendency of gravity in the case of the falling man. The 'actions' of which he speaks are the results of two sets of forces, and must of course be different under different circumstances; but, as it would be absurd to say, that since 'breaking the bones' and 'floating' are plainly different 'results,' therefore, 'falling' is not essentially the same; so it is equally absurd to say that because a certain tendency of salt can be resisted, and a certain quantity utilized, but a larger quantity cannot, or cannot effectually, therefore there is no tendency to 'irritate' in the first dose, and each particle of that salt has a relation to the living tissue different from that of the second dose. Dr. Anstie thus confounds the share of one element of

* 'On the First Grounds of Philosophy.' Chap. 10. sec. 2.(1655.)

causation

causation with that possessed by another; and, finally, identifies the result with a single force or action concerned in its production! In like manner, Sydenham's two-century old doctrine of 'Disease, a Remedial Effort of Nature,' though far better than the definitions then in vogue, is partial and inaccurate. Disease is, first, the injury inflicted by the action of the poisonous or destructive agency, whatever that may be. Second, the reactions of the system, including whatever may be true 'remedial effort.' The fallacies exposed occur again and again in the volume of Dr. Anstie. In noticing the experiments of Dr. Hammond, who found that while a dose of alcohol, with full allowance of food, sensibly disordered him, with stinted food it left him in a pleasanter condition—a case only proving that of two evils, namely, the absence of food or the presence of a little alcohol, the latter may be the least of the two—Dr. Chambers avoids the fallacy of Dr. Anstie, observing 'we cannot doubt that the *essential action* of the alcohol was identical in both cases; but in the last, the blunting of the nerve force was requisite for perfect life; in the first it was not wanted, and was, therefore, injurious.' In commercial, as in physiological life, it may be requisite or expedient a man should borrow money in some exigency of trade, or panic of the market, even at heavy interest; but who, save a purblind theorist, would on that account enter upon an elaborate argument to prove that 'borrowing' was not a dangerous course to pursue; or that it would not be followed by some kind of loss; or that it was a legitimate provision of mercantile pabulum, and was in fact as profitable as any other kind, or indeed all the same with any other?

The remark of Dr. Chambers very well disposes of the revived argument for narcotics, derived from the fact that in many nations and ages we find people addicted to their use, as to many common follies and common sins. The occasional use of artificial alcohol is right, in certain very small doses, in certain states of incipient disease—runs the argument—because some hundreds of millions of people have been in the habit of using to excess (both as to time and quantity) the naturally provided narcotics of opium, hashish, coco, and tobacco! People who are uneasy, naturally enough desire ease; and, therefore, rush to any agent which, as they have learned, possesses the property of 'blunting their sensations.' How we get beyond this fact, or justify the wisdom or innocency of the practice by repeating it, we fail to see.

Passing from the introduction, we come to the history of the doctrine of stimulus, which is by far the most amusing and instructive part of Dr. Anstie's book. Sixty-four pages are

are devoted to showing 'the striking confusion of ideas' that has prevailed in his profession, and which, we doubt, he is not destined materially to clear up. Here and there, as he passes on, we note concessions and statements exceedingly damaging to the authority of medicine, and which we trust may tend to shake the blind faith which the public repose in medical opinion. Teaching and tending in the same direction are many passages of absolute no-meaning, which the author cites from the highest authorities of his profession, and offers as the fruits of a matured medical philosophy. We content ourselves with just two specimens. First, take Professor Bennett's description of 'Inflammation' — a portrait with the subject totally omitted! He 'speaks of it as (1) originally caused by an irritation of the ultimate molecules of the part, in consequence of which their vital power of selection is destroyed, and that of their attraction is increased. The strong pulse, the fever, the increased flow of blood in the neighbourhood of the inflamed parts, are (2) the results of inflammation, and show that the economy is at work repairing (3) the injury. The results can only be remedied by the natural action of ordinary cell processes' (*i.e.* nutrition). But where and what is the 'inflammation' itself? It is left unexplained; and we have here a professed account of 'an inflammatory process' with the nature of the process quite forgotten! On the following page (56) the observations of Professor Lister are reproduced to place inflammation 'in a new light'; which is professedly done in the six statements following:—1. The early stages are characterized by a tendency of blood corpuscles to adhere to each other, inducing obstruction to the circulation. 2. This adhesive property is *not* a vital one, since it is never seen in health, and can be produced in effused blood by chemical action on the plasma. 3. It affects the white, or less vitalized corpuscles, more than the red. 4. The cause [effect?] is due to some change in the containing blood vessels. 5. The earliest stages of a local irritation are accompanied by 'vital depression.' 6. Therefore inflammation consists in the removal of the modifying influences of the living (healthy) state, allowing the physical properties of the parts, hitherto restrained, to come into play. Let the reader carefully examine these half dozen sentences, and tell us what he finds, save this—that corpuscular adhesiveness is a condition of the blood in inflammation, caused by some change in the blood vessels of a chemical rather than vital kind, since the more life or health the less of this diseased condition! The sixth concluding axiom, literally rendered, amounts to the truism that when vital forces are stronger chemical

chemical forces are weaker—that when matter is not living it acts like non-living matter—which we are by no means disposed to question; but that such propositions can further sound philosophy of any kind, we may, without presumption, most gravely doubt. In immediate connection with this subject we stumble upon a curious contradiction. Dr. Anstie started with the dogma that 'if the action of all doses of a [meaning *any one*] drug is the same essentially, it ought to be true universally'; but at p. 58 we are told that 'all irritant action—*i.e.* action capable, if prolonged, of causing inflammation—is of a radically distinct, if not opposite, kind from whatever increases the proper functions of a part—whatever, in fact, makes it to be more alive.' His illustration of difference is that of mustard applied (1) to 'a delicate web of *naked* capillaries, and (2) of mustard, largely diluted with our food, operating upon the sheathed and protected coats of the stomach'! Now, in this case, we can perceive no difference of *kind* in the sinapic action, but only one of degree; just as we see no difference in the mode of action of heat, whether we place the hand an inch, or a foot, or a yard from the fire. The physiological result may be different, but heat has not, therefore, two modes of action, radically distinct. There is, neither in the mustard, nor the heat, nor the alcohol, a degree of it which forms a pivot or turning point of difference; but, to use Dr. Anstie's own words, it is a case of prolonged and continuous action, more or less resisted or neutralized. But, by the definition, this irritant action is not essentially inflammatory, but only such when prolonged; and, therefore, the initial degrees differ from the terminal in their results, while they are essentially but one action 'prolonged.' Now, while Dr. Anstie, as we have seen, had previously argued that if every dose of any drug is the same in its action, it is true of all drugs—he has here virtually admitted that some irritants produce an action not inflammatory in one degree, but certainly so in another if prolonged; and, therefore, by his own logic, if it be true of one agent it is true universally, and, by consequence, true of alcohol. In other words, the inflammatory action of alcohol is but a prolonged action of an irritant, and is, therefore, 'radically distinct from whatever increases the proper functions of a part.' And this, in fact, is the precise conclusion at which, with his clearer insight and more logical mind, Dr. Chambers has arrived:—

'On the whole we may conclude that the effect of continued small doses of alcohol is to diminish vital metamorphosis, to make it irregular, and to induce, in healthy people, the necessity for crises of evacuation.'—P. 564. 'What I wish particularly to mark is, that the primary as well as the secondary action is a diminution of vitality in the nervous system.'—P. 568.

Dr.

Dr. Anstie's criticism upon Virchow, the great cellular pathologist, at p. 53, indicates either great prejudice or great powers of misapprehension. 'Every vital act' [effect], says Virchow, 'presupposes an excitation or an irritation. The irritability [or power of reaction] in a part, appears to us the criterion by which we judge whether it is alive or dead. The different [re]actions which can be provoked by the influence of any external agency [or exciting agent] are essentially of three kinds—a manifestation either of function, nutrition, or formation.' Dr. Anstie calls this 'vitalism,' and an 'artificial abstraction'! But what is really given us here? An external agent and a susceptible subject, which, together, equal (1) cause and (2) result—namely, a certain play of the organism. Apply a solution of tannin to a dead skin. Will it redden or inflame? No, but tan. Apply it to a living stomach. Will it tan? No, but it will redden or inflame. This is all Virchow really says or means; and these are facts, not abstractions; and have no relation to the dogma of the vital instinct, intelligence, or archæus. Passing over the second chapter of Dr. Anstie's book, we come, in the third, to what he calls 'reconstruction.' A quotation from Coleridge forms the starting point, wherein that philosopher says that 'the lower powers of nature [physical forces] are *assimilated*, not merely employed, and assimilated presupposes the homogeneous nature of the thing assimilated'—*i.e. like to like*, which is what we mean by nutrition—'else it is a *miracle*, only not the same as creation, because it would imply that additional and equal miracle of annihilation.' Then Dr. Anstie proceeds with his attempt to persuade us into the belief of a series of such miracles—to wit, that tissue and organ can be long and continuously worked without food (or what is the same thing, adequate food), and yet that force shall not disappear; or, if it does, that what is not like the organism, or what does not even stop in the body, shall sustain, or nourish, or feed it! Men shall live and be plump, work and not waste, while they consume a few grains per day of the coco leaf, a few grains of a stimulant, a few whiffs of a pipe, or a few ounces of gin! Nay, at p. 160, he says, that 'life may be maintained for weeks on water as its only pabulum,' except 'the atmosphere,' and except 'the tissues.' We had no true idea before of the virtues of the pump, or of the nutrition of the air, but if these can accomplish such marvels as to become nerve and brain, bone and muscle, it is time to abandon our scepticism in regard to the magic leaf and pipe, and still more marvellous alcoholic elixir.

We have seen persons in trance living without food altogether;

gether; we have known persons who alleged that they took no food, and parted with no solids or liquids, or next to none; and we recently were cognizant of the case of a young woman who subsisted (so far as her friends knew) on an ounce or two of toast per day, a small cup of coffee, and two or three dessert spoonfuls of cod liver oil, *for nearly a year*, walking or riding about during the time. The dilemmas are at the service of Dr. Anstie, for the cases are not complicated with alcohol. Either no-food in trance is food, or the little food is deception; or there are states of the body (induced by natural causes, as well as by narcotics) in which the molecular change or waste in the tissues is reduced to a point so low as to be adequately met by the food originally in the body, whether in the blood or the tissues. But that any of the miracles of Dr. Anstie's theory are wrought, we most certainly disbelieve. Whatever else the water, the tobacco, the coco, and the alcohol may do, they cannot achieve the impossible. Whatever we may *not* know about 'the conditions of life,' we know that bricks cannot repair glass; that machinery of any sort, low or high, artificial or vital, cannot work without change; that 'force' comes into the organism only by nutriment; and that neither smoke nor alcohol, neither coco nor opium, can act like genuine food.

But we tire in this hunt of sophisms. The book is a mere play upon words, with a pernicious tendency; and, in a scientific point of view, has no value at all. The author admits that Dr. Todd's theory has broken down, but he still contends for his practice! The course of experiment, however, even within the profession, has now overturned the conclusion of the book. Professor Gairdner, of Glasgow, and Dr. Wilks, of London, have given the *coup de grace* to the alcoholic prescription of alcohol. Their elaborate papers and reports leave no standing ground for Dr. Anstie. The *Lancet*, of February 11th, 1865, recants on behalf of the profession, and gives the correct title to the practice which has so long and so fatally been adopted—the joint result of professional prejudice and public credulity.

'We take credit to ourselves,' says the editor, 'for having brought before the profession from time to time the therapeutical fashion of stimulation, which has been so prevalent of late years, and for having suggested doubts as to whether it was a fashion based on grounds which would bear scrutiny. There are few things more remarkable in the recent history of medicine than the extent to which alcohol has been introduced, and the importance which has attached to it in the treatment of disease. Coincidently with a greatly reduced use of it in society, has occurred a greatly increased use of it in medicine. Judging from the London practice of the last few years, a cursory and casual observer might think that alcohol was a remedy of specific power, the triumphant introduction of which was to make Dr. Todd as famous as vaccination made Jenner, and chloroform Simpson. We are not surprised to hear of the failure of this plan.'

Dr. Gairdner, however, shall speak for himself:—

'The habitual exhibition of drugs and stimulants has a great tendency to mask the disease, to disturb or retard the crisis, and to increase the mortality. This is an opinion formed after a most careful observation of particular cases in detail over many years. I venture to put it forward as a law, that in a large proportion of cases, typhus fever, left to its natural course, and treated with abundant milk diet, and without drugs or stimulants, will have its natural crisis before the twelfth day. . . . Milk or buttermilk is with me the staple food in typhus—I know no other food that can be depended on. To give wine, whisky, and beef-tea while withholding milk, is simply, in my opinion, to destroy your patient; and the more wine or whisky you give, while withholding milk, the more sure you will be to destroy your patient soon, because you are thereby superseding the natural appetite (or what remains of it) for a nourishing and wholesome diet, by a diet—if it can be so called—which poisons the blood and checks the secretions, and alters for the worse the whole tone of the nervous system, and of the digestion and assimilation.'

That alcohol can give no force, because it can give no nutrition, in any form or quantity, Dr. Chambers also allows:—

'I do not think we shall be able to trace any direct increase of force to alcohol, even in the smallest doses, or for the minutest periods of time. . . .

'In a patient lately under my care the same peculiar sensation of stiffness, and also the objective phænomena of rigidity of skin, without loss of sensation [which follow the use of alcoholics] were *produced by the pressure of diseased bone on the fifth nerve inside the skull.* If we call this symptom a partial paralysis from partial obliteration of nervous function (to which I suppose nobody will demur), we must call the effects of alcohol also a partial obliteration of nervous function, for the phænomena are strictly identical.'—P. 567.

The whole issue of Dr. Anstie's theory, however, if it were as true as it is absurd, would leave the temperance doctrine and practice intact. Suppose it to be a fact, that under certain abnormal states, a person may take such very minute doses of alcohol, at certain intervals, as will not produce any perceptibly poisonous effect or after depression—though we and others have perceived that even a table spoonful of wine produces effects of an abnormal character—what then? We shall require a physician to prescribe it, and one who knows the exact state and constitution of the patient; for the use, in frequency and quantity, will vary with every case; or, in other words, the whole system of social drinking must be excluded from the conditions and limitations laid down by our author.

There is, however, a class of effects resulting from the use of alcohol that are altogether unnoticed by the argument of Dr. Anstie, which are not questions of pulsation, or temperature, or feeling, but of intimate structure, illustrating the necessary and inevitable antagonism existing between the poisonous agent and the living tissue.

Blood disease is the first example of what we mean; and it will be worth while practically to illustrate this. The blood consists of a fluid, termed *liquor sanguinis*, and the corpuscles or blood discs floating in the former. It is well known to microscopic

microscopic observers of the blood* how speedily elements of diet, medicinal substances, and poisons, pass into the *liquor sanguinis*, and how the corpuscles of the blood become affected by these various agents. By experimenting on the blood with sherry wine, or diluted alcohol, the discs become altered in shape, and throw out matter from the interior; minute molecular particles also fringe the circumference. Some of these molecules separate from the blood discs and swim about in the fluid; others elongate into tails, which wave about in a tremulous and very remarkable manner. (See figure 2.) There can be no doubt that when the *liquor sanguinis* becomes surcharged with alcohol, either by imbibition of small quantities daily, or of a large quantity suddenly, the blood corpuscles not only become affected, but the *liquor sanguinis* itself also suffers deterioration. An unwholesome or deficient diet gives rise to many blood diseases, such as gout, scurvy, fever, diarrhœa, &c.; and, indeed, it would be strange if substances taken as food did not impart their qualities to the fluid of the blood, and also to the corpuscles. The day after a debauch, the parched tongue, the nausea, the shivering and feverish symptoms invariably experienced, testify, that not only has the blood become poisoned or deteriorated in quality, but that it has circulated such poison to every organ of the body. Professor Schultz truly states, 'that alcohol stimulates the blood discs to an increased and unnatural contraction, which hurries them on to the last stage of development, that is, induces their premature decay and death. The colouring matter is dissolved out of them, and the pale discs lose all their vitality, whence less oxygen can be absorbed and less carbon carried out.'† It is not difficult to recognize the pale anæmic condition of the

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* Our friend, Dr. Henry Monroe, F.L.S., of Hull, in a recent lecture has given some interesting illustrations, which we are permitted to copy.

Figure 1 shows blood corpuscles. Some with darkened centres, owing to the focal point at which they are seen; others in rolls indicative of slight inflammatory action (250 diameters).

2. Blood corpuscles altered from their natural shape by the action of sherry wine or diluted alcohol (250 diameters).

3. Striated appearance of muscular fibre separating into fibrillæ (250 diameters).

4. Structure of ultimate fibrillæ of striated muscular fibre, as seen under a higher magnifying power, showing how it contracts under galvanic influence (of nerves or art).

5. Fatty degeneration of the muscular fasciculi of the heart. The striated appearance nearly obliterated and composed of oil globules (400 diameters).

6. Fatty degeneration of muscular fibre far advanced, and wholly composed of minute molecules. The transverse striæ wholly obliterated, and fat cells of various sizes running between, and attached to the fasciculi.

† Cited in Dr. Lees's 'History of Alcohol' (1847).

daily

daily spirit drinker. The experiments of Dr. Böcker on the blood, with spirits, wine, and beer, the results attested by the microscope, and the researches of Dr. Virchow, all concur to prove that alcohol poisons the blood, and arrests the development, as well as hastens the decay, of the red globules.* Dr. Böcker noticed the alterations undergone by the blood of habitual alcohol drinkers as yet in good health—viz., a partial loss of power to become red by exposure to the air, in consequence of the loss of vitality in a portion of the blood discs. This loss of vitality manifests itself by the formation of black specks (oil) in the discs, and then by their conversion into round pale globules, which in all cases of disease (or of diminished vitality) are found in excess in the blood. This devitalized condition of the nutritive fluid is probably the first step to the devitalization of the tissue which it feeds.

Fatty degeneration is another disease to which reference is now frequently made in medical literature. A very frequent cause of this disease is the habitual presence of alcohol in the circulating medium. There is no kind of tissue, whether healthy or morbid, that may not undergo fatty degeneration; and there is no organic disease so troublesome to the medical man, or so difficult of cure. It is a fact that the fibro-albuminous substance called flesh, under certain circumstances, undergoes a transformation into fat. In involuntary muscle this degeneration begins with the transverse striæ, and more especially at the circumference of the fasciculus. As this extends inwards, minute molecules of fat take the place of the striæ, and at length obliterate them, so that at last the normal structure of the muscle entirely disappears. When cut into with the knife, a greasy stain is left upon the blade. The heart, when affected with fatty degeneration, which is often the case with persons addicted to spirit drinking, loses the firm muscular appearance which characterizes it in health, and presents a pale, yellowish buff colour, sometimes extending throughout, at others limited to individual parts. To show the frequency of this peculiar disease, Dr. Ogle says that in 143 *post mortems* he found 100 persons whose hearts were thus affected, and that in each case a microscopic examination of this organ was made. Dr. King Chambers truly says, 'that the most active renewal of the body possible is health—the cessation of renewal is death—the arrest of renewal is disease.' Now, as the direct action of alcohol is to arrest the renewal, how can a medical man wisely recommend as a vital tonic, that alcohol which has the property of arrest-

* See 'Works of Dr. Lees,' vol. i. (1854).

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ing the metamorphosis of tissue? Again, says the same high authority, 'in death decomposition goes on to its end, there is no renewal of the organism, and the living form disappears. In disease decomposition goes on, but there is an arrest of renewal; and the decayed tissues are not thrown off by the newly-formed substance—they become degenerate—not regenerate—a kind of death in life.'

If by the aid of the miscroscope we examine a very fine section of muscle taken from a person in good health, whose flesh is firm, elastic, and of a bright red colour, we find it made up of parallel fibres, with beautiful crossings or striæ; but if we examine the muscle of a man who leads an idle, sedentary life, and is accustomed to the use of intoxicating drinks, we shall detect at once the pale, flabby, inelastic, oily appearance which is seen in the examination of the heart so diseased. Alcoholic narcotization appears to produce this peculiar condition of the tissues more than any other agent with which we are acquainted. 'Three-quarters of the chronic illnesses,' says Dr. Chambers, 'are occasioned by this disease.' The eminent French analytical chemist, Lecanu, found as much as 119 parts of fat in 1,000 parts of a drunkard's blood—the highest estimate of the quantity in health being 8½ parts, while the ordinary amount is not more than two or three parts; so that the blood of the drunkard contains forty times in excess of the ordinary quantity. Must there not be an intermediate condition of every degree between? Take, as an instance, a very suddenly fatal case of this disease which occurred to Dr. Monroe not long ago, and which, he states, is only one of a like character with half a dozen more which he has witnessed during the last few years. A person of middle age, rather stout, of exceedingly quiet habits, never appearing to be in a hurry about his business or anything else; inactive, taking only moderate exercise, never seen walking fast or exerting himself; but who had contracted the bad habit of drinking a glass of whisky two or three times a day, though never seen drunk or appearing in the least excited. He was the picture of good health, having had scarcely a day's illness in his whole life. Latterly he sometimes complained of a fulness at the chest and slight beating of the heart. One day, after having partaken of his dinner, a glass of ale and his pipe, as usual, he rose up to go to his business, but suddenly dropped down on the floor and died immediately. On making the *post mortem* examination, the brain, to all appearance, was healthy; so were the heart, lungs, liver, and other viscera of the body. The man had died, apparently, without the slightest indication of organic disease or any serious

serious lesion to account for so sudden a catastrophe. 'I then,' says Dr. Monroe, 'made thin sections of the heart, liver, and kidneys, and placed them under the microscope, which immediately revealed the mystery of his death, since every organ, subjected in turn to microscopic analysis, exemplified the slow, structural disorganization of this disease. The fibres of the heart, a powerful muscle, had become so enfeebled and degenerated by the interstitial deposit of fat globules, that it had suddenly and spasmodically ceased to act, whence death resulted.' Had the man been a pure water drinker, such a suddenly fatal termination could hardly have happened. It is the misfortune of almost every medical man in good practice, to have some scores of patients in a year, labouring under various forms of fatty degeneration, who would never have occasion to require his services, were they willing to forego the daily use of small quantities of alcohol. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Art. V.—RICHARD COBDEN.

1. *Speeches of Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., on Peace, Financial Reform, Colonial and other subjects, delivered during* 1849.
2. 1793 *and* 1853, in Three Letters. By Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. 1853.
3. *Richard Cobden, M.P.* A Lecture delivered at St. James's Hall. By Newman Hall, LL.B. 1865.

THE grave has closed over Richard Cobden. On the seventh of March last, in the calm repose of a spring day, and under a bright sun, the churchyard of Lavington, situated on the brow of one of the beautiful Sussex hills, received the remains of the great economist. There was something touching and appropriate in the funeral ceremony; it was as simple and unadorned as had been the language and habits of the living man. Around that grave were assembled some hundreds of men, who without invitation had met to pay this tribute of respect to the departed. These men represented all the interests, to the promotion of which he had consecrated his energies and his talents. It was most fitting that the companions of his life, those who had shared his struggles and their triumphs, should accompany his relics to their last earthly home. This fact will speak to posterity more eloquently than if he had been borne in solemn pomp to the national mausoleum of England's illus-

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trious dead. It conveys also an impressive lesson to the distant; and there is not a corner of the world to which the sad intelligence has been carried, where there have not been found stricken and mourning hearts to receive it. The good done by Richard Cobden is confined to no country or race. His name has taken its place among the great men who have worked in the cause of universal freedom and civilization. He endeavoured to break down the barriers which legislation and State policy had erected under specious names, and which had the effect of separating man from man, and creating unnatural jealousies and enmities among peoples. His voice was ever raised in behalf of the down-trodden and the oppressed, under whatever government they may live or whatever language they may speak.

The press has been unanimous in bearing testimony to the uprightness of his motives, and the true nobleness of his character. All political differences have been sunk in the general sorrow, and there is but little left for us to say. We cannot, however, be silent when a man like Richard Cobden has passed away. We cannot withhold our expression of grief, although the weight of it may in some degree choke the utterance. We do not aspire to the higher strain of panegyric, we would not eulogize the dead any more than we would flatter the living. He needs the inscription of no 'lofty line,' his works speak for him. We seek only to apply, and this especially to the industrial classes of his countrymen, the lesson that is taught by his steady, consistent, and laborious career, and to deduce for their contemplation the moral that is supplied by his comparatively early death. No one in his generation has done more than he to improve the condition of the class who labour; no public man manifested more sympathy for them, and by none will the public loss be more felt than by them. It is not our intention to present a memoir of Richard Cobden. A very brief glance for our present purpose will suffice.

There is nothing of striking interest in the youthful life of Richard Cobden, although some French writers have raised him from the lowly position of a Sussex ploughboy. His schoolboy days present nothing above the rank of commonplace. He shared in a fair degree the advantages of home culture and school education which fell to the lot of those born in his station of life—in the beginning of the present century. He drew his first breath in a farmhouse which occupied the site of that which he had made his country residence up to the time of his death, it having been rebuilt for him by a number of his attached admirers and friends.

friends. His birth is dated the third of June, 1804. He was descended from a respectable family of the yeoman class, who had lived in the farmhouse at Dunford for more than two hundred years. His grandfather had been several times the chief magistrate of the neighbouring town of Midhurst. Of his family he used to speak often and freely, and it seemed pleasant to him in the more exciting period of his public career to refer to the scenes of his boyhood and youth. He spoke of his father as being kind-hearted and honourable, but without business aptitude, and consequently, having entered upon farming at an unfortunate time, as not being a prosperous man. His mother, he said, was a woman of great energy of character, and of both parents he expressed himself in terms of gratitude and affection. At an early age he removed to the counting-house of an uncle in London, where he advanced himself by dint of shrewdness, diligence, and quick intelligence. The notions of men of business of that time were very different from those which now prevail among men of the same class, and his uncle thought that the love of reading displayed by his young assistant would interfere with his future success as a tradesman. The hours in offices and warehouses were very long, and young men were expected to give all the time to business not imperatively demanded for rest and meals. Richard Cobden in after life often remarked with much satisfaction upon that change in public opinion and usage which has enabled young men to gratify a reasonable love of recreation, and devote some portion of every day to the cultivation of the mind. Like all men who have acquired a large amount of knowledge in a severe school, and who have been to some extent self-taught, he insisted strongly upon the necessity for young men laying the foundation of a life of usefulness by practising strict self-denial, by reading good books, by a careful observation of the current events, and especially by the study of mankind. At the time referred to he was acquiring that knowledge, and maturing those habits of self-command which gave power and effect to his public efforts; and the uncle lived to see the reading boy, of whose future he had entertained such grave doubts, take a distinguished place among the foremost men of his time, while reverses and misfortunes in business overshadowed his own later experience. Mr. Cobden allowed fifty pounds per annum to his aged relative during the remainder of his earthly life. After Richard left his uncle's warehouse, he became a commercial traveller, and subsequently took his place as partner in a Manchester firm; and it is stated, on good [redacted] that at the time he embarked in the League agitation

tion his own share in the profits amounted to £9,000 per annum. Mr. Cobden, however, had an ambition, for which the details of a counting-house or manufactory could not find sufficient scope nor adequate employment. From almost his first appearance in Manchester he took part in the local politics of the borough, as well as an interest in the larger and more national questions of the day.

In Mr. Cobden's career, so far, there is nothing remarkable and nothing to distinguish him from a great number of our public men. In all communities, but especially among the Saxon races, there are examples of a like success. In our own country there are many who, from a humbler origin and with fewer advantages of education, have attained position, and in fact won for themselves or their immediate descendants the highest honours of the State. There could be collected a still more numerous list of examples of men who have raised up colossal establishments, and realized princely fortunes from smaller beginnings. But Cobden stands among the few who have abandoned lucrative commercial pursuits to pursue a public object, and who have declined to receive, in the shape of title, office, or pension, that reward which is usually reserved for distinguished services, and can be received without suspicion or reproach by the man of strictest principle. Mr. Cobden declined all this in the most quiet and unostentatious manner. There was nothing of the cynic in his nature, nor was he insensible to the intended honour. The refusal was, however, an evidence of his inflexible tenacity of purpose. He knew that nothing the Government of his country had to bestow could add to a reputation so honestly and honourably acquired, but he felt that possibly it might impair his influence. He was faithful to his mission. He was wont to say that the triumph of free trade principles would never be complete so long as a custom-house remained upon any shore, or a single tariff existed. It was the duty and business of his life to give expression on every available opportunity to the great idea which first moved his mind against the Corn Laws. The highest offices or titles could have no attractions for him, but even if their acceptance would have been agreeable he would have rejected them, inasmuch as he would have felt that they might fetter his free action, or surround him with obligations from which it would be difficult to break loose.

It will not be an unprofitable retrospect to look back upon the time when Richard Cobden appeared on the scene as the apostle of free trade doctrines. He had acquired a reputation as a writer by the appearance of some letters in the local journals,

journals, and by the publication of a work on 'England and America,' and another on 'Russia.' Although these works were published anonymously, as written by a Manchester manufacturer, it soon became known that the author was Mr. Alderman Cobden. Had he sought to win renown as a successful agitator, no career could have seemed so unpromising at the time as that of joining in a crusade against the Corn Laws. Their retention was fought for as stubbornly as slavery has been subsequently contested in America, but with this difference, that we have been able to settle our disputes without an appeal to the arbitrament of the sword. The protectionist party were all-powerful in Parliament, and had an immense influence in the country; and, besides this, although there was much and wide-spread distress, the minds of the people were uninstructed as to the actual causes of that distress. There was great apathy among the manufacturers themselves, and the working classes, who began to declare a bitter disappointment as to the result of the Reform Bill, had joined in an agitation for the People's Charter. Among the more intelligent of the working classes Socialism had obtained many converts, and, both by the Chartists and the Socialists, the free trade doctrine was regarded as a nostrum which would increase competition, place more power in the hands of the manufacturers, and grind down the poor to a lower depth of poverty and degradation. This was the state of public opinion when the Anti-Corn Law League commenced its active operations; but, on the other hand, it had justice behind its demands, and it was aided by those terrible teachers—starvation among the poorer, and bankruptcy among the middle classes. Ever since the termination of the war there had been periodical visitations of distress, and by turns all the manufacturing districts had bowed before it. Each shock seemed heavier than the one which had preceded it, and although there might be occasional gleams of prosperity, the gloom was never wholly dispersed. A storm seemed impending that threatened nothing short of social disorganization. In 1838 the distress was extreme in many parts of Lancashire, and in Bolton it had reached an almost unexampled severity. Of fifty manufactories in that town thirty were entirely closed. About five thousand workmen were out of employment, one-fourth of the houses were without tenants, and the prisons and workhouses were full to overflowing. Dr. Bowring, who then represented the borough in Parliament, had brought the question before the House, and an inquiry into the extent and causes of manufacturing distress had been made, but without resulting in any specific measure

measure of relief. Dr. Bowring insisted upon ascribing the want of employment and consequent suffering to the existence of the Corn Laws. A committee of the principal manufacturers had been formed in Manchester for the purpose of inquiry, and Mr. Paulton, a young surgeon, who had delivered some powerful addresses in Bolton on the subject of the Corn Laws, was invited over to Manchester to repeat the lectures. A petition against the Corn Laws was adopted by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and an association was formed, which in a brief space of time enrolled above twenty-five thousand members. This association commenced the *Anti-Bread Tax Circular*, and sent forth Mr. Paulton and a staff of lecturers, who found willing listeners and made many converts.

Mr. Cobden was not a careless observer of the movement. At a meeting connected with its object, he had been describing the birth, growth, and the principles of the Hanseatic League, and other associations which had sprung up in the middle ages—to assert the rights of the burgher classes against the encroachments of aristocratic domination. Some one in the meeting, in a moment of enthusiasm, shouted out, 'Why should we not have a League?' The speaker caught the inspiration, and said, 'Yes! an Anti-Corn Law League.' That moment found a name and a leader for the new association, and from that hour Richard Cobden became a power in the country. In 1841 he made his first speech in the House of Commons, amid the derision and amazement of the country gentlemen; but that speech established him in the assembly as a man thoroughly in earnest, and fully understanding the great principle he had been sent there to defend. We leave the further history of that time, but it can never be perused without pausing to reflect upon the lustre given to two great names—those of Sir Robert Peel and Richard Cobden. There were others who took a glorious part in the great struggle, but so many that even to name them is impossible, and all but one selection would be invidious. None will think their own pretensions slighted if at such a moment, when the nation is mourning a great loss, we confine ourselves to one great name, that of John Bright, a man whom Richard Cobden especially reverenced and loved, and who repaid that love with true loyalty and unswerving faith.

We turn from the history of Richard Cobden to contemplate the man himself, and we do so because in many of the flattering notices of his death there is evidence that he was not fully understood. It has been the fashion in certain quarters, and among those who could not appreciate the sterling qualities of a mind like that of Richard Cobden, or who

who from interest or inclination sought to underrate the man, to represent him as working from contracted views, as misinterpreting the teachings of history, arrogating the functions of the prophet, and signally failing in the correctness of his predictions. While they give him the fullest credit for honesty of purpose and directness of action, they do so at the expense of his judgment and sagacity. They have pronounced him a mere political economist, ignoring all principles which do not bow absolutely to the stern rules of his own science, and as being, in fact, one of the founders and one of the strictest teachers of the Manchester School. These objectors do not inform us what are the admitted or supposed tenets of a school which is inferentially condemned, but which, at the same time, is said to include many of the most practical minds of the age. Generally, we may assume that they point out its philosophy as one that places commerce above everything else; they tell us that its disciples are men who look with vulgar scorn upon all that is glorious in our traditions, and upon the memories of heroic achievement and noble sacrifice bequeathed to us by our forefathers, and hold as an article of political faith that art, literature, and science are only worthy of cultivation to the extent that they can be made subservient to the purposes of trade. There are men, it is true, and it is to be feared that they grow in numbers in the same ratio of increase as the wealth and prosperity of the country, who intensify their desires and their aims, and concentrate all upon the acquisition of wealth. The desperate energy with which such men follow out their favourite schemes, and prosecute the most gigantic undertakings, serves no doubt an important and useful purpose, inasmuch as the results enable us to enter into successful competition with the world, and to carry our productions to the uttermost ends of the earth. But while they give power, perhaps in a much larger degree they bring weakness to the State. To make commerce the one great object of pursuit, rather than subservient to the higher purposes of life, is to invert the proper order of things. In all ages of the world the moralist has proclaimed the same great truth, that wealth has a tendency to generate corruption and decay, and the moral has been enforced by pointing to the wreck of empires which survive only in name. It is not less a truth now than when it was taught amidst the flourishing civilization of Carthage, that opulence begets luxury, luxury leads to effeminacy, and effeminacy to decrepitude and premature death. Communities, like the individual members of which they are composed, if they disobey the moral laws of God, must submit to the punishment. When we speak of danger

danger to our country, let us be sure that we do not overlook the quarter from which it really threatens. Some may look for it in the power of an aristocracy, others in the aggressions of democratic violence or impatience, but with our free platform and free press there is no calm politician will see any substantial danger from such sources. After some contest and much oscillation, these powers will adjust themselves in the balance, and acquire their fair share of power in the management of public affairs. There is danger in a mere money power acquiring ascendancy, and in a host of contractors and traders obtaining high office, and using the power thus obtained to the furtherance of selfish schemes and unpatriotic ends. There are men now, as there were in the days of the Saviour, who would carry their merchandize into the temple of the Most High, and who would not hesitate to make the altar itself an article of trade. This money power is now a sign of our weakness—it may be the omen of our fall.

If a philosophy ignoring the moral laws be the open or covert doctrine of any school, Mr. Cobden was neither a teacher nor student in it. No man had less respect for wealth for its own sake, and no one looked with greater pity and contempt upon those who seemed to amass it for the pleasure of accumulation. Professor Goldwin Smith tells us, in his letter to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, that he heard Cobden say, in reference to a covetous and dictatorial millionaire: 'That man talks as if his words were shotted with sovereigns; and yet it is not money that deserves respect, but a generous use of it.' He reverenced deeply such men as Joseph Sturge, who used the means at their disposal with a liberal hand, and regarded money only as a means of doing good. His remark in private to one of his friends on the death of Joseph Sturge was this: 'This was a truly good and great man. He spent nothing in self-indulgence. He regarded his wealth as so much money held in trust, and manifested no anxiety but as to the means of applying it for the good of others. I wish we could infuse his spirit into many of those who, with greater possessions, make only a parsimonious use of great wealth for purposes of philanthropy and public usefulness.' Many instances might be cited of his expressed opinions on this head. On one occasion, when an intention was intimated of going to a person to solicit a subscription for the promotion of a public object, who had obtained a reputation for great parsimony, although possessed of ample means, Cobden remarked: 'You might as well appeal to his money chest.' Those who mixed with him know how little he esteemed the possession of wealth, and how his eye glistened at the mention of

of any generous deed, or any munificent gift for the public benefit.

Richard Cobden was not a mere political economist. It has been common among a certain class of writers and speakers, especially among the propounders of philanthropical specifics for existing ills, to decry political economy as a system built up by artful men to advance capital at the expense of labour, and its professors have been treated as if they were the authors of the laws it was their business only to study and explain. There are others who, with scarcely less injustice, have condemned the science because it deals only with the material interests, and does not aim at the moral improvement of mankind. They contemn it because it does not step beyond its own proper province, and usurp the chair of moral philosophy. There has been very much of this idle declamation among men who never gave themselves the trouble to study the first elements of the science they hasten to reject. 'Let us,' says Bastiat, 'guard against these puerilities which obstruct science. In wishing to pass for philanthropical we cease to be truthful; for it is contrary both to reason and to fact to represent moral development, self-respect, the cultivation of refined sentiments, as preceding the requirements of simple preservation.' It is not a device of man, but a law of God—that food is the first necessity. The animal wants must be met before the moral and spiritual nature of the man can be reached. It is the ordination of Divine Wisdom, and is as imperative and unerring in its operation as the law of gravitation. What meaning is to be found, then, in the philosophisms which flow from men who despise political economy, and talk of intellectual culture and moral advancement as worthy only of consideration? They would be wiser than what is written. All experience has shown that the schoolmaster or the missionary have but a poor chance of usefulness among a population existing on the verge of destitution. Privations and hunger have driven nations mad before now, and within the present century in England the want of bread among the working classes has broken the ties of nature and made savages of civilized men. Those who in 1838 investigated the condition of the operative classes, saw that the first requirements were food and raiment, and they commenced a struggle against that law which had the double effect of limiting the field of employment and raising the price of food. Freedom of trade was not all that was wanted to raise up a people sunk in moral degradation and physical misery, but it was that without which all other boons would have been offered in vain. Richard Cobden and the

the more enlightened of his colleagues took this ground. It was the first step towards social redemption and national regeneration. It was the great burden of the appeal made by them to the masses, and they would not be driven from it by the invective or scorn of opposing interests, nor lured from it to pursue the subtleties or artifices poured out before them from press, pulpit, and platform. They took up a great economical principle. It was their duty to vindicate it, and although it might appear to some to embrace only sordid considerations, and be confined within the narrow limits of trade and food, it was the vital question of the day, and the discussion would have been not aided but embarrassed by blending with it any of the plans of social amelioration or political reform which then solicited the attention of the public.

But Richard Cobden, although he made this the present aim, did not contemplate it as the end. He looked, like all great reformers, upon the remote consequences of the changes he sought to accomplish, and the future seemed to him clear as day. The laws which limit the market and raise the price of food tend to impoverish the workman, but they prevent the free intercourse of nations, create jealousies among peoples, and render necessary, or furnish pretexts for maintaining, large armaments. In the conclusion of his work on 'Russia,' published in 1836, he prominently brought out this idea, and it pervaded all his speeches on free trade. In the work on 'Russia' he appealed to the reader to recommend his work in proportion as he might feel that it supported 'sound views of commerce, just principles of government, freedom, improvement, morality, justice, and truth.' In his speech at Manchester in October, 1842, he spoke as follows:—

'Never lose sight of the fact that this great movement is distinguished among all others which have agitated our country in that it has not exclusively in view local interests, or the internal prosperity of our own country. You cannot triumph in this conflict without the results of that triumph making themselves felt to the ends of the earth. The realization of your doctrines will affect not merely the manufacturing and commercial classes of this nation, but the moral and material interests of humanity on the whole surface of the globe. The moral consequences of the principle of commercial liberty, for which we contend, have always appeared to me, amid all those involved in our movement, to be the most imposing, the most worthy to excite our emulation and our zeal. To establish commercial liberty, is at the same time to establish universal peace;—it is to unite, by the cement of reciprocal exchanges and benefits, all the countries of the world. It is to render war as impossible between two nations as it is between two counties of Great Britain. We should, then, no more see those diplomatic intrigues by which two men, through mere dint of professional [illegible] dexterity between a minister in London and a minister in Paris [illegible] by enveloping two great nations in all the horrors of a [illegible] should no longer see such monstrous absurdities, when [illegible]

united as they would then be by their interests, every counting-house, every warehouse, every workshop would be the centre of a system of diplomacy, which would tend to peace in spite of all the arts of statesmen to kindle war.'

It is not necessary to multiply quotations from his speeches to prove that his views were not narrowed down to questions of 'cheap bread' and 'cotton prosperity.' In 1848 he vindicated himself and his colleagues from imputations such as we have referred to, in the following words. They are extracted from a speech delivered in the Free Trade Hall on 24th January in that year :—

'Now, gentlemen, you will bear me out, that, throughout the long agitation for free trade, the most earnest men who co-operated with us were those who constantly advocated free trade, not merely on account of the material advantages which it would bring to the community, but for the far loftier motive of securing permanent peace between nations. . . . I, who have known most of the leading men connected with the struggle, and have had the opportunity of understanding their motives, can say that I believe the most earnest, the most persevering, the most devoted, of our coadjutors, have been prompted by those lofty, those purely moral and religious motives to which I have referred, and especially for the object of peace.'

The volume which is named at the head of this article, and is a re-publication under his own revision of all the speeches delivered by Mr. Cobden in 1849, will show that his views on foreign and domestic policy were enlarged and statesmanlike. For a time they subjected him to severe criticism from the press, but his friends can now appeal to them as giving the best evidences of his true English heart and genuine patriotism. He dared to speak out when large numbers of his former friends thought it prudent to be silent, or felt that he was engaged in an unavailing opposition to the national sentiment, and when others pronounced him mistaken and wayward in his views. The compiler of these speeches in the preface says :—

'The orations of 1849 are as distinguished as any of their predecessors for homely, earnest, and appropriate language—for substantial, apposite, and vigorous thought—for calm and clear statement, for correct and forcible argumentation,—for pertinent and felicitous illustration, and above all for that logical and effective arrangement of statement, thought, argument, and illustration, which so prominently characterizes all Mr. Cobden's productions.'

We do not know the hand which wrote these lines, but we have read the speeches since Mr. Cobden's decease, and we fully endorse the judgment which had thus been passed upon them, so long before public events had justified so many of his views, and before his death had invested them with so melancholy an interest. The next generation will be better able to appreciate how far he read correctly the political history of the past and of his own times, and to what extent he

he erred in his judgment as to the effects of the policy of England upon the civilization of the world. Where he ventured to pourtray the probable consequences of a particular set of measures, it will be found that his sagacity was seldom at fault, but posterity will do him justice when they can more clearly peruse his anticipations by the light of the results. It was fully half a century before Lord John Russell justified the declaration of Charles James Fox, that the war against the French Republic was an unnecessary war on the part of England; and it is possible that the next generation may look back with incredulity and amazement upon that part of our history which records the panics under which the mind of England quailed in the early days of the restored Republic of France.

The volume before us is full of interest. If carefully read, it will correct those misapprehensions which have been widely spread, and which were fostered and propagated by the press. It will show the nature of the connection between Richard Cobden and the peace movement. The newspapers invented a 'Peace at any price party,' and placed him at the head of it. This miserable phrase supplied the place of argument for some years, and was hurled at the head of every man who questioned the policy of spending large sums of money upon national defences, who objected to loans for war purposes, or who ventured to assert that two great nations were frightening each other, and without any real danger of aggression on either side. It so happens that Mr. Cobden was not, and never had been, a member of the Peace Society, although such a connection would have been no discredit. That body was composed of many of the purest-minded men and most sincere Christians in the community, mainly members of the Society of Friends. They believed that human life was sacred, that war was anti-Christian, and in their own quiet and unobtrusive manner they had promulgated their views, and done much good. This body of men had been scoffed at by some, and by others regarded as a set of amiable enthusiasts, who were wasting their energies in pursuit of an impracticable object; but they passed on in their quiet path of usefulness without attracting much notice from the press or the platform. At length it was urged upon some members of the Peace Society, who had mingled in political affairs, that there was a large amount of opinion, in all the countries of Europe, and also in America, opposed to war as a means of settling national disputes, and opposed also to the maintenance of large armaments, believing them to be not so much measures of protection as temptations to war and aggression, judging them

them as more offensive than defensive, and affirming that it was desirable to adopt some means of uniting this scattered opinion, and giving it practical expression in such a way as would be most likely to influence the governments and the peoples of the world. It was alleged that there were thousands of men who did not adopt the abstract principle of the Peace Society, who would aid such a movement. Elihu Burritt had been labouring to this end, and ultimately Joseph Sturge, Samuel Bowly, Rev. Thomas Spencer, William Ewart, M.P., Edward Smith, Joseph Cooper, Charles Gilpin, and some other equally well-known labourers in the cause of peace and reform, took the initiative, and convened the meeting which led to the formation of the Peace Congress Committee. This committee was formed on a broad platform, and admitted those who did not subscribe to the programme of the Peace Society. To this committee Richard Cobden attached his name, and at the several Congresses held in Brussels, Paris, Frankfort, and London, as well as in Manchester and Edinburgh, he gave expression to his views as to the necessity of awakening public attention to the folly and extravagance of nations increasing their armaments. But in no case did he assert that peace should be maintained at any price, and, least of all, at the price of England's honour or safety; on the contrary, he said, 'Show me that there is any real danger, and that our defences are not sufficient to anticipate and provide against it, and then I will vote for an application of the largest sum that may be considered necessary to meet the emergency.' He asked not for total, but for gradual disarmament, entertaining the not unreasonable expectation that, as civilization advanced and intercourse increased, there would be less and less necessity for keeping up those means, offensive and defensive, the expense of which lay so heavily upon the industry of the people. In his speech in the House of Commons, on June 12th, 1849, on international arbitration, he thus spoke:—

> I do not anticipate any sudden or great change in the character of mankind, nor do I expect a complete extinction of those passions which form part of our nature. But I do not think there is anything very irrational in expecting that nations may see that the present system of settling disputes is barbarous, demoralizing, and unjust; that it wars against the best interests of society, and that it ought to give place to a mode more consonant with the dictates of reason and humanity.

The Peace Congresses attracted much attention, and those in the continental cities were attended by some of the most distinguished publicists of the time, and were convened under the special sanction of the governments of the countries in

in which they were held; but events arose which interfered with their progress and success. The internal convulsions that ended in changing many of the cabinets of Europe in 1848, and the rise of the man who, by a singular fortune, had been seated on the throne of France, succeeding each other, had distracted the public mind from peace projects, and fixed its attention upon preparations for war. The excitement in this country was intense. The journalists, with a few honourable exceptions, became alarmists; fed and pandered to the most childish fears; and chafed the prevailing flood of prejudice and passion. The press made capital out of the unpopularity of the man whom the French nation had elevated to the position of chief magistrate. The most ridiculous stories were circulated and believed, and on the strength of a sentence uttered by him in the early part of his career, and one of doubtful meaning, he was held up as nursing one master passion, and as seeking power only to gratify it by the subjugation of England. They could see no way for a great ruler and a great people to avenge Waterloo but to wash out the disastrous memory in blood. The vilest arts and meanest tricks were resorted to to misrepresent the motives of the man. In every sentence he uttered an endeavour was made to find an occult meaning, in every act of his daily life a sinister design. It was believed also that the French people, who have been hitherto renowned for a chivalrous love of glory, were to become all at once a body of pirates or brigands, to disregard all the laws of war as recognized by civilized men, and without cause, or pretext for quarrel, and without even a declaration of war, were at once to make an invasion of England. The extravagance and folly of the newspaper press could only be exceeded by the conduct of the same press, when, in the time of the Third George, we rushed into a war with Republican France, and opened a field for the display of that military genius, the greatest of modern times, which dazzled the world, enslaved the continent, and raised its possessor to an imperial throne. Mr. Cobden endeavoured in 1853 to stem this torrent of folly, and re-published, in a pamphlet form, three letters which had appeared in the *Times*. The pamphlet was entitled '1793 and 1853.' It brought upon him a storm of criticism, and shadowed his reputation for a time. That work, exhibiting the clearest views, and the most honest patriotism, can be appealed to now as the amplest vindication of his fame. In it he showed the true origin of our long war with France; how the passions of the people were inflamed by diatribes against the French as a people and against the ruler who had won an empire by his sw

He deprecated the idea that, in the face of a daily augmenting intercourse between the two nations, and a rapidly-increasing commerce, war was at all probable; and he boldly denied that there was any substantial cause for the panic which prevailed. He entered upon the history of previous panics, and showed up the shallowness of the panic-mongers; and he reduced his whole argument to an arithmetical formula—that if two powerful nations in fear of each other increased their respective armaments in the relative proportions of from three to six, they would in the end be no stronger than before.

From this time Mr. Cobden retired, in some degree, from public life, and devoted his leisure to recruiting his health, which had become impaired, and refreshed his mind by studying the condition of the different countries in Europe. He was not much heard of in public until he was employed by Lord Palmerston's Government to go out as plenipotentiary for England to effect a commercial treaty with France. This was accomplished with so much satisfaction to the respective governments, and so much benefit to the commerce of each country, that it has been considered as the second great achievement of his life. The amount of trade between the countries now, and which is increasing, and must necessarily increase, is the best guarantee for the maintenance of peace. It is possible that there are some omissions in the treaty, and that some important, as well as minor, matters were overlooked. The treaty is charged with great unfairness to certain interests, and this will require attention and supervision on the part of both governments; but, as a whole, the treaty has been highly beneficial to both countries.

This work was not accomplished without much difficulty. It was necessary to look over the involved and cumbrous systems of centuries; to pore over tariffs, treaties, and diplomatic negotiations of all kinds; and to carefully examine all the interests that would be affected by the change. In this case, again, a large portion of the press took the part of obstructives to progress. The men who sat in Paris to mature and develop the various clauses of a treaty to be submitted to the cabinets of the two nations were harassed by the misrepresentations and distortions of the press. Mr. Cobden declared to friends who called upon him in Paris that the greatest annoyance he had experienced in that arduous work was from the articles in the *Times*; that he had to meet men who, like himself, were only anxious to perfect a great object in the best manner, and in one most likely to be permanent in its results; but he was compelled to say that the newspaper most extensively read in his own country, and the one

one having most influence over public opinion in England, and which in France was supposed to represent English opinion, was misrepresenting the facts of the case, and was in fact hostile to the great purpose he was employed by his Government to carry out. With a feeling of disappointment and indignation he wrote home and requested that they would discontinue sending him the *Times*. This, and not any sense of personal insult or wrong received from it, was the cause of his not receiving that paper afterwards in his house. No amount of contumely heaped upon himself would have induced such a step, but he felt that the policy adopted by the *Times* was one inimical to the best interests of the country and of mankind.

He had throughout his public career strongly supported the views of those who laboured for the repeal of the duty upon paper and the stamp duty—the so-called taxes upon knowledge. It is possible that Mr. Cobden attached too much importance to the information to be gathered from the daily newspaper, and to the working man having it accessible to his use; but he was not in error in the view that the tax upon newspapers created a monopoly, and was a bar to free, open, and fair discussion. Mr. Cobden in his work, '1793 and 1853,' shewed the conduct of the press in the beginning and during the long continuance of the war with Bonaparte. During his own public career he had felt how powerful it was for evil, and if he singled out the *Times* for his mark of special reprobation, it was because from its position and influence it had the greatest power for mischief. During the free trade struggle, the *Times* was steadfast in its opposition until the League had become a great fact. In every other movement the same policy had been pursued. The *Times*, by the exercise of high talent, and the employment of large means, by a spirit of enterprize which did not hesitate to enter into competition with the Government itself in securing foreign news, and by great commercial tact, had won for itself the position of the leading journal of Europe. That position had given it a power over public opinion unexampled and unrivalled; but its power was not used to the best and wisest ends. In the days of Cobbett, that powerful writer had designated the *Times* by a coarse but an expressive epithet, that still adheres to it. It was ever remarkable as the friend of despotism abroad, and the enemy of liberty at home—the 'ever strong upon the strongest side.' It has always been more powerful as an enemy than as a friend, and has consistently opposed every popular movement, until that movement became too mighty for opposition or resistance, and then it has found reasons for changing sides, and rendered

its aid when that aid could have been dispensed with. Mr. Cobden did not hesitate to rebuke the insolence of such a power, but he rarely undertook such a task; he preferred the nobler course of leaving his own words and works to speak for themselves.

Mr. Cobden was, no doubt, sensitive to this conduct on the part of the press, in a slight degree for himself, but mainly on account of the public objects he sought to promote. It was a point upon which he often spoke with bitterness and regret. He felt how much talent was employed to unworthy ends, both by the English and French press. At an early age of the free trade struggle Cobden had made the acquaintance of Frédéric Bastiat, the great French economist, a man of kindred spirit to his own, and who fell a victim to over study and over work at the age of fifty; but who had given to France and to the world some of the best essays upon political economy which have appeared. Bastiat, in a letter to his friend Coudroy, gives a graphic and interesting account of his visit to Cobden in 1845: 'I hastened to Cobden's residence, where I met him, and had two hours' talk;' and he afterwards speaks of meeting Bright, and other members of the League. From that time they became fast friends, and corresponded up to the period of Bastiat's premature and painful death. They were men whose friendship was cemented by a common sympathy and a common cause. In their intercourse they frequently expressed their strong feelings of regret that national jealousies so vehement and so ill-founded should exist. The feeling in France was just as strong as that in England. M. Louis Reybaud, in a notice of Bastiat in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says:—

> Of all the prejudices which reign among us, there is none more deeply rooted than distrust of England. It is enough that England leans to one side to induce us to incline to the other. Everything which England professes is suspected by us, and we not unwillingly detect an ambush in all her measures. In matters of trade this disposition is especially manifested.

M. Bastiat writes to Cobden in December, 1846:—

> This cry against England stifles us, and gives rise to formidable obstacles. If this hatred to *perfidious Albion* were only the fashion of the day, I should wait patiently until it had passed away. But it has deep root in men's hearts. It is universal, and I believe I told you that my friends dare no longer talk of me in my own village, but *en famille*. This blind passion, moreover, is found so convenient by protected interests and political parties, that they avail themselves of it in the most shameless manner.

It was almost in vain for a long time that Bastiat spoke and wrote against this inveterate hatred of England, and one instance will suffice to show how this insane hatred was nourished.

nourished. In his own circle at Mugron he found a strong prejudice against England, and one day one of his friends, out of the many *Anglophobes* (it is Bastiat's own term) who were present, handed him a speech to read, and commented upon it with much bitterness. It was the translation of a speech of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, and it was made to conclude with these words: 'If we adopt this course, we shall fall *like France*, to the lowest rank among nations.' To this insult offered to his country M. Bastiat had no reply; he was silenced for the moment. On reflection, however, he felt great doubts whether the greatest of living English statesmen could entertain such an opinion of France, or, if he did, whether he would be imprudent enough to give utterance to it. He sent to Paris for the English newspapers, and found that the words *like France* had never been uttered; they were, in fact, the malicious interpolation of some one who had made the French version. This had one good result; it induced Bastiat to consult the English newspapers, which he ever afterwards did with great regularity, and this made him acquainted with the existence of the League. He subsequently published his spirited work, 'Cobden et la Ligue;' giving an account of the political and economical state of England, and the growth and progress of the League. This book obtained a good circulation, and was favourably noticed by the French journals. It gave an impulse to free trade principles in France.

The instance of literary dishonesty to which we have alluded was equalled, it cannot be surpassed, by many which disgraced our own literature during the free trade agitation, and more especially during the excitement which led to the writing and publication of '1793 and 1853.' Can it be wondered that men like Bastiat and Cobden, who had to encounter the full tide of these national jealousies, and who knew so well the means which were employed to keep them alive, should desire to see the press free; and further, that they should wish to see it compulsory upon every writer to give his own name as a guarantee for the correctness of his facts, and the faithfulness of his translations? We are not sure that such a regulation might not deter the modest man of merit from the publication of his views, so that society would thus lose more than it would gain; we are not sure whether it might not be more effectual in restraining the honest than in checking the licentious writer. The true correctives are a perfectly free press, and a properly instructed public opinion. Be this as it may, the suggestion will supply a rule for the adoption of the conscientious writer, a rule which

which Mr. Cobden, we believe, always adhered to—never to quote from second-hand, but to go to the original authority; never to state facts on the unsupported testimony of any one person without verifying them; and never to use statistics without comparing them with the tables, reports, or returns from which they are first compiled.

We have alluded to the labours of Cobden by which he was best known; but he was incessantly working in social and political movements at home. He took up the freehold land movement that has been worked with such signal success. In the free trade struggle he went down to the West Riding, and proposed to the men of Yorkshire that they should set about creating a number of votes, so as to secure the return of League candidates. In the space of two years the required number, about five thousand, were created; and, as the result, Lord Morpeth was returned without opposition. Free trade candidates were also returned for East Surrey and South Lancashire, and votes were being made by the purchase of small freeholds in every direction. The repeal of the Corn Laws put an end to the League and to creating votes. After a time, when the working classes became again restless as to the state of the representation, and began to agitate for an extension of the suffrage, the machinery of creating votes by the attainment of forty shilling freeholds was revived. Mr. Cobden gave countenance to the movement, and aided it with both voice and pen, by his practical knowledge and sagacious counsels. Mr. Cobden, with Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. W. A. Wilkinson, Sir Joshua Walmsley, Mr. Charles Gilpin, and Mr. John Cassell, was among the founders of the National Freehold Land Society, of which Mr. Cobden remained a trustee until his death. He took great interest in it, and rendered it most valuable assistance. Mr. Cobden's views on the suffrage were well known, but he attached more importance to the social than the political aspects of the freehold land movement. Many of the articles in "The Freeholder," a periodical published by Mr. Cassell, which had only a short existence, were written by him, but without his name, and they were mainly illustrative of the great advantages which would accrue to the working classes from the possession of small properties. This was a prevailing topic with him in private when speaking of the franchise. At a speech in Leeds he said:—

We are indebted to a working man of Birmingham, Mr. James Taylor, for making the greatest and best system of reform I know of. Oh! if in the days of Burdett and Hunt they had had some Mr. Taylor to preach to them, and say that for every threepence you drink you swallow a yard of land, we should have had a million of voters qualified by this time. The difference between the old plan and

Mr.

Mr. Taylor's was this—formerly the leaders used to say, "Come to the House of Commons, make a noise, bawl out, and tell them you want to get in, and ask them to let you in." But Mr. Taylor tells you that "you have got the key in your pocket, make use of it—go to the door, unlock it, and enter without asking anybody's permission." I like this plan, because it teaches men self-reliance. When allusion is made to self-reform, I mean the government of your own appetites. I am glad to see by the response, not only here but in London and elsewhere where I go, that the English people are determined so to work out their own emancipation.

Mr. Cobden devoted a great amount of time in promoting freehold land societies. He met at his own house and elsewhere the leading men engaged in them, and by correspondence with the leading friends of reform throughout the country drew a large amount of support to the institutions, and by his advice sustained them in their early action. It was his language:—'We must push on this movement. It will have a much more important influence than merely giving the man a vote. It will convince the most incredulous among the enemies of reform that there is an earnestness and resolution about the working classes. It will give the best argument in their favour, and supply a guarantee that they will use the franchise properly. But, above all, it cultivates among those who labour habits of forethought, and saves the money of the workman from the public-house.'

Although not a strict abstainer, he was an earnest observer and warm admirer of the temperance societies. He said that when he had to work hard he found it necessary to abstain from fermented and distilled liquors, and that at all times he found himself better without them. He looked with respect upon temperance societies, not only on account of the good they effected directly by inculcating lessons of sobriety and teaching the laws of health, but because they were educational societies in another sense. They taught to their members something of public life, and trained them up to the management of public business; and he would refer to those within his own circle who had commenced a useful career as members of the committee of a temperance society, and who had made their first speech from a temperance platform. 'In the early struggles of the League,' he sometimes said, 'and throughout my career, I found in every community a small body of men voluntarily come forward to help in questions of free trade, peace, education, and financial reform; and these men had become in the first instance known to the neighbourhood in which they lived, had acquired a local reputation, by their efforts on behalf of temperance reform.' His views had not become decided as to the Permissive Bill, but it was one of the questions which he had under careful consideration. He was slow in the later

later period of his life to enter upon new fields of action, or to give utterance to views on subjects not strictly within the range of effort he had marked out for himself; but he had a lively sense of the evils of intemperance, had witnessed too many of its fearful results, and felt too strongly the barrier it raised up to advancement and reform among the labouring classes, to pass by lightly any measure which offered effectually to oppose a check. His notions of liberty were enlarged but subdued, and there can be no doubt that in a short time, had he lived, he would have arrayed his name with those who would give to the majority of the people power to put down the public or private sale of intoxicating liquors. We have reasons to believe this from the tone of his remarks when the subject was brought under his notice.

It is not within our province to enter upon all the views of Richard Cobden. In this imperfect sketch we have done sufficient to vindicate his character, and to prove that he was truly a great man, cherishing from his youth great aims, and stimulated by a noble ambition. We have shown that the first programme of his principles was rigidly adhered to, and most faithfully carried out in his later career; that he went through a severe conflict, in which he had to encounter much hostility, but was never diverted from the object in view; and that he came out of it unscathed and with untarnished reputation. Amongst the many charges brought against him, he was never accused of tergiversation, of untruthfulness, or of personal rancour. In the proudest hour of his triumphs, as in the severest hour of his struggles, he retained the same simplicity of manner, the same kindness of speech and geniality of tone which ever distinguished him. In his public life he scarcely made an enemy; in his private life he never lost a friend. We will not intrude into that household which is sacred by its sorrows, by an attempt to show how much he was beloved by his own family, how much that love was merited, and how warmly it was returned. It is remarkable that Bastiat, his friend—the man who in France had done so much for free trade principles, was a man of like simplicity of character, equally beloved by those who knew him best, equally mourned by the great bulk of the men who had become disciples to the doctrines he taught, and perished by a disease very kindred to that which destroyed Mr. Cobden.

It remains for us now to ask, in relation to the great-hearted man who has been taken from us, wherein the secret of his power, and of his success? This inquiry will lead us once more to look at the man in his daily walk and conversation. He said that his mother was a woman of great energy

of

of character, and for a moment we may pause upon that remark to gather from it the lesson it conveys. Many great men have borne testimony to the same thing, and Napoleon the First said, at St. Helena, 'I owe all my greatness to my mother.' What Richard Cobden might owe to his mother will never be known, nor could it be estimated; but the simple testimony to that mother's character leads us to the great truth that women are, after all, the educators of the young, and that in the vast majority of cases the direction so important to the future life is given to the mind before it leaves the mother's care. Let the men who build up systems of education look to this. Are the women amongst us in any class of society better fitted for the great duty which Almighty God has committed to them to discharge, the care and culture of the young, in this generation, than they were in the last? Has not prosperity brought with it new desires and new aspirations, and has not a love of ease, of luxury, and pleasure taken possession of the young of both sexes? This is our great danger. The great men of all ages have been men of humble desires and hardy habits. Such men build up States; the men who destroy them are those who yield to voluptuousness and false refinement. Let us learn from the life of Richard Cobden to what a large extent the truest greatness is compatible with perfect simplicity of character.

It is clear that Cobden fixed upon a sphere of study in his youth. Many great geniuses have worn out their lives, and have left this world without achieving any worthy result, from having started without fixed aim or well defined purpose. They have aspired to many things and achieved success in none. Cobden's first letters prove the man. They manifest fixed views and settled resolves. No man of the present day changed his opinions less in the process of time; not that it is discreditable or a proof of weakness to abandon an old opinion for a new one;—it is more often a proof of strength of character;—but Cobden came into the public field after many years of patient reading, after much intercourse with men, and with his practical and sagacious mind well stored with facts and the fruits of study—all logically arranged and ready for use. The great feature of his mental character was persistency, and he possessed this faculty to as great an extent as any living man. It is the faculty of men who become the leaders of great parties, and of bodies of men. It enabled him to fasten his mind upon an idea until he had mastered it; upon a principle until he had examined it in all its parts. This endowment is conspicuous in his early works, but nowhere so remarkable as in the speeches referred to by us.

us. They are all complete pieces of argumentation. There is no parenthesis nor single sentence that does not bear upon the principle he intends to establish. No speaker is more clear, or more connected in the chain of reasoning. He never steps out of the way to borrow an illustration, and will scarcely employ it if it lies right in the path. He has been pronounced destitute of imagination, and those who judge of him by his writings may be excused for coming to such a conclusion, for no man was less poetical in public. He employed none of the arts of rhetoric, no florid declamation, and the perorations to his addresses were not relieved either by brilliant quotation or even by elevation of his own style, and seldom by increased earnestness of manner. And yet his speeches told powerfully—whether delivered in Parliament among statesmen and educated men, among merchants and tradesmen at the London Tavern, or among a mixed assembly at the Free Trade Hall. He fixed his audience at once, he kept them in hand, but never wearied them. He always satisfied them that he was in earnest, and that he spoke from a mastery of his subject—two great essentials before an English audience, and every sentence he uttered was felt to be part of the subject before him. His style was so clear that it required no effort to understand him, and his manner so impressive that no sense of weariness was felt under him. The faculty referred to was, therefore, one of the main elements of his success. It enabled him in early life to hit upon a congenial course of study and action, and in after life to steadily pursue it, and to give that quality to his speeches and writings which made them so instructive and attractive. With his high moral and intellectual faculties this ability of persistence gave him that tenacity of purpose and inflexibility of principle which was after all the great secret of his power among his countrymen. This lesson is taught by his life to the young man emulous to obtain an honourable and useful position:—Be careful to select a pursuit suitable to your talents and congenial to your inclinations, and then steadily follow it and qualify yourself for it; the proper field for employment will always be found.

But Richard Cobden was not destitute of imagination. He delighted in the fields and lanes, and among the beauties of nature. He could admire the humblest as well as the greatest of her works. Goldwin Smith records a remark which shows this, if there were not other instances: 'There are two sublimities in nature,' he said, 'one of rest and the other of motion—the distant Alps and Niagara.' His lively conversation exhibited a kindly appreciation of what is good in

in human nature, and a love of what is beautiful in the world at large, but his imagination was kept in subordination to his other faculties. There was another element of power in his public addresses, and this arose from his implicit confidence in the ultimate triumph of sound principles. He had faith in the inherent power of truth, and a generous and confiding trust in humanity. He always treated his audience with respect, appealing to them as reasonable men who were capable of understanding a plain argument if properly placed before them. He flattered no prejudice, pandered to no passion, resorted to no artifice, insinuated no subtlety. It was a theory of his that the popular heart is always sound, and that if it be not reached it is because the attempt has not been made in the right way. There is wisdom in this. No man will succeed in impressing others who is not in earnest himself; and no man will be eminently successful as a teacher who undervalues the truths he expounds, or who has a mean opinion intellectually and morally of those he addresses. The man who does not appeal to the higher faculties of his auditors—to the heart and conscience—may, for practical purposes, as well hold his peace.

Richard Cobden died in the path of duty. He felt great interest in the question as to the defences of Canada, and left his home at Dunford for London, with the view of speaking in the debate. The day was most inclement, a day on which men in robust health take journeys only on the most urgent business, and observing great precautions. He found on his arrival in London that he was unable from illness to attend the House of Commons, and had to retire to his lodgings in Suffolk-street, from which he was in a few weeks taken out a corpse. Of him it may be said, as he said of Bastiat, 'The death of such a man, under such circumstances, is full of melancholy interest, but teaches a sublime lesson. The incidents of his death will add emphasis to his teachings. The people among whom he lived, and for whose enlightenment and prosperity he laboured, will better understand how much he was their benefactor, how much more so than some of the men whom a false notion of glory has inspired them to worship.'

The character of a man like Richard Cobden is soon summed up. He had native talents, both intellectual and moral, of a high order, and well calculated for the career he marked out for himself. In early youth he began to cultivate these faculties, and to mature his mind for the great struggle of life. He sought out a field of action congenial to his inclinations, and, having fixed his aim, steadily pur[illegible]

through good and through ill report. It was his lot to achieve a large measure of success, and to die amidst the fulness of promise of a still greater success. This is alike the lesson and the moral—a career active, earnest, enterprising, divested of all sordid ambition; and a death mourned by the good of all countries. In his case he had not to pine under a sense of wasted or unrequited or fruitless labour, nor did he meet a grudging and niggard reward. Let the youth of England study the man and his life and labours over his simple grave. He served his generation with all his might, and nobly have they discharged their pious duty to his memory.

ART. VI.—MAT MAHONEY'S FIDELITY; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I.

VERY picturesque and peaceful looked a certain little town in Devonshire, in the mellow September moonlight of many autumns ago. It was an old-fashioned, straggling town, with here and there a strange gabled, bow-windowed house, standing up between the more modern buildings as if to remind the observer of the antiquity of the place. Its business and other affairs were conducted in a fussy, consequential kind of way, as if there was no town in all the land so important as this prim, insignificant little town.

The hour was nine: the clock of the Parish Church had just struck in tones not the most silvery. Perhaps the extreme quiet of the place made them seem to clang rather harshly. Through the silent streets a vehicle was a rare thing to be heard at this time, and the voices and footsteps of the few pedestrians sounded audible enough. Most of the shops were closed, excepting here and there a huckster's, and the public-houses, which were neither few nor far between. From them gaslight streamed out on to the pavement, and struggled with the purer moonlight. The street lamps were not lighted; the town authorities were economical souls, that could not conscientiously give the folks gas when they had the moon to lighten their darkness withal.

However, the authorities were kinder than they meant to be in turning off the gas, for the picturesque effect of the moonlight on the old town was heightened, not marred, by the absence of artificial light.

There was many a lighted window-blind, though, behind which well-to-do folks were holding social gatherings; and many a lighted window without blinds, through which the passer-by might see the thrifty cottager at her lace-making, or engaged with her household jewels, the merry children.

Along a street mainly occupied by these humble folks, a tall, portly, aristocratic-looking man strode with firm, measured steps.

Now and then he turned his stately grey head and looked in at these uncovered windows, as a fire gleam or the more sober glow of candles attracted his eye; and when he saw the women so peacefully engaged with their lace, or heard the rippling of childish laughter, he sighed and said to himself, 'How happy the simple cottagers are in their humble homes! fathers and wives and children, how happy they are! How little could they imagine or understand how desolate I —'

He had just turned into the principal street, and, as if to give the lie to his unspoken words about the happiness of the poor, the first thing that met his view was a man bending over the insensible form of a woman on a door-step. He was uttering plaintive ejaculations, and words of entreaty and coaxing.

'What's the matter with the woman?' asked the gentleman, standing and planting his silver-headed walking-stick firmly on the pavement.

'Och, yer honour, there's somethin' the matter intirely, as yer honour can see, but it's not for myself to be pratin' out

out the faults o' my own wife,' said the man, looking up at his interrogator, the moonlight revealing a strange expression of shame and sorrow on his wrinkled face.

'Is that your wife?' said the gentleman, fixing his eyes on the woman; 'surely she is much younger than you are.'

'Only fourteen year, my good gentleman, it's myself that looks a deal older nor I really am; throuble have whitened my hair, which was once as black as the wings of a crow intirely, like my own Bridget's here. It's throuble as is the white dye, I'm a-thinkin'. Come, my dear sowl, Bridget, it's past nine o' the ould parish clock, and it's yerself as ought to be tucked up in pace now, at all.'

The woman, though past forty years, still retained a somewhat young appearance. She had a slight figure, and a decidedly Irish type of face. She must have been beautiful in her youth. Indeed, had it not been for her flushed face and swollen lips, she would have been very pleasant to look upon now. Her hair fell in rich black masses from under her old bonnet. Her eyebrows were full and arched, and the eyelids with their long black fringes were closed over a pair of bright black eyes, which, years ago, had completely bewitched the simple, honest-hearted fellow who now bent so tenderly over her. He smoothed away the heavy hair from her low, sunburnt forehead, and called her by the most endearing names; but all to no purpose. Her hands hung down as heavily and lifelessly at her side as if she had been a dead woman.

The gentleman saw what was the matter, and he sighed again.

'It's a great trial to you to have your good wife so,' said he, feeling, however, the impropriety of introducing the adjective. But the word was not lost upon the Irishman.

'Thrial!' he echoed 'don't mintion it, yer honour: the word isn't half sthrong enough at all at all, to tell what my poor ould heart feels about this jewel. But God bless yer honour for callin' the poor crathur *good;* she is that same, barrin' this one fault.'

'What was the reason, now, of her giving way to this sad habit?'

'Bless yer honour, that's jest the most puzzling question ye could have axed me. Some things is done without a raison all, and sure this is one. He drew his arm from under her head, pulled off his old hat, deliberately knocked the side in to make a hollow, and slipped it under her heavy head for a pillow; then he stood up beside his interrogator, his rough hair blowing about in the cool breeze, and continued, as he looked down at his wife, 'Twenty years ago I married her. I loved her thin with all my sowl, and I loves her jest as well now, and shall as long as this ould body and sowl hangs togither. Five year ago she ran away from me, and though I searched far and nigh I niver got on her thrack till a month or two gone by. Och, if yer dear heart knew what I suffered thim five year! I was iver a thinkin' of her by day and dreamin' of her by night; and now as I've found the poor wanderer I'll not again let her out o' my sight. And the woman's so good-hearted, yer honour, when she's in her sober sinses. She sorrows for vexin' me, and promises dacent behaviour; but afther once she gets out she forgets intirely; she's throubled with a mighty short mimory. Ah, Bridget, my darlin', I niver dreamt ye'd come to that!' A glittering tear flashed in the moonlight to the ground, and rather startled the poor husband. He hastily brushed his old coat sleeve across his eyes, muttering, 'Out upon me for a spalpeen as I am. But I cannot hilp it.'

'Have you any children?' asked the gentleman.

'No, yer honour; and bless the dear Lord for that same! I wouldn't have the lambs know any harm o' their mother. Bether be without the little crathurs.'

'Better, far better,' echoed the gentleman, solemnly.

'What is your trade, my good fellow?'

'Gardening, and mighty fond am I of my profession; but sorra a bit have I had to do for a long week or more. Does yer honour happen to know of any one as wants a handy chap to do 'em a turn with their garden? I'd be mighty plased to apply for that same sitiwation. Good rifirences, sir, I could take, for I've worked for my Lord Hartleton, living fifteen mile away yonder.'

'Yes, you can come to me to-morrow,' said the gentleman, as he slowly drew his card-case from his pocket. 'I should like to try you. Here is my name and address. Come up to my house at ten o'clock.'

and I'll see what I can do for you. Now you had better hasten home with your wife; such a resting-place as a door-step is most unfit for a woman while a cold breeze is moving. Good night. But stay, I did not ask your name?'

'God bless yer honour for such kindness,' said the man, with tears in his eyes, as he daintily held the little card between his great brown thumb and forefinger. 'My name is Mahoney, Matthew Mahoney, and sure I was called after the great Father Mathew himself, and it's one of his followers as I've been during fifteen year.'

'In what way do you mean?' asked the gentleman.

'In this, sir; as I've niver tasted for fifteen whole year a dhrop of anything like that as have laid my Bridget low this night.'

'Well, you look an able-bodied man. And do you mean to say that you have worked all that time on water?'

'That's been chiefly my dhrink, and I *am* ablebodied intirely, thank God,' replied Mat. 'Sometimes I feel to have the strength of an ox, which doesn't surprise me at all, seeing as me and the oxes choose the same biverage.'

A smile flitted across the gentleman's grave face as he turned away, saying, 'Well, good night, my honest fellow.' To which Mat responded with another ervent blessing.

'Do you know who's been talking to you?' said a man approaching Mahoney, as the stately figure moved away down the street.

'Why, yes, I'm jest goin' to see; he presinted me with his card,' said the Irishman, drawing himself up grandly, and holding up the card in the moonlight. '*Mr. Gillespie, Blandford Hall*,' he read with difficulty.

'A grand man,' said the other. 'Rolls in money.'

'Poor sowl!' quoth Mahoney, with a sudden, comical twinkle of the eye. 'I pity his poor bones intirely! That's a game as I shouldn't like to play at, myself.'

'Are you going to work for him?' asked the other.

Mahoney nodded.

'A grand man,' re-echoed his companion.

'I've worked for grander, bless your heart,' said Mahoney. 'I was on at my Lord Hartleton's for more 'an a twelvemonth.'

'Ah, but he's a sight richer than a lord, though he haven't got no title,' responded the other. 'But you know he don't make no show, because he's got a family trouble.'

'What's that?' asked Mahoney, with an interested air.

'His wife don't live at home. She's in a 'sylum somewhere, some miles off. You know it's kept quite dark (lowering his voice to a whisper), but the truth will come out, somehow;—she used to drink.'

Mahoney made an ejaculation, which need not be recorded, and the informant continued, 'So Mr. G. soon had her whipped off to a 'sylum. Folks *do* say as he was the cause of her going on so; he's so awful high and mighty, and keeps all his family at such a distance, and the missis, you know, was a lovely, tender bit of a flower, as wanted to love everybody, as you may say, and when the young ladies was sent off to school she reg'lar broke out, as I've told you, which the master didn't stand long. My lady was very soon packed off, and her sweet face haven't been seen in Blandford Hall never since."

'How long's that ago?' asked Mahoney.

'Five years, well nigh.'

'Bless his heart, thin,' said Mahoney, decisively. 'He've got more pluck 'an I have, for I couldn't serve my Bridget in that fashion. Now, I must be goin'.'

He stooped, and gently drew his old hat from beneath her head, and having adjusted it on his own, he tenderly gathered her up into his strong arms as easily as if she had been a child, and wishing his friend good night, strode away down the silent street with his burden.

II.

The silver moonlight streamed through the high narrow windows of the library at Blandford Hall, and fell upon the figure of the old gentleman whom we have already seen this evening. He was standing motionless as a statue, looking out at the dancing shadows of the trees upon the outskirts of the lawn, and away to the dense foliage of the park pertaining to his noble mansion. His hands were thrust a little way into the pockets of his vest, and he stood as if utterly unconscious of everything around him. The usually stern, rigid lines of his face seemed to relax into something like tenderness as he mused; or it may have been that the fair moonlight seemed to transform his features

features into pleasantness. The gaunt shadows lay about the room; there was not even the flicker of fire-light to stir them, for all flame had spent itself in the low ample grate, and only ash-covered red coals remained. The gas-jets in the massive bronze chandelier were so low that they merely served to render the gloom of the corners of the room more mysterious. But the occupant of the apartment was not of a nervous temperament, and the gloom and the mysterious shadows and palpitating silence were nothing to him.

Presently he turned from the window, and paced to and fro with a tread heavy though muffled by the richness of the carpet. After indulging for some time in this exercise, so easeful to one oppressed with agitating thought, he suddenly paused, drew down the chandelier, and turned the gas on so that the room was flooded with brilliancy; the shafts of moonlight that streamed through the windows on to the carpet grew pallid and well-nigh faded away, and the lurking shadows utterly vanished.

The light revealed a world of books. Tier upon tier they rose, gleaming with gold and rich binding—ponderous tomes of ancient lore looking out solemnly from their exalted positions, and gay modern volumes gleaming invitingly in crimson, and blue, and gold.

But just now the owner of this wealth of literature did not feel disposed to turn for solace, or information, or amusement to any of the books by which he was surrounded. His mind was evidently oppressed. He slowly pushed a chair to the end of the long table, and, sitting down, unlocked a drawer, and took thence a morocco case which he opened and set before him, propping it up with an inkstand. It contained a beautiful miniature of a lady. Mr. Gillespie folded his hands on the table and, leaning forward, gazed, as if fascinated, upon the wondrously lovely face before him. It was a fair oval face with a delicate bloom upon it, large blue eyes with an expression half-timid, half-pleading, and a sweet mouth that seemed tremulous with tenderness. Dark brown bands of wavy hair were brought rather low upon the white forehead, and gathered carelessly back under a band of pale blue ribbon, which was knotted gracefully at one side, and fell over the bare snowy shoulder. As the owner of this gem of art gazed into the mournful blue eyes that so calmly looked out at him, his own seemed to catch somewhat of their expression of tenderness. At length with a slow and sad shake of the head he said aloud, 'Adelaide, Adelaide, I fear thou wast more sinned against than sinning!' Then looking out at the sky, which from his place near the chandeliers looked dull and sombre, although it was silvery with moonlight, he added, in a kind of reverie, 'Matthew Mahoney and Bridget his wife: why should I meet with them to-night?—above all other times to-night, when my mind was so filled with thoughts of her? Brothers are told to forgive seventy times seven; Mahoney must have forgiven his wife oftener than that. I have not forgiven once, and yet she turned to me repentant. Mahoney evidently loves his wife, and is not too proud, shall I say, to show it. He cannot have given her cause, I think, to behave so sadly and shamefully. Can I say as much of myself?'

Here he rose, and re-commenced pacing to and fro.

'But it was easier for him to forgive than it would be for me,' he presently resumed. 'He has no name or position to be disgraced; the world does not point the finger of scorn, and raise a hubbub cry of shame around him on account of his wife. The two cases are very different. But is the publicity of my domestic trouble due to my inflexible sternness? It may be so. Had I shielded her, I myself would have been shielded from the wounding tongue of scandal. It would have been more politic as well as more Christian to have endeavoured to restore my Adelaide instead of casting her out from my heart and home. Would the poor man Mahoney have done this? He puts me to shame by his forgiveness and fidelity. Yes, Adelaide, I much fear me that thou wast more sinned against than sinning.' Here he took up the portrait, and holding it under the light, gazed at it again for several moments; then, closing the case, he replaced it in the drawer, and turned the key upon it. At this moment a gentle tapping was heard at the door. 'Come in,' said he. A young lady, dressed in light evening costume, entered. That a relationship existed between herself and the lady whose portrait Mr. Gillespie had been looking at was evident at a glance. She had the same sweet blue eyes, and wavy hair, though a shade or two

than that in the picture; but her mouth was firmer and less gentle in its expression.

'I fancied I heard you come in some time since, papa,' she said, 'so I thought I would come myself, and see. Shall you conduct prayers to-night, please?'

'I think so. Is George in?'

'Yes, papa,' said the young girl with an air of formal respect that was almost painful. But this the father exacted from his children, and seemed to prefer it to spontaneous tokens of affection, which we should naturally suppose all parents would prize above everything. And she added, 'George has been merciful to us this evening in giving us his company, or we should have been unusually dull. It is the anniversary of a day the remembrance of which cannot but painfully affect us. Excuse my mentioning it, sir?' she added, as she noticed the altered expression on her father's face.

'My dear, it is a painful memory to all of us,' he replied. 'Return to the drawing-room; I will be there in a minute or two.'

Emma Gillespie left the room in somewhat of a maze. Her father's words—more especially the first two—his tones, his whole manner struck her as being so strange. She had quite expected he would hush her up with some stern reproof for alluding to the day on which her mother was banished from the house. Her affections and sense of right were very strong, and she had never concurred in what her father had done. Sometimes, indeed, with a sense of sorrowful anger, that was almost pardonable, she tried to make a thrust at him; and she had fully intended following up her allusion to her mother with something cutting this evening, but that unexpected 'my dear' completely disarmed and startled her. She went back hastily to the drawing-room, and kneeling before her sister, who was reclining on a luxuriant velvet couch, idling with a book, she repeated the sentences that had passed between herself and her papa, concluding with, 'Well, it has spared me remorse, Josy, for I quite intended saying something for which I've no doubt I should have been sorry afterwards.'

'Ah, you are quite mamma's make-peace,' said the elder sister, Josephine; 'but for my own part, Emmie, I think mamma more to blame than papa; she should have had some little respect for us if not for herself. I think on the whole that papa acted wisely.'

The speaker was a tall, handsome brunette, with brilliant dark eyes, and shining black hair gathered back from her face with classic simplicity. She rose from the couch as she spoke, to put her book on the table, and her bearing was stately and dignified as her father's. The brother, George, already alluded to, stood before the brilliantly-burning fire watching the two girls with evident pleasure. They both possessed beauty, yet of so different a type that the contrast formed a pleasant study. Emma looked fairy-like in her flowing gauzy dress; Josephine looked regal as a queen in her gleaming robe of dark green velvet.

'Come here, Emmie,' called George from the hearth-rug; 'what has papa been saying to you?'

'What should you think? Now, don't expect the sky is going to fall if I tell you. He called me "my dear!"' Then putting her finger on her lip she suddenly turned round, for the door opened and her father entered. The bell was rung to summon the servants to prayer. Mr. Gillespie read a few verses from a handsomely-bound Bible, and then engaged in prayer. He said but a few simple words of his own, rendering thanks for the blessings of the past day, and asking protection for the night, and then commenced the Lord's Prayer, making a pause at the end of each sentence, as if trying to grasp the fulness of each simple phrase; and when he came to 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,' he repeated the petition, and, with an earnestness that was felt by all, parenthesized 'help us to forgive,' and then proceeded with the prayer.

When the servants had left the room, Mr. Gillespie drew an easy chair towards the fire, and said quietly, 'I met with a painful case this evening.'

Glad to have the oppressive silence that succeeded the prayer broken, Emma said, 'What was it, papa? do tell us.'

The old gentleman graciously complied with the request, and told them the story of Matthew and Bridget Mahoney.

III.

Matthew Mahoney was at the hall betimes next morning, and the master having given instructions to the head-gardener concerning him, ordered his horse and rode away, giving no account of

of where he was going, but merely telling his family not to wait luncheon for him, as he would not be back till towards evening.

In the golden light and peaceful hush of a lovely autumn morning he rode away from town and hamlet, and for twenty miles or so pursued his way, sometimes along the highway, sometimes across fields, until he came to a large building, surrounded by stately trees and well kept pleasure grounds, that made it look more like a gentleman's mansion than what it really was, 'a house for invalid ladies,' as the privately circulated prospectuses issued therefrom rather mysteriously informed intending patrons.

As Mr. Gillespie rode along the winding carriage road he saw several of the patients of this establishment strolling about upon the sunny lawn. He hastily put up his eye glasses and regarded them attentively; he was evidently looking for some one in particular. But amongst them there was no one that he knew. The countenaces of these ladies bore testimony to a moral disease rather than to any physical indisposition, and Mr. Gillespie noticed this with a sigh. 'Thank God!' he murmured, 'my Adelaide never looked so.'

Giving his horse into the hands of a man who came forward to receive the charge, Mr. Gillespie walked to the hall door, and rang for admittance. He was shown to the apartments of the mistress of the house. After exchanging a few words with her, he requested a private interview with Mrs. Gillespie. The lady left the room, and Mr. Gillespie rose, like one struggling with some strong agitation, and leaning both arms on the end of the mantelpiece he allowed his head to droop on to his hands, and there stood motionless until he heard an approaching step sounding along the floor-cloth of the hall. Then he raised his head, but still remained with his back towards the door. It was quietly and timidly opened, and as quietly closed. Still he did not turn round. A step approached him, a hand was laid on his shoulder. Now was the time, or never, now before he allowed a single word to escape his lips. It was great, — the struggle with pride and old habits, but he overcame, and turning to the shrinking little woman at his side, he opened his arms and closed them around her; and more than that, bent down and kissed her forehead again and again, until the poor thing fairly doubted whether she was awake or dreaming, whether in the body or out of it. The slight colour faded from her face, and left her pale with excess of hope, and surprise, and joy; and tears came to her relief.

'O Edward,' she said at length, 'what is the meaning of this?'

He held her off from him and gently pushed her into a chair, and stood gazing at her. It was the same face that he had pored over on the previous evening, yet not so fresh and blooming, neither were the large blue eyes so lustrous as those in the picture; and the wavy hair was fast changing from golden brown to cold grey. Years may have had something to do with this transforming work; but I would rather attribute it to the last few years of piring sorrow.

'Adelaide,' said the relenting husband, 'would you like to return home?'

'Like to!' she echoed, 'O Edward!' and then she lost control over herself, and sobbed convulsively.

'Come, come, Adelaide,' he said presently, 'you will do yourself an injury.'

'O no; these tears are but a drop in the ocean to what I have shed during the past weary months and years.'

'Can you forgive me, Adelaide?' he said, very quietly.

'For what, Edward? Rather would I say, can you forgive me?'

'Yes, you surely, now; but never myself,' he answered. 'If I never prayed before I did last night, that God would help me to forgive, and after a sleepless night of reflection and struggling with self, I at last resolved to go and ask your forgiveness.'

'O how good of you!' said the wife, humbly. 'Whatever made you think of doing so?'

'I took a lesson from the most faithful and forgiving husband under the sun, Adelaide. He put me to shame, and I want you some day to try your best to put his wife to shame, for his fidelity is thrown away upon her.'

'Then am I really to go home?' she asked.

'If you will.'

'If I will! O, dear husband, I am so overwhelmed with shame and remorse for what I have done; for the way in which I disgraced not only myself, but you and my precious children. I cannot understand how it was, how I could

sink so low; it seems all to me like a horrid dream. I felt so miserable, so desolate, such a yearning for something, and so I was deceived by that which seemed to revive and cheer me; but God is my witness I had no thought of sinking and falling as I did fall. Wasn't it shocking? O how bitterly I have reflected upon it! I suppose darling Emma and Josephine are home now? Do they know of it?'

'No, my dear Adelaide; let bygones be bygones. Let everything be new and strong from this day, resolves, affections, aims, hopes, let all be new and strong from this moment. Come, my love, and seal this with a kiss.' Scarcely daring to believe herself for joy, the lady advanced to her husband, and murmured, 'Edward, the old love is better than the young of long ago; it is more sure, I believe,' adding after a moment or two, 'God help me to show myself worthy of it.'

'And God help me to make some compensation for the coldness and indifference of the past,' he responded, solemnly. Then, to check his wife's tears which were still flowing fast, he said, 'Have you lost all your woman's curiosity, Adelaide? You have not asked a single question respecting that model of a husband to whom I alluded?'

'Who is he, Edward? I am really impatient to know something of him,' said the lady, as she wiped away her tears.

Mr. Gillespie stood on the rug with his back to the fire, and, with slow utterance, which was habitual to him, began the story of the poor Irishman, turning every now and then to look down at the lady sitting beside him, to mark its effect upon her.

'Poor fellow, good fellow!' said the lady, in tones of mingled pity and admiration, when her husband had finished the narrative. 'His fidelity should not go unrequited, Edward. Did you say that I could do anything for him?'

I thought you might talk to his wife some time, and try your powers of persuasion upon her.'

'Ah, I have little confidence in my persuasive powers,' said Mrs. Gillespie, looking into the fire, and shaking her head sadly.

'If you try them upon this man's wife probably you will find, Adelaide, that you have a heart of flesh, and not a heart of stone to work upon,' said Mr. Gillespie, understanding her mournful speech and air.

'I will try my utmost with her to please you, dear,' said she, rising and putting her hand within his arm. 'When am I to go home, Edward? To-day?'

'No, to-morrow, Adelaide. I will come over with the carriage for you. I must announce your coming.'

'You will not fail to come?' she said, anxiously.

'By no means, if I have life and strength,' he replied. 'And now I am going to stay and take luncheon with you to-day. I must let Mrs. Keet know this,' he added, ringing the bell.

IV.

The quiet joy of Mrs. Gillespie at finding herself restored to home and a warmer place in her husband's affections than she had hitherto known; the delight of her children—especially Emma and George—the pleasure manifested by the entire household in welcoming back the beloved mistress who, the domestics all agreed, 'had been hardly treated,' may be better imagined than described. Poor Mat Mahoney, who was giving great satisfaction, even to the exacting head-gardener, soon heard that 'his honour' had been somewhere to fetch 'my lady' home, and a long string of benedictions he invoked upon both of them, little conscious of how much he had had to do with causing such a revolution in the feelings of 'his honour' with regard to the long-banished mistress of Blandford Hall.

Mat caught a glimpse of Mrs. Gillespie as the carriage which conveyed her home passed through the grounds on its way. But he was anxious for a nearer view of her gentle face, and most unexpectedly his desire was gratified; for the very next day, as he was industriously bending over a flower-bed, who should startle him from a bit of a reverie but the master and mistress themselves?

Mat was nearly at his wits'-end with surprise and delight. He drew his athletic figure up, and doffed his old hat with a series of rapid bows, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on my lady. Her words were few and low.

'Your name is Mahoney, my good fellow?'

'Yes, 'm; yes, my lady,' he stammered.

'I want to see your wife, Mahoney; will

will you ask her to call on me to-morrow?'

'I'll *ax* her my lady; but it's quite another thing if she'll come. You'll excuse her, my lady, and myself for bein' so bould as to spake out in this fashion, but his honour there knows how the matther stands.'

'Yes, yes, I know,' said Mrs. Gillespie; 'but, now, do try to bring her yourself to-morrow; it is for her good and for your own that I wish to see her. Try your best to get her to come, Mahoney.' And the lady smiled and passed on.

'What a hangel of a crathur!' ejaculated Mat, with tears springing to his eyes, when she was out of hearing; 'couldn't I lay down my ould life for such a jewel! O my Bridget, my poor Bridget! shure if ye could get alongside o' such a hangel as this, some sort of a blessing 'ud distil upon ye.'

Somehow Mahoney got his good woman to make her appearance at Blandford Hall, though, as he many a time after averred, 'it was a precious sight worse than a five-mile jaunt with a stubborn calf,' and poor, trembling, disfigured Bridget Mahoney had an interview with Mrs. Gillespie.

'Mrs. Mahoney,' began the lady, 'we want a new lodge-keeper for our west lodge—the one that you passed on your way up to the house; and we have had some thought of asking your husband whether he would like the charge; but I thought I had better see you about it first, because in a case like this I think the wife ought to be consulted.' Poor Bridget nervously raised the end of her ragged shawl to her face, and dropped it again, but said not a word. 'Should you like to live there?' asked Mrs. Gillespie, gently. 'Oh, my lady, if ye *only* knowed how bad I am, ye wouldn't ax me,' said Bridget, bursting into tears.

'I ask you for your husband's sake, as much as for your own,' said Mrs. Gillespie. 'He is so good and kind, at least I have heard so, that I should like to do something to reward him.'

'Ye cannot have heard the half, my lady,' sobbed Bridget. 'There isn't another such a jewel of a man under the sun at all, at all! O I'm so mighty bad to him intirely! When I ponder on it I could go right away, and make a hole in the wather.'

'Nay, nay, Bridget, my poor woman. When you think of it don't you feel to want to be better, to please him, and to try to reward him for his goodness to you? O, my poor woman, many a grand lady might envy you such a kind and faithful husband as you have.'

'I know, I know, my lady, I don't deserve it at all,' said Bridget, between her sobs. 'Do excuse me, good lady, for takin' on like this; but my heart seems burstin'.'

'Yes, yes, I know how you feel,' said Mrs. Gillespie, turning away to the window, to give Bridget opportunity to recover herself, as well as to hide her own tears.

Presently, when Bridget's outburst of grief had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Gillespie approached, and not dreading contact with the degraded woman, laid her hand gently on Bridget's shoulder, saying, 'Mrs. Mahoney, you were once a happy wife, were you not? and had a happy home?'

'O yes, my lady.'

'But you are not happy now? Neither is your husband?'

'No, no, the Lord knows,' said Bridget, despairingly.

'Wouldn't you like to make him happy, and live comfortably together, as you did when you were first married?' said Mrs. Gillespie.

'O, but there ain't no hope,' sighed Bridget. 'We shall niver be happy again. He couldn't be happy with me, my lady. I runned away from him once, hoping as he would be happy when he was rid of me; but he searched me out, and brought me back again to make his dear heart writched, and niver a word of blame or anger did the poor sowl spake to me at all.'

'Well now, Mrs. Mahoney,' said the lady, hopefully, 'I want you to do something that will please me quite as much as it will please your good and faithful husband.'

Bridget looked up inquiringly through her tears.

'I want you to become a good, respectable woman, and get a pretty and comfortable little home for your husband, and try to make him happy. If you do this I need not tell you that you will be happy yourself. I shall help you in many ways, but you must first promise one thing.'

'What, my lady?'

'That you will give up your drinking habits, my poor woman. You can do so, if you get help from God. You are neither respectable nor happy now, but if you would follow your husband's example,

example, *and my example*, you would be, and that very soon.'

'*Your* example, dear lady?' said Bridget, as if the words had mystified her.

'Yes; I am like your husband in one respect, that I follow good Father Mathew's advice, and never touch any of those dangerous and unnecessary intoxicating drinks. That they *are* dangerous you know well enough; and that they are unnecessary, too; for doesn't your good husband work hard year after year without them?'

'That's true, my lady,' said Bridget, gazing down at the carpet meditatively. Then heaving a deep sigh she looked up and said, 'Och, now, I'd give the intire world if I could give it up, my lady!—for *his* sake.'

'I am sure you could if you would only try,' said Mrs. Gillespie, earnestly. 'If you will promise me, you shall have that pretty little lodge to live in, and come right away from all your old bad companions and their temptations, and make a peaceful home for your good husband. Will you try?'

'Yes, dear lady,' said Bridget, clasping her hands and speaking with true Irish fervour, 'I'll try with all my heart and sowl, and the good Lord in heaven hears what I'm saying, and I besache Him to help me!' Here she burst into tears again.

'Come with me,' said Mrs. Gillespie, in an unsteady voice. She led the way into the hall, and taking a garden-hat from the stand, put it on and walked out on to the terrace, Bridget following. Mat was at work not far off, and when he caught sight of the lady she beckoned to him. He immediately ran towards her, and respectfully doffed his hat.

'Mahoney,' she began, and then paused, for a step behind caused her to turn round. It was her husband. She held out her hand to him, and resumed, 'Mahoney, both I and your wife have a promise to make to you, which I hope will give you pleasure; mine is that you and Bridget shall have the west lodge yonder for your home, if you like; for as Mr. Gillespie wishes to keep you on, we think it will be well for you to be always on the spot; and your wife has to promise you that she will henceforth strive to be as faithful to you as you have been to her through so many painful years.'

'Yes, Mat, my darlin',' said the still weeping Bridget, as she stepped forward and took her husband's hard brown hand; 'I'm goin' to give up the drink intirely for once and all, and thry to make yer dear old heart glad all the rest o' yer days: and shure it's a king as ye'll be, livin' in such a place as this, as is for all the world like a fairy dream.'

'It's more like a dream to hear ye talk in this fashin, my own Bridget,' said Mat, dashing some tears from his face. 'Tell me, is it intirely thrue that ye mane to become a new woman?'

'I do mane it, indeed,' sobbed Bridget, hiding her face on her husband's bosom.

'Then the good Lord be praised!' said Mat, earnestly. 'And may He iver bless you, dear lady, for the kind words o' your lips to my poor Bridget, which have winned her over to make such a resolution as this; and God bless yer honour, too,' he added, raising his old hat to Mr. Gillespie, 'for iver spakin' a kind word to me, and bringin' me in the way of such a load o' blessin'.'

'I am pleased to help an honest and a deserving man,' said Mr. Gillespie; 'and I hope there are happy days in store for you, Mahoney. If your wife will only be as faithful to you as you have been to her, I know there must be a deal of happiness in store for you.'

Yes, and so there was. For Bridget's repentance was hearty and sincere, as was evidenced by her abandoning her drinking ways at once and for ever. She kept her new home at the lodge 'a perfect pattern,' and as she said to Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie one day when they entered the lodge to take a rest, 'My heart is always singin' for joy the live-long day, now I'm makin' my dear Mat happy; and good thoughts come into my mind while I'm at my work,—thoughts of the heaven above, and the blessed Saviour, as I believe have forgiven me for all my years of sin and wickedness; now my mind is clear,' she added, touching her forehead significantly, 'I can think o' these things.'

'Let us be very grateful to God at all times, Bridget, for His forgiving love and tender mercies,' said Mrs. Gillespie, gently. And as she walked homeward, leaning on her husband's arm, she said, 'I feel that we have reason to bless God every day for Mahoney's influence. Honest fellow! he has little idea of how much has come of his fidelity.'

ART. VII.—SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE BY THE LEADERS OF MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY.

As it would be with soldiers in a garrison, the aggregation of people in factories without due provisions outside the factory, is productive of irregular and inferior service, and frequent unintelligent action within the factory. As, however, manufactures on a larger scale have become more settled and systematized, and the consumption of goods more regular, and as capital has accumulated, many better educated and more liberal capitalists, with leisure to look beyond the walls of their manufactories, have introduced various improvements in the condition of their workpeople; some by providing better houses for them, others by providing improved schools for their children; and they have generally found that the improved external conditions, by bringing and keeping a more respectable class of people about them, have been attended by improved internal service in the manufactory. One great firm pays most sedulous attention to its own half-time schools, and will not, if it can possibly avoid, engage any one, even for superior positions, in its service, who has not gone through those schools. Whether it be single capitalists, or associated capitalists, in companies, co-operative or other, who will have to seek, and probably to compete for, new hands to meet the coming demands for the increased production of manufactured goods, it may be urged upon them that they would themselves do well to make more matured provision for a class of workpeople qualified for the better application than heretofore of the same wages, or of the improved wages which it will probably be necessary to give.

Sanitary science and economical science will now enable them to invite new comers by saying to them, 'If you join us, you may rely upon having fellow-workers of respectable conditions, and of being protected from the annoyance of association with habitual drunkards, or with persons of disreputable conduct, for we permit none such to remain with us. Our place of work is warmed and ventilated on the best principle, and provision is made for the personal cleanliness and comfort of our workpeople. You will have a convenient and self-contained house for your wife and family, well-drained and ventilated, and provided with pure water, as also with warm water laid on from the condensing water of our works, for baths and for washing, with a garden plot attached to it. Our workpeople have a co-operative store of their own, in which you may obtain wholesome food at wholesale prices, by which you will save twenty per cent. on your expenditure for food. Your children will have the advantage of a school under good teachers for physical as well as mental training, on the half-schooltime principle. We have engaged for the protection of the health and working strength of our people, the services of a medical officer of health, less to cure than to prevent disease, by seeing to the removal of its causes. If you attend to his suggestions, for yourself and family, while using our working and living rooms, you may reduce your sickness and insurance charges more than one half, and extend the period of your working ability more than ten years beyond the periods obtained in other places. This will enable you, under Mr. Gladstone's Annuity Act, by increased savings, to obtain a deferred annuity, that will give you easy and respectable independence when you are past work. In the ordinary conditions elsewhere, your doom, a premature death, after a wretched life, is certain. In the common conditions, in ill-drained, ill-conditioned, cesspool-tainted houses, without proper supplies of water, for which you will have to pay higher rents in low neighbourhoods, half your children will be in their graves soon after their fifth year, as you may see by the registrar's returns, all workmen's children are in Manchester, in Glasgow, and elsewhere. But here your wife may rear them all, and educate and train them all well; and you may enjoy with her and them the comforts of a cheerful home, to the comforts of which, each child as it grows up may, by duly moderated and salutary labour, contribute.' All this the enlightened leader of industry may promise and do, for we may show where one or other portion of the promise is fully performed by the most prosperous firms.—*Mr. E. Chadwick's Opening Address at York. Transactions of the Social Science Association, York Meeting. Pp.* 95-7.

IRISH CROCHET AND IRISH CROTCHETS.

One of the peculiarities of the crochet production was, that it seemed to grow under the hands of its makers, and to be developed according to their intention; and this intention was truly nature's own, for there never was a more ungoverned manufacture. Given the first idea—the impulse—and provided with the implements—the needle and the cotton—they ran along, fabricating with amazing speed, and weaving a web which exhibited a curious picture of their state. Their crude fancies knotted and gnarled the thread into shapes so various and extraordinary, that to examine them became a study—not of lace, but of people. Poor little girls! their notions of beauty were as rudimentary as those of the early races; their efforts were parallel to some that remain on the monuments of Nineveh and Egypt. They seemed, indeed, to begin at the beginning of woman's decorative conceptions, and unconsciously to produce the same forms that suggested themselves to the Babylonians, and to Pharaoh's daughters, ignoring all that subsequent civilizations have done for feminine taste.

This unrestrainedness gave the thing some of its most interesting features. The seed was sown broadcast, and the return indicated the nature of the soil into which it fell; even the degeneration of the growth into a weed, does not militate against the force of its evidence as to the condition and character of the ground wherein it fructified. The art was taught here, and there, and everywhere, and those who took to it, generally, in a short time, did what they liked with it, and then there came up quantities of material—not raw, indeed, but dressed into the most complicated entanglement of designs, according to the degrees of sophistication of the workers. How they wearied themselves, to find that which was never yet seen under the sun, and how they toiled and laboured, to make out a way in which to express their sense of the beautiful, is known only to those to whom their appeal was familiar, in the constant craving for patterns and help.

During this demand for crochet lace, a girl was sent on a message to a lady, who received her in her dining room; the moment she entered the room her eyes wandered all over the walls, and she seemed entirely forgetful of the presence of the lady, and of the errand on which she had come. Her strange manner was at first taken for the mere gaze of rustic wonderment, and was endured for a few minutes, exciting some little amusement; but when it lasted longer than seemed reasonable, and continued in spite of attempts to attract the girl's attention to the business in hand, it produced alarm, lest it might be an indication of insanity; and its persistence beyond all bounds induced a strong feeling that it was dangerous.

It was necessary to write a note in reply to the communication that had been brought, and the lady proceeded to do so; and, in order to do it without disturbance, she desired the messenger to wait in the hall. With an intensity of fervour that amazed her hearer, the girl preferred a request to be allowed to stay in the room. The lady, hoping she was harmless, though by no means comfortable under the infliction, acquiesced, and went on to indite her letter. An exclamation which burst from her companion, and which sounded very like the rapture of an enthusiastic admirer of some scene which gave special delight and enjoyment, made her look up.

The girl was in an ecstacy; she was engaged in copying the arabesques off the wall papering!

Utterly unconscious of the attention she was attracting, the artist went on with her work, and before the note was written, she had manipulated a little scroll with her needle and thread, and triumphantly produced it, declaring that 'there was money to be made out of *that!*'

No lace but this crochet could have been dealt with in this manner; all others submit to a certain amount of external control, and it is because of its singular qualities that we venture to deduct so many inferences from the vagaries of this species of employment. In the process of its dissemination, it was very observable that only some hands went to it, as it were, *naturally*. The motions it requires from the muscles are the reverse of those used in ordinary sewing; 'point' needlework, 'bobbin tossing' on the pillows, or other feminine handicrafts; it is, in fact, a movement *from* the body, not towards it, as in most other cases, and this kind of work was not taken up by all temperaments and organizations alike.

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It seemed to be appropriated exclusively by some members of the Irish family, and to be rejected by the others. Some that took it up among the Anglo-Irish treated it as the girls at C— did, and kept it within rules and restrictions, according to the nature of their orderly habits. With them it was simple matter of imitative necessity, not of genius and spirit; it was to them a stern business effort, not a wild enterprize, and had nothing in it for them but the plain prose of a commonplace work. To the others, it was a poem wrought with passion, and like the climate of the island, 'half sunshine half tears,' it was a mingled tale of smiles and sorrow.

Among the remarkable attributes of this lace were its localization, and the effects of this localization. Stitches settled, pitched, rooted themselves, and they could not be transplanted. The mode of working in one place could not be taught to the girls of another, so as to produce quite the same effect. This was tried with great energy and perseverance by the importation of workers, but it never succeeded. Each place persistently kept its own stitch; in no other neighbourhood could the identical turn of the thread, and the exactly similar loop, with equal tension or laxity, be procured; and this peculiarity is common to other laces. There are stitches in use in many continental localities, which remain firmly fixed in districts, and are not transmissible; and the same sort of adhesiveness is perceptible also in regard to any designs that are developed by untutored workers. Organization, no doubt, determines the action of the hand, and necessarily confines stitches to certain personal conformations. Connections, therefore, easily centralized stitches in different circles, and when this was done, there came a further effort, which indicated the influence of localization in an interesting manner. In combination, the stitches formed a pattern, and this pattern became a picture, and this picture was nothing more nor less than the characteristics of the neighbourhood, as they appeared to the eye of the maker. Here, in the small matter of crochet lace, the wondrous feminine idiosyncrasy betrayed its curious working, and the conception of the mind, through the vision, was developed in natural order. Crochet was topographical, and described its birthplace with a surprising accuracy. That produced in the boggy districts was full of minute fibrous interlacery, and the specimens from the mountainous, rocky places had a peculiar style, which displayed some notion of cubic proportions, while the pieces fabricated in the soft, damp, watery places of the green, fresh, vegetative south were overrun with flowers and foliage of the most luxuriant variety.

Orders for hundreds of dozen-yard-pieces of trimmings, of a certain pattern, were frequently given by wholesale warehouses, and buyers from them began to visit the Carriginis school every season, and used, themselves, to impress their instructions on the workers, with the stimulus of promises of good pay; and yet the girls could, with difficulty, be induced to perform what was required from them.

Mary Desmond, like the rest, was almost sure to have agreed to the terms proposed; and still when the day came to take in the goods, an extraordinary failure in the performance of the contract, on the part of the hands, was of constant occurrence, and Mary was more frequently the culprit than any other pupil in the school. The superintendent was always in a dilemma, caused by this insubordination. Her daily complaint was, the impossibility of executing the regular orders, though a great amount of exquisite work could be procured from the girls.

The feeling of the whole school was expressed in Mary Desmond's reply to an inquiry, instituted to discover the cause of this disobedience; and it was anything but satisfactory to find that the seat of the mischief was a radical force, one of those strange inclinations of nature, that direct alike the movements of the individual and the species, and are as unaccountable in the plant as in the animal.

'Mary, this is not the pattern you were to have made.'

'Sure I know it isn't ma'am, I don't want to impose on you, nor on the gentlemen.'

'Well, why did you not make the one you were told?'

'Is it that ugly old thing, ma'am? I never could do such a lot of bothersome work; it would tire the life out of me—all the same, all along, row upon row—I hated

hated to be at it, so I stopped, and then the girls pattherned by me. I'm to blame, indeed, for I put the spirit into them, or they wouldn't have dared to do any but the right thing through all.'

'Then I wish you would cease inspiriting them to do wrong to me, and injure themselves.'

'Oh, ma'am, we wouldn't wrong you for all the world, and we'd be as far from injuring ourselves.'

'But you have done both most effectually in this instance, and I will not pay you for labour that is not according to the agreement you made.'

'You don't mean, ma'am, that you won't take in these edgings, and give us our money for them?'

'Just that exactly.'

'Oh! you never will ruin us that way. What on earth, ma'am, would we do with them? Who'd take them from us? Sure the cotton is yours, and the pattern is yours, and no one has a right to 'em but your own self, and you'll have to get 'em from us. We must sell 'em to you anyhow.'

'But I don't want them. They are not what I require. Marsland's order was the *Shamrock* edging at five shillings a dozen. He won't take *Pine* for *Shamrock*, I can assure you, nor shall I offer it to him.'

'Then raly, ma'am, he is a great fool, for it's worth nearly double the money; and it is good value we're giving him.'

'Nonsense, it is you that are fools, to give him more work than he wants for the money. It is waste of time and material, for he won't have it. He and other dealers are particular to have the goods like the sample. They select for their market; they know what they can sell; you have no business to suggest, or to dictate in the matter.'

'No doubt, ma'am, we ought to have known better, but we didn't, you see; so, this once, don't lay the trouble on us of going home without our week's money; buy it from us yourself, and some other dealer will take it from you, and you'll lose nothing by it.'

'I knew it would come to this, and that I should have your labour at my own price; but it is not what I desire, and it is not—as you suppose—no loss, but the reverse. Our customer is disappointed, and perhaps injured; he is very much annoyed, and will certainly in future hold our engagements in disrespect. I am made ashamed, when I promise for you, and you fail to fulfil my agreement. We enter on the compact with a fair understanding on both sides, and I must say, it is very humiliating to me when I am obliged to be a defaulter in this way.'

'For pity's sake, say no more, ma'am, dear, we are melted to think that you should be put out about it. Take the edging for whatever you please to give for it, and we'll work our fingers to the bone to make good your word to the gentleman.'

This was a specious flourish, meant to mollify the superintendent's anger. Mary well knew that there was no time for completing the engagement. It was a matter more easily said than done; and she had no intention whatever of trying to perform her promise.

The superintendent had the pine pattern as 'a bargain,' and was left to get out of the affair with her correspondent as well as she could.

A bargain, indeed! No greater misconception of the nature of a bargain was ever formed. For whatever price the article was obtained, it could not be 'a bargain.' It would probably lie a whole year on hand, and when a speculating customer was found to take it, he invariably required it on some such terms as those on which it had been bought, and, finally, had it for a sum as much below its cost as it had been obtained beneath its intrinsic worth from the makers. No amount of reasoning could convey to the girls any idea of the evil influence which the system of selling 'bargains' had on the trade. It affected it perniciously from beginning to end. First, it injured the workers themselves, by deranging their perception of the value of their labour, and by destroying, from the very outset, their power of dictating a price for it. Then, instead of the managers being able to pay them, according to the amount of skill and taste displayed in their work, and time devoted to its manufacture, their uncertainty in producing anything 'to order,' made it necessary for them to purchase from them, on terms protective of themselves, against the refusal of the market to take the goods offered, in place of those which it required.

Often,

Often, when they were deluged by the workers with specimens of wild industry, they had just to surrender them to purchasers for whatever they would give for them, and so the progress of the mischief was promoted, which eventually made the whole business irregular, and unsatisfactory to the commercial world.—*The Lacemakers. By Mrs. Meredith.*

TREATMENT OF THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

The leading principles of the following directions for the restoration of the apparently dead from drowning are founded on those of the late Dr. Marshall Hall, combined with those of Dr. H. R. Silvester, and are the result of extensive inquiries which were made by the Royal National Life-boat Institution in 1863-4 amongst medical men, medical bodies, and coroners throughout the United Kingdom. These directions have been extensively circulated by the institution throughout the United Kingdom and in the colonies. They are also in use in Her Majesty's fleet, and in the Coast-guard service.

1. Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets, and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the patient instantly on the spot, in the open air, with the face downward, whether on shore or afloat; exposing the face, neck, and chest to the wind, except in severe weather, and removing all tight clothing from the neck and chest, especially the braces.

The points to be aimed at are—first and immediately, the restoration of breathing; and, secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation.

The efforts to restore breathing must be commenced immediately and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote warmth and circulation, beyond removing the wet clothes and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing. For if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has recommenced, the restoration to life will be endangered.

2. To restore breathing—to clear the throat—place the patient on the floor or ground with the face downwards, and one of the arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the wind-pipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

If satisfactory breathing commences, use the treatment described below to promote warmth. If there be only slight breathing—or no breathing—or if the breathing fail, then—to excite breathing—turn the patient well and instantly on the side, supporting the head, and excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, and smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, &c., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water, or cold and hot water alternately on them.

If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly—to imitate breathing—replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress.

Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again; repeating these measures cautiously, efficiently, and perseveringly about fifteen times in a minute, or once every four or five seconds, occasionally varying the side. By placing the patient on the chest, the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and air enters the chest.

On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure with brisk movement, on the back between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

During the whole of the operations let one person attend [redacted]

movements of the head, and of the arm placed under it. The first measure increases the expiration—the second commences inspiration. The result is respiration or natural breathing; and, if not too late, life.

Whilst the above operations are being proceeded with, dry the hands and feet; and as soon as dry clothing or blankets can be procured, strip the body and cover, or gradually reclothe it, but taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

3. Should these efforts not prove successful in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. Silvester's method, as follows:—

Place the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upwards from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades.

Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips; an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose, or a piece of string or tape may be tied round them, or by raising the lower jaw, the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest, especially the braces.

To imitate the movements of breathing, stand at the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards above the head, and keep them stretched upwards for two seconds. By this means air is drawn into the lungs. Then turn down the patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. By this means air is pressed out of the lungs.

Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in a minute, until a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived, immediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth.

4. Treatment after natural breathing has been restored.—To promote warmth and circulation commence rubbing the limbs upwards, with firm grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannels, &c.; by this measure the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart.

The friction must be continued under the blanket or over the dry clothing.

Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, &c., to the pit of the stomach, the arm-pits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet.

If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

On the restoration of life, a teaspoonful of warm water should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing have returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy and water, or coffee, should be administered. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

The above treatment should be persevered in for some hours, as it is an erroneous opinion that persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance, persons having been restored after persevering for many hours.*

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* The following letter to the editor of the *Morning Star* deserves to be here appended:—

'Sir,—Will you allow me space for a few words in corroboration of Dr. Kidd's statement in to-day's *Star* in reference to the wide-spread error, which is shared by the Royal Humane Society, viz., that it is "impossible to restore animation to one who has been submerged more than four or five minutes."

'I was last week visiting at the house of a gentleman on the Cornish coast, when he informed me that some weeks previously he was hurriedly summoned from his home to render assistance in a case of drowning. A boy of ten years of age had fallen into the canal, which was very deep. My friend, after arriving at the

The appearances which generally accompany death, are these:—Breathing and the heart's action cease entirely; the eyelids are generally half-closed; the pupils dilated; the jaws clenched; the fingers semi-contracted; the tongue approaches to the under edges of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils, are covered with a frothy mucus. Coldness and pallor of surface increase.

Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons round the body, especially if in an apartment.

Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back unless the tongue is secured.

Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

On no account place the body in a warm bath, unless under medical direction, and even then it should only be employed as a momentary excitant.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A cleverly-written volume is that of Mrs. Meredith, — 'The Lacemakers: Sketches of Irish Character, with some Account of the Effort to Establish Lacemaking in Ireland;'—recently published in London by Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. Besides three tales illustrative of Irish life and character, particularly in connection with the crochet lace manufacture, Mrs. Meredith's book contains two chapters on Lacemaking in Ireland, and on Needlework *versus* Domestic Service, which appeared originally in the 'Englishwoman's Journal.' Mrs. Meredith pleads for governmental care to foster the development of female taste in Ireland. She claims that the resemblance between the Irish and their continental relatives is, in some respects, so strong, as to favour the adoption of measures in Ireland similar to those that have been successful abroad. 'It is hard,' she says, 'for Irishwomen to suppress the rising of jealousy, when they view the lovely productions which foreign women contribute to the International Exhibitions, while they feel that for such occupations they have peculiar talents, but no means whatever of cultivating them.' By a recent arrangement, it is true, access to the Government Schools of Design is provided for girls from National Schools; but this offer Mrs. Meredith regards as futile, because in the principal seat of the lace manufacture the instruction afforded conveys no information applicable to the introduction of the artistic element into that work. There is, she adds, no system of inspection connected with this department which reaches the case of these pupils. They are left to their own devices, and with an education insufficient to enable them to subserve their proper interest, they gain little by their application to the Art Schools. Mrs. Meredith looks with longing on the *Asile Ouvroir* open to Frenchwomen. This institution is annexed to the ordinary literary schools, and is always closed when these are open. It is free to girls of all classes whether attending the other school or not, and the law compels them to cultivate the description of work which the employers of labour in the district demand, as well as providing every facility for the improvement in arts connected with it. Such help as this, she says, would be a great benefit to Irish girls. In connection with the National System of Education in Ireland, is a special industrial department which might be made available to supply this want, if female inspection were employed in carrying out the scheme. The models and tests adopted by the Commissioners are not such as competent judges of needlework would approve of, hence

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the spot, had to send to the other end of the village for a rake, with which the body was at length brought up from the bottom of the canal, having been submerged about twenty minutes. In spite of the "orthodox faith of the Royal Humane Society," my friend, with assistance, immediately set to work on the "Marshall Hall" plan, and after a time signs of reanimation became apparent, and his efforts were at length crowned with complete success.—I am, sir, yours respectfully.

'Gravesend.' 'A Traveller.'

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the Commissioners' certificate of merit is of no recognized value. Although it is, no doubt, much to be regretted that every plea urged on behalf of Ireland is the plea of the beggarman; 'Do something for us; give us something,' being the constant cry, and self-help wofully at a discount; yet there does seem to be more ground in the present instance for Mrs. Meredith's appeal. She is sanguine that if Irishwomen had special training for their artistic faculties, Ireland might be, in the British dominions, what Vosges, Ypres, Malines, and Valence are in their respective countries.

We are glad to find on our table the first number of a 'Social Science Review,' a quarterly journal of political economy and statistics, published at No. 161, Broadway, New York. The names of the Editors, Alexander Delmar and Simon Stern, are on the cover. The number contains five articles. The first is a long protest against all governmental interference with labour and commerce. The protest would be excellent if not worded too absolutely. It argues that man is fully and perfectly governed by natural laws and forces; that human law cannot be beneficial, unless perfectly in accordance with natural laws; and that if so in accordance, it is unnecessary: human laws, it is urged, are only necessary when it is desired to ensure actions which men are disinclined to make: if men are disinclined, that must be because they deem the required action either injurious or not beneficial to themselves: on such points they must be the best judges; therefore they ought to be allowed to control freely not only their own actions and those of their children, but also all property legitimately acquired by them, so long as they do not infringe the equal rights of their fellow-beings. This is all very well in its way. But if it be admitted that men are always the best judges of the injuriousness or beneficial character of their actions, it must also in fairness be allowed that minors may be so too; and thus we abolish, at one fell swoop, the sacred right of family control. If, on the other hand, men do infringe the equal rights of their fellow-beings, what becomes of the all-sufficiency of laws natural, and the non-necessity of laws human? Because of offences, because infringements do occur, government becomes necessary; and to argue its non-necessity from the mistakes and malpractices of past governments is to overshoot the mark. The second article contains a sound critique of the late report of the Secretary of the United States Treasury. A rapid review of Herbert Spencer's philosophy is given in article the third; the review is not profound, and the construction, we are sorry to see, is sometimes ungrammatical. Following this, is a notice of About's 'Progrès;' and an article on the limits of political economy completes the number. Although not in every respect satisfied with the first number, we are very glad to welcome its appearance, and we desire heartily a long and useful career to our new contemporary.

There are more who are anxious to acquire money, than to spend it wisely. To the minority there would be pleasure, to the majority there might be much profit, in the perusal of 'Money, a Popular Exposition in Rough Notes; with Remarks on Stewardship and Systematic Beneficence, by T. Binney.' This volume now, we are glad to see, in its second edition, is from the press of Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, of 27, Paternoster Row; it contains fourteen sermons, and an introductory section; forming, in the whole, an almost complete treatise on whatever in the letter of the New Testament bears directly on the use and abuse of riches. The author explains in his preface that these sermons were delivered in compliance with a request that he would bring before his congregation the claims of the Systematic Beneficence Society; that the two, to which he had intended to confine himself, grew into fourteen; that the introductory section was written in pursuance of a design to re-write the sermons and make them chapters of a book, instead of a series of pulpit discourses; that the said design was frustrated by repeated and severe attacks of illness; and that thus is accounted for the phrase in the title-page, 'a popular exposition in rough notes.' As this, the preface to the first edition, is repeated in the second, we are to presume that the affair remains just as it did when the first was issued, and that no revision has been attempted by the author. There is the less to regret in this, as the work is really very excellent as it stands. The writer starts with the proposition that the Bible, albeit wonderfully developed, resolves itself into a great system of truth and duty. He points out the common mistake

take of giving to some one doctrine or duty such special and disproportionate attention as may detach it from its proper place and use in the system, and thus make it an entirely different thing from what it really is in the Divine word; and he notices the error, equally common, of so overlooking or disregarding some particular truth or duty that it virtually drops out of the system altogether. To avoid these mistakes, he proposes to collect and set forth in order all that the New Testament says about money; hinting, with great propriety, that it is quite possible that what the Bible teaches on this matter, 'while it may be much less than what Papists pretend, may yet turn out to be a great deal more than what many Protestants either believe or like.' Money may, on the one hand, be a bad thing, but it may, on the other, be put to a good use. His design has been to present to the reader everything to be found in the New Testament that can be employed to illustrate the one or the other of these two statements. In part the first, therefore, he reviews all that he finds in the evangelic and apostolic page confirming the proposition that money is a bad thing; in part the second, all that shows it may nevertheless be put to very good use; and a third part is devoted to a consideration of stewardship and systematic beneficence. It is really very remarkable how large an amount of precept and illustration can thus be drawn from the Christian Scriptures, for the guidance of the money-spender and for the warning of the covetous; and Mr. Binney has done the work faithfully and judiciously, and has filled a volume with admirable instruction, richly deserving to be made widely known and enduringly considered.

Perhaps of all the issues of John Bunyan's most famous book, that which would please him best, could he now see it, would be the 'Sunday School Edition,' just published by Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row, London. Christian and Christiana and all their company are now for the first time brought within reach of the humblest child. An unabridged copy of each of these delightful old allegories, adorned with illustrations, averaging considerably more than one for each page, may be had for a single penny; or the two together, in a neat cover, for twice that trifling amount. To be made thus universally accessible would have delighted, the heart of the illustrious old dreamer; one of whose dearest wishes it must have been that the very poorest should be enabled to

> 'Come hither,
> And lay his book, their head, and heart together.'

'The Mother's Manual for the Training of Her Children,' consists of hints derived from personal experience and conversations held at 'mothers' meetings' during more than thirty years. It is compiled by Mrs. Reed, and is published in London by Jarrold and Sons, of 12, Paternoster Row. The book comes before the world recommended by members of Mrs. Reed's family, who bear testimony to the happy effects produced on themselves and many others by parental and Christian influence, and abide in the firm persuasion derived from experience, that fathers and mothers, animated by the principles and spirit of the excellent 'maternal meetings' described in these pages, would, with the Divine blessing, lay the children of the present generation under a similar weight of obligation to that which themselves so deeply feel. An examination of the book itself shows that this recommendation is not without justification. Many wise counsels are here proffered; much help is tendered to such as seek to train their children in piety and good works. The book gives a history of maternal associations, and shows how they were commenced, and how conducted; with what guiding motives, and under what proven necessity. It gives also extracts from the minutes of a Central Association, with advice therein on a large variety of points arising in practice; and it supplies contributions derived from friends who actually conduct 'maternal meetings.' Lists of Scripture passages especially suitable for reading and meditation by mothers, and of books adapted for parents, children, and servants, complete the volume.

The Rev. Edward Birch, M.A., Rector of St. Saviour's, Manchester, has written a tract for church-goers on 'Behaviour at Church,' and Messrs. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, of Paternoster Row, and Messrs. Hale and Roworth and Mr. Anderton, of Manchester, have published it. The tract adverts almost wholly to what is outward and visible; and it recommends, as proprieties of public worship, early attendance, preliminary asking for a blessing,

blessing, fixed attention to the Prayer-book as opposed to noticing other people, audible responding, singing aloud, and a kneeling posture in prayer. Whilst approving of a kneeling posture, we cannot help remarking that Mr. Birch speaks too strongly about a matter which, after all, is a non-essential; he even ventures to intimate that 'God will not look down well-pleased upon a man who can and will not kneel at church!' The closing words of the tract are excellent:—'It is not, indeed, pretended that * * outward and visible service is of the essence of prayer. It is but the shell thereof; and the kernel, after all, may have no soundness in it. But still a devout manner has its use and value. Enough it should be for us that God requires it, alike in earth and heaven; and all who honour Him, whether men or angels, by doing even the least thing that He requires, He will honour.' But is it not rash to deny to ancient or modern worshippers a devout manner in all cases where the manner does not happen to coincide with our own?

'Convict Discipline in Ireland,' by John T. Burt, B.A., is an examination of Sir Walter Crofton's 'Answer' to 'Irish Facts and Wakefield Figures,' a previous publication from the same pen. The London publishers are Messrs. Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. The rev. author fights with much spirit against Sir Walter Crofton, in whom he has an antagonist certainly well worthy of his steel. A dissection of the new pamphlet would require much more than one of these brief notices.

The Rev. A Gordon, LL.D., has put forth, with the assistance of Mr. Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row, London, the second edition of a pamphlet on 'Puseyism: a Brief Exposition of the leading Tenets and Aims of the Oxford Tractarian Divines and their Fellows.' Whilst acknowledging that able treatises exposing the errors of Puseyism exist plentifully, the rev. author pleads that there are many people who have neither time nor inclination to read large books, and that the result is, an abounding lack of information, to abate which he has written this little work. He blows the trumpet of alarm with earnest vigour.

'The Three Liberals' is a tale, in three parts, by Rev. H. Newton, B.A., of Southwark, author of 'The Fall of Babylon,' a poem which we recently reviewed. The principal object of the author in his 'Three Liberals' appears to be to chastise the conductors of 'Evangelical Christendom,' the 'London Quarterly Review,' the 'Athenæum,' the 'Spectator,' and sundry other magazines containing unfavourable notices of his epic. Having administered the whip to these, and further relieved his mind on sundry matters ecclesiastical, the author appends a reading from the 'Fall of Babylon,' to give those who have not seen the work in bulk an opportunity of tasting its quality in sample.

The Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, continues to edit 'Our Own Fireside,' a monthly magazine of home literature for the Christian family. A full-sized engraving on wood adorns each number. In this magazine pleasant and useful readings for old and young are abundant.

'The Alexandra Magazine and English-woman's Journal' is, we say it emphatically, *the* magazine for thoughtful women who desire to know what foremost minds of their own sex can tell about sundry matters, especially the various fields of employment for women. It is published in London, by Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

'The Church of England Temperance Magazine,' a monthly journal of Intelligence, from the houses of Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street, and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, is still first in its own class, spiritedly conducted, and worthy of wide recommendation.

Meliora.

ART. I.—PARLIAMENTARY DELIBERATIONS AND DEBATES UPON THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

1. *Cobbett's Parliamentary History of England from the Norman Conquest* (1066) *to the Year* 1803. London: R. Bagshaw.

2. *The Parliamentary Debates from the Year* 1803 *to the Present Time* (1829). London: Longman and Co.

3. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Third Series. From the Accession of William IV.* London: Hansard's Office, 23, Paternoster Row.

WHAT would the historian and antiquarian give for a volume of the proceedings and debates of an Anglo-Saxon Wittenagemot? If notes and journals of those venerable assemblies were ever taken, their very memorial has long ago and for ever perished. A few copies of laws once in force in sections of the Octarchy are all that are left to awaken curiosity, with not a syllable of the speeches and consultations which preceded their adoption. In the laws of Ina, promulgated early in the eighth century, mention is made of ale and ale-houses, and it is not very probable that the Ceapealetherum (places where ale was sold) escaped the animadversions of the wise men with whose consent the Saxon laws were enacted. Edgar or Eadgar (959-75) is said, acting under the advice of St. Dunstan, to have adopted two measures for reducing the evils connected with the liquor traffic of that early period; the one limiting each village to a single ale-house; the other prescribing that drinking cups or tankards should have pegs inserted in them at regular spaces, no man to drink more liquor than the quantity between two pegs. Dunstan's popular fame rests upon a certain sharp bodily encounter with Diabolus, with which he was credited by his admirers; but, in truth, he was more of a statesman than a pious recluse, and

his legislation against intemperance must have occasioned the Prince of Darkness more concern than a hundred tales of victories gained, tongs-in-hand, by the fiery monk. History is silent as to the execution of the village ale-house law, but it informs us that the drinking peg contrivance became afterwards perverted into an encouragement of intemperance, so that by the canons of St. Anselm (A.D. 1102) priests were forbidden to attend drinking bouts and to drink to pegs *(ut presbyteri non eant ad potationes nec ad pinas bibant)*.

The Normans are said to have far exceeded the Saxons in sobriety at the time of the Conquest.* The subsequent drunkenness of the ruling race was, however, closely connected with, and promoted by, the free use of the wines imported from France, and the intoxicating beverages of insular manufacture. Centuries passed, during which public liberty was slowly 'broadening down from precedent to precedent;' and the glimpses we catch of the drinking habits of the nobles and commonalty do not indicate that temperance was a flourishing virtue in the England of the middle ages. Vintners alone were allowed to deal in wine, and these consisted of two classes — the vinetarii (wholesale dealers) and tabernarii (retailers)—but side by side with the taverns or inns of the latter were the humbler ale-houses that were suffered to exist till the disorder they created provoked a summary suppression of the worst for the warning of the rest. Under Edward I. they were all closed at curfew bell, and the municipal charters of the larger towns gave the authorities powers which they often claimed, if they did not employ them, for punishing the ale-vendors who 'gave short quantity or sold adulterated articles.' The home-made liquors, though fermented, were generally drunk fresh, and were not very intoxicating; but quantity did the work of alcoholic potency, and the period is yet to be discovered in the four hundred years that followed the Conquest when drunkenness was not the shame and scourge of the English people.

The close of the party wars of the Roses allowed of more attention to civil affairs, and we soon come upon legislation that mirrors the state of the liquor traffic in no bewitching form. Common ale-selling had proved a common nuisance, to abate which a comprehensive clause in the 11th Henry VII.,

* Macaulay's contrast, one probably overcoloured, is thus drawn: 'The Normans renounced that brutal intemperance to which all the other branches of the great German family were too much inclined. The polite luxury of the Norman presented a striking contrast to the coarse voracity and drunkenness of his Saxon and Danish neighbours. He loved to display his magnificence, not in huge piles of food and hogsheads of strong drink, but in banquets delicate rather than abundant, and wines remarkable rather for their exquisite flavour than for their intoxicating power.'—'History of England.' Vol i., p. 11 (12th Ed., 1856).

c. 2 (1495)—an act directed against vagabonds and beggars —gave two justices in petty sessions the power to stop the evil, and take surety from ale-sellers for good behaviour. At that time parliamentary institutions, as we now inherit them, were developed and in a working condition; and had any peer or any member taken notes of the discussions on this novel clause, our knowledge of ale-houses in the fifteenth century would have been considerably enlarged. But blankness reigns, and the same blankness covers the debates, if debates there were, attending the passing of the 5th and 6th Edward VI., c. 25 (1551-2), which aimed at removing the 'intolerable hurts and troubles to the commonwealth' caused by the increase of ale-houses. This reform was sought by renewing and extending the powers given to justices of the peace over ale-houses, and by rendering a licence necessary to the sale of ale. Next year an act (7th Edward VI., c. 5, 1552-3), 'to avoid excess of wines,' attacked the other and more socially respectable branch of the traffic, the remedy in this case being a specified limitation of the number of inns in the various large towns of the kingdom. We may be sure that a bill of this tenor would not pass into a law without many arguments in its favour and possibly many objections; but the muse of history has left no recording lines. Our first peep inside the doors of Parliament when deliberating upon this subject is procured through some 'Historical Memoirs of the Four Last Parliaments of Elizabeth,' which one 'Heywood Townshend, Esq., a member in those Parliaments,' compiled 'faithfully and laboriously,' as the title-page assures us. One entry states that on Thursday, February 13th, 1589, a bill to reform disorders of common inns and other victualling-houses was read a second time, and 'after many speeches and arguments,' plainly evincing the interest of hon. members in the question, was referred to a Select Committee. This bill passes out of sight; but nearly nine years later, on Wednesday, November 9th, 1597, a bill 'to suppress the multitude of maltsters was upon a second reading referred to a Select Committee,' the chairman of which, Sir R. Wroth, reported on Saturday, November 12th, that the committee 'had thought good to draw a new bill' after having 'met and travailed' in the business assigned them. This bill, which stands as the 39th and 40th Elizabeth, c. 16 (1597-8), gave power to the justices of peace to diminish the number of maltsters, and to prevent according to their discretion the buying of barley for conversion into malt. This act was repealed by 9th William III., c. 22. Nothing, however, answering to a debate on the liquor traffic gratifies our search till we have crossed

crossed the threshold of another century. On the 2nd of November, 1601, the House of Commons considered an act to provide 'against excess in inns, victualling-houses, and ale-houses.' A fine of £5 was to be imposed on drink-vendors who violated certain rules. Next day, Mr. Johnson 'moved that bodily punishment might be inflicted on ale-house keepers that should be offenders; and also provision made to restrain resort to ale-houses.' Another member, Sir George Moore, wished for severer laws against drunkenness, but he objected to judges of assize and justices of the peace being allowed to 'assign' inns and innkeepers. Another member desired 'a reformation of ale,' which, he was ready to take his oath, was sold at a groat a quart, and 'is as strong as wine, and will burn like sack.' Cheaper and weaker, was this gentleman's motto. Mr. Glascock made a speech, so short and representative, that we shall reproduce it:—

'Mr. Speaker, I will only liken this bill to the suppression of stews and bawdy-houses in old time, that where then all bawds were together in one house, now being suppressed, every man's house is a bawdy-house, so if you take away ale-houses, and hinder them from being drunk there, it will be a ready way to make every man drunk at his own house at home.'

In these few words Mr. Glascock ingeniously contrived to misrepresent the scope of the bill, and to oppose it by a spurious analogy which he backed up by two most barefaced and false assertions. Great is Glascockianism, and having survived till the reign of Victoria, it now, as in the days of Queen Elizabeth, meets with professors and admirers. Very busy was the last Parliament of Queen Bess with the liquor traffic; for on November 5th a bill was read which fined the ale-seller 3s. 4d. for every quart of beer short measure. The day before (Nov. 4) a bill respecting drunkards and common haunters of taverns and ale-houses was also read; and on the 6th Dr. James, to whom it had been referred as 'a committee,' brought it on again, and on the following day—a Saturday—it was subjected to discussion. It provided that if any man went to an ale-house within two miles of his own house he should forfeit as much as he was assessed for the subsidy; and to this proposal, the stringency of which marks the pressure of the evils that required correction, Mr. Glascock took exception in another choice little speech, in which he informed the House that it was

'A common and usual thing in Lancashire and those parts for gentlemen as they go a-hawking to go and take a repast at an ale-house; yea, men sometimes of 500 marks a year; but, Mr. Speaker, I hope these men are not intended to come within this bill; and I think it a mere cobweb to catch poor flies in.'

Sir Francis Darcy spoke in favour of the bill, which was committed,

mitted, and on December 2nd, 'upon engrossment, it was read and passed.' It was probably rejected by the Lords, for it did not become law, and this rejection may account for the Commons' summary rejection, in the way of tit-for-tat, on December 10th of a bill 'for suppressing ale-houses and tippling-houses,' which had originated in the Lords. Mr. Townshend says that when the question was put 'whether it should be committed, all said "No, no," but Mr. Wingfield, at which the House laughed.' The bill of November 5th was discussed December 2nd, and was opposed by Sir Walter Raleigh, who objected to the clause disqualifying as an innkeeper any one selling short measure. This bill seems to have been dropped, so that although both Houses had been much engaged with the drink question that session, no law was enacted; but in the various projects introduced, we may detect the originals and germs of several provisions contained in acts on drink-selling and drunkenness in the succeeding reign.*

These acts were five: 2d James I., c. 9 (1603-4), 'To restrain the inordinate haunting and tipling in inns, ale-houses, and other victualling-houses.' 4th James I., c. 4, 'To restrain the utterance of beer and ale to ale-house keepers and tiplers not licensed.' 4th James I., c. 5, 'For repressing the odious and loathsome sin of drunkenness.' 7th James I., c. 10, 'For reformation of ale-house keepers.' 21st James I., c. 7, 'For the better repressing of drunkenness and the inordinate haunting of inns, ale-houses, and other victualling-houses.' These acts embraced a period of about twenty years (1604-23), and the discussions on various points must have been warm and protracted, for the provisions were in many cases new and rigorous; but the 'Parliamentary History' gives no echo of these debates. On another question, however, having relation to the royal prerogative and the old grievance of patents, the same reticence is not observed. To raise money James had sold a patent empowering the patentee to place a pecuniary 'imposition' on

* Though not exactly germane to the subject of this article, it may be remarked that Mr. Townshend has preserved a report of the speech delivered by the Lord-Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, to the whole body of judges (February 13th, 1602) before going to their circuits, and among the tasks he enjoins them are, 'to examine justices (of the peace) touching misdemeanors, to inform Her Majesty *how many ale-houses they have pulled down;* how many priests they have taken, and who harbour them; and of all these matters to give an account to Her Majesty at your return, that she taking notice from you, the good justices may be rewarded, and the evil removed.' Suppressing ale-houses and capturing priests may appear to stand in curious juxta-position, but the importance attached to the latter office enables us to estimate the conception formed by the statesmen of [redacted] evils associated with the ale-house system then prevailing.

drinking-shops. The use made of this patent galled the loyal lieges, whose discontent found a voice in Parliament. The Commons remonstrated with the King, by placing th 'imposition' upon ale-houses in the list of public grievances and at an interview with James on the 10th of July, 1610, the King answered in writing :—

'The intent of that ordinance was matter of reformation, because ale-houses did multiply overmuch by the favour of licences; and for the profit, it was but an incident which His Majesty least regarded; and that it might be done by law, it was warranted by the opinion and advice of the Lord Popham and the principal judges of the land, who, upon conference with others, maintained that, referring the power of licences to the justices of the peace, by the statute, was not privative of the King's power in that case. But, seeing it is a thing so much desired to be removed, and especially since it seemed to breed a jealousy in his loving subjects of a precedent of imposing payment upon them within the land, be it laid down and no more taken.'

To another grievance, 'the monopoly of licence of wines,' the King replied that, 'saving the patent already issued, he was willing for a law restraining any such licence to be made, in time to come.' The King's crafty disclaimer of issuing 'impositions' for lucre's sake was not generally credited, we may imagine; and, when ten years later a new Parliament was called, we find that on the 19th of February, 1620, in the 'Committee of Grievances,' Mr. Noye said :—

'There are some patents that in themselves are good and lawful, but abused by the patentees in the execution of them, who perform not the trust reposed in them by His Majesty; and of such a kind is the patent for inns, but those that have the execution abuse it by setting up inns in forests and bye villages, only to harbour rogues and thieves, and such as the justices of the peace of the shire, who best know where inns are fittest to be, and who best deserve to have licences for them, have suppressed from keeping of ale-houses; for none is now refused that will make a good composition.'

Mr. Alford complained that every poor man who took in a horse on market day was sued, unless he compounded with the patentees; and, instead of restraining the number of innkeepers 'at Bath where there were wont to be but six, and the *town desired* Sir Giles Mompesson *there might not be more*, yet he increased them gradatim from six to twenty innkeepers.' The House of Lords inquired into various charges against Sir Giles Mompesson, and, in reference to the Patent of Inns, they found that he had

'Affronted the justices of the peace, and threatened several of them with the Council table; and because there were certificates sent him from time to time of those alehouse keepers who were suppressed for ill behaviour, he made this use of it, *to make them innkeepers;* that he granted licences to divers base fellows to keep inns, and sued out processes against 4,000 for keeping inns without licences, and for the price of horse-meat, of which he only tried two suits.'

Sir Giles Mompesson, who had fled the country, was afterwards

wards sentenced to various penalties, the last of which was, 'that he be ever held an infamous person.'

With the accession of Charles I. anti-liquor legislation followed; but we are ignorant of the discussions which preceded, first, the 1st Charles I., c. 3, which subjected the offending ale-house keeper to the penalty previously levied on the ale-house haunter, and brought the tavern keeper under equal liability; and, second, the 3rd Charles I., c. 4., which provided that the unlicensed seller should be fined 20s. to the poor, or be imprisoned for a month, and, on a repetition of the offence, be kept in durance till released by an order of the justices in session assembled. The latter of these acts was passed in 1627, but the 'tap interest' was too rampant, or the local justices were too corrupt or inert, for in 1635 the Lord-Keeper Coventry, in addressing the judges, forcibly affirmed, 'I account ale-houses and tippling-houses the greatest pests in the kingdom. Public-houses are the public stages of drunkenness and disorder.'

The Long Parliament is noted, among other things, for having ordered, on May 16th, 1643, that the justices should enforce the 1st James I., c. 10 (which enacted that a quart of strong beer should be sold for 1d., and two quarts of all other beer for 1d.), and for further agreeing to the first excise duties levied on intoxicating liquors.* These imposts are said to have given general dissatisfaction, and to have strongly operated against the King in the quarrel then pending between the Crown and Parliament. It is possible that the social reformers in the House consented to these fiscal restrictions, with a hope that moral benefits would result, while the popular party, as a whole, would not be sorry that all the odium of levying the duties should rest upon the King's adherents.

The government of the Puritans does not seem to have been attended with much improvement of ale-house regimen, if we may judge from descriptions of contemporary writers concerning the prevalence of drunkenness, and at the Restoration (1660) the liquor-shop contributed most powerfully to the shameful profligacy that broke out over the kingdom. One member, Mr. Stevens, had the boldness to express a wish that a bill might be brought in 'against drinking of healths,' but no one supported him.

* Strong beer selling at 8s. per barrel was charged 1s. duty; beer selling at 6s. was charged 6d. Beer made for home consumption was similarly charged. Ale-house keepers and inn-holders had to pay 2s. per barrel. On cider and [illegible] first buyer was charged 2s. per hogshead. Wines retailed paid [illegible] dues a tax of 2d. per quart, or 1d. per quart when imported for dom[illegible]

Co[illegible]

Cognisance was now taken of distilled spirits as articles of traffic, and we see the gathering of that new tempest of intemperance which raged with tremendous violence during the first half of the following century. Charles II., by a legal fiction, was supposed to have ruled during his eleven years' exile, so that the acts of 1660 are dated as being passed in the twelfth of his reign. By the 12th Charles II., c. 23, the King's expenses were provided for by a tax on ale, beer, cider, perry, and other liquors. Each gallon of strong waters and aqua vitæ was charged 1d., but if made from wine or cider imported the charge was 2d. Foreign spirits were charged 4d. On each gallon of coffee there was a tax of 4d., and on each gallon of sherbet, chocolate, and tea, one of 8d. The household beverages were generally sold ready made, so that the spirit-vendor had an excise advantage over the tea-dealer in the proportion of eight to one, besides the vast difference in the original cost of the raw material. The next act (12th Charles II., c. 24) imposed a similar scale of duties on the same articles, as a compensation for the income derived from the Court of Wards. By c. 25 of the same year, wine was forbidden to be sold 'without a licence, saving the privileges of the vintners of London and St. Albans.' In the year ending Midsummer, 1685, the excise on ale and beer produced £627,523. 18s. 8¼d., and on spirits imported £48,491. 3s. 8¼d., a total of £676,015. 2s. 4½d., yielding a net produce, after all charges, of £585,289. 4s. 6d.

Times of civil commotion and foreign war are never favourable to social inquiry and reform; money, too, must be found to meet extraordinary expenses, and financiers are apt to get careless of a tender conscience. Hence it happened that in the reigns of William and Mary, then of William alone, and afterwards of Anne, the Parliament and Government appear to have been infatuated on the subject of the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. Ale-house keepers were still under the jurisdiction of justices, but every encouragement was given to the still more dangerous sellers of strong waters and liquid fire. By the 10th William III., c. 4, a check was given to the 'excessive distilling of spirits and low wines from corn,' and in the 12th and 13th William, c. 11 (1700-1), a clause was inserted (14) requiring all spirit-sellers to be licensed in the same way as the keepers of ale-houses were, and the penalties on offenders were to be the same; but with the accession of Queen Anne, who was herself too fond of the evil cordials, all chance of amendment vanished. By the 1st Anne, stat. 2, c. 14 (1702), distillers and all persons who carried on other trades as their principal business

business were permitted to sell spirits without a licence, if they did not permit tippling on their premises. Under the influence of such headlong legislation, which was apparently not resisted by any active body of members of Parliament, the consumption of ardent spirits frightfully increased. From 524,000 gallons in 1684, the consumption had risen to 3,520,000 in 1724, an arithmetical testimony to the power of legal patronage in stimulating a traffic that grows with the appetite it originates and develops. Besides this amount of proof spirit, nearly twice this quantity of spirits under proof were put into general circulation under the name of 'low wines.' This plague of drink raged principally in London, where, according to Maitland, in 1725, estimating the number of houses at 95,968, and of inhabitants at 700,000, one house in every six sold drink, and one person in every twenty-five was interested in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drinks.* Gin had, in reality, become almost as universal and afflicting a calamity in London as the plague of gnats in Egypt; and we can scarcely be surprised that, in view of it, the less obtrusive injuries arising from the sale of fermented liquors should have been comparatively unnoticed. That they did not pass without some observation is evident from the language of a writer in the 'Political State of Great Britain' (October, 1735, p. 357), who remarks, 'I am surprised that none of the grand juries have taken notice of the very great number of ale-houses, otherwise, though very improperly, called victualling-houses, in and around this city; for though they do not destroy the health of the people so much as gin-houses, yet it must be granted that the great number of them we have at present gives great temptation to the inferior class of mankind to idle away their time, and to spend that money which should have been applied to the support of their families.' The gin curse claimed, however, the earliest legislative antidote, and an attempt to furnish one was made in 1729.

The grand jury of Middlesex made a presentment in March against the shops selling 'Geneva,' and the evil had already been so impressed on the minds of members of Parliament, that on the 14th of April (Old Style) the House in Committee

* The details are curious: Brew-houses 171, inns 207, taverns 447, ale-houses 5,975, brandy-shops 8,659, coffee-houses (nearly all of them selling intoxicating liquors) 551; a total of 16,010. Exclusive of the City of London and Southwark, the Middlesex magistrates' report in 1735 gave a total of 7,044 drink-shops, of which 4,939 were licensed and 2,105 were unlicensed. Maitland gives the number of bakers in the whole of London city and suburbs (1725) at 1,072, butchers 1,515, cheesemongers 411, fishmongers 159, poulterers 217, herbalists 1,214; a total of 4,588. Such were the respective supplies of good food and diluted poison.

of Ways and Means, 'being fully apprised of the great mischiefs occasioned among the meaner sort of people by the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors, particularly of that called Geneva or gin, it was wisely thought proper to apply a speedy remedy to that growing evil, and to restrain the frequent use of the said liquor, by laying a heavy tax upon it and upon the retailers' ('Political State of Great Britain,' 1729, p. 491). Three resolutions were adopted, laying a duty of 5s. a gallon on 'every gallon of mixed or compound waters or spirits commonly called gin,' except held by apothecaries, and imposing on each licence to retail this gin a duty of £20; this to take effect from June 24th. The chronicler states, 'These resolutions being the next day reported, were agreed to by the House, and a bill was ordered to be brought in thereupon, which had a quick and easy passage through both Houses.' The chief movers in this measure are not named; probably they were Sir Joseph Jekyll, M.P. for Reigate, Master of the Rolls, and some of his supporters seven years later. This act was the first of thirty public acts to which the King gave his assent on the 14th of May, when he closed the second session of the seventh Parliament of Great Britain. In the March of 1733 a change had come over the scene, and the House having gone into a committee to consider of methods for encouraging the manufacture and export of home-made spirits, Mr. Horace Walpole opened the discussion, and the committee resolved that the act of 1729 had been a discouragement to the distilling of spirits from corn in Great Britain, and therefore ought to be repealed; that a drawback on the export of British spirits of £6. 8s. per tun should be allowed; and that the duty on French brandy should be lowered from 6s. 5d. to 5s. a gallon. This change of policy was attended with an aggravation of the evils resulting from the wider sale of spirits; a strong public sentiment was evoked, and petitions from influential bodies, and among others from the Middlesex justices, were presented to the Commons; and on the 23rd of February, 1736, Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Master of the Rolls, moved in a Committee of the House, sitting to consider the Middlesex justices' petition, a series of four resolutions, which were agreed to without any debate by the House in Committee, and on March 8th, in Committee of Ways and Means, resolutions were submitted that a duty of 20s. per gallon should be levied on all spirituous liquors, and a sum of £50 paid yearly for a licence to vend them. We read that several gentlemen testified their dislike to the laying on of so high a duty at once upon all spirituous liquors, but the principal speech in opposition

opposition was made by the celebrated Mr. Pulteney, whose remarks are reported at considerable length, and apparently with substantial fidelity. An abstract of this address will show that the objections to prohibition remain in much the same state in which that eminent debater left them. He admitted the manifold mischiefs arising from the constant and excessive use of spirituous liquors, but, considering the duties proposed as 'a total prohibition upon the retail of such liquors,' he proceeded to argue—

'Let us consider that the distilling trade is a business which has been carried on by legal authority for about a hundred years, and that it has been not only highly approved, but very much encouraged by several acts of Parliament passed since the Revolution. Under such public, such great, and such solemn sanctions, what person in the kingdom could imagine that the trade was in itself pernicious, or that it was inconsistent with the health and welfare of the people? No man could; and accordingly great numbers of His Majesty's subjects, especially within these last forty years, have betaken themselves to this business, and have employed all the money they were masters of in providing materials proper for the business. And further, the retailing of such liquors has been so much encouraged, or at least connived at, that there is not now an inn, an ale-house, or a coffee-house in the kingdom but what owes a great part of its profits to their retail, by which means there are now such multitudes of families in the kingdom who owe their chief, if not their only, support to the distilling or retail of such liquors, that they very well deserve the care and consideration of a British House of Commons. The only complaint now before us is against the constant and excessive use of spirituous liquors among persons of inferior rank. There is no complaint against the liquors themselves, nor was it ever said that a moderate use of any sort of such liquors was hurtful; nay, it will be granted, I believe, that the moderate use of them is upon many occasions convenient, if not necessary, so that by a total prohibition of such liquors by retail we seem to be carrying the remedy much further than the disease, even with respect to our home-made spirits. But with respect to rum, I am sure there was never any complaint against the constant and excessive use of that liquor among persons of inferior rank, therefore I can see no reason for putting a stop to its retail; and when we consider the present low and distressed condition of our sugar colonies, and that they are now chiefly supported by the sale of their rum, I think we ought not to put an almost entire stop to the consumption of that liquor without some very strong and very urgent reasons for so doing. From what I have said I hope no gentleman will suppose or imagine that I am arguing against our taking some method for putting a stop to the constant and excessive use of such liquors among persons of inferior rank. No, sir, I shall readily and willingly agree to any proper method for that purpose; but [repeating the objections before stated he added] I have likewise so great a regard for His Majesty and his illustrious family, and for the peace and quiet of this kingdom, that I cannot give my consent to a regulation which I foresee will raise great dissatisfaction with the present Government, and may produce such riots and tumults as may endanger our present establishment, or at least such as cannot be quelled without spilling the blood of many of His Majesty's most faithful subjects, and putting an end to the liberties of the people. [Suggesting that a tax lighter than the one proposed would answer the same purpose, since there were no complaints against the excessive use of brandy and rum, he proceeded] Therefore it is plain, that if the price of all home-made spirits were, by a duty to be laid upon them, made as high as the price of rum is at present, it would prevent the constant and excessive use of them among the vulgar. It cannot be said that nothing but a total prohibition can be an effectual remedy against the evil complained of, because we all know that the late act against Geneva (1729) was effectual so far as it went. It was made, we know, to extend only to compound spirits, and with respect to them it was an effectual remedy, for it put an entire stop to the constant and excessive use of such spirits amongst those of inferior rank; but some of the distillers immediately

to make a sort of plain spirit, which, I believe, in derision of the act, they called Parliament brandy, and this the common people made as constant and as excessive a use of as they had before done of compound spirits! This was the case of that act, and if it had been amended, and made to extend to all home-made spirits, instead of being repealed (1733), there would never have been occasion for any such complaint as that we have now before us. How it came to be repealed, I shall not now take upon me to explain. Let us but revive that act, extend it to all home-made spirits, and add some clauses for preventing any persons selling spirituous liquors without a licence, and I am convinced the remedy would be found to be effectual. [Assuming, however, that a total prohibition was necessary, Mr. Pulteney argued that it should be gradually arrived at.] We may now lay on a small duty upon all sorts of spirits sold by retail, and a small duty upon licences for selling by retail; we may increase these duties the next session, and we may go on increasing yearly, till they be at last brought up so high as to amount to a prohibition. By this method people will have time to look about them, and will get out of the trade by degrees, which will make it the less hurtful to every particular man, and the more easy for him to fix himself in some new way of business, by which he may be able to support his family. I have often heard of sumptuary laws, by which certain sorts of apparel, or rather decorations, had been forbid to be worn by persons of inferior rank; but I never yet heard of a sumptuary law, by which any sort of victuals or drink were forbid to be made use of by persons of a low degree; yet this is, as it appears to me, what seems to be now intended. We are absolutely to forbid the use of spirituous liquors to all those who are not able to purchase a certain number of gallons at a time. A poor journeyman or labourer shall not have a dram—shall not have a glass of punch, unless he can spare to lay out eight or ten shillings at a time, which I am sure two-thirds of our people cannot well spare to do; whereas if a man is rich enough to lay out eight or ten shillings at a time, or profligate enough to pawn his coat in order to raise the money, he may drink as much—he may commit as many debauches in that liquor as he pleases. The law, contrived by the wisdom of the British Legislature against the excessive drinking of spirits, shall put no restraint upon any such man. If spirituous liquors even, when taken in the most moderate way, are of such a pernicious nature that they ought never to be taken without the advice and prescription of a physician, we ought to take care of the rich as well as of the poor, by putting it out of the power of the former, as well as of the latter, to taste the bewitching cup without such advice and prescription; but if the moderate use of such liquors be in no way hurtful, I can see no reason for our making any invidious distinction between the poor and the rich, but to leave the moderate use of such liquors to all, and take all proper methods for preventing them being immoderately used by any. This, I think, may be done by a much lower duty than that now proposed; and, therefore, though I have as great a regard for the health and the morals of the people as any gentleman in this House, yet I cannot but be against the motion now made to you, because of the terrible consequences with which it must necessarily be attended.'

The foregoing speech did not pass without reply, but we are left in ignorance who was the principal spokesman. All that we are told is, that 'it was answered in general,' thus:—

'That no sort of distilled spirituous liquor was absolutely necessary for the support of nature; that such liquors were at first used only by physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, in some dangerous distempers, and were never dispensed by them but in small quantities; but when such things were to be met with at every corner, and people left at liberty to take as much of them as they pleased, few persons could keep themselves within any bounds, because a small quantity deprived them of their reason, and the companions they usually met with at such places encouraged and tempted them to drink to excess. That it was impossible to prevent this excess without greatly diminishing the number of retailers of such liquors, and raising the price so high as to put them out of the reach of all persons of inferior rank, who were the only sort of people that were generally apt to make a custom of getting drunk with them; yet that very few of the better sort of people had

had ever been found to commit frequent debauches in such liquors; and, even with respect to them, by putting it out of their power to meet with such liquors at a cheap rate in any place of public resort, the temptations which might arise from promiscuous company, or from companions and friends meeting together, would be entirely taken away, and very few persons were so ridiculously abandoned as to get drunk by themselves without any company or conversation. That they were very sensible of the difficulties to which great numbers of His Majesty's subjects would be reduced by the duties to be laid upon the retail of such liquors; but the interest of any particular man must give way to the general interest, and where the preservation of society was so visibly and so essentially concerned, the prejudice that some few particular persons might suffer was not to be regarded. That with respect to rum and brandy, it was very certain that they likewise had been often drunk to a very great excess, notwithstanding the high duties laid upon them, and were as pernicious to the health and morals of the people as any home-made spirit. That it would be ridiculous to lay a higher duty upon home-made spirits, which were the manufacture of the subjects of this island, than upon rum and brandy, especially the latter; and that if our sugar islands should suffer a little by lessening the consumption of rum, they need not complain, when they considered that it was for the sake of preserving the mother country, the general interest of which was always to be preferred to the particular interest of any colony; and if any sort of spirit should be exempted from the duties then to be imposed, the retailers would sell all sorts of spirits under that denomination, and the distillers would compound them in such a manner that it would be impossible to discover the fallacy. That they would willingly agree to the method proposed by the hon. gentleman of laying on but a small duty at once, and raising that duty by degrees, but they were sorry that the laying on a small duty would not be an effectual remedy for the evil so loudly complained of; and if the ferment which was then in the nation against all sorts of spirituous liquors should be allowed to subside, they were afraid they would never be able to get any new act passed for raising that duty, because of the multitudes of people that would always be engaged by their own private interest to oppose the passing of any such law; therefore they thought it was absolutely necessary to take advantage of the present conjuncture, in order to put an effectual stop to a practice which had been so long and so justly complained of, and for that reason they were for agreeing with the question.'

Mr. Pulteney's speech had made so little impression that the first of the resolutions was passed without a division, as was also the second; and on the 17th of March two other resolutions for transferring to the 'Aggregate Fund' all the receipts from duties on spirits, and charging this fund with all the payments chargeable on the duties, were agreed to after a debate, but without a division. On the 19th all the resolutions were reported to the House, and again debated, but were at last agreed to without a division; and after the resolutions agreed to by the House in Committee, on Feb. 24th, had been read, it was resolved that a bill founded upon them should be brought in, and that the Master of the Rolls, Sir Charles Turner, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Doddington, Sir George Oxenden, and Mr. Winnington should prepare and bring in the same. On Monday, March 29th, the Master of the Rolls (Sir J. Jekyll) presented the bill, which was entitled 'A Bill for Laying a Duty upon the Retailers of Spirituous Liquors, and for Licensing the Retailers thereof,' and was read a first time March 31st. It passed a [redacted] reading, and was referred to a Committee of the whole

April 6th. A petition against the bill was read from the merchants and planters trading to and interested in the British sugar colonies in America, and a motion was made that the petition should be referred to the committee on the bill, and the petitioners should be heard by counsel before the committee, but this motion after a debate was lost. A petition from the merchants of Bristol was then read, and ordered to lie on the table. April 7th the bill went into Committee of the House, and made some progress in it, without any great debate or discussion. Next day a petition from the merchants and owners of ships in Liverpool was presented against the bill, and ordered to lie on the table. April 9th the House resolved to instruct itself in committee that it had power to admit a clause 'enabling persons who had exercised the business of distillation for a time to be limited, or were then bound as apprentices to such business, to exercise and follow any other trade or business in any city, town, or place in England,' thus throwing open the industry of the country to persons who might find it necessary to quit the distilling business. In these days of unrestricted trade, the need for such a clause 130 years ago is an index of a great social change.

The same day a strong debate arose on the question what sum should be appropriated to the royal income in lieu of the supposed loss that would result from the operation of the bill. The proposal of the Government to appropriate £70,000 was carried after a proposal to substitute £43,000 had been lost by 109 against 211. On the 14th of April the £70,000 clause was again debated on the report of the committee being considered; and it was warmly argued that instead of a loss to the revenue, the increased excise on beer and ale would more than compensate for the lessened receipts from spirits, while it was answered that no such compensation could be expected, and the leading speaker on this side thus expressed himself:—

'Sir, I am so far from thinking that the increase or decrease in the consumption of beer and ale depends upon the decrease or increase in the consumption of spirituous liquors, that I believe they generally increase or decrease together. It is not the consumption of either of these liquors that is necessary for the support of nature which raises the excise to its present height; it is the consumption occasioned by the debauches and extravagancies of the people, and these depend upon so many accidents that it is impossible to account for them in time past, or to guess at the consumption that may be thereby occasioned in time to come. Yet I am persuaded that nothing will tend more to the preventing those debauches and extravagancies in time to come, and to the rendering our people sober, frugal, and industrious, than the removing out of their way the many temptations they are now exposed to by the great number of gin-shops and other places for the retail of spirituous liquors; for before a man becomes flustered with beer or ale he has time to reflect and to consider the many misfortunes to which he exposes himself and his family by idling away his time at an ale-house, whereas any spirituous liquor in

in a moment deprives him of all reflection, so that he either gets quite drunk at the gin-shop, or runs to the ale-house and there finishes his debauch, or at least empties his pocket. From hence, sir, I think it most natural to conclude that the bill now under consideration, if it passes into a law, will diminish the consumption of beer and ale, and consequently the produce of the excise on those liquors as well as the consumption of spirituous liquors and the produce of the duty on them.'

The opposite view was dexterously maintained, and as much useful information is contained in the argument, we present it in the words of the report, which omits the speaker's name:—

'Granting that the greatest part of the present amount of the excise proceeds from the debauches and extravagancies of the people, it is well known that those who once get into the way of committing debauches in gin, can have no relish for even the strongest malt liquors; and I am convinced there are very few instances, if any, that ever a club of excessive gin drinkers went from a gin-shop either to finish their debauch, or empty their pockets, by drinking excise beer at an ale-house; because, even to quench their thirst, they generally take small beer or water and mix it up with gin, and many of them continue at the gin-shop till they cannot find their way to an ale-house, or even to their own beds, if they have any, but content themselves with the clean straw which at some of those places they can have for nothing; so that even from the nature of the thing we must conclude that those who have once taken to the excessive drinking of gin, give over almost entirely the drinking of beer or ale, and if we can by these place them under a necessity of returning to the drinking of strong beer or ale, we must necessarily very much increase the consumption. By the inquest of His Majesty's justices of the peace, at Hicks's Hall, on the ninth of January last, we find there were then within Westminster, Holborn, the Tower, and Finsbury division (exclusive of London and Southwark), 7,044 houses and shops wherein Geneva and other spirituous liquors were publicly sold by retail, of which they had got an account, and that they believed it was very far short of the true number, from whence, if we include London and Southwark and the other places within the bills of mortality, I think I may modestly compute there are 20,000 houses and shops within the bills of mortality where Geneva and other spirituous liquors are sold by retail, and though the people within the bills of mortality are computed to be but a fifth or a sixth part of the people of England, yet I shall reckon but 20,000 houses and shops in all the other parts of England where spirituous liquors are sold by retail, the whole being 40,000. Now, to each of these houses I shall allow but ten customers who are excessive drinkers of gin—such I call those who may drink about half a pint a day, one with another—and ten customers who are moderate drinkers of that liquor—such I call those who do not drink above half a quartern a day, one day with another—this makes in all England 400,000 excessive drinkers and 400,000 moderate drinkers of spirituous liquors; and considering how universally the custom of drinking them has got in among the common people, men, women, and children, I believe this number will not be reckoned too large. Let us next suppose that if the retail of such liquors were entirely prohibited, and those drinkers of gin should return to the use of malt liquors, that each of the excessive drinkers of gin would for the future drink a pint of strong beer a day, one day with another, and each of the moderate drinkers half a pint a day, one with another, more than they drink at present — we may from these see how greatly the consumption of beer and ale would be hereby increased, for 400,000 pints and 400,000 half pints make 600,000 pints, or 75,000 gallons a day, which makes 27,375,000 gallons, or 805,147 barrels, in a year. The excise at 4s. 6d. per barrel upon this increase in the consumption would produce an increase in the excise upon beer and ale of £181,158 yearly, one half of which, being £90,57[illegible] would belong to the civil list; and that my computation of gin drinkers is within bounds appears from hence,—that the supposed 400,000 excessive drinkers at [illegible] a pint a day, and the 400,000 moderate drinkers at half a quartern a day, consume but 31,250 gallons a day, which is 11,396,250 gallons a year, the duties upon which

at 3d. a gallon amount to but £142,453 per annum; whereas the duties upon these liquors for this last year amounted to £154,094, and we cannot suppose but that there are some frauds with respect to the collecting of these duties as in most others.'

The Governmant carried their point by 183 to 110 votes. On April 16th, a clause was moved to exempt punch from the operation of the bill, provided 'it be made or mixed with two parts water at least in the presence of the buyer, and that the spirit with which the said liquor is to be made be not sold and retailed in a less quantity than one pint, or at a less price than after the rate of 5s. per gallon.' The colonial interest concentrated its strength in favour of this clause,—the ruin of colonial planters and rum merchants, the necessity of getting sugar from French colonies, and the superseding of punch by French wines, being among the chief reasons assigned for its adoption. The answers returned had respect to the greatness of the evil which punch was concerned in promoting, the possibility of devising other modes of relief to the colonies, and the likelihood that if punch were abandoned, port, ale, and home-made wines would take its place. The other side, in responding, made a charge which showed how partial would be the operation of this bill in dealing with the national vice:—

'When the hon. gentleman was pleased to find fault with the great number of our punch-houses, I wish he had added taverns and ale-houses, for I am convinced the great number of the latter is as sensible a grievance as the great number of the former, and the latter have contrived and daily practise many more temptations for people to tipple and loiter away their time than have ever as yet been contrived by the former. But the unbounded liberty that has for so many years been given to the setting up of public-houses of all kinds does not proceed from hence, that the evil consequences of such a liberty were not foreseen or generally felt. On the contrary, the grievance has been most sensibly felt and loudly complained of; but by an error in politics we had made it the interest of those to multiply such houses whose business it was, and who only had the power, to prevent their increase.'

This last remark was a strong indictment of the whole governmental policy and the justices' administration of the licensing system for the previous seventy years. On a division the clause was rejected by 203 to 98 votes, and on the 20th of April the bill was read a third time. In the Lords it made its way rapidly. As a money bill it could not be altered, 'and though several of their lordships expressed their dislike to the bill in general, as well as to some of the particular clauses in it, yet they said they thought the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors required an immediate remedy; therefore they were for agreeing to the bill, such as it was, rather than allow that prodigious enormity to continue for

for another year . . . so that it was passed in that House without any considerable debate or opposition.'*

That this act, which came into operation at Michaelmas of the same year (1736), did not effect the object desired is certain; but any failure attending it is more to be ascribed to the officers of the law than to the law itself. Sir Robert Walpole is said by his biographer to have looked coldly upon it, and it is impossible to believe that the subordinate officials concerned in its execution did their duty. It is certain that they relaxed their exertions when the greatest vigilance was called for. The little dependence that could be placed on the local constables may be inferred from the fact that nearly one-half of those employed by the Middlesex justices in 1735 in preparing their report were sellers of gin, and were charged by the magistrates with trying to conceal rather than expose the evils of the system. Nothing but a faithful and well organised detachment of constabulary could have carried out the law; and even then, as the sale of all other intoxicating liquors was permitted, much illicit sale of gin could have been carried on. To say, however, as some have done, that no benefit was produced, and that more spirits were sold after the law than before, is to run in the face of irrefragable evidence to the contrary. In London sensibly, and over the whole kingdom more visibly, good results were manifest, and in consulting the Journals of the House of Commons we find (for 1743, p. 200) the following return as to the manufacture of distilled liquors :—

	June 24, 1735-6.	June 24, 1736-7.	June 24, 1737-8.
	Galls.	Galls.	Galls.
Proof Spirits	6,083,016	4,233,072	5,401,902
Low Wines	9,972,147¾	6,751,468¾	8,888,908

The year 1736-7 thus showed a decrease of 1,800,000 gallons of proof spirit (30 per cent.) and 3,000,000 gallons of low wines (33 per cent.), although one quarter of the year (June to September, 1736) was not included under the law,—the very quarter, also, when there would be the greatest activity in making and selling the gin, before the duties of

* 'Political State of Great Britain.' 1736.

the new law had come into force. Lord Chesterfield afterwards expressed regret that the policy of charging the duty at the still-head had not been adopted instead of levying it on the retailer.

A new Parliament, which met in December, 1741, was opposed to Sir Robert Walpole's Government; and, Sir Robert having resigned, a fresh Ministry was formed, which included some of Pulteney's friends. By this Cabinet, and partly with the hope of raising a larger revenue, a bill was brought into the Commons for repealing the act of 1736, and replacing it by one which lowered the licence fee to 20s., and placed a duty of from 1d. to 6d. a gallon on the still head, the issue of licences being restricted to keepers of taverns, victualling-houses, inns, ale-houses, and coffee-houses. The historian says that this bill was hurried through the Commons with great speed and small discussion; but on reaching the Lords a determined resistance was offered to its progress. Of the debates that ensued there is no authentic *verbatim* report, though both the 'Gentleman's Magazine' and the 'London Magazine' gave very copious accounts from the pens of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Gordon. Mr. Cobbett is very angry with Dr. Johnson's biographer for relating that the doctor had confessed that his copy of the debates was chiefly composed by himself, and Mr. Cobbett insists, on the contrary, that they were 'unusually authentic.' For proof he refers to the manuscript notes of Archbishop Secker, but so far as relates to the Lords' debates on the Gin Act, a comparison of these reports by no means sustains Mr. Cobbett's decision. Johnson never denied being supplied with heads and fragments of the real speeches, and how he manipulated them is obvious on putting Secker's notes side by side with the doctor's published effusions. As to phraseology, Gordon's reports seem to have come nearer than Johnson's to the *ipsissima verba* of the lay and spiritual peers. Any epitome or analysis here of the speeches then delivered is incompatible with our decreasing space. Dr. Secker, who was then Bishop of Oxford, was a warm opponent of the repealing bill, and his notes are a truly valuable addition to our authentic Parliamentary memorials. The bill was read a first time February 15th, 1743. February 21st, Lord Hervey moved that three physicians, Dr. Mead, Dr. Leigh, and Dr. Barker might be summoned to give their opinions concerning the drinking of spirituous liquors. The motion was opposed by Lord Bathurst, the Lord Chancellor (Hardwicke), and the Earl of Bath (Pulteney), and supported by Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Oxford. 'Several other lords spoke.' Contents, 17; non-contents,

contents, 33. Next day, February 22nd, the bill came on for a second reading; it was opposed by Lord Hervey, Bishop of Oxford, Earl Chesterfield, Lord Talbot, Lord Lonsdale, and the Bishop of Salisbury (the celebrated Dr. Sherlock), and supported by Earl Bathurst, Earl Cholmondeley, Earl Carteret, Duke of Newcastle, and Earl Ilay. On a division the votes stood—Contents, 59; proxies, 23: total, 82. Non-contents, 38; proxies, 16: total, 54. All the ten bishops present voted against it, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Potter. February 24th, on going into committee on the bill, Earl Lonsdale moved that the noble Lord (Delawar) 'may leave the chair.' His speech, a very vigorous one, was followed by 'a long silence,' but the silence was succeeded by a very animated debate, traversing the whole question, the leading speakers being Chesterfield, Carteret, Bath, and Hervey; but the House went into Committee by a vote of 56 to 35. After going through committee, a motion was made to 'defer the third reading till Tuesday,' which was lost by 52 votes to 29. February 25th, on the third reading, its rejection was moved by Lord Hervey, who was very ably supported by Earl Lonsdale, and opposed by Earl Carteret, one of whose remarks is sufficiently singular to be quoted: 'Our chief revenues are from follies, our tobacco, our tea, and the last hath made way for gin!' The division list showed—Contents, 59; proxies, 23: total, 82. Non-contents, 38; proxies, 17: total, 55. All the bishops present, ten, voted against the third reading, and with five lay lords they entered their dissent from the result of the division. A protest, signed by ten peers, was also entered on the journals.

So ended this memorable struggle. The evil flowed on like a torrent, and in a few years higher duties were found necessary to contend against the stream of misery and crime which the liquor trade was interminably pouring forth. Few sessions passed without the same subject demanding and exacting renewed attention. George III., the youthful sovereign, grew grey and half-forgotten in his seclusion, and still Parliament was straining at the ancient difficulty. The licensing system was revised in 1828, but a lowering of the duty on gin sent a new current of pollution through the social system, and, in casting about for a remedy, the united wisdom of Parliament fixed upon a measure to abolish the beer tax, followed by another to exempt the sale of beer and ale from magisterial jurisdiction. The circle of absurdity was thus completed. It had been found necessary, in the middle sixteenth century, to prevent the uncertificated sale [illegible] in the second quarter of the eighteenth century it [illegible]

found equally necessary (even by the men who rejected a more stringent act), to prevent the uncertificated sale of spirits; and now, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, it was gravely proposed to cure the evils arising from the certificated sale of spirits by permitting the uncertificated sale of beer! The chief men on both sides of both Houses supported the proposal, though a wiser minority strove, first to defeat the measure, and then to limit its mischief by restricting its operation to the sale of beer for consumption off the premises. The debates that accompanied the passing of the beer bill and the subsequent bills, introduced for its amendment, are rich in instruction. The promoters of the bill were warned of varied and numerous disastrous consequences, but one peculiar result of it does not appear to have been foreseen. It was intended to raise up a new class of ale-houses not selling spirits, and therefore tending to wean the people from spirit-drinking habits; but by putting such houses alongside gin-shops, and by putting them out of the magisterial jurisdiction, the authors of the bill were offering a temptation to the keepers of them to seek to become publicans, and likewise a temptation to the magisterial benches to qualify them to become so. In sober fact, both temptations soon arose, and have been very successful; so that the new class of houses that were intended to supplant the gin-shops have become the most common means of multiplying their number and their pestiferous effects.

The continued abounding of drunkenness led, in 1834, to some noble parliamentary action of Mr. James Silk Buckingham, M.P. for Sheffield. Sheffield, then, had as a representative a man whom all good men could esteem, and whom posterity will gratefully remember. On June 3d, he delivered a speech at once comprehensive and concise, in support of a motion to appoint a Select Committee of Inquiry into the causes of the great increase of drunkenness, and the legislative means of preventing its further spread. Sir George Strickland seconded the motion. Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'did not see any beneficial effect that was likely to arise from the committee,' and so opposed its appointment. Mr. Cobbett recommended the Government to purchase one or two million copies of his sermon on drunkenness and circulate them through the country. Mr. Robinson wanted a bill instead of a committee. Mr. Pease supported the motion; Mr. Hume opposed it. 'The only remedy was education.' Mr. J. Maxwell, Sir R. Bateson, Sir H. Verney, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Baines, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Cayley, and Col. Williams, all successively supported the motion. Mr. Warburton

Warburton re-echoed Mr. Hume's opinions. Lord Althorp refused to yield to Colonel Evans's request to consent to the motion, which was carried on a division by sixty-four votes against forty-seven. The committee so appointed elected Mr. Buckingham its chairman, and much important evidence was accumulated; but on the 5th of August, when Mr. Buckingham brought up the report, a 'scene' took place, disgraceful to the leading actors. First of these was Mr. Hawes, M.P. for Lambeth, who had, as Mr. Buckingham told the House, 'attended the sittings of the committee three or four times only, and then for a short period, during which his object had been to browbeat and puzzle the witnesses, to make it out that no legislative remedy could be applied.' Mr. Hawes contended that the committee had no right to make a report, but was informed by the Speaker that every select committee was bound to do so. He then attacked the report in violent language, and moved that it should not be printed. Mr. Buckingham replied to him, and was sustained by Mr. Baines, M.P. for Leeds. Mr. O'Connell then spoke, and only a quotation will do him justice:—

'Did the committee not understand what they had to do? To be sure they seemed to have been a little muddled—there must have been some mud in the water; and he saw that the hon. gentleman's appearance was that of a man who drank nothing but water—nothing but solid water? But ought the House to meet this proposition, when the committee came before them with so silly, so absurd a suggestion as that of preventing the importation of spirits? * * * Distillation was to be confined to the chemists only! But he begged pardon of the House for detaining them with such trash. If they allowed this report to be printed they would encourage every drivelling legislator. Oh, yes! they would have some snail-paced legislator moving for a committee to inquire into the best means of preventing flies from destroying butter or honey.'

Colonel Williams 'thought the House bound to receive the report, and have it printed. Whatever ridicule might attach to the course, he would take care to place the following resolutions on the journals of the House—"Resolved, that the petitions on the part of the people to this House for cheap bread ought to be met by the suppression of the practice of converting human food into useless and destructive drink. That from a time (to be fixed) the distillation of ardent spirits from grain should be at once and entirely prohibited in Great Britain and Ireland."' Lord Sandon 'implored the House' to allow of the printing of the report. Mr. Brotherton contended that if the House adopted the recommendation of the committee, they would find that the happiness and best interests of the country would be greatly promoted. After other remarks, the House divided on the question of printing the report; and there appeared—Ayes, 63; Noes, 31: majority 32. Father Mathew's movement afterwards

Mr. O'Connell another view of the temperance question, but for his vituperative attack he owed an *amende honorable* to Mr. Buckingham, which we hope he rendered at the last. His style of abuse was to a certain extent repeated in the columns of the press, and notably so by the *Times*. The only daily newspaper taking a directly opposite course was the *Morning Herald*, which then often treated social topics with equal candour and ability.

The Parliamentary debates on Mr. Gladstone's Wine Licence Bill of 1860, on Mr. Somes's Sunday Closing Bill, on Mr. Lawson's Permissive Bill, and on other questions bearing upon the causes of public intemperance, can only be signalled as we pass. Some of them have been the subject of criticism in preceding numbers of this periodical.*

Other debates more beneficial to the whole community than any that have yet been chronicled or have transpired, will by and bye be coming due.

A Parliament really determined to dive into causes, and to stop the sources of social mischief, will have much to say and do that has never been said and done upon the liquor traffic of the kingdom. Yet a knowledge of the past would be of no trifling service in excluding from future discussions errors of reasoning and of fact. What is wanted is a work that should present in a condensed form every useful portion of previous legislative discussions; an epitome of all the bills proposed and acts passed for the regulation of the liquor traffic with a view to diminish intemperance; and such statistical illustrations and side-lights from historical authorities as would explain the reason of past failures to render this country sober and happy. Intelligent persons generally perceive that good legislation has a great office to serve in this department of future statesmanship; and it would be of no small advantage to have it made clear, why legislation has been for so long employed, with so little success, about a business of so much importance to the British people and to their remotest posterity.

Art. II.—STEAM.

FROM fire and water, progenitors so capable of mutual service and of mutual quarrel, comes their wonderful offspring, the laborious steam. It comes in this wise. To water add heat (of which molecular motion is another name), and a

* See 'Meliora,' No. X., July, 1860; and No. XXII., October, 1864.

change

change ensues. From that extremity of the water which is free particles fly off; and as the heat continues to be applied, more particles take wing in increasing numbers. Still, as the process goes on, more and more particles ascend; they ascend, because they are lighter than those that remain behind, and than the particles of air through which they make their way upwards. When the boiling point of the liquid is reached, the change of water into vapour is not confined to the free surface, but is most abundant at the extremities of which the heated vessel containing the water is the limit. Then ensues a fidget, a restlessness, and presently a turmoil. Globes or spheres of steam rise from the lower parts to the free surface, where frequently for a time they float about with their tops raised above the water in dome-shaped films. Ere long the spheres burst, and aloft flies the vapour. That these spheres or bubbles may be produced, certain difficulties have to be conquered. What these are, let us for a moment consider. It is a fact well known to all observers, that water adheres more or less to the vessel that contains it. We say more or less, because a variation in the amount of adhesion is occasioned accordingly as the vessel is of this or of that material. In a glass vessel, the adhesion is much greater than in one made of metal—so much greater, that two or three degrees more heat may be required to produce equal results in the two cases. The adhesion requires to be overcome before a bubble of steam can ascend; and it is overcome by an effort, showing itself in fits and starts. This effort, this tendency to break forth in fits and starts, we can augment if we please. If into the water we introduce certain salts, the bubble gets free not without a loud bumping kind of sound; and so sudden and so strong is the liberation in such cases, that the liquid may even be made thus to jump right out of the vessel.

As adhesion to the vessel is one of the difficulties to be overcome, so the mutual attraction of the watery particles is another. This attraction is variable in amount, according as air exists or does not exist amongst the particles. The water naturally has air in it, but by boiling the water the air may be got rid of. Its presence holds the particles of water more apart—forms, indeed, a sort of elastic cushion between them, and their vaporisation is made easier by the elasticity of the cushion. Deprived of it, they sit closer together, and take stronger hold upon each other. It is even possible so to boil the air out of water that the aqueous particles will remain together at one end of a tube when the tube is held upside down, behaving no longer like members of a liquid body, and setting at defiance, so far, the earth's gravitation.

Steam

Steam in bubbles, besides overcoming the water's adhesio to the vessel, and the cohesion of particles, must rise superio to other difficulties. It must, in order to be bubbles, resist th weight of the water above it, and the weight of the air ove the water. A pressure of fifteen pounds on the square inch i a good deal to be borne by a bubble; and that is the amoun of the pressure of the atmosphere. How can the frail thin tolerate all this? It tolerates it, because it has within it th exact equivalent of the pressure on its outside. The bubbl could not exist for a moment if the elastic force of the stean in its interior were not just equal to the pressure of the ai without. The least superiority in the inside pressure of th steam would burst the bubble outwards; the least triflin excess in the external pressure would squeeze and crush i the walls of the bubble. The bubbling of the water that boil is the token of its boiling; and the definition of the boilin point of the water is that temperature at which it countervail by the tension of its vapour, the pressure of the atmosphere.

What we may call the free surface of steam is the *που στ* of the steam mechanician. He controls its amount variously and so he attains the power he requires. By contracting, and fo a time abstracting, the free surface, whilst maintaining the heat he adds enormously to the vapour's elastic force. Let th free surface be stopped by a moveable plug, called a piston and let there be above the plug the free air, or a communica tion with a condenser of steam, and the plug ascends, pushe up by the steam. Let the plug be at its highest, and let ther be free air or a steam-condensing arrangement below, and gush of steam into the cylinder above the plug will send i down again as rapidly as it was sent up. Here is upward an downward, and this may easily be made backward and for ward, motion; and this alternating motion the mechanicia can convert into any style of motion that he requires.

The power thus obtained, however, must always be pai for. For this work done, heat is the price. The steam engine makes no stroke, lifts no pound, sets in motion n wheel, without involving the disappearance of an equivalen of heat. A pound of coal burnt under a steam boiler will fur nish a definite amount of heat; but collect all the heat take up by the apparatus of the steam-engine, and all lost b radiation and by contact with the air, and you have an amoun falling short of what a pound of coal will produce by com bustion, and the amount of the shortcoming will be exactl equivalent to the amount of the work done by the machinery If a ton of coal will lift 7,720lbs. a foot high, the heat pro duced by the coal in the apparatus of the steam-engine wi fa

fall short of that amount by a quantity just sufficient to add ten degrees of heat to a pound of water.*

Such, in brief, is the manner of the development of steam, and such the principle of its application in mechanics. The history of its gradual enslavement to man is highly interesting, but too long to be recited here. Hero, of Alexandria, 120 B.C., toyed with it. The wonderful Marquis of Worcester first threw out the prophecy of its utilisation. Denis Papin attempted, about 1695, and Thomas Savery prevailed, in 1698, to forge the first link of the chain, which Thomas Newcomen, of Dartmouth, did much to lengthen, and with which the illustrious James Watt, of Greenock, succeeded in binding to the wheel of human progress this mighty labourer for mankind. How it has toiled at that wheel for the last hundred years, still multiplying with every year its arms and its labours, is a matter open to familiar observation. Already it has exercised an immensely greater influence upon the condition of the human race than can be attributed to any other of man's manifold inventions.

To enumerate the benefits which the mastery of steam power has conferred upon mankind would be to touch upon almost every earthly comfort and luxury we enjoy. In the first place, how marvellous has been the influence of the steam-engine upon British manufactures! In 1750, the spinning of cotton yarn was scarcely worth mentioning. It was a domestic process, an affair belonging to the women of the family. In that year, John Kay, of Bolton, introduced the fly-shuttle; but it was not till Hargreaves, of Blackburn, set his spinning-jenny to work in 1770 that there was much change in the process. Then came Arkwright's carding and roving invention, and Crompton's mule. Arkwright's first mill was built at Cromford, in Derbyshire, but it was driven by water. Not, however, before the steam-engine of Watt came into use did the cotton manufacture commence those magnificent strides which made it, prior to the great American civil war, a marvel of the world, and will yet carry it on till it shall succeed in covering the nakedness of the whole human family.

What the steam-engine has done in developing the other clothing trades, how it has rendered possible and necessary the production of machinery for all sorts of purposes, is evident wherever the observant eye turns itself. Sixty years ago there were only three or four establishments in the world

* 'Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion.' By John T[illegible] London: Longman, Green, and Co.

that could make a steam-engine. What a difference between then and now! The engines of that day ranged from three up to seventy-horse power. Now, they are not uncommonly made as high as 500, or in pairs from 1,000 to 1,200-horse power. Then, an order for a single engine was considered a great event, and required, perhaps, ten or twelve months for its execution; now, steam-engines are made by dozens, and with such despatch that it is no uncommon occurrence to see five or six engines of large power leave a single establishment in a month. Sixty years ago there were no 'self-acting' tools, and the whole stock of an engineering or machine-making establishment might be summed up in a few ill-made lathes, drills, and boring machines, of rude construction. Now, self-acting, turning, planing, grooving, and slotting machines are absolutely necessary working plant for engineering establishments; and by their aid, thanks to steam power, the mechanic is able to turn, bore, and shape with a degree of accuracy almost amounting to mathematical precision.*

Not least amongst the valuable applications of steam, is its apprenticeship to the hammer. James Watt seems to have had a notion of the steam-hammer, but did not bring it to practical fulfilment. If Watt was the father, James Nasmyth, of Patricroft, was the nurse who brought the young Hercules up by the hand, set it on its legs, and gave it its first lessons in the manufactory. But it was Robert Wilson, also of Patricroft, with his admirable inventions, who taught the raw stripling to become the marvellously strong and skilful worker, without whose aid comparatively nothing of modern forging could be done. Thanks to him, the steam-hammer, with wonderful flexibility of management, can give every variety of stroke, from the tap upon a nut which will not crack it, to the blow that flattens solid iron out like a sheet of paper. Mr. Rowlandson tells an amusing anecdote illustrating its varied power. He says:†—

'I remember some years ago being in a railway carriage on my way from Liverpool to Patricroft, when, after we had passed Barton Moss, one of the passengers happening to inquire the name of the next station, on being told Patricroft, a man, in the garb of a sailor, immediately asked if that was not the place those great steam-hammers were made; being answered in the affirmative, and asked how he happened to know anything of steam-hammers, he shook his head, and answered in language more expressive than polite (which I cannot repeat), that he had good reason to remember at least one of them. On being pressed to explain, he stated that some months previously, the ship, to which he then belonged, was

* 'Useful Information for Engineers.' By Wm. Fairbairn. London: Longman and Co.

† 'History of the Steam-hammer.' A Lecture. By Mr. T. S. Rowlandson. Eccles: A. Shuttleworth. 1865.

lying

lying at Woolwich, when one day he rambled ashore into the dockyard, and whilst looking about him, his attention was directed to a big hammer at work there, and whilst the men were waiting for their iron being made hot, they showed some others and himself what could be done with the hammer, such as cracking nuts, driving nails, &c. At last he said he was induced to place his watch under it, and the great block came down, and he could just hear it tap upon the glass and do it no harm; when all at once, said he, whether the lubber who was steering it made a mistake or not he did not know, but down came the thundering fellow smash upon his watch. Some one asked did it break it? Break it, said he, why bless your heart there was nothing left of it but what looked like a bit of tin, with some yellow marks upon it, which he supposed had once been wheels and things. So, said he, that big beggar smashed my watch to "smithereens," and he finished his story with an oath that he knew a little more about steam hammers than he liked them.—(Laughter.)'

The locomotive application of steam power on land, attributable so largely to the genius of Trevethick, and especially of George Stephenson, is producing results still more important than the stationary. It is setting all mankind upon wheels. It is virtually reducing the size of the globe, by bringing the people and nations closer and closer to each other. It is, first of all, widening the intervals between inhabitants of towns, by enabling them to reside at a distance from their offices and shops. It is thus spreading town populations over larger surface, and reducing the margins of country which separate city from city. It transports into towns the various growths of other regions. It feeds the toiling midlander with the fish newly caught at the shores, and gratifies the sweltering townsman with the fresh fruits of the country. It enables him to quit his bricks and mortar, and be out at the marine watering-place, as it were, in a stride. It immensely promotes the sociability of man. It extends the relationships not of trade only, but of friendship and of marriage, by bringing remote persons into mutual intercourse, and mightily enlarging the circles of selection. The time required, and the difficulties of journeying in former times, practically augmented the distance which separated friends, relatives, and communities. In our days, by aid of railroads, friends, relatives, communities have become so approximated, that we have almost ceased to talk of distance, the time required in the transit being the real standard of computation. The frequent meetings empowered by railways strengthen the ties of friendship, nourish the affections, enhance the amenities of life, promote the general amity, and exalt the social state of mankind. Steam in each country is rapidly making dialectic peculiarities ashamed of themselves, and putting special customs and local prejudices to the blush; and what the locomotive is effecting in this way for peoples divided from each other by land, the steam[illegible] achieving for those whom the sea separates. It is sh[illegible]

the vast oceans into seas, and the seas into mere pools and herring-ponds, that the nations may properly know each other to be men. And, as God has made of one blood all the races of the earth, so it is evident He designs to reunite them into one family, and weave around them all a web of mutual service and consequent goodwill, by His swift-moving shuttles, the railway locomotive and the steamship.

The political history of the world in the early years of the present century was wrought out by the steam-engine. The warlike triumphs of Great Britain which culminated in 1815, could not have been achieved, the enterprises which led to them could not have been attempted, the long struggles which preceded them could not have been endured, but for the vigour with which steam toiled for this nation of ours. It served her in good stead when she most needed it. At the commencement of the century, England lay panting on her couch, exhausted by a long and painful war. The steam-engine brought new energy to her body, new force to her arm, and gave her the means of victory. She had, however, been perhaps almost on the verge of ruin from the same cause. At that eventful epoch, when Napoleon's 'Grand Army of England' threatened these shores with invasion—at the time when the eyes of all Europe were fixed on the channel, and when the orators in the French tribunate were wishing only for 'a fair wind and thirty-six hours,' to waft their well-appointed, well-trained, and determined legions, to attempt the most disastrous conquest ever conceived by military ambition—an unknown individual, Fulton, presented himself before the First Consul. What he said was this:—'The sea which separates you from your enemy gives him an immense advantage. Aided alternately by the winds and the tempests, he braves you in his inaccessible isle. This obstacle—his sole strength—I engage to overcome. In spite of all his fleets, I can, at any time, in a few hours, transport your armies into his territory, without fearing the tempests or needing the winds. Consider the means which I offer you.' The plan and details accompanying Fulton's project were received by Napoleon, and by him referred to a committee of the most learned men of France, who reported, of course, that the scheme was visionary and impracticable; and it was rejected. Yet the steamship was all that Napoleon required to enable him to baffle the English navy, and make his contemplated gigantic attempt upon our shores. We cannot share the sorrow of Jomini, who, as a matter of military science, positively regrets that the invasion was not made, so that the question of its possible success might have been settled.

That

That Fulton was not the inventor of steam navigation has been abundantly proved by Mr. Bennet Woodcroft.* But Fulton was the man who, having availed himself of Symington's inventions, brought steam power to bear and to pay in practical navigation. Fulton, in conjunction with Robert Livingstone, actually built a steamboat on the Seine in 1803. The machinery was at first too heavy for the boat; the former broke the back of the latter, and both went to the bottom together. Fulton recovered and repaired his vessel, but could not make it move with such speed as he had expected. The practical introduction of steam navigation was reserved, not for France, but for America.

As steam was a great politician early in the century, sustaining Great Britain against Napoleon, so has it been a mighty worker in the last great affair that has shaken the world. But for steam power in England, the cotton-growing of America would not have had its development; and without cotton and its guilty partner, slavery, there would have been no civil war in the United States. Given the rebellion of the South, steam was yet necessary to its suppression. Without steam, there would have been no steamships and no railroad system; and, in the absence of these, the subjugation of the South would have been impossible.

The political *status* of a nation depends very largely upon the force with which she is understood to be capable of defending and upholding her rights, and the rapidity wherewith her determinations can be executed. Railways on land, steam vessels on the ocean, in a few days can now bring into mutual presence armies that may re-arrange the map of the world, and decide the fate of nations. As long as there were only sailing-ships, hostile disembarkations were never considerable; always they have been very difficult. But the Crimean war presented the world with a new spectacle. A hundred French ships carrying some thirty thousand men, a hundred English ships transporting twenty-eight thousand Britons and seven thousand Turks, were seen crossing the Black Sea, under the protection of the British fleet. In a single day three divisions landed in the Crimea; and had the Russians foreseen the very point of their arrival, they probably could have done little to prevent the disembarkation. It is now, therefore, proved that by the aid of steam an army of fifty thousand men, with its *matériel*, may be embarked, and flung upon any part of a hostile coast. On land, a like

* 'A Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Steam Navigation.' By Bennet Woodcroft. London: Taylor and Walton.

facility

facility of concentration of attack is presented by steam power, which, also, by its ampler manufacture of materials of war, renders modern battles so much more sanguinary than those of old. It is evident that some momentous changes will yet be effected by the new means thus placed in the hands of the larger and richer nations. To be small and poor, will tend to be, to be absorbed into some larger and wealthier aggregate. As amongst tradesmen and agriculturists, steam is displacing the small holders and operators, and running commercial undertakings into the hands of large capitalists; so is it also operating to render separate existence less and less possible for the smaller nations, and is melting their boundaries away in the presence of their more powerful neighbours.

But whilst thus throwing political affairs into larger and stronger hands, steam power is, on the other hand, promoting the amity of nations and of their governments. By its adjuvancy, peoples and their rulers are brought more closely, and more point blank face to face. Little or no difficulty exists now in interpreting each other's intentions, and especially in appreciating truly their means of execution. It is this downright fact that has of late forbidden the outbreak of more than one general war in Europe, in spite of numerous plausible pretexts and tempting provocations; and notwithstanding a too manifest state of warlike preparation on all sides. Steam power has thus sobered governmental judgments, which are compelled to think twice, and more than twice, before taking political steps leading to consequences which, in a war waged through a network of railways and on an ocean furrowed by steamers, no man can adequately foresee.

It has been frequently said that, owing to the improved military resources of nations, modern wars must be of short duration,—sharp, brief, and decisive. With respect to some particular war, such may be the case; but in a general European war the result would be otherwise; and steam power would be the cause. It is probable that the hasty and indefinite conclusion of the Austro-French Italian war was caused by the pressure of Prussia looming in the distance,—capable at once, by means of the steam locomotive, of making a diversion in favour of Austria. But a general European war, wherein one or more mighty nations may have to stand at bay, may be protracted, by steam power, through an indefinite duration. Had the French system of railways existed then, the Battle of Waterloo would not have been decisive, even if it could have been lost by the French in that case. On the contrary, it is more than probable that the result would have been

been just the reverse of that crowning (and uncrowning) victory. Such, at all events, is the opinion of French military critics; and even should we attribute their opinion to their self-love, and regard it as unfounded, we cannot overlook the importance of railways and steam power generally, from a strategic point of view, and the precautions that France has, accordingly, taken, in laying down her systems of railways, all designed for internal defence and eccentric attack against every 'objective' capital of Europe. France can no longer be safely invaded; and three Waterloos might still find her at bay, and able again to try conclusions. To steam power, mainly, she owes this important improvement in her position. Other great nations are equally benefited for their defence by the like cause.

Amongst the manifold results of the enslavement of steam, the saving of time is as remarkable as the shrinking of space. If we state the economy by railway travelling to be as one hour in every twelve miles, it appears that in the course of a twelvemonth there are actually added to the available time of the community upwards of twenty thousand years; and it follows that a number thrice as great as this is added to the effective working population of the country, reckoning eight hours as the work-time in each day. Doubtless many journeys now rendered easy by rail would never have been undertaken but for this facilitation; but this can scarcely diminish the force of the result; and, allowing the widest margin for this and other exceptions, there still remains a clear annual saving which must be reckoned by thousands of years.

Another direct effect of the rapid intercourse rendered possible by steam, has been a marvellous increase of the material wealth of nations, just in proportion to their capacity for availing themselves of this gigantic commercial aid. It is not too much to say that the amount of business done, at the present day, in one month, through the facilities of steam navigation alone, is equal to that effected in any one year of the preceding century. By stimulating the competition of nations in production, steam navigation has cheapened the necessaries and luxuries of life; it has done this by reducing cost of transport, and by rapidly supplying the market. To 'starve the market' has thus been made much more difficult than of old; it being no longer possible, as it long was, to force up the price of commodities by restricting the supply in the market. The winds have become almost of no account in the calculations of a voyage, since the time when steam navigation first began to grapple with them. The departure and arrival of a steamship between country and country may now be reckoned on with almost

almost as good certainty as those of a stage coach between town and town. Meanwhile the passengers enjoy many of the luxuries of a private dwelling. Indeed, in some of the large American river boats, men have even taken up their permanent abode, as it were in a floating and sailing hotel.

Of this mighty world-traffic which steam navigation has so largely augmented, London is the great centre;—London, not only the metropolis of England, but, in a manner, that of the whole world. To London, it may be said, all men journey. The physical position of Britain is in accordance with her distributive function amongst the nations. London is positively the pole of the inhabited regions of the earth. If, on a terrestial globe, we elevate as a zenith the speck representing London, lifting it, therefore, ninety degrees from the horizon, we find that all the inhabited regions of the earth might rotate around that point as their centre. Carl Ritter first pointed out that not only are the lands more numerous in the northern portion of the earth than in the southern; but that, if a great circle be drawn through the coast of Peru and the south of Asia, this will cut the earth into hemispheres, of which the one contains the most terrene masses, the nearest together, and the most important; whilst in the other will be seen only vast oceans, with here and there the peninsular extremities of the chief lands, narrowed and dispersed, and Australia, the smallest and most isolated of the continents. We have thus a continental or terrene hemisphere, and we have a hemisphere oceanic or marine; and of the land hemisphere, London is nearly the central point, and is therefore a natural meeting point for all the countries of the globe.

From the time when first it was put in harness by man, steam power was an alleviator of human labour. It would seem, on the one hand, that the hard labour of the world is falling out of the hands of man, and away from the muscles of beasts of burden, that it may be monopolised by fire and water. And, in the ultimate, this will, we trust, be found to be the case. At present, there is no question but that steam power and railways, whilst doing so much hard work for man, actually stimulate him to greater exertion. People in these days of steam do more work with less cessation or provision for the rest of the mind and wholesome exercise for the body, than at any previous time in the world's history. Whilst man is putting steam in harness, he is being dragged along by its side, and finds the effort to keep up with it more and more a tax upon his ability.

The stimulus of steam tells on man both physically and mentally. Marvellous is the influence it has had upon literature that

and the education of the people. And without the steam-press, it would be impossible to meet the growing demands of the reading public. The American printing machines, now used in all the large newspaper establishments of Great Britain, turn off very commonly ten to fifteen thousand impressions in the hour. Every railway station in towns is a book mart, tempting the passenger to seek information or amusement. The greater development given to printing by steam power has enlarged the operation of the other collateral arts;—type-casting, bookbinding, paper-making, engraving, lithography, short-hand writing;—and given employment to authors and men of learning, thousands of whom now obtain a subsistence by writing for the press and the publishers. In 1792 the annual number of copies of British newspapers was fifteen millions. In 1810 it had already approximated one hundred millions. At the present time it prodigiously exceeds that number. In 1782 England had but seventy-nine newspapers. It has now nine hundred and forty-four; and there are twelve hundred and seventy-one in the United Kingdom. In 1720 North America had only seven. The United States a year or two ago were reported to have nearly a thousand, in English, French, Spanish, German, and other languages. A London morning paper employs directly from sixty to eighty persons. Eight or ten reporters relieve each other every hour during parliamentary debates, and twenty-four to thirty compositors set up folio by folio as 'copy,' or written matter, arrives. The newspapers are on sale often within two hours after speeches reported in them have been delivered. A single copy of a large newspaper employs about 360,000 distinct pieces of metal; a quantity which would suffice to print a three-volume novel. And this quantity is for the most part written, printed, and published by each daily newspaper office six days out of every seven in our existence. And not alone through the newspaper press does steam promote reading and education. It is probable that by cheapening production, steam power now enables us to get a better library for one hundred pounds than could have been collected for one thousand at the beginning of the century. Undoubtedly the gift has been perverted to a large extent. The evils of vitiated cheap literature are not few. But the benefits far exceed the evils.

The literary correspondence of a nation is an important element of its social, commercial, and political status. Steam power has immensely cheapened and expedited this kind of inter-communication. The Indian mails now pass by Marseilles and Malta, and reach Bombay in about fifty d[redacted]

Calcutta within sixty; whereas several months were required in former times with ships that could but sail. In England, our letters and papers are brought to us a few hours after the ink has dried, instead of being delayed day after day, as it was in the olden time. There are eleven thousand three hundred post-offices in the United Kingdom now, besides a large number of road letter boxes,—in the whole, at least ten thousand more receptacles for letters than existed prior to Sir Rowland Hill's great postal reform. In 1863, there passed through these post-offices six hundred and forty-two millions of letters. The amount of money transmitted by post-office orders in 1839 was three hundred and thirteen thousand pounds; in 1863 it was sixteen millions four hundred and ninety-four thousands. The British foreign mails have at their command a fleet of steamers such as the united navies of the world can scarcely match, thridding the coral reefs of the 'lone Antilles,' skirting the western coast of South America, touching weekly at the ports of the United States, and bi-monthly traversing the Indian Ocean,—tracking, in fact, the face of the deep wherever England has great interests, or her sons have many friends. Even the vast Pacific, which a hundred years ago was rarely penetrated even by the adventurous circumnavigator, has become a highway for the passage of Her Majesty's mails; and letters pass to Australia and New Zealand, our very antipodes, as quickly as epistles of old reached the Highlands of Scotland or the western counties of Ireland. Directly or indirectly, this world-begirding correspondence is the effect of steam power.

It would be of little avail that man physical and intellectual had been thus prodigiously assisted by steam, if man moral and religious had received no furtherance. But with the growth of steam power come many moral changes. Railways, steamships, and the other developments of steam power modify the characters of men. Not only is promptness of action, not only is decision of character promoted, but, as we have pointed out, the amenities of social life are furthered, and the interest widened which human beings take in each other. 'How much,' says Dr. Lardner, 'the spread of civilisation, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of taste, and the refinement of habits and manners depend upon the easy and rapid intermixture of the constituent elements of society, it is needless to point out. Whilst population exists in detached and independent masses, incapable of transfusion amongst each other, their dormant affinities are never called into action, and the most precious qualities of each are never imparted to the other. Like solids in physics, they are slow to form combinations; but

but when the quality of fluidity has been imparted to them, when their constituent atoms are loosened by fusion, and the particles of each flow freely through and among those of the other, then the affinities are awakened, new combinations are formed, a mutual interchange of qualities takes place, and compounds of value far exceeding those of the original elements are produced. Extreme facility of intercourse is the fluidity and fusion of the social masses, whence such an activity of the affinities results, and whence such an inestimable interchange of precious qualities must follow.'* And this facility of intercourse stands in aid of every religious as well as of every moral interest. The vapour of steam cheapens the religious tract and book, and conveys these and the missionary as willingly and swiftly as it carries the bill of lading and the commercial traveller.

Whether steam shall always be thus at man's service depends upon conditions not yet fully ascertained. The coalfields, however large, must ultimately be exhausted. The conclusion of Mr. Edward Hull‡ is that there is, in Great Britain, an available supply of coal nearly equal to eighty million millions of tons; which, divided by seventy-two millions of tons (the quantity raised in the year 1859), would last for eleven hundred years. Mr. Hull confesses, however, that as in the twenty years ending 1860 the annual consumption of coal exactly doubled itself, a calculation based on an annual seventy-two millions must be, of course, out of the question. As steam power becomes, every year, more extensively harnessed, the consumption of coal is continually increasing for its maintenance; and more coal is yearly used as manufactures flourish and population increases. It is calculated, by the way, that for every additional person born in this country, an additional ton of coal per annum is required. The exhaustion of the practicable coalfields of Britain must come at a very much earlier date than the year A.D. 2800, unless some splendid invention should meanwhile accrue, enabling men to obtain power and heat from other sources than the black mineral. That some such boon awaits mankind in the future, we have a strong impulse to predict. God is good; and even His merely physical benefactions to the inhabitants of this planet are by no means exhausted.

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* 'The Steam-Engine.' By the Rev. D. Lardner, LL.D., F.R.S.

‡ 'The Coalfields of Great Britain: their History, Structure, and [redacted]. By Edward Hull, B.A. London: E. Stamford.

Art. III.—SUDDEN DANGERS; OR, ACCIDENTS AND EMERGENCIES.

First Help in Accidents. By C. H. Schaible, M.D. Hardwicke. 1864.

Art of Travel. By F. Galton, F.R.G.S. Murray.

The Railway Traveller's Handy Book. Lockwood.

THERE are two sorts of that quality which is called presence of mind. There is that presence of mind that arrests a dangerous catastrophe, and there is that which promptly remedies the consequences of it. Sometimes both are found united; and people in whom they meet are always the most successful of explorers, emigrants, soldiers, and sailors; in short, in any active business or profession they must needs come to the front. Often, however, the man who is quick to foresee and bold to avert, sinks helpless and hopeless when the bolt has fallen; whilst another who loses his head with terror in the presence of a swift and impending calamity, regains his physical nerve and mental calm and coolness when the danger is over and the worst is known. To generalise too widely is often to fall into formidable error; but it may be remarked that race in this matter often asserts its tendencies, that the Celtic blood is commonly the quickest, boldest, and most rash in attacking danger, the Saxon the most helpful and least cast down in calamity, and that a mixture of the two has proved itself to be an admirable combination of daring and that quality which in stable parlance is known as bottom and staying power. It is true that no catastrophe or misfortune of whatever kind is really an accident in the sense in which that word is often used, *i.e.*, a blind freak of chance, or a thing predestined to happen by Fate. What is called an accident is but the final link of a sequence of events, any one of which might have been altered in its direction by the exercise of a sagacity, knowledge, or strength, which sometimes does, and at other times does not, lie within man's grasp. But as we do not allow deaf, dumb, or blind men, or idiots or madmen, to wander about crowded thoroughfares, or to walk with a lighted candle in a powder store, because there would be not only a possibility but a probability of dangerous results; so when a man by intoxication reduces himself to the mental and physical degradation of an idiot and falls out of a railway carriage, or is crushed beneath the wheels of a cart, no one

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is surprised: we see plainly the causes which produce the so-called accident, and feel sure, from our limited knowledge of the laws of God, that so far from its being a strange mischance, it would be of the nature of a miracle if some evil had not ensued. Presence of mind is sometimes instinctive, and sometimes acquired, as the result of experience, or knowledge, or both. The first we cannot command, it is a great natural endowment; but the last may in a very large degree be obtained by energy and reflection, and when we consider the enormous amount of capital and property, and, what is more, of human life and human happiness which is so often lost beyond redemption, because at a given moment one person was too much flurried to prevent, and another was too ignorant and fearful to remedy, it may reasonably be urged that in the education of the young some amount of elementary knowledge should be imparted, calculated to be of service in certain contingencies, and some kind of moral training and discipline be used which should induce a habit of mind favourable to cool reflecting courage, and opposed to shameful and causeless panic. Some accidents involve only one life, others are great and spread widely and threaten numbers, and almost all are such as must in the nature of things lead on to more. A woman whose dress is in flames, for instance, will often set fire to those who endeavour to assist her, or to the furniture of the room, and so cause a great conflagration; and when a building is on fire in any populous place, there arises danger from many sources, danger of suffocation by smoke, of being crushed by falling walls, roofs, or fragments, and of being trampled to death in the crowd, a fate which has befallen many a luckless woman who, quite unable to help, is yet irresistibly attracted by the cry of 'Fire.' The burning of the Surrey Theatre afforded a rare and exceedingly satisfactory illustration of the good effects of preserving order and tranquillity on such occasions; the theatre was emptied with comparative rapidity and ease, simply because people refrained from choking up the only modes of egress, and from fighting among themselves as to who should go out first. Had the audience acted as audiences usually do act, a terrible scene must have ensued, and the usual per centage would certainly have been maimed, mutilated, and smothered. There is perhaps no juncture in which presence of mind is so imperatively called for, and so invariably lost, as in calamities by fire. Most women know, at least in theory, that they ought under such circumstances not to run out of [illegible] and up and down the stairs, but should lie down [illegible] and try to roll a rug or some incombustible [illegible]

them; yet not one in twenty but does the very reverse of all that she should do. It cannot be too carefully impressed on the mind that when an alarm of fire is raised in a theatre, church, or any other crowded assembly, to stand up and shout and scream, rush to the door and block up the passage, is the very worst way of accomplishing one's desires, and involves the almost certain consequence of being severely hurt, or it may be simply trodden into a shapeless mass. Compared with this, and taking into consideration the excellent arrangements of the fire-brigades, and the daring and skill of their officers, the probability of being burned to death through quietly persevering in sitting still is of a very distant kind. It is well to bear in mind that, to leave open doors and windows, or in fact any aperture which creates a draught, also feeds the flames; that to crawl on the hands and knees is the best way of avoiding suffocation by smoke; and finally in the interval of enforced inaction, if any means are at hand of thoroughly wetting a woman's dress her chance of escape is greatly increased.

Every year there are numerous casualties by drowning, and there seems no excuse for the existing state of things, in which it is certain that so many men and boys are ignorant of the art of swimming, and are content so to remain, including even those who are intended for or are engaged in a maritime life. Wherever there is opportunity, boys in the workhouse, and in the ragged and national schools should be instructed, and we are persuaded that there are few places where the proprietors of swimming baths would refuse for such a purpose to allow gratuitous entrance one night in the week, which might be the evening previous to the usual weekly changing of the water. If the decency which foreigners rigidly observe were not so strangely obnoxious to Englishmen—and if appearances should be trusted, we would almost say Englishwomen too, *vide* Margate—who pertinaciously cling to their nudity as if it were their one remnant of Paradise, and if the custom of wearing bathing clothes were universally enforced, opportunities of learning to swim might be multiplied without offending propriety in any degree. Very few English girls know anything about the art which French girls acquire under the tuition of a father or brother with ease and without violating decorum. Certainly in these matters continental nations are immeasurably before us. Even if women were taught only how to float, or any of the numerous modes by which they might, with very slight assistance, support themselves in the water, that alone would tend to prevent the ungovernable paroxysm of terror which so often is the cause of fatal results.

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In the royal navy, as in the merchant service, discipline prevents, of course, many frightful scenes, but the men, women, and children who crowd the emigrant ships form a crew of a very unmanageable kind, and when such vessels have gone down it has generally been with a most disastrous and unnecessary loss of life. The poor, ignorant creatures, unaccustomed to any fixed order or regular routine, mad with fear, and unsustained by the consciousness of being able in the slightest degree to contend with the raging waters around, crowd the deck so as to neutralise the efforts of the sailors to obey orders, and there stand helpless and hopeless until the boats are at last disengaged and brought alongside. Then, when, humanly speaking, all depends on the greatest care, order, and exactitude, these poor frenzied people leap into them, upsetting them as fast as they approach, and amid confusion, shrieks, cries, and imprecations, they one after the other sink into a watery grave. In landing through a heavy surf, sailors often manage the point where others fail, simply because they understand how to wait for a large wave, come in on the crest of it, and contrive to scramble up to some ledge by which they can hold on and resist the fearful back-draught which follows. Few people are aware what a heavy, bruising, and disabling sort of battery a great force of water actually becomes when projected on the human body. The worst attitude in which to receive a breaker is in that of scrambling away from it on hands and knees; in such a position the wave projects a man head foremost with tremendous force, and rolls him over and over until, if he ever rises at all, it is exhausted and half-killed. The proper way is to turn on the back the instant before the wave comes, and then he will be floated on with great velocity in the right direction. When a person who cannot swim at all has to be supported or towed along by another, unless the discretion and obedience of the first is particularly to be depended on, it is wise to fasten some description of buoy or floats under his arms, and then tow him along with a cord rather than let him be within grappling reach. In fording a swift stream, a slight-built man should weight himself heavily with stones, or else the water will buoy him up so that he will be totally unable to resist the current; and three feet depth of water for strong men, and four feet for horses is quite the limit of security. In crossing a deep river of considerable width on horseback, Mr. Galton advises that the animal should be pushed or jumped in, and having [illegible] him, his rider should jump in himself, hold [illegible] and so be towed across. The horse can be [illegible] by [illegible]thing

splashing water into his face on either side. Fords may be expected, or at least landing places, where a river is broad rather than where it is narrow; and, where it bends in its course, shallow ground often lies in a slanting direction from a little promontory on one side to the nearest promontory on the other, unless the promontory be a jutting rock or an overhanging projection.

In the accidents by rail, which have now become so frightfully common, the greatest presence of mind avails but little, and only under certain conditions; helpless passengers are, and for anything which the railway authorities will do, helpless they will continue. It is true that in crossing a line, or a junction of lines, many a man, confused by the shouts and various contrary directions given by well-meaning spectators, runs forward to certain death from sheer want of coolness and reflection, when a step backwards would have saved him from destruction. But an individual fast locked up in a carriage is almost powerless to help himself, even if he knows that a collision will inevitably occur the very next minute. It seems, however, to be pretty certain that under such circumstances the best and only plan is to throw yourself down on the floor of the carriage; and some very curious escapes have been recorded as occurring through this precaution. A gentleman who was in the train when the horrible accident took place this year near Rednal, states: 'On returning from Chester I felt a violent oscillation of the carriage in which I was seated, the first in the train. I at once looked out of the window, and saw the first engine jumping up in the air. I cried out, "We are off the line," and at once pulled my cap tightly over my head and jumped under the seat opposite me. Immediately after there was a frightful crash, and some time after this I was found under the tender of the second engine with the dead body of a child lying by the side of me.' A good many small cuts and a bad wound in the right ankle was the extent of the actual injury which this gentleman received. No better mode of escape or prevention has to our knowledge been suggested, and the melancholy conclusion we come to is that with regard to railways the man who shows most presence of mind is he who remembers to take his insurance along with his railway ticket. After any collision or other misfortune in railway travelling has actually occurred, of course there is plenty of scope for nerve and presence of mind, and nothing is more imperative than that instant and effectual efforts should be made by signals and messengers to stop any other train which may chance to be due. Yet even this precaution has not always been properly attended

attended to, and though the care of the maimed and dying naturally seems the first consideration, it is of equal or even more importance that another score of victims should not be added to the list.

Accidents arising from the presence of foul air in mines, wells, &c., are generally due not so much to ignorance as to recklessness. But some accurate knowledge as to the best mode of assisting the sufferers, and of treating them when extricated, would be useful information to the men and boys who live in such districts and are engaged in such work. There are, as is well known, different kinds of gas which are equally noxious; one is light and inflammable, another is heavy and suffocating, destroying life when taken into the lungs as effectually as water does; and precautions must be taken in accordance. No person should ever descend to rescue one who has fallen insensible, without having a strong rope knotted round him, the end of which is held by others, otherwise he may share the fate of the first.

There is one sort of misfortune which happens frequently to the emigrant or traveller, and too often, in Great Britain, to shepherds, tourists, or houseless wanderers. It is when from some cause or other a man loses his companions and finds himself utterly alone, without landmarks or any knowledge of road or track to guide him. If this occurs in the prairie, the bush, forest, or desert, it is indeed a casualty so terrible and serious that few travellers can face the situation without experiencing for the moment a paralysing terror and dismay. Mr. Galton's advice to a man thus lost is, first, to take heart by reflecting that the per centage of those who really perish from starvation is exceedingly small; and, secondly, to calculate coolly how far he can possibly be from his party. 'You have been so many hours riding at such and such a pace since you left them. Make this distance the radius of your circle or cast, and then ride slanting backwards and forwards within the circle till you come upon their traces, leaving marks as you go that you may not unwittingly shift your centre point. A bit of looking-glass held in the hand will reflect the sun's rays six or even ten miles off, and if directed towards where the party is expected to be, will often prove a valuable signal.' If a traveller is lost in this country, even in the most wild and unfrequented mountain districts, it is generally owing either to night coming suddenly on, or to a snowstorm, or thick fog; and the mists in some parts of the Highlands are the most thoroughly perplexing and deluding things in the world. It is a bad plan if a person is thus overtaken to continue to plunge blindly

blindly along, fatiguing and hopelessly puzzling himself. By a river or stream course, it is pretty certain to be a very circuitous route, and full of rugged and broken ground, where a false step might at once plunge you in the water. For the same reason, on the cliff or brachead is a bad line of road. It is generally far from houses, and intersected by ravines, the crossing of which will exhaust your remaining strength. And by a dim or uncertain light, and with driving mist or snow blinding the eyes, it is very easy to step over the side of a precipice before you know what you are about. The very best way is to sit down at once and make yourself as comfortable as you can, until either the mist lifts or morning breaks. If you have to camp out for the night, a little extra trouble in making your bed as comfortable as circumstances will permit will amply repay the exertion. Follow the wisdom of the hare, and choose for shelter the side of a wall, bank, or even a furrow, or turf raised on end, in preference to a tree or four bare poles roofed with furze. The under side should be as well cared for as the upper, and the man who sleeps on the bare ground with a plaid over him, will be much more damp and chilly than if he had swathed himself in it. Even a sheet of stiff cardboard, or a couple of newspapers, will be better than nothing. Brown paper is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and a bit of mackintosh, even of a small size, is invaluable. A few dead ferns or branches of heather afford a really comfortable bed; but if these cannot be had, a little hollow scraped in the earth just where the hip-bone should rest, gives amazing ease, and a veil or pocket handkerchief over the face adds to the warmth and deprives the air of that nipping damp and frost which is so dangerous to those unaccustomed to face it; or a firebrand held in the hand near the mouth acts like a respirator, and is said to be very grateful. If a horse has to be provided for, which cannot be trusted to let itself be caught again, and there is nothing to tether it to, it is a good plan to fasten its head by the bridle short to your own wrist, and sleep with that arm extended on the ground. A horse is commonly both a careful and a generous animal, and will not trample on its rider willingly. If a gun has to be disposed of when you lie down, let the smooth side of the butt rest on your arm, and lay your head on it, the muzzle being between the knees and the hands on the lock. As for picking up food, a knowledge of the properties of the different kinds of fungi would often enable a person to satisfy hunger. There are at least seven commonly met with which are quite innocuous and fairly palatable, either

either raw, or broiled on a skewer over a wood or turf fire. Generally, whatever grains or berries birds will eat, are harmless to man. Nettles and some kind of ferns are undoubtedly good when cooked, and for a rough and ready emetic, in case of poisoning, a charge of gunpowder in a tumbler of water is very effective. Old bones afford nourishment to a person in extremities, though the idea sounds disgusting; and the same thing may be said of old hides, skins, &c., so that they have not been tanned. The still, clear, brown-coloured water found in pools on the moors should not be drunk unmixed, or if possible at all, as dysentery has often ensued from doing so. For the stings of wasps and scorpions the oil scraped out of a foul tobacco pipe eases the pain.

Accidents from guns are quite as common as they used to be. The guns do not burst so often as formerly, but they seem to go off with a dangerous facility and very unexpectedly to the owners. The golden rule is to look at your gun but never to let your gun look at you or at any one else. To this may be added, never carry a loaded gun or pistol with the cock down upon the nipple; as, to this habit, at least three out of four gun accidents are due. Every one ought to be aware of the different appearance presented by bleeding from a vein or bleeding from an artery; the first a bandage may stop; in the second, nothing less than tying the artery or the skilful application of a tourniquet will avail, and some such expedient must instantly be adopted if life is to be saved. Many a man has died while being carried to the hospital, and many a horse has bled to death unnoticed for want of this knowledge. When any accident occurs by which a person is maimed or injured, the first thing is to ascertain the history and place of the injury either from the patient or from bystanders, and in all cases to unfasten tight portions of clothing, and allow a free access of fresh air. It is by no means always advisable to force alcoholic stimulants down a man's throat; cold water, sal volatile, and plenty of air being often the best remedies. Sometimes in a forced regimental march men have fallen down fainting from no other cause than that, being in the centre body, the close atmosphere has half suffocated them. For this reason officers should see that their men have a frequent change of position, and that those in the inner ranks should be placed outside from time to time. Boys and girls, in Government and other schools, might be usefully taught the proper way of treating drowned people; and if they learned it practically, the master himself superintending, and one of the pupils representing t[illegible]

inanimate body, it would be a lesson which they would never forget. To extemporise a litter is a thing which many a one heartily wishes he had known how to do, when some mischance in hunting or shooting has made such aid necessary. A good plan is, to employ one or a couple of guns carried between two men, when the horizontal position is not called for; the patient sitting on the guns, with his arms linked into those of the bearers, so as to steady himself as well as he is able. A shop shutter forms a very good conveyance in fractures, dislocations, and other injuries. The usual blanket litter is too well known to need description, but every man should know how to tie one or two kinds of good and safe knots to secure ropes for that or any other purpose. A badly tied knot renders a rope worse than useless in case of an attempt to escape either from fire or water. In default of other means, a sufficient number of handkerchiefs, straps, or cravats should be laid side by side on the ground; the patient should be placed gently on his back across them; and then the ends should be knotted to a musket or hedge stake on either side, taking care that the straps beneath the head should be strung up rather more tightly than the rest, so as to give the requisite support. In all cases where an important limb is fractured, or even a serious sprain or dislocation, some such conveyance will be absolutely necessary to enable the sufferer to reach home. In order to discriminate in cases of injury, it should be remembered that fractures very rarely implicate joints, but occur rather in the shaft of the bone. The fractured bone is quite moveable in a bystander's hand, and sometimes the grating of the two ends together can be distinctly heard. Moreover the terminal end will fall inwards or outwards by its own weight. In dislocation all these conditions are reversed; it especially implicates the joints; the limb is partially under the patient's control, and will require forcible and systematic extension to replace it in its proper position. A sprain may be defined as a dislocation begun, but not completed; the ligaments are torn or stretched, but the bone is not actually displaced. It is wise to rip or slit up the boot, stocking, or sleeve rather than to attempt to draw it off, and also to abstain from handling or further displacing the injured limb when it has once been placed in a right direction. It should be simply supported in that position, and covered with a wet handkerchief, on which a few drops of cold water should be thrown occasionally. Sometimes, in the case of a broken leg, as a temporary expedient while in course of transport, it is quite easy to make the sound limb serve as a splint for the injured one, by placing some thin pads between the

the knees and ankles, and fastening the legs together with a handkerchief, taking care that the foot be so supported that it may not fall from side to side with the motion of the litter. In carrying persons suffering from gunshot wounds, or anything which causes bleeding, a lying-down posture is not always the best, unless there is a disposition to faint. If the patient has to go a long distance, he will experience much distressing thirst. Cold tea is perhaps the best beverage which can be administered, or acidulated water. Meat and stimulants should be avoided. It does not fall to every one's lot, but it certainly does to that of some, to enter a chamber and find a friend or relative suspended from the bedpost apparently dead; and as any assistance must be rendered without delay if it is to be of the slightest use, people should be instructed how to endeavour to restore consciousness after strangulation. Cut the body down instantly and set to work; the time lost in sending for a doctor is often a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the intended suicide. After removing all ligatures and placing the patient on the ground with the head a very little elevated, the neck and chest should be stripped and exposed to the air; cold water should be dashed on them, and artificial respiration be tried similar to that attempted for drowned people. If there is much livid blood about the head or chest, an unskilled person may very well immerse the patient's hand in warm water, and, with a razor or sharp knife, cut some of the prominent veins on the back of the hand, as these may easily be stopped from bleeding by pressure with the finger. The attention should be given first to the breathing, and every means to induce it should be tried. When that has commenced, continuous gentle friction should be employed—but not before—because if circulation begins before respiration the consequences are not beneficial. In all cases of suffocation, whether from foul air, drowning, or strangulation, friction of the general surface by relays of active men should be persevered in for a long time, as restoration has been known to take place after five hours of apparent lifelessness. The rubbing should be *up* the limbs, so as to send the blood along the veins towards the heart, and it should be continued *under* the blanket or dry clothing. Lastly, when a person is found dead, whether death has been natural though sudden, or whether it has been brought about by violent means, it is important that the person who discovers it should make a memorandum at the time of all the circumstances connected with the case, especially noting such things as foot-prints around, indications of a struggle or of force having been used, marks of blood, the absence or presence

presence of valuables, rings, pins, &c., since all these matters will probably be the subject of inquiry before the coroner, or possibly in a court of justice. Presence of mind in these as in all other emergencies will save a man from much blame and vexation of spirit. The want of it endangers life and limb—and sometimes reputation.

Art. IV.—PETER BEDFORD.

FULL of years, and of honours of the best class, died at Croydon, a few months back, Peter Bedford, a genuine philanthropist. Eighty-four years ago, the man of whom we are now writing was an infant in his mother's arms, at Old Sampford, in Essex. He grew a gentle, rather a precocious child, having, like the rest of us, a temper of his own, which it became one of the arduous tasks of his adult life to conquer; but abounding in the sunshine of the breast, and known then, as throughout all his days, for a genial heart and a cheery face. His father, part draper, part farmer, was attached to the 'Society of Friends;' and of that society his son Peter was to the last a faithful member. One more seal his life was, to the many already set to the striking success of the Quaker doctrine and discipline in developing living philanthropy; a success as remarkable, when we count up the many notable instances of it, and compare these with the numerical insignificance of the body, that if it were allowable to judge the formulæ and rules of religious societies by their apparent fruits only, a very high, probably a superlative, rank we should be forced to assign to those of George Fox's followers.

There is not much record extant of Peter Bedford's early years. We get a glimpse of him as a boy, eight or ten years of age, offended by one of his father's labourers, whom in momentary irritation the little Quaker curses aloud; and we see him paying for this slip by days of self-reproachful anguish, heightened by a dread of the pains of hell. We are shown the intensity of this feeling by the very device the child adopted to impress on his own mind more vividly the horror of everlasting burnings,—'deliberately placing his finger on the hot coals in order to realise for himself a vivid conception of the anticipated awfulness of the award of sin.' It was nearly a week before the boy's contrition was crowned by a feeling of the Divine forgiveness; and of the curse thus bitterly

bitterly repented of, it may be added, that as it was the first he ever uttered, so also it was the last.

From Old Sampford to Plaistow with his family; from home to school by himself; from school to Southwark to his brother's shop; from Southwark to Kelvedon, as apprentice to a draper; these were Peter Bedford's earlier removals. The friendly invitation of Mr. Joseph Allen, a silk manufacturer, took him from Kelvedon to London, where with Mr. Allen he remained, learning the silk business that was to serve as his means of livelihood until old age. At Mr. Allen's, Peter Bedford obtained intercourse with a learned, scientific, and philanthropic circle, members of which had a strong influence on the development of his mind. He had not had very good educational advantages in his youth, and the deficiency was never wholly compensated for; but his great suavity and genial persuasiveness, his unbroken cheerfulness and lively though gentle manner, made him a most agreeable companion, and became passports to a very extensive usefulness.

An active and zealous man of business, young Mr. Peter Bedford won the entire confidence and high esteem of Mr. Allen and his friends, and became ultimately, with his permission, his business successor. What manner of man he was, his biographer, Mr. Tallack,* partly enables us to see. Of systematic habits, rising at six o'clock, lighting his own bedroom fire, devoting time to prayer and religious meditation and Scripture reading; then examining his engagements for the day and his trade books, and seeing that his workpeople were properly employed; — such was his usual preparation for breakfast. Sticking to his trade, he made it prosper; but he did not allow it to stick too cloggingly to him, and so he prospered too. His wealth expanded, and his soul also. The same systematic and steady perseverance that he applied to trade, he applied to philanthropy, to social engagements, and to devotional duties. As he did not believe that his relationship to his Spitalfields weavers should be one merely of work and pay; so he dealt with them, whilst shrewdly, generously; whilst as an employer, as a friend. Those engaged on his own premises, he had an eye upon, caring for their comforts and their morals. Was sympathy, was counsel, needed? He gave these most willingly. Was tangible assistance advisable? He often gave that too. And as he found all around him, and not solely amongst his own workpeople, persons who needed encourage-

* 'Peter Bedford: The Spitalfields Philanthropist.' By William Tallack, author of 'Malta under the Phœnicians, Knights, and English,' &c. London: S. W. Partridge.

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ment in well-doing, or advice and help towards ceasing to do wrong, he stopped not the current of his beneficence at the doorsill of his own warehouse, or even at the houses of his employés, but went about himself, visiting in the streets and dwellings, and lending stimulus to all local associations for acting usefully on the surrounding mass of ignorance and destitution. He became thus, besides being the aider of many institutions, the founder of sundry others in Spitalfields; of which, for example, a Society for Lessening the Causes of Juvenile Delinquency was one; an Association for the Relief of Distress, another. He cared much, thought much, did much, for the sufferings of the poor; to remove the temptations lying in wait for their neglected children; for the rescue and reformation of juvenile delinquents; for the amelioration of the treatment of criminals. He grew, at last, into wide notoriety, as full of practical love to man; a friend especially of all who had no friends; and to all whom he could help, a benefactor.

Almost to the scandal of a few of the warmer of his Quaker friends, Peter Bedford became famous amongst thieves—like the Master whom he served, who was the friend of alien tax-gatherers and flagrant sinners. Peter Bedford's special interest in juvenile criminals began in this way: In 1815, near Spitalfields, a young man, named John Knight, was arrested for watch-stealing,—at that time, horrible to confess, a capital offence in England; and, being tried and found guilty, was sentenced to be hanged. Mr. Bedford's attention being invited to the case, he made inquiries, and discovered that Knight had tried to steal the watch, but, fearing detection, had not succeeded; and that it was another person, one Grew, who had done the deed. Mr. Bedford and his friends exerted themselves with great energy to obtain a reprieve. Through Knight's father they obtained interviews with a confederacy of thieves. Arriving at the public-house in Spitalfields, where the thieves resorted, they sent Knight, the father, in at the tap-room door, and told him to stop everybody in the place. They went in themselves at the bar-room door, and, announcing their errand, were admitted into a back parlour, and there met with a number of young thieves, and with one Bill Horne, a well-known 'low character.' Bill Horne proved to be well acquainted with the case. The real thief, he said, was John Grew, of whom he promised news should be forthcoming on the following evening. 'Bill's heart,' said Mr. Bedford, when, years afterwards, narrating the affair to a friend, 'was touched with the kindness of the motive we had in view, and he promised he would do the best he could to find him out. We

We requested that as soon as any information was obtained, Bill and his companions would come to my house, as I lived in the neighbourhood. But here again I was in some difficulty, because I had only two female servants in the house, in which also was a good deal of property. I did not know what might happen with such visitors as I expected; so I deliberated as to what I ought to do, and whether I should stay at home from going to our usual Friends' meeting for worship. I decided to let everything go on as usual. Just before going to meeting, I informed the single servant left at home as to what kind of people might possibly come during my absence, and, should such be the case, requested her to send them on to me. So I went off to meeting, at Devonshire House, Houndsditch, and had been there only about twenty minutes when I saw the door slowly open, and the father of poor Knight enter. I then left my seat and went out with him, and in the yard we found Bill Horne, Grew himself, and the young man that received the watch from his hand, together with some other companions. Grew accosted me, and said, "As soon as I knew, Mr. Bedford, that you were wishing to find me out, I determined I would come to you, and there is the person that received the watch!" I said, "Walk with me to my house," and thither I went, escorted with such a company as that. When we reached it, I took them into the parlour, brought out my portable writing desk, sat down, and recorded, in the form of depositions, all the information I could gain, especially that from the culprit himself. I then fixed for them to be at my house again the next morning at eight o'clock. Meanwhile, I sent off to Dr. Lushington, to let him know that at that hour I had appointed an interview with these people, and invited him to be at my house by nine, and also to inform Fowell Buxton of the matter. The doctor accordingly got his horse and rode off to Buxton. We also sent information to our friends, Thomas and Edward Foster, of St. Helen's Place. Next day, Dr. Lushington met the party at my house, and investigated the case most thoroughly, and in consequence became perfectly satisfied that Knight had only made the attempt to steal the watch, but, though innocent of the fact, was guilty of being concerned. All our evidence was now complete, except the proof afforded by the watch itself. On inquiry we ascertained that it had been lodged with a pawnbroker in the Borough for £3. I thought it was most important for us to have the watch, and resolved to obtain it; but, as it was stolen property, and I knew it to be such, the doctor said to me, "Bedford, mind what you are doing!" I replied, "Yes, doctor, I think I do know what I

am about!" I then took Knight's father aside into another parlour, and said, "Knight, we *must have* that watch!" He replied, "I have not got the money to get it." I then talked to him about his son's case for some time. The poor man was exceedingly distressed. At length I dismissed him, previously, however, putting my hand into my pocket and giving him £3. Had I not a right to give him £30 if I had liked? And had I not said, "We *must have* the watch?" We now arranged that all our party were to meet again at Edward Foster's, at St. Helen's Place, at ten o'clock. There were there Fowell Buxton, Dr. Lushington, Edward Foster, and myself; and, also, all those other people, and the watch. Thomas Foster had been sent forward to the Home Office to request an interview with Lord Sidmouth. After going fairly into our plans, two coaches were ordered. We went in one (with the watch), and Knight, Grew, and Horne in the other. Thomas Foster was waiting at the Home Office for us, and we promptly obtained an interview with Lord Sidmouth. Fowell Buxton, on this occasion, took up the subject, stating all the details of the case. Then Dr. Lushington spoke on the awfulness of taking away human life under such circumstances. It was my belief that Lord Sidmouth's political feelings towards the doctor operated very sadly against poor Knight. He said, "Dr. Lushington, you cause horrible feelings in my mind; but I tell you that if, after investigating the case, or any such case, and giving it the best attention I could, even if I were mistaken, I should think it right, under the circumstances, that the execution should go on; for the person who lost the watch swore positively that he seized the man by the collar, and never let him go." I believe Lord Sidmouth entertained that idea of the case most sincerely, but he was in error. We entreated Lord Sidmouth to see the young man. "No," he replied, "but Mr. So-and-so, at the office, will examine him." We went with Grew to the official named; and, after his examination, when we got outside the building, Dr. Lushington clapped his hands, and said, "Oh, Bedford, we have saved his life!" But Buxton, who entertained doubts on the subject, answered, "I am not sure of that." I now went into the country, and on the Thursday morning I received a note from Dr. Lushington, saying, "My dear Bedford, I have just seen Mr. Bowler, at Newgate, and I find that Knight was executed, declaring his innocencé three times, when the cap was drawn over his face, and thus he died."'

This case, although unsuccessful as regards Knight, was of great value as regarded Mr. Bedford; for it introduced him to sundry thieves, through whom he got access to many more; and

and those whom he obtained access to he strove to benefit in all wise ways. At the close of Knight's case, a number of gentlemen interested in the affair were convened, and Dr. Lushington and Peter Bedford were requested to get together all the juvenile delinquents whom they could reach, and try to influence them for good. At the close of the interview, at ten o'clock at night, the two gentlemen left the place surrounded by a crowd of thieves of all ages. 'Mr. Bedford, are you afraid?' said one of them; 'Afraid!' replied our hero, 'what have I to be afraid of? I am sure that none of you would hurt me or this gentleman.' 'No, sir,' was the reply; 'if you were covered with jewels, you would not lose one of them. But if you are at all afraid, we will form a guard, and see you safe to your own house.'

Mr. Tallack gives more evidence of the estimation in which the thieves held their friend Peter Bedford. One evening, as Mr. Bedford was walking down Bishopsgate-street, two young thieves observed him, and one said to the other, 'There goes a gentleman with a good watch, I'll be bound; and I'll have it.' 'No you shan't,' his comrade replied; 'that won't do; you don't know who it is; it's Mr. Bedford.' And, explaining that he was the friend of thieves, he prevented the proposed furtive attack on our hero.

The case of Bill Horne and the stolen luggage has a similar bearing. A member of the Society of Friends, just married, journeyed with his bride to spend the honeymoon in Yorkshire. Returning to London, and driving through Brick Lane in the dusk, a stoppage occurred, and a portmanteau that had been strapped on to the carriage disappeared during the stoppage. As the bridal apparel, indispensable for use on arrival at home, was in the portmanteau, its recovery was urgently sought, and Peter Bedford's aid was invoked to that end. Peter promised to help if he could, having in his mind's eye Bill Horne, whose 'business' was known to consist in cutting the straps of portmanteaus with a sort of weeding hook. 'We sallied forth,' said Mr. Bedford, long afterwards, speaking of himself and the friend who had requested his help, 'and went down Spitalfields together. I inquired of a woman where Bill lived. She said she could not tell me the name of the place, but she could show me where it was. She then took us into Wentworth-street, and pointed out a house to us. The most disgusting female figure that I ever saw in my life filled the doorway. However, I went up to her and said, "Is Bill Horne within?" "No, sir, he is not." "Where is he? Is he nigh at hand?" "Yes, sir." "Then let him know I want to see him at once, on special business; ask him to come to my house."

house." I inquired of the woman if she knew us, and she replied, "Oh, yes, I know who you are,—Mr. Bedford." We then returned to my house, and, soon afterwards, Bill made his appearance. I at once challenged him for his reason for stealing a portmanteau from the carriage of one of my friends. "Oh, sir, I didn't do it!" I replied, half in earnest, half in jest, that he should have prevented any one from taking such a liberty with a friend of mine. "But, sir, I did not know it was a friend of yours. It was done by another young man." "Well," I said, "never mind about who did it. We must have the portmanteau and all its contents." "No, sir, you can't. It's cracked!" He meant that it was broken up; for, as portmanteaus can be identified, thieves break them up immediately. "Well, then," said I, "we must have the contents, and they must be here by ten o'clock this evening." "I don't think it can be done, sir." "It *must* be done." So the bridegroom and Edward Harris waited at my house till the evening. By and bye the bell rang, and some one was let in. I went into the room, and there was not only Bill Horne, but another young man with him. Seeing they had come without the missing property, I exclaimed, "How is it you have not brought these things?" "The police won't let us," they replied; "but you shall have them to-morrow morning by eight o'clock. We really can't bring them to night." Bill then began to enumerate several articles it contained—as a watch, silk stockings, &c. In the morning, about eight or nine o'clock, Horne brought the things, and was shown into my parlour. Edward Harris and William Tindall were with me there. As soon as Bill Horne saw the latter he looked at me and said, "Oh, sir, is it all right?" For his heart failed him, and he thought I had a police-officer with me. I told him it was all right, he might depend upon it. He answered, "Well, sir, I could trust my life in your hands." Such was the effect of kindness. Well, the things were all brought except a few trifles. They had been divided amongst several parties, and they could not collect all together again. I didn't give them a shilling for their trouble, and don't know whether they expected anything or not. I said nothing about it.'

Mr. Bedford, in trying to promote the reformation of thieves, was led to Newgate and other prisons, and got so much information about them as induced him, in conference with some of his friends, to form an Association for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, which led to very marked good results. A large number of excellent people organised a plan of prison visitation. The names and addresses of the parents and associates of the young thieves were thus obtained; and of these persons

persons about eight hundred were visited, and many were induced to enter the Refuge for the Destitute, at Hoxton. Out of these operations also arose a Society for the Reformation of Prison Discipline, which proved very useful; to its efforts, indeed, Mr. Bedford traced, in a great degree, the contrast between the present condition of our prisons and that which existed when these labours were beginning.

In endeavouring to obtain the abolition of capital punishment, Mr. Bedford laboured long and serviceably. The first regular Anti-Capital Punishment Association was instituted in 1820; and of the few who constituted it, including Dr. Lushington, T. Fowell Buxton, Wm. Allen, and Basil Montague, Peter Bedford was one. In promotion of peace, for the abolition of slavery, and, in short, in aid of almost every variety of good work, he spent much time, energy, and money. In private life, he was a very efficient 'preacher of righteousness.' He had a remarkably good influence in 'parlour-preaching.' He got on amazingly with young people, owing, in part, to his liveliness and sunny brightness of temperament. Always cheerful and smiling, he got at the hearts of young people at a bound. 'What a nice thing it is,' said a youthful acquaintance of his, 'when folks are good without being disagreeable.' Peter Bedford had the art of so being. He was a prodigious favourite amongst schoolboys, whose sports he sometimes joined in and augmented. On receiving favourable reports of their behaviour, he would not only stroke their heads and praise them to their comrades, but would invite them to go to his house to tea or dinner. And when they had proved delinquent, no punishment was so grave to them as to be taken for rebuke to Mr. Bedford. 'Sturdy young rebels, who had persistently defied the schoolmaster's task and cane, were melted to tears under the fatherly tones of their good friend, and generally gave a hearty promise of better ways in future.' Owing, it is thought, to a disappointment in affection, he remained a bachelor to the end of his days; but, whilst wifeless and childless, he discharged the duties of a parent to a large family of nephews and nieces, and by his care and influence secured their entrance on useful and honourable stations in life.

He was, as we have hinted, a man of much activity. In the pursuit of business or of philanthropic usefulness, he was continually journeying about this country or on the continent. He kept up a very large correspondence, especially with young people, and his letters were highly valued by their recipients. His religious views were in many respects broad and liberal, and he sympathised with persons of all denominations and parties.

parties. He had his weaknesses, like the rest of us; but over these the strong religious principle that was in him very largely triumphed. Religion was a reality with him; love to God was at the centre and core of his wide-hearted love to man. He delighted to minister to the material and temporal needs of those who required his help in that way; but was not satisfied with having done that merely, without trying to do much more. The spiritual and eternal interests of others were ever upon his mind, and for these he laboured with earnest zeal.

Like all genuine followers of George Fox, he listened for the 'movings of the Spirit,' and delighted to be not disobedient to what he deemed to be impressions and monitions from above. His biographer narrates several striking instances of good service done through such docility. Mr. Bedford, however, had the good sense to know that it is not every impression that deserves esteem or will justify obedience. The pneumatology of that man is very much at fault who takes for granted that all such 'movings of the Spirit' must needs be from above. Their sources are inferior to or collateral with ourselves quite as often as superior or divine. It behoves those, therefore, who watch for them, to try them by reason and sound judgment when they come, lest they be befooled by practical jokers, or misled by foes. It is worth bearing in mind that the δαίμων of Socrates was a useful guide to him, not singly because it was a δαίμων, but also because he was a Socrates. Peter Bedford also seems to have had the wisdom to know what to resist, and what to obey—at least if we may judge by several cases in point adduced by his biographer.

Of this nature was an occurrence at Ramsgate, which Mr. Tallack recounts. Mr. Bedford was at the sea-side with two of his nephews, intending to return home on the following Monday; but, on the morning of Saturday, Mr. Bedford awoke very early with a strong impression that he must not wait till Monday, but must straightway return to London. He accordingly arose, went to the bedrooms of his nephews, told them that they must go to London at once, partook with them of an early breakfast, and accompanied them on board the first packet for the metropolis. At home all was well, and the rest of the day passed unvaried by anything worthy of record. The doubt now arose, whether, after all, he had not been played with; whether he had acted wisely in yielding to the impression. Sunday came, and still no sign. He went to meeting as usual in the forenoon, and still no sign. The afternoon passed, and yet nothing unusual occurred to justify his hasty removal from Ramsgate. Must it not have been a delusion? In

In the evening, however, he was startled whilst at supper-table with two friends, by a violent ringing of the door-bell. A sudden conviction came into his mind that now he was about to learn the reason of his return to London. He left his friends at the supper-table, and went to meet his visitor in another room. A young man, pale and agitated, entered and threw himself on a sofa. On recovering somewhat from his excitement, he told Mr. Bedford that a very near relative had just left his home and family, in most distressing circumstances, intending totally to desert them, and to go off to America; and he besought Mr. Bedford to use his personal influence to prevent the accomplishment of this ruinous resolve. After learning all the details of the case, Mr. Bedford returned to his friends, pleaded pressing necessity as his excuse for so abruptly leaving them, went off with the young man at once, and obtained an interview with another relative of the culprit, with whom they succeeded in making such arrangements as prevented the threatened flight to America. The delinquent was persuaded to remain in England, became penitent for the past, and peace was at length restored to his family. And thus it proved to be very fortunate for all parties that Mr. Bedford had so suddenly returned from Ramsgate.

The same sort of feature appeared in the course of the relationships arising between Mr. Bedford and his quondam friend John Tawell. In the shop of a friend working as a porter, John Tawell, then a young man, first became known to Mr. Bedford. Though diligent and complaisant, he was not entirely liked; there was always a want of openness and straightforwardness in him; and although his abilities soon raised him to a more responsible employment, and although he hoisted a large flag of religious profession, he did not altogether succeed in making it felt that his piety was sincere. Mr. Bedford especially failed to be satisfied with him, and at length came to feel strongly that there was something very wrong underneath the specious demeanour of this man; and became moved, at last, with an almost irresistible impulse to tell Tawell that, though devoid of outward information or proof, he believed Tawell had committed some crime which would bring him to the gallows. Now, this was a very awkward message to convey to any man, all the more to a man seemingly benevolent and religious; and Mr. Bedford might well feel disinclined to the attempt. Very seriously and long did he deliberate, but the more he thought it over, the more did he become convinced that it was no mere fancy of his own, but was a communication which ought to be obeyed. At length he resolved to act upon it, and with this design he

set off towards the residence of Tawell. Passing along the City Road, he was again overtaken by misgivings; and after he had left the turnpike bar at St. Luke's at some distance behind him, his reluctance became so strong as to cause him to turn back again. But on reaching the bar a second time, the impression again became so vivid, that he once more resolved to be obedient to it, and he proceeded on his way to the house without further interruption. Tawell and his wife received him pleasantly. Requesting the withdrawal of Mrs. Tawell, Mr. Bedford addressed the husband in a very serious and impressive manner, and finally spoke of the mysterious but very deep impression he had received, that his auditor had been so far false to all his professions of religion as to commit a crime which would, if discovered, subject him to the extreme penalty of the law. Tawell received this unexpected message with astonishment and awe. He was much affected, and at length confessed that it was quite true he had been guilty of such an offence, but he added that it was not yet too late to prevent the completion and consequences of the crime, for he had still in his possession the notes which he had forged.

After such a remarkable warning, it might have been thought that Tawell would have thoroughly repented of his crime; but, at a subsequent period of his life, the infatuated man again yielded to the like temptation, and was convicted and transported for forging bank bills by means of ingeniously engraved plates. In Australia, whither he was sent, he conducted himself so well as to obtain his liberty in a few years; and his talents and industry in New South Wales soon enabled him to establish a business, and to amass a large sum of money. To ingratiate himself with religious persons, he again assumed a profession of piety, built, at his own cost, a chapel for a small body of Quakers in the colony, and presented it to them as a sign of his hearty good wishes for their spiritual interests. Having secured a competency, he at length returned to England to enjoy it. His old friends were pleased to see his apparently penitent and satisfactory condition; and he entertained so great a respect for Mr. Bedford, that he took a house at Southend, Croydon, on purpose to be near the venerable man who had in former times been so faithful a monitor. After a time he removed further into the country. Unhappily, his religious profession did not prevent him from forming a criminal connection, and to escape the exposure of this he poisoned the partner of his guilt. His arrest by help of the electric telegraph, which then, for the first time, became applied

applied as an arrestor of criminals, is still vividly remembered. Before his execution, Mr. Bedford once more visited and had a very solemn and affecting interview with him. It is remarkable that just before the perpetration of the act which cost him his life, Tawell received a solemn warning, though not through Mr. Bedford. At a Quakers' meeting, attended by Tawell and his wife one Sunday, as was their wont, a minister from Yorkshire was present, and one to whom Tawell's position was entirely unknown. After the usual silent preliminaries, the minister rose and delivered an address of extraordinary earnestness and solemnity. A feeling, he said, had taken possession of his mind, for which he could not account, except on the supposition that some one present contemplated an extremely wicked act; and then, proceeding in his discourse, he expressed his belief that if his warning voice, now raised, were not heeded, the unknown individual, to whom his words applied, would never again receive a similar offer of mercy and recall. Mr. Tallack declares he has repeatedly heard this striking circumstance narrated, and has been told that, after leaving the meeting house, Tawell's wife said, 'John, what a remarkable sermon that was. Why, one would think we had a murderer amongst us!'

Of Mr. Bedford's happy manner and abundant success in assisting youths and young men in situations away from home; of his fostering care for them, and his encouragement of their efforts; of his kindly and faithful warnings when he feared they were yielding to temptation; of the interest he took in the marriages and settlement in life of his young friends; of the frequency with which he was a welcome guest at their weddings, or extended to them the hospitalities of his own house; of his earnest quest for opportunities to do good, and his punctual and effectual grasp of them; and of his large devotion of time to religious and humane labours, both here and on the European continent, his biographer gives abundant interesting proof. During the last few years of his life his strength declined. Symptoms of heart-disease made exertion unadvisable; but the star of his life set peacefully and serenely, and he retained his brightness of intellect, and even the remarkable child-like freshness of his complexion, almost to the last week of his life. Consoling passages of Scripture were in his mouth and heart; loving and assiduous friends were about him; and gently, almost imperceptibly, as in tranquil slumber, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, Peter Bedford passed into the spiritual world.

Art. V.—CORNWALL AND THE CORNISH.

1. *Cornwall and its Coasts.* By Alphonse Esquiros. London: Chapman and Hall.

2. *Cornwall; Its Mines and Miners, with Sketches of Scenery.* London: Longmans.

3. *A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End.* By Walter White. London: Chapman and Hall.

4. *Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for* 1864. By Robert Hunt, F.R.S. London: Longmans.

5. *Letters on the Social Condition of Cornish Miners.* By Wm. Tayler, F.R.C.S. Published in the 'Western Morning News.'

6. *Popular Romances of the West of England, with the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall.* Collected and edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S. London: J. C. Hotten.

7. *Journals of the Bath and West of England Society.* London: Ridgway.

8. *The Cassiterides.* By George Smith, LL.D. London: Longmans, 1863.

CUVIER used to find in a fossil bone the whole history of the animal to which it belonged. Geology offers even more interesting information to the student who has any faculty for induction. The geological map of a country will tell him at a glance the modes of life of the inhabitants. Glancing, for instance, at the black-tinted spaces representing the coal fields of Staffordshire or South Wales, he would infer at once that the people who lived there were very different from the people dwelling on the lightly-tinted chalk hills of Dorsetshire. In the latter district he would look to find a people of primitive manners, narrow intellect, most imperfect education, and possessing a great reverence for the classes above them in the social scale. In the former he would expect to meet with men of great shrewdness, energy, and self-reliance, with very little veneration for their 'betters' in worldly position. For the one district he would draw mental pictures

pictures of hamlets thinly scattered over vast ranges of pasture land, and thousands of sheep covering the grassy downs. For the other he would conjure up visions of great masses of men crowding together in large and dirty towns, overhung by a never-dispersed pall of smoke, hiding both sun and sky. The simple shepherd of Dorsetshire is the logical result of the chalk formation; the shrewd miner of Staffordshire is equally the logical result of the coal measures. Change the stratum and you change the race so far as its habits go. The men have the same origin, yet they are as dissimilar in mind as coal and chalk are dissimilar in colour. Nor is it necessary to go to counties widely apart to find instances of this dissimilarity. De la Beche has contrasted two adjacent counties and their inhabitants, the agricultural labourers on the poor lands of the carbonaceous rocks in North Devon, and the miners of Cornwall. He says, 'While the former are thinly distributed over the county, full of prejudices against improvements . . . the miners are thickly congregated in the neighbourhood of the working lodes, abound with intelligence, and from the constant exercise of their judgment are able to take correct and enlarged views of many other subjects than those immediately connected with their ordinary pursuits. . . . . This contrast is evidently due to the difference of geologic formations; for if the granite, slate, and metalliferous veins of the one were transferred to the area now occupied by the sandstones and shales of the other, there is no reason why the population at present occupying North Devon should not be mentally as far advanced as the generality of Cornish miners.'

There is certainly no county in England where the physical geography and the geology have so much influence upon the character of the inhabitants as Cornwall. A long narrow peninsula, all but '*meer-umschlungen*,' lying at the remotest corner of the kingdom, with an extent of coast much beyond that of any other county, Cornwall seems to have far more to do with that great world of waters which lies beyond it and around it, than with the land behind it, and with which it has but scanty communication. The roads are not thoroughfares, as in other counties. They necessarily stop short when they get to *Finis Terræ*. The business of its inhabitants does not lie upon the highways, but in the deep of the sea and the deep of the earth. Thus the common toast, without which no Cornish feast is regular, is 'Fish, tin, and copper.' The labouring population is, according to the general estimation, divided into the two great races of fishermen and miners, each a hardy race, much exposed to d[redacted]

that demand thoughtfulness and prudence, and promote self-reliance and courage. There are, indeed, the tillers of the land, and even in agriculture the Cornishmen offer peculiarities, for Cornwall is the market garden of England, the source whence Covent Garden derives its main supply of early vegetables. But it is in the miners and the fishermen that we see the characteristics of the Cornish race most strongly marked. Not less than a tenth of the whole population of Cornwall is engaged in mining. The proportion engaged in fishing is no doubt considerably smaller, but is still large; and although the number employed in agriculture is as high as that occupied in mining, it is considerably below that of the agricultural class in other counties. In no county, moreover, does the farm labourer exercise an important social influence. His work is too much a matter of course and routine to develope his faculties. He is but a servant, and often little better than a serf, an *adscriptus glebæ*. But the miner and the fisherman are their own masters, and have to exercise all their faculties. It is by reason of these men that Cornubians have a character so distinctive.

There is, however, another circumstance that has tended powerfully to distinguish them from the inhabitants of the other parts of England. They have a different origin. According to the legend, an eastern queen, doubtless a Phœnician, undertook a long sea voyage in order to see with her own eyes that famous Cornish coast which was known to be so rich in metals. The vessel which bore the adventurous heroine was wrecked on the same coast. Most of her courtiers were drowned, but the sailors being good swimmers saved both themselves and their sovereign. They built her a hut on the shore out of the wreck of the ship. They knelt down and did her homage. After a time her subjects grew tired of court formalities, in a country where each man had to work with his own hands, and had no time to spare for ceremonies. The queen grieved as she saw her attendants one after another forsaking courtly duties for the more active labours of fishing, hunting, and building. But at last Zenobia took a sensible view of her position. She allowed her maidens to be wooed by the sailors, and she herself was won by a young fisherman. They lived happily and had many children, the progenitors of the Cornubians of to-day, who are thus sprung from a royal stock, and are akin to the men of old Tyre and Sidon. There is an historical element in this legend. The inhabitants of Cornwall, like the other Kelts of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Brittany, have undoubtedly an oriental origin. They had also relations with the Phœnicians, relations of trade if not of intermarriage.

intermarriage. It is curious, by the way, to notice how popular traditions, current perhaps until half a century ago, and subsequently discredited by learned men, have still more lately been confirmed by more skilful philologists. The theory which ascribed to the Cornubians an oriental origin, was ridiculed by some of the antiquarians of a generation ago, who took for granted that because a story had obtained popular belief it was wholly false. But recent researches, and a better acquaintance with eastern languages, have shewn unmistakably that the popular tradition had a good foundation. Who can tell but that geology will pass through the same stages as ethnology and philology are passing; and that having reached the stage at which it is considered a mark of wisdom to reject as childish the traditions of six thousand years, we shall after the attainment of fuller knowledge discover that the old belief was the true theory, and its modern substitute the false?

There is no portion of the British Empire which has given rise to so much controversy among antiquarians as Cornwall. There is no county with such abundance of legendary annals. The legend of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table alone has given rise to quite a literature of its own. There are few Englishmen who will not desire to cherish that legend as veritable history, and there is little doubt that it has a considerable substratum of fact. Geology even seems to lend probability to the tale, by indicating that the lost land of Lyonesse may have had a real existence. Trustworthy records prove how great ravages the sea has made among the isles of Scilly, and it is quite within the range of possibility that the same destructive agency may have overwhelmed the land lying between the isles and Land's End, which according to the tradition once bore on its surface 140 towns or villages, with their churches. As to the connection of the Cornubians with the East, there are innumerable traces in the language and the antiquities of the country to show that the people spoke a tongue of Aryan origin, and that they worshipped the same gods as the fire and sun worshippers of the East. A no less learned man than Sir George Cornewall Lewis discarded the generally received belief that the Phœnicians traded with Cornwall. But a very competent combatant has appeared in behalf of the popular tradition, and in his 'Cassiterides' Dr. George Smith has clearly gained the best of the controversy, a fact which we believe the illustrious author of 'The Astronomy of the Antients' himself confessed. After all there is nothing incredible in the old story. It is not surprising that a nation sufficiently enterprising to establish

establish a settlement beyond the pillars of Hercules should trade with the 'Tin Islands,' as Britain was called. The distance between Cornwall and Gades was small compared with that between Gades and Tyre. Less hypothetical than the connection with the Phœnicians is the warfare between the ancient Britons and the Saxons. The former, as every one knows, retreated into Wales and into Devonshire and Cornwall and into Brittany. They were so far able to maintain themselves, that they succeeded in preserving their language, and, for the most part, their national individuality. It is in Cornwall that the language has first ceased to be spoken. For less than two centuries it has been displaced as the chief and recognised means of intercommunication, although, according to Whittaker, it was still spoken by a few persons during the present century, subsequently, that is, to Dolly Pentreath, whose tomb in the churchyard of St. Paul, near Penzance, ascribes to her the fame of being the last speaker of Cornish. In Brittany the language still lingers, but is almost extinct. In Wales, on the other hand, there are districts where the old British language is the only one understood; and whereas the rector of Landewednack, near the Lizard, the last person to preach in Cornish, lived in 1687, the four Bishops of Wales have lately made it a requisite that their clergy shall be able to preach in Welsh. It is not difficult to understand so wide a chronological difference. Wales, doubtless, is much larger than Cornwall, and that fact alone would partly account for the greater vitality of the Keltic language in the first than in the second. Moreover, mountains tend far more to isolate than the sea does. Wales, the county of high hills, is much more secluded than Cornwall, the county of ports. The sea, in fact, is a great highway, to bring various races into communication. Nothing can be more interesting than to trace out the relationship between Bretons, Welsh, and Cornishmen. It is abundantly apparent in the names of places and persons. The same patron saints are to be found, especially in Cornwall and Brittany, and it is a well attested fact that, towards the close of the last century, a Cornishman, a Welshman, and a Breton each speaking his own language, conversed with one another intelligibly at Plymouth.

We have not space to dwell at any length upon the romances and legends in which Cornwall is rich probably beyond all other counties. Mr. Robert Hunt, to whom Cornwall had already become deeply indebted for his valuable mining statistics, has conferred a further obligation upon the county by his recently published 'Romances and Drolls of the West of

of England.' Into these two volumes he has collected all the current traditions and tales relating to the giants, fairies, mermaids, rocks, lost cities, saints, demons, fire worship, the stainless King Arthur, the bloody monster Tregeagle; and for those who are fond of this kind of lore no work could be more interesting. St. Michael's Mount and Carn Brea were, as might have been expected of such noticeable spots, closely connected with the old heroic days. Historically, Carn Brea is undoubtedly Druidical. The Mount, we have very clear information, became a religious shrine in Saxon times. The very words of the charter by which it was conveyed for sacred purposes are extant. They run: 'I, Edward (the Confessor), by the grace of God King of the English, willing to give the price for the redemption of my soul and of the souls of my parents, with the consent and testimony of some good men, have delivered to St. Michael, the Archangel, for the use of the brethren serving God in the same place, St. Michael.' In Norman times this mount and chapel were made one of the dependencies of St. Michael's Mount in Normandy, to which the Cornish mount bears so striking a similarity. It obtained a great reputation among mediæval religionists, as testify the following lines:—

> 'Who knows not Mighell's Mount and chair, the pilgrim's holy vaunt,
> Both land and island twice a day, both fort and port of haunt?'

Within the last few weeks it has been visited by royal pilgrims whom the loyal West countrymen love to call the Duke and the Duchess of Cornwall.

Passing from legendary and historical to the actual Cornwall, we must notice first the physical peculiarities of this remarkable county. A long narrow peninsula, about eighty miles in length, and generally not more than twenty miles broad, it stretches out into the sea in a south-westerly direction, and while exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic, which dashes madly against its iron-bound coast, it is subject to the gentler influence of the gulf-stream. Thus, while frequently visited by storms, it enjoys a milder climate than any other part of England. In Mount's Bay especially, which is open to the south, the average winter temperature is 5½ degrees higher, and in summer $1\frac{8}{10}$ lower than that of London, so that greenhouse flowers thrive even during the winter in the open air, and on January 1, 1851, there were no fewer than fifty-eight plants in full bloom in the gardens and fields near Penzance. Together with this equability of temperature is a great prevalence of humidity. 'A shower every week-day and

and two showers on Sunday' are said to be the proper allowance of rain in Cornwall. Most winds, moreover, are supposed to bring up the clouds, as we may learn from the following stanza:—

> 'The south wind blows and brings wet weather;
> The north brings wet and cold together;
> The west wind comes and brings us rain;
> The east wind drives it back again.'

Nevertheless the rain is more frequent than excessive. The average rainfall for the year is 44 inches against 31, which is the average for the whole country; a small excess when compared with Dartmoor, which has 57½ inches, and with Keswick, which has over 100 inches, or Seathwaite, which has 136. This prevalence of humid atmosphere and cloudy skies materially affects the agriculture of Cornwall, and renders the county admirably adapted for early vegetables and for root crops, and also for garden flowers, but renders it less suitable for cereals and fruits. During the wet summer of 1860, Cornwall, although its rainfall was less than that of other counties, suffered more as to its harvest. Day after day the skies seemed dissolved into mist. The gathered sheaves were sodden, and the ripe grain sprouted, or else on the higher lands, where the corn ripens more slowly, it remained green throughout the autumn, and there were instances in which the crops were not housed until November. Mr. Nicholas Whitley, the well-known Cornish *savan,* has admirably described the climate of Cornwall. The Atlantic, whose waters close to the Cornish coast never in winter fall below 46° Fahrenheit, and farther out are still warmer, acts as a storehouse of heat, and the air sweeping over its surface partakes of its temperature. Thus, let the cold be ever so intense, the westerly wind springs up from the sea and drives it back. During the great cold of December, 1860, when near Nottingham the thermometer marked 8° below zero, the lowest thermometer at Truro was 13,° and in the Scilly Islands 24.° Mr. Whitley adds:—

'The wind makes the weather; and it is this battle of the east with the west which, like a shuttlecock driven to and fro, causes the variation of our climate. There is a magic touch and a mighty power about this brave west wind, which in winter we should thankfully acknowledge. In the middle of December, 1859, the cold from the north-east had coated Cornwall with snow, and loaded the trees and hedgerows with masses of glittering crystals. A falling barometer indicated that the generous hero of the west was approaching. His first blast was cold and chilly; but on—on—roaring and groaning he came, sighing through the trees and hedgerows, and the snow fell in heavy lumps from the boughs. From the western sides of hills and from the more exposed brows of the land, the snow melted rapidly away, and so effective was his influence, that lines of temperature might almost be drawn upon the delicately-shaded surface; and within twenty-four hours the

the mantle of winter was gone, and the emerald green of spring returned, except that here and there were left some patches of snow which had skulked under the eastern side of a hedge; and the thermometer ranged from 50° at night to 54° by day. I have often marked the influence of this wind with wonder and admiration. But in summer admiration changes into dislike. "Fair weather" may come "out of the north;" but the tyrant of the west rolls in, cloud on cloud, till masses of vapour obscure the sun, which day after day no ray of his can pierce. The long pendant streams of condensing vapour float over the languishing ears of corn, or descend in heavy rain to retard and injure the harvest. The sun may be a monarch in the desert where the "earth is fire and the sun a flame," but in Cornwall we often see him as a "dim, discrowned God of day," and long to feel more of his vivifying beams, gilding the fading corn and swelling the half-ripe fruit.'*

Few countries could thrive under such a climate as this; yet the soil of Cornwall not only tolerates but requires such constant watering. The county suffered probably more than any other part of England during the drought of 1864. The geology of Cornwall explains this phenomenon. The Cornish rocks belong to the primary series. The grauwacke is the prevailing formation. Occasionally, as in the neighbourhood of Bodmin, Liskeard, Falmouth, and the Land's End, there are masses of granite, which are quarried, and are of great commercial value. In the north there is an extensive bed of slate. It forms some of the finest rock scenery in England, that of Tintagel and Boscastle, a district full of heroic associations with King Arthur. It is worked on a large scale at Delabole, where indeed the demand almost exceeds the supply. Soils resting upon granite are poor when the rock is close-grained and compact. The rain water percolates through the soil, and lies like a cold sheet below it on the surface of the rock. Where, however, the crystallisation of the rock is large, and the stratum is broken up by many joints, there the drainage is good and the soil fertile. As to the slate rocks, when they are horizontal the soil is generally thin and without a sufficient depth of subsoil to regulate the supply of moisture to the plant, and in dry weather grass will quickly get burnt. When the slate beds dip with a deep clayey subsoil, and a strong soil over, the natural drainage is good, the ground is fertile, and agriculture prospers. These are the conditions which have made the farming around Probus the most productive in Cornwall. Throughout Cornwall there runs a central ridge of high land, much of it geologically akin to Dartmoor, and, like Dartmoor, desolate and barren. Gilpin travelling westwards from Launceston in search of the picturesque, saw nothing but a 'coarse, naked country, in all respects as uninteresting as can well be conceived.' He turned back when he reached Bodmin. Had he gone five miles farther he would have found himself in one of the loveliest of wooded valleys,

* 'Journal of the Bath and West of England Society.' Vol. ix., p.p. 201, 202.

the Glynn Valley, through which the more fortunate railway traveller now passes and looks down from one of the lofty and seemingly fragile viaducts of the Cornwall Railway upon the river Fowey, some hundreds of feet below. Cornwall is full of such bosky vales. The Vale of Lanherne is one of the most romantic in England. The valley of the Truro river, with Tregothnan woods, has been declared equal to the Rhine by no less an authority than Queen Victoria.

We have already briefly indicated the style of husbandry adopted in Cornwall. We have pointed out that the climate and the soil are unfavourable to cereals, and that Cornish farmers will for the most part do better with pasture than arable land. But there is one peculiar species of Cornish farming to which we must refer more fully. The market gardening in the neighbourhood of Penzance and Falmouth, and in the Scilly Islands, is unique. The soil, locally termed 'growan,' is derived mainly from the decomposition of the green stone rocks, mixed with the *detritus* of the granite and the clay slate, and is full of the elements of fertility. The aspect and the climate also are eminently favourable. Sheltered from the north, and open to the south and to the warm south-west winds of winter, the thermometer rarely falls below 45°, and frosts are almost unknown. It is but recently, however, that the experiment of growing early brocoli and potatoes for the London market has been tried, and the trade has, during the last half dozen years, rapidly increased. It was in 1836 that the first early brocoli was sent to the metropolis. Four dozen were sold as a first speculation. The annual quantity now sent off by rail alone, independently of that sent by steamer, is about 360,000 dozen, weighing some 240,000 tons. But even the brocoli is a secondary crop to the potato. The Rev. Thomas Phillpotts, in a paper published in the 'Journal of the Bath and West of England Society,' states that, in 1861, 10,226 baskets of early potatoes, weighing 1¼ cwt. each, were shipped from Hayle, and that 32,560 were sent by rail, besides 13,712 sent from Scilly. This is equivalent to more than 3,500 tons, the produce of about four miles of land. Sometimes the produce brings in £360 an acre; but the average profit is £80. The outgoings are heavy, and the manuring alone, which consists generally of rags, sometimes comes to £40 an acre. The average cost, including rent, is about the same sum, which, while it leaves room for an ample profit, also involves a heavy loss, if unhappily the crop should fail. It is to this traffic and the fisheries that the two chief Cornish railways owe their deliverance from bankruptcy.

It is one of the 'things not generally known,' that the Methodists

Methodists of Cornwall supply the Papists of Italy with the food which the latter eat on fast days. Such, however, is the fact. Nine thousand hogsheads of pilchards are sent to Italy on an average every year, and two-thirds of this quantity the bay of St. Ives supplies. Each hogshead contains about 27,000 fish, so that the Italians consume over 240,000,000 annually, or about ten for every man, woman, and child. The imbibition of heresy by means of Protestant fish is prevented by the salt with which the fish are cured, and which is brought in large quantities from Catholic Spain. Next to mining, there is no employment in which the returns are so uncertain as the pilchard fishery. The quantity varies enormously from year to year. In 1847, a good year, the take amounted to 41,623 hogsheads; in 1862, a bad year, it was only 17,854. The year 1851 will be for ever memorable in the annals of St. Ives, not for the great Exhibition, for there were not many St. Ivesmen who journeyed so far as that, but because one 'schull' or shoal of fish yielded 5,555 hogsheads, or about 15,000,000 fish. A fortnight was spent in landing them from the time that they were first caught in the 'seine.' These figures will readily explain the variableness of fortune which attends the pilchard fishery. A net may be dropped and catch nothing, after weeks of waiting, or it may earn a thousand pounds at once. And, if the risks are great, and the profits sometimes large, the capital invested is by no means inconsiderable. There are about two hundred and fifty 'seines' in St. Ives, and these with their attendant boats and tackle have cost not much short of £100,000. The number of seines is, however, far too numerous for them all to be employed, and so the owners have formed themselves into a few companies, who have bound themselves to use only a fourth of their tackle every year. The individual members of these companies are for the most part men not only of ample means, but of high social standing, and to be a partner in a seine is quite as respectable as to be a partner in a bank. The two capacities are not seldom united in the same person, who, in addition, is sometimes an M.P.

The pilchard fishery gives rise to the most picturesquely exciting spectacles. It is as different a scene as possible from that of the solitary angler, sitting patiently the whole day long by the side of some narrow stream, waiting for the disappearance of his float. On the cliffs above St. Ives and Mount's Bay, to which the pilchards chiefly resort, houses are erected, in which men called *huers* reside. It is their duty especially during the months of June, July, August, and September, to keep constant watch for the approach of the fi[illegible]

This is signified by a line of red in the sea. So soon as that appears the seemingly drowsy *huer* shouts with stentorian voice *heva, heva* (found), and the cry is instantly taken up by the whole town, if the 'school,' or 'schull,' be in the neighbourhood of St. Ives. Then men, women, and children, after the Cornish motto, 'One and all,' rush down to see the boats push off. Each seine boat contains eight men; six who row, one who steers with an oar, and who assists the eighth to 'shoot' the seine. Two 'tow boats,' containing five men each, follow the seine, and carry the 'stop-nets;' and lastly comes the *folyer*, evidently a corruption of follower, a little boat containing two lads, whose duty it is to wait upon the other boats. All these, as well as the *huers*, are paid regular wages, and get a share of the fish as well. Beside them are the *blowsers*, who have no settled pay, and whose work consists in launching the boats carrying the seines, and pulling them when shot into sufficiently shallow water to secure them. The seine is a net, varying from about 1,000 feet long and 50 deep to 1,200 feet and 90 feet. On the top are corks, to keep the upper end afloat; at the bottom are leads, to make it sink. This net costs about £185. It is an anxious time until the order is given to 'shoot' the seine. It is a still more anxious moment when the net is dragged to shallow water, and for the first time the eager spectators are able to estimate the amount of their prey. As the fish are drawn landwards they beat the sea in their impotent efforts to escape, and make such a noise that they drown all other sounds. The process of taking the fish out of the seine is called *tucking*. The *tuckers*, clad in oil skin, carry a huge bag, which they shoot round the fish in the net, and then empty with baskets into the *tuck-boats*. These boats, containing piles of what seems molten silver, then pull back to the beach. They are received by watermen, who stand in the sea often up to their armpits, and fill their baskets with fish taken from the *tuck-boats*, and carry them to the cellars, where they are lightly sprinkled with salt by young children. They are then thoroughly salted, and all night long the work goes on of erecting piles of alternate fish and salt. For six weeks the fish are left to stand there. Then they are thrown into water to free them from salt; then they are pressed, the oil that escapes being carefully preserved, and sold to the soap-makers. At last they are put into hogsheads prior to their export, chiefly to Italy, which acknowledges our contributions by sending some of the fish back to England under the name of anchovies. There is one peculiar difficulty with which the fishermen have to contend, the phosphorescent light in the sea. This is often very vivid,

and

and the effect of it is that every mesh of the seine becomes illuminated, and that the net stands up in the sea as a luminous wall, which the fish are very careful to avoid. As to the pilchard himself, his love for this particular spot of the globe (he is found in few other places) has given rise to many conjectures. Amongst other theories it is suggested that he is attracted by the love of a particular kind of food, the remains of the fern-web, which have been washed down and mixed with the sand gravel of the coast. But the writer of a very interesting article in the 'Dublin University Magazine,' for October, 1860, from whom we have borrowed some of our facts, doubts the soundness of this theory, and urges against it that, if it were correct, we should discover the remains of this food on cutting open the fish, whereas nothing of the sort is found. It is more probable that the fish feed upon the insects who feed upon the fern-web, and thus we may explain the connection between a good fern-web year and a good pilchard year which has been observed.

Cornwall is certainly not a land flowing with milk and honey, it is rather a land of desolate hills and barren heaths. Yet it is in the least fertile parts of the county that one witnesses a phenomenon which well nigh induces the belief that Cornwall may compare with Canaan. Running down the sides of these steep wastes are milk-white streams, and the stranger is fairly puzzled at the sight of them. He would perhaps be even more perplexed were he told that that terrestrial galaxy was granite. It would sound like a very poor hoax to declare that the hardest of all rocks could be reduced into a liquid state by any agency short of that tremendous heat which, countless ages ago, made even granite to fuse and boil. Nevertheless, the statement would be nothing more than the truth. Thousands of tons of granite thus pour down the hills every year. The explanation is as follows: In certain parts of Cornwall, chiefly in the neighbourhood of St. Austell, granite is found decomposed. Its component elements, mica quartz and felspar, are disintegrated, and the granite is no longer a hard rock but a soft clay. It was not until the latter half of the last century that one William Cookworthy, a Plymouth Quaker, discovered that this was a valuable material for pottery. Until then all our finest pottery clay had come from China, and the cost of the ware was proportionately large. In 1745 Cookworthy wrote to a friend that an American had lately brought him some 'china earth,' which had been found in the back of Virginia. Nine or ten years later, in one of his frequent rambles about Cornwall, which he was induced to undertake in great measure through his belief in the

the 'dowsing,' or divining rod, he noticed some earth which bore a close similarity to that which the Virginian had shewn him, and to the description of the Chinese 'caulin' contained in the narrative of the Jesuit missionary, Pére d'Entrecolles. This discovery was made in Tregonnin Hill, in the parish of Germo, between Helston and Penzance; and subsequently Cookworthy found large quantities of the same precious material in the parish of St. Stephen's, near St. Austell, which is at the present day the chief locality of the mineral. He came to the conclusion that there were large stores of china clay, or, as he termed it, 'caulin,' in Cornwall, and he at once resolved to apply to Lord Camelford, the owner of the ground at St. Stephen's, in which the clay had been discovered, for permission to work it. Eventually Lord Camelford and Cookworthy entered into partnership, and established a pottery at Plymouth. This, in 1774, was sold to Cookworthy's cousin, Richard Champion, and transferred to Bristol. But such a precious product as 'caulin' was not to be confined to one district. It soon became sought after by other manufacturers, and it has now become the great source whence the English potters in all parts of the United Kingdom derive their raw material. The Cornish and Devonshire china clay, for it is found also in the sister county, is even exported in large quantities to America, although it was from America that the sample was brought which led to the discovery of clay in England. Some idea of the value of this discovery may be formed when we state that, during 1864, 165,254 tons of china clay and china stone were raised, the value of which is estimated at £130,690.

The process by which the clay is rendered fit for the potter is very interesting. In one district, Teignmouth, Devonshire, the clay is simply dug out of the ground, and shipped so soon as dry, but this is an inferior clay, available only for coarse ware. That which is used in our fine china and porcelain has to undergo far longer preparation. The clay is commonly found among the moors in patches of from one to twenty acres, with a very variable depth, ranging from twenty to two hundred feet. After the superincumbent soil or turf, technically termed 'overburden,' has been removed, and the bed of clay ('stope') has been properly opened, a stream of pure water is allowed to run down over the bed, and men clad in large waterproof boots keep moving the clay as the stream washes over it. The water, now thoroughly impregnated with clay, and of a milk white colour, is then conveyed by wooden conduits ('launders') to the drying yard. On the way the heavy quartz is deposited in the shape of coarse sand. The clay

clay next passes through a long series of wooden troughs ('mica levels'), where an almost perfect level is preserved, so that the clay water moves very slowly, and has time to deposit the mica. This is one of the most important stages in the process. In proportion as mica is present in the clay when sent to the potter is its value diminished. The best clay is entirely free from it. From the 'mica levels' the clay stream is conducted to deep catch pits, where it remains until the pure clay, now consisting only of felspar, is deposited. The supernatant water is then drained off, and the clay, now of the consistency of thick cream, is pumped into large shallow pits ('pans') carefully strewn with granite sand, where it is allowed to dry by the action of the sun and wind, or else it is conveyed into drying-houses, where it is dried by hot flues. In the first case the drying may take some weeks if the weather be unfavourable, in the second the clay is dried in twelve hours, and the further process of scraping to get rid of the sand, necessary when the 'pans' are resorted to, is spared. In both cases the clay before it is quite hard is cut into small cubical blocks, which, when dry, have the colour and consistency of chalk. During the season, that is chiefly during the months from April to October, hundreds of carts laden with these blocks may be seen in the neighbourhood of St. Austell slowly wending their way to the little port of Par, which has been created by the clay trade and by the adjacent tin mines. The work, so far as is possible, is usually done by contract, the foreman, or as he is invariably called, the 'captain,' agreeing to supply the clay to the lessee of the works or 'sett' at so much a ton, and making his own arrangements with the men under him. The landowner or 'lord' receives his rent in the shape of a 'royalty' or 'dues,' which is so much per ton upon all that is raised, the amount varying from 6d. to 2s. 6d. The selling price of the clay at the port varies with the quality, from 15s. to 40s.

It is not only in the form of clay that granite is obtained in Cornwall. Granite proper is raised in large quantities, and is nearly the finest in the kingdom. The quarries at the Cheeswring, near Liskeard, have furnished the greater part of the granite used in our new fortifications. Those in the neighbourhood of Falmouth and Penzance, some seventy in number, and most of them worked by the same company, have supplied the granite used in our London bridges, and in many of our most famous public memorials.

But Cornwall's chief riches are underground. Hundreds of feet below the barren surface, covered with [illegible] spoil banks, there are countless miles of [illegible]

gloomy. They branch out in every direction, they lie on the top of each other, with ten fathoms of rock between them. Lights burn but feebly there, for the air is laden with impurity. The heat is often excessive, far beyond that of the hottest summer's day. Yet in those gloomy recesses thousands upon thousands of Cornishmen pass the greater part of their waking, and all their working hours. How sorely they suffer we shall presently see. In the meantime we must attempt a description of the most characteristic industry of Cornwall.

The presence of a mine is indicated to the traveller by a high stone building and a tall chimney, with a huge projecting iron beam that at certain intervals moves up and down, apparently without object as without cause. This is the mine engine. Without it mining would be impossible. The metalliferous rocks abound with water, and generally the more abundant and the hotter the water, the richer the mine. The mine engine works pumps which raise this water by hogsheads at every stroke. These engines are marvellous constructions. Cornwall boasts that it had the best engines and the first railway in England. That railway still exists, and public notice is given before a train is run, and the guard which accompanies the train gets down to open the gates, while the passengers alight to gather blackberries, or, as generally happens, to assist the guard in restoring the train to the rails from off which it has an invincible tendency to run. But while the locomotive steam-engine is thus primitive, the mine engine maintains its old position of superiority, and has advanced with the times. By the improvements which Watt designed in mine engines, one mine saved £7,000 a year. Since then improvements have been numerous and important, so that when the Dutch determined to drain their Lake of Haarlem, they sent their engineers to Cornwall to study the mine engines, and to order the like for their enterprise. These engines are of enormous size. Sometimes the cylinder has a diameter of 90 inches, and one engine of this size cost, with the works of erection, £8,000. But though so large it makes scarcely any noise, and is manageable almost by a child. Its house is kept as clean as a lady's boudoir. No smoke issues from the chimney, for coal is far too costly in remote Cornwall to be allowed to escape into the air. The work which the engine accomplishes is regularly recorded in 'duty papers,' which are published and excite the greatest interest among the miners. The 'duty' of an engine is the number of pounds lifted one foot by a bushel of coals. Since the publication of the papers there has been so much competition that the 'duty' has risen immensely. Thus, in 1813, the

the average 'duty' was 26,400,000lb., in 1837 it was 87,212,000lb. The highest 'duty' on record is 110,000,000lb. At the present time the average is not far short of 100,000,000lb. The quantity of water raised by these engines is enormous. There is one great underground water-course, or 'adit,' which with its branches extends to forty miles, and drains 5,600 acres. Through this 'adit' nearly 1,500 cubic feet of water are expelled every minute. Everything connected with these mines is on a grand scale. Every year, for instance, a forest of about 150,000 Norwegian pine trees is used in propping up the roofs of the underground roads, or 'levels' and the sides of the shafts. But a true idea of the importance of these mines as commercial undertakings, and as sources of national wealth, may be best gathered from a very few statistics. During 1864 there were raised

	Tons.	Valued at	No. of Mines.
Tin ore	13,977	£861,346	165
Copper ore ...	124,937	644,033	126
Lead ore	5,301	75,760	17
Zinc ore	890	2,155	16
Iron pyrites ...	8,565	7,434	13
Arsenic.....	633	475	7
Silver ore	51	38	16
Iron ore	25,284	8,897	12

The total quantity and value of all the metals raised in Cornwall during 1864 were 179,965 tons, and £1,626,791.

The procuring of this wealth gives occasion for the exercise of high skill and energetic enterprise. There is nothing in the outward natural aspect of a mine to reveal its presence to the unpractised eye. The ground that covers the hidden treasure may be a barren moor, or a thick wood; may be far inland among the tors, or within the recesses of the cliffs that overhang the sea, or even beneath the sea itself. The educated miner, however, discerns signs which the stranger does not. He notices the dip and direction of the strata; he is acquainted with the mineralogical features of the district so far as the workings of other mines have revealed them. He has generally good reasons for fixing upon a particular spot for the commencement of operations. He makes a mistake sometimes; but, thanks to the information afforded by the Miners' Institute, and the improved education for his profession which is afforded him, he is every year less likely to fall into error. But, even when he is right, he can never be certain that the cost of opening the mine will be repaid. Ore may be discovered, as he anticipated, but nothing is more capricious

a metalliferous lode. It may disappear, and reappear beyond the 'sett,' beyond, that is, the limits within which he has the right to work, and then his discovery is but lost labour. But supposing the mine to be successful, the engine shaft to be sunk, and levels opened every ten fathoms with good result in the shape of ore, the following is the way in which the mine is worked. There are two great divisions of miners, the underground men and the surface men; the former being in number three to one of the latter. The underground men are subdivided into 'tutmen' and 'tributers.' The first are excavators, and are paid so much per fathom. They sink the shafts and drive the levels at a price depending upon the hardness of the ground and the depth of the shaft or level, the man who asks the lowest price getting the job. The 'tutmen' work in 'cores' (doubtless a corruption of *corps*), or gangs, eight hours at a time, and as they know nothing of the difference between day and night, they work in gangs through the twenty-four hours. The 'tributers' are a higher class of workmen. They are, in fact, virtually partners with the 'adventurers,' as the shareholders are called. They undertake to bring the ore to the surface at a certain per centage of the selling price. What that per centage shall be depends upon the indications which the mine affords at the time that the contract is made. If the mine looks poor, and the yield of ore is likely to be small, the 'tributer' will expect as much as 13s. or 15s. in the pound, for his labour in raising a ton of ore will be great. If the mine looks rich he may be contented with a shilling or even only threepence in the pound, for his toil will be light. It is a risky business; but, then, so is everything connected with mining, as the 'adventurers' too often know to their cost. Every two months the contracts are made. The 'captain,' or foreman, in behalf of the shareholders examines the various 'pitches,' and fixes in his own mind the price at which they ought to be worked. The 'tributers,' too, make their inspection, and fix their prices. The various 'pitches' are then put up to auction, all the 'tributers' being present. The bids, contrary to an ordinary auction, go on decreasing in price, until the lowest offer having been given, the 'pitch' is let to him who made that offer, a preference being given to men who have worked before. In two months there is abundant room for change in the value of the 'pitch.' If it becomes very much worse than was anticipated, the 'tributer' can abandon his contract on payment of a fine, which is generally 20s. or 30s. He does not often resort to this expedient, but prefers to work on in the hope of an improvement. If the ground turns out much better than was expected, the 'tributer' will

will occasionally hide some of the ore until after the next letting day, in order that he may continue the job at the same price, that is, he will do so if he can; but the 'captain,' who has almost always been a working miner, is generally too sharp for him. Another trick, less easily detected, is, where two 'tributers,' one of whom has taken a rich piece of ground and the other a poor one, agree that the former shall give to the latter some of his ore, and that the two shall divide the profits. In this way the shareholders may be swindled out of a large sum of money, since they may be paying 15s. in the pound for ore for which they ought to be paying only 3d. Trickery and untruthfulness are unfortunately not confined to the labourers. They are to be found among all classes who have to do with mining. The 'captain' thinks it a point of honour to declare to all visitors that 'she' (the mine) was never looking better, although he knows that the lodes have run out, and that the 'sett' is on the point of being abandoned. The 'adventurers' are generally equally dishonest. They keep a reserve of ore, which, if the mine gives signs of exhaustion, is brought out as though it were recently raised, and thus they obtain time to sell the shares of a worthless concern. This is called 'picking out the eyes' of the mine. Mine sharebrokers for the most part are tricky, like the labourers and the shareholders, and they have countless means of puffing a worthless mine, or raising the shares of a fairly profitable mine far beyond its value, a proceeding for which modern slang has furnished a name, calling such mines 'sensation mines.' Doubtless there are a few brokers of high honour, and the lists, to which their names are appended, and which are published in the local daily papers, are treated with nearly as much confidence as the official lists of stocks and shares on the Stock Exchange. But as a rule there is no profession, save that of horse-racing, where there is so much trickery. There is, however, this to be said in favour of Cornish mining, that it knows nothing of strikes. There is no need for the intervention of trades' unions among the Cornish miners. They have no need to combine against the master, for, by the system described above, they are made their own masters. Each job is taken at a price named by the taker himself, and if he works for less wages than the work is worth, he has only himself to blame. It is to be wished that this system, which moreover has the further advantage of making the men interested in the prosperity of the mine, could be adopted in other employments. We see no reason why it should not.

The disposal of the ore after it is raised is the subject of peculiar

peculiar arrangements. In the case of copper, the ore is made up by the tributers into heaps of 100 tons each, and samples are sent in little bags to the agents of the different copper companies. They take the specimens to assayers, who declare what per centage of copper there is in the ore, and the price which the agents will offer is based upon this information. Nearly every Thursday in the year there is a 'ticketing,' or sale, generally at Truro or Redruth. The agents for the mines and the agents for the copper companies are present, and the latter, seated at a long table, write on slips of paper the prices they are prepared to give for the different parcels of ore. These 'tickets' are handed to the chairman, and are immediately printed in a tabular form. The largest sum offered for each heap of ore is distinguished by a line drawn under it, and the agent who makes the offer is the purchaser. During this transaction silence is generally observed, and thus in the course of an hour or two ore to the value of £20,000 may be sold without a word being uttered. The parties to this transaction atone subsequently for this silence. Dining with them at the ordinary, the stranger would hear a confused Babel of sounds, in which the word 'wheal' (a corruption of huel, the old Cornish name for mine) would predominate. He would learn that 'Mary Anne' was looking better, and that a new lode had been cut in 'the forty' at Par Consols. And perhaps he might catch an ominous whisper to the effect that Wheal Phantom was 'scat.' After a time he would understand that 'Mary Anne,' whose better health was the subject of such general congratulation, was not the wife or the daughter of any of the speakers, but a mine; that 'the forty at Par Consols' meant the forty fathom level at the mine of that name; and that 'Wheal Phantom' was an unfortunate mine abandoned by its shareholders.

The eagerness with which the condition and prospects of mines are discussed is not surprising when we remember the large fortunes that have been lost and gained by mining. Mining, in fact, is a large lottery, in which there are a few great prizes, a large number of blanks, and, unlike other lotteries, a considerable number of forfeits. Most persons know the history of the Great Devon Consols Mine, near Tavistock, and how the shares upon which only £1 had been paid were a few years afterwards sold for about £800. In Cornwall, too, the fortunate venture of Messrs. Williams, the wealthiest family in the West of England, is well known, and how they paid £16,000 for the United Mines, and how, shortly afterwards, a great discovery of ore made their property worth £190,000. The Cornish mine adventurer, or the London mine broker,

broker, has always numerous stories of this sort to relate. Neither tells of the far more numerous failures which have involved the unhappy speculators in ruin. It is estimated that the profits of all the Cornish mines are only about three per cent. upon the capital—a miserable return considering the enormous risks. But then every one hopes to make a *coup*, like the Great Devon Consols adventurers. The fact that some mines are now returning more than 500 per cent. on the original capital, while, as we have stated, the average return is only three per cent., shews that there must be many mines where there is a heavy loss. The chances of loss are far more numerous than the chances of large gain, and happy is that man whose experience (like that of a friend of the writer's) is that after investing in thirty mines, some good and some bad, he is only £100 the worse off.

The social condition of the Cornish people is so large a subject that it might very well be made the subject of a separate article. It offers some curious and seemingly irreconcilable contradictions. There are few counties in England where there is less crime, none in which there is less drunkenness, and probably only one district in which there is so much unchastity. The cause of total abstinence has made greater progress in Cornwall than in any other part of England. A drunken miner is almost unknown. Alcoholic drinks are not allowed upon the mines. In Cornwall the phenomenon, too rare in England, may be seen of temperance public-houses. The comparative absence of crimes of violence is only the natural consequence of the prevalence of temperance. On the other hand, the prevalence of unchastity seems to be a most unexpected and inexplicable coincidence. The difficulty is removed, however, when we come to a definition of terms. It is quite true that the young women among the working classes too often cease to be maidens before they are wives, and that it is a rare event for the first child to be born so long as nine months after the marriage of its parents. More than one Cornish clergyman, we fear, could be found to tell the same story as the clergyman in the Scilly Islands, who during fourteen years saw only two first-born children come into the world at the proper interval after the marriage of the parents. But when we have said this we have said the worst. Though, as M. Esquiros says, 'Marriage is nearly always a consequence of maternity, instead of maternity being the fruit of marriage,' still, marriage does take place, and desertion after seduction is rare. It would seem as if the Cornish miners shared the antipathy to sterility which their brethren the miners of South Wales entertain,—as if they would not marry a woman known to

to be barren. Between this laxity and the licentiousness which prevails in large towns, there is so great a difference that the first is almost a virtue by contrast with the second.

To say that the Cornish are both religious and superstitious will not seem to involve such a contradiction as the coincidence of temperance and unchastity appeared to do. Sincere devotion is not seldom accompanied with gross credulity. Cornwall is pre-eminently the county of marvellous legends—the abode of giants and fairies. The Cornish miner is the most independent of men, both socially and religiously. He is not seldom a class leader, or even a local preacher; and he will expound the Scriptures with wonderful acuteness on the Sunday, while on the Monday he will be afraid to whistle underground, lest he should give offence to the pixies. Between his Sunday devotion and his Monday dishonesty there is a greater incompatibility. The miner, however, is not thoroughly dishonest or untruthful. In most matters he is trustworthy; but speak to him about his mine and you at once enter into a world where the ordinary laws of morality are suspended. If he be a 'tributer,' nothing will convince him that it is wrong to cheat the 'captain;' if he be a 'captain,' it will seem a positive duty to declare his mine in a flourishing condition, even though he knows that next week it will be 'scat.' As to the precise form of his religion, it is generally one of the numerous developments of Methodism. This is not surprising. Cornwall was one of the most fertile fields in which the Wesleys worked. Before their time, and even for some period after it, the Cornishman was one of the most lawless subjects in the King's dominions. If he said his prayers at all, he would pray for a good wreck; and to render the granting of his requests the more likely, he would at night tie a lantern to the tail of his donkey, and drive the beast along the cliffs, in order to induce the crews of passing vessels to believe that the shifting light was that of a ship, and so draw them on to destruction among the cruel Cornish rocks. It is related that a clergyman found himself one Sunday suddenly deserted by his congregation in the middle of his sermon, and that on ascertaining the cause to be a wreck, he cried out to his retreating flock to 'start fair,' and to give him time to take off his vestments. The Cornish wreckers were indifferent to the sixth as well as the eighth commandment. Not only did they rob the unfortunate involuntary visitor to their inhospitable shores, but they did not scruple to get rid of him altogether, if murder would facilitate plunder. As to smuggling, that was considered a virtue. The revenue officers were esteemed public enemies. When Lord Exmouth's brother, Capt. Pellew, was sent to Falmouth,

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to put down smuggling, he found some of his own officers running a contraband cargo of wine in broad daylight, and in the open port. One noted smuggler built himself a fortress, and armed it with long range guns; and one day, when Capt. Pellew approached this stronghold more closely than was agreeable to its occupant, the fort opened fire upon the ship, and a brisk engagement followed, in which the aggressor happily was worsted. The Wesleys did not refrain from denouncing these enormities, which the Church, then in her deepest slumber, had spared. Men and manners have improved since then, and Wesleyanism is still the main religion of the county. Its members, however, have decreased of late years. This decrease is due in great measure to the revived energies of the Church, which, in spite of the great age of the diocesan, has made a great advance during the last fifteen years. It is however due also to the spread of the sect of 'Bible Christians,' whose influence and operations have been described in some admirable letters on the social condition of the miners, by Mr. Tayler, a Cornish surgeon, which have been published recently in the *Western Morning News*.

There is one characteristic of the Cornish women to which we must make brief allusion—their love of dress. The visitor to one of the mines or clay works is struck by the remarkable neatness and cleanliness, amounting even to coquetry, of the girls who work there. The 'Bal Maiden,' as the mine girl is termed, is in fact as passionately fond of dress as the richest and fairest belle of Belgravia. Though her wages are small, generally from £10 to £11 a year, and though she has to keep herself out of this sum, she always contrives to adorn herself with more or less finery. If her parents disapprove and forbid her to deck herself in a manner not becoming her station, she will, so soon as she is out of sight of home, on her way to the mine, bring out the hidden brooch, and insert in her ears the forbidden rings. But it is on the Sunday that she comes out in all her grandeur. On that day, young and old, men and women, the mother as well as the daughter, attire themselves in raiment ludicrously above their station. The women wear handsome and costly shawls, the men black coats and brilliant waistcoats, the girls, who have been groping in the darkness of the mine all the week, become on that day the butterflies of the church and the meeting. A clergyman unacquainted with Cornish ways having once done duty in a mining parish, and having seen before him none but gentlemen and ladies, as from their costume the worshippers appeared to be, lamented that the labouring class was not present, ignorant that his congregation was composed entirely

entirely of that class. He would have discovered that, if he had returned with his hearers to their homes. He would have seen how miserable in many cases these were: paper doing the duty of windows, doors badly hung, roofs leaky, and sanitary arrangements defective. In the towns there is a great deal of fever and other preventable diseases arising from these causes. And even in the cottages which have been built by the miners on the moorlands adjoining the mines there is much misery. Nor does this extravagant love of dress lead only to the sacrifice of health. It too often leads to the sacrifice of independence. There is a certain class of men called packmen, or tallymen, or more familiarly 'Johnny Fortnight,' who minister to this passion in a very objectionable way. They call at the house of the miner when he is at work, and display before the eyes of his wife and daughters the seductive wares that they carry in their pack—shawls of brilliant hue, robes of wondrous texture. The tallyman urges that the payments can be made fortnightly (hence his *sobriquet*), and he rarely finds this argument fail. With girls about to be married he is particularly eloquent, for he knows that they are fully alive to the importance of a handsome *trousseau*. A girl generally yields to temptation under such circumstances, and she brings to her husband a dowry of heavy debts of which he knows nothing. She is then in the power of the tallyman. If she is remiss in her payments, and if she is tardy in making new purchases, he threatens to sue her husband for the whole of the balance. Too often he fulfils his threat, and latterly the local press has called attention to the many actions in the county court instituted by the tallymen, who there obtained power to enforce not only punctual payment of the agreed instalments, but the immediate payment of the whole debt. This power they frequently use, and thus imprisonment for trifling debts is shamefully common.

The Registrar's returns tell a sad tale of the diseases to which the miners are exposed. The bad air, in which it is almost impossible to make a candle burn, and whose injurious effect is increased by the smoke of the gunpowder used in blasting, is one great source of disease. Another is the great depth of the mines, which renders it necessary that the miner when returning from his work, exhausted by the foulness of the atmosphere which he has been breathing for eight hours, should climb up a series of slippery perpendicular ladders, perhaps five times the height of the London Monument. He generally has to carry his heavy tools with him, and when he gets to 'grass,' as the surface is called, he is sometimes so terribly

terribly weary that he throws himself upon the ground, more dead than alive, and not seldom suffers from hœmorrhage. A miner in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, some thirty years ago, invented a man-engine, by which the greater part of this unnecessary and cruel toil is spared. Where it has been tried in the Cornish mines it has answered admirably, and it has resulted in a positive pecuniary gain, by saving the miners' time and strength. But in Cornwall there is a large number of mines which are either unremunerative to the shareholders, or the cause of actual loss, and which may be abandoned any day; and therefore the shareholders will not incur the considerable expenditure which the erection of a man-engine involves. The same consideration checks the introduction of proper ventilating apparatus, engines that will pump air into the mines, although it has been found that they reduce the expense of mining by reducing the excessive temperature and the extra wages which the miners require for working in it. Moreover there is in the mines of Cornwall, as there was in the mills of Lancashire, a selfish obstructiveness on the part of capitalists, which offers a serious barrier to all improvements. During the last session of Parliament, Lord Kinnaird brought in a bill for the Government inspection and regulation of mines, based upon the evidence given before the Royal Commission of which he was a member. This bill excited the greatest opposition, not only from the mine owners generally, but also from the other members of the Commission who represent Cornwall in Parliament, and who themselves have property in mines. While we write, one of the largest mine owners in Cornwall has publicly warned his colleagues that Lord Kinnaird will re-introduce his bill next session, and has invited them to offer it their most strenuous opposition. The effect of this selfish conservatism upon the health of the working miner is very lamentable. He is subject to a specific form of pulmonary disease, known as the miner's consumption. His is a short-lived race, and, as M. Esquiros remarks, you will see in Cornwall many widows, but few widowers. The diseased constitution is transferred to the children, and hence there is a large amount of infant mortality.

Coke declared that the Duchy of Cornwall was a great mystery, and we have left ourselves no room to speak of a subject on which volumes might be written. It must suffice to say, that, until very recently, the management of the Duchy property was made as offensive and oppressive to the Cornish people as it possibly could be made. No landowner, were his title the best that could be devised, felt himself safe

from litigation in which the Duchy officials might win through length of purse, while if they lost they were specially exempt from the defendant's costs. Nothing was too large, nothing too small for 'the Duchy.' It grasped alike at the whole of the 'great common of Devon,' as Dartmoor was called, and the poor man's cottage built upon a piece of waste land. At length the complaints, long deep, became also, through the mouth of the local press, so loud, that a change of policy was adopted; and there is now hope of peace and quietness for the much-vexed inhabitants of the Duchy. Their grievous wrongs did not prevent them from giving a hearty and loyal reception this summer to the Duke and the Duchess of Cornwall.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

'ELEVEN o'clock, and Robert not home yet!' and Jane Fenton sighed as she heard the village clock strike the hour. There was no clock in that wretched room. A table, two chairs, and a little crockery (mostly broken) were all the furniture it contained. Upstairs, matters were worse. Four children lay huddled together on a coarse rug on the floor, with a ragged blanket and their mother's shawl for their only covering. Poor thing, she sadly needed it herself, for the March wind blew keenly, and she had let the fire go out, or there would have been none to warm the children's poor breakfast in the morning. But everything was scrupulously clean. The table and chairs were scrubbed white, the floor was free from anything like dirt, and the woman's dress, although faded and shabby, was neatly mended, and showed no rents unrepaired. 'Eleven o'clock, and Robert not home yet!' Jane Fenton might well sigh, and bury her still comely face in her hands, and rock to and fro. 'Drinking with that bad Isaac Sloman, and this Saturday night; and hardly anything in the house but a crust of bread and a spoonful or two of coffee. Oh dear, oh dear! and how comfortable I was once; and how comfortable we might be now; and him earning thirty shillings a week! And he'll bring nothing home, and them poor dear bairns must go without bite or sup.

Poor Jane Fenton! How she cried, as, by the light of a farthing dip, she turned over and over a bundle of pawn tickets relating to articles pledged at the town two miles off.

'Here's his watch. It'll run out a month come Tuesday. That was the beginning of his taking to drink, after he got to know Ike Sloman, and here's his Sunday clothes; he's never been to church or chapel since then; and this is for my best gown and boots; here's the clock in for ten shillings (it won't tick in the old corner any more, and be company for me as it used). Then here's the poor dear bairns' things in for fifteen shillings,—that was when poor Joey died, and we'd no money to bury him. Here's a dozen more, some to pay rent, and some to buy drink, and some to lend Ike Sloman. Ike Sloman never lent us anything, and yet we must pawn our little bits of things, and then give the money to him. Ah dear, dear! If it wasn't for the poor dear bairns, I should wish I'd never been married, or wish I was dead. He's a good husband, is Robert when he's sober. But when is he sober now?' And the weary woman paced up and down the cold room, looking at her wedding ring as an old friend with whom she must soon part, in order to get bread for her children.

Twelve o'clock. The solemn chimes rang out from the old church tower. It was 'Home, sweet Home' they played, and still no Robert.

The full moon shone through the uncurtained window, and cast Jane Fenton's shadow on the naked floor. Not a footstep on the crisp white road from town, not the twitter of a dozing bird to break the stillness. Jane Fenton became angry, and then anger gave way to fear. She loved her husband in spite of his besetting sin, and had striven hard, and was still striving hard to reclaim him.

Half-past twelve! The candle was burning out, and at last an unsteady footstep was heard approaching the cottage. Jane Fenton hurried to the door to admit her drunken husband.

'Oh, Robert, how late you are!'

'What's that to you, mind your own business, and bolt the door,' and he staggered in.

He was a fine handsome man, of about thirty-eight. His features were puffed and sodden with drink; but, for all that, there was still a manhood in his look that, as yet, drink had not destroyed. But he was going down-hill very fast. The awful shadows of a fearful night of drunkenness and vice were fast falling on him, and these would most probably darken his path until an untimely end came.

'Well, come, Robert, dear, let us get to bed,' said his wife, meekly.

'Bed? What do you want me to go to bed for? I shan't go to bed. Where's my supper?'

'Supper, Robert? You know you only left me threepence this morning. I thought you'd bring something in with you for supper, and to-morrow's dinner, and groceries and things, you know, dear.'

'Curse you and your dinner and groceries too. I've got no money for you. I've something else to do with my money, than throw it away over you. Here, take that.'

He threw a handful of copper on the table, and, after many vain attempts, contrived to light his pipe, and sit down on one of the ricketty chairs.

'Thirteenpence. Is this all?'

'And what more would you have? Take it, and be hanged to you!

"For he's a jolly good fell—ow,
Which nobody can deny;
With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah,
With a hip, ——"'

Here the pipe fell out of the drunken man's mouth, and the candle starting suddenly into a fitful glare, showed his eyes fast closed, and then left the moonbeams without a rival.

'Come, Robert, dear, come to bed.' The tears stole down Jane Fenton's cheeks as she strove to rouse her husband.

Snore, snore. That was all the answer she got.

'Come, love, don't go to sleep here.'

'Have another glass, Ike. I'll stand glasses round, and hang the expense.'

He had been with Ike Sloman then.

'Wake up, Robert, love,' and Jane Fenton tried to lift him from the chair.

'Be off,' he cried with an oath, and pushed her away from him with such force that she fell to the ground. 'Be off, and let me be, I tell you. I shall sleep here, you fool. Be off with you, and get to bed, and leave me alone, or it'll be worse for you.'

It was the first time he had used anything like violence, and Jane Fenton felt that her heart was broken. Little Bob, who used to be his father's pet, woke up, and cried out to know what the matter was, and whether father would kiss him when he came upstairs.

Little Bob would have fared badly had he been within reach of his father's arm. As it was, he ordered him to bed again with an oath, and went off into a drunken snore again.

Jane Fenton watched him for nearly an hour, not daring to attempt to wake him again, and then crept up stairs, and laying her poor weary head on the ragged pillow, sobbed herself to sleep.

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The sun had just risen when Robert Fenton lit his pipe, and strolled out to get freshened up by the sharp frosty air. He strolled lazily along the high road, cursing himself for spending nearly all his money, and for giving the few coppers to his wife. For he knew of a certain snug place where a dram was to be had 'on the quiet,' on a Sunday morning, but not without ready cash, for what publican would be so mad as to trust a drunkard?

At a turn of the road he suddenly met two men in plain clothes whom he knew to be constables. Knowing the men, he gave them good morning, and was passing on. But the officers seemed disposed for a little talk.

'You are out early, Mr. Fenton,' said one.

'Ay,

'Ay, I don't generally get out so soon on Sunday mornings.'

'Up late last night, perhaps?'

'Yes, pretty latish.'

'At the Blue Boar, now, I daresay?'

'Yes, I was. What of that?'

'With Isaac Sloman?'

'Well, what business is that of yours?'

'Robert Fenton, I arrest you on the charge of murdering Farmer Oatland. Now don't you say another word, for all you do say will be used against you at your trial.' Snap—and the handcuffs were on his wrists, and he a prisoner on his way to gaol.

He was so stunned that he could not speak for some time, but walked along like one in a dream.

'Look here, Bob,' said the other officer, 'I'm right sorry for you, for I believe that old fox, Ike, has led you into this. You hold your tongue and say nothing until you've seen a lawyer, for I can tell you it's your only chance for life.'

'But I know nothing about any murder,' gasped the unhappy man. 'I met Ike at the Blue Boar at ten o'clock.'

'Ah, the business was done before then. We've got Ike safe enough, and he says you put him up to it, and that you both waited in Longton Lane until poor old Oatland passed; that you knocked him on the head with a stone, and finding that he had no money about him, but only a watch, that you beat him with the stone until you killed him, and that you put the watch in your pocket.'

'I was in Longton Lane last night.'

'Then hold your tongue.'

'I won't; I was there and passed Ike, who seemed waiting about for some one. He said he'd come to the Blue Boar about ten, and I went and waited for him. That's all I know.'

'Why, Bob, what's this hard thing in your coat pocket? Old Oatland's watch, I do declare!'—and the officer held it up. Now, don't you open your mouth again.'

'Then Ike Sloman put it there,' yelled Robert Fenton, 'and I'm a murdered man.'

Clank—creak—and the prison doors close on him. They led him half stupified to a cell and locked him in, telling him in a subdued tone that they would send and let his wife know.

He had a hazy impression of having seen her, of her having held him in her arms and kissing him; telling him that she knew he was innocent, and that he was always a dear good husband to her; of being led to his cell again and wondering how it would all end; of being before the magistrates, but comprehending nothing except that Ike Sloman was in the witness-box giving evidence—false evidence—against him; and of being told that he was committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

He lay in prison three weary months. During that time his wife constantly visited him. He knew very well what pinching there must be at home, and what hard work in the fields to provide the little dainties she sent him. But he ate them to please her. He knew her worth now, and knew what he had to blame for being there. The men he had mixed with never came near him in his trouble. They shrugged their shoulders when his name was mentioned, and said they always thought he was a 'bad lot.' Only one person clung to him and believed him innocent, and that one he had brutally thrust from him only the other day.

Penny by penny, shilling by shilling, Jane Fenton scraped money enough together to get counsel for her husband; and well he performed his duty, according to Robert's opinion, when he spoke of it after his trial. But the watch found in his pocket condemned him, and being in a muddled state that fatal night, he could not account for his time. He heard a shriek, and saw some one carried out when the foreman of the jury said, 'Guilty;' and he caught a glimpse of his wife's white face disappearing amongst the crowd.

Then came the sentence, 'Hanged by your neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.' The chaplain told him afterwards how his Lordship had pointed outto him that a love of drink had led him to this, and that he trusted that his fate would be a warning to those of similar habits. But he had heard nothing of this. His thoughts had been with his poor wife as she was carried fainting away.

Then they told him that she and her newly-born baby were dead. He knew that he had murdered them, although innocent of the crime for which he was to suffer. He accepted his doom as a righteous retribution, and prepared himself to die and to leave to his children in the workhouse the inheritance of a bad man's name.

It

It came at last, and they led him out to die. It was bitter indeed to see the blue sky overhead, and hear the singing waves break on the beach close at hand, to feel the summer air fan his cheek, and hear the happy songs of birds *for the last time*. Then the white cap shut out everything from his view, and he knew that he stood on the scaffold *alone*, and his quickened ears heard the heavy feet of the executioner stamp down the ladder that led to the fatal bolt.

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It was a dream, thank God! He was alive and in his chair where he had fallen asleep the night before. But there was a knocking at the door. With trembling hands he unlocked it, for he half expected his dream would come true, and even felt in his pockets for the watch. It was the pot-boy from the Blue Boar with the meat and groceries he had left there the night before. He looked at the lad with wild, vacant eyes, and dismissed him without even a 'thank you.' Then he returned to his seat, and buried his face in his hands. Soon rising and going upstairs, he knelt down and kissed his sleeping wife,—sleeping with the tears wet upon her face.

'Is that you, Robert, love? You must be cold.' 'It is me, Jane, my darling. I've seen to-night in a dream what might be and what perhaps will be if I go on as I have been doing. Will you wait a while and see what I mean, my dear?'

Yes, she would wait and did wait, and saw. Saw and blessed a reformed man, saw her little household treasures redeemed from the pawnbroker, saw her husband once more thriving and respected, and herself the happiest woman in the world.

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

WHAT MAY BE DONE BY EMPLOYERS FOR THEIR WORKPEOPLE.

It would take a long time to enumerate the many different ways in which, even without formal plans, employers may do much to secure the confidence, and promote the welfare of their people. How many little arrangements may be made in the workshop or place of business for their comfort, that, like George Herbert's 'goods words,' are worth much and cost little! The three great temporal gifts of Providence—air, water, and light—if an employer only show an anxiety that his workers shall be plentifully supplied with these, he will not exert himself in vain. Drinking fountains conveniently placed, and other accommodations of a like kind, will far more than repay their cost. And everything that tends to convert the workshop from a dreary cave to a cheerful, loveable home is really invaluable.

Work is a dull enough business, and the workshop is usually a sombre enough place; to give it a cheerful aspect is to do not a little to lighten the burden of toil. Miss Nightingale laid down for us this little bit of philosophy in regard to hospitals, but it is hardly less applicable to workshops. In several of the Messrs. Nelsons' apartments at Hope Park, Edinburgh—their binding-shop and their folding room for example—I have admired the little devices to brighten up the place—niches and statuettes of stucco, Egyptian borders and tasteful paper-hangings, the effect of which is to excite in the workpeople an endeavour to be cleanly in their own persons, and to keep all tidy and free from litter. I observed something of the same kind in the well-managed establishment of Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, of Bow, near London. There, too, I noticed a well-meant device for promoting tender and respectful feelings among the workers—memorials of some of the work-girls who had died, neatly framed and hung up on the walls, showing the esteem in which they were held by their employer, and the affectionate regard of their companions.

Even a word or a look from an employer to a workman has sometimes a magic power. The master is little to be envied who knows that one of his workmen has just sustained the bitterest bereavement he could endure, and is too proud to utter a word of sympathy. What a different feeling a few words of hearty interest at such

such a moment would evoke! Even a word of welcome to one who has been absent from sickness, with the expression of the hope that he will not find the labour too hard for his strength, will often be like cold water to the thirsty soul. Some masters have lately begun a practice—it may be an old one with others—of sending delicate workmen or workwomen for a week or a fortnight to the country to recruit their strength. For compensation for this expenditure they trust to the effects of the increased strength and more willing service which their generosity is calculated to secure.

A patient ear, and a generous heart, to consider their grievances, when respectfully submitted, will be greatly prized; and, on the other hand, irritation and bitterness will as certainly result to the men from impatience and unreasonable denunciation by the masters. A case was stated lately to a Committee of the House of Commons, in which an employer of 1,500 men was asked to receive a deputation who wished him to do something, and the master refused to hear a word. On the other hand, Mr. W. E. Foster told the same committee that his firm 'had occasionally had differences with their working people, but that they had always prevented their coming to any disagreeable issue, by being on the watch to listen to any cause of discontent or disagreement, and by meeting the workmen themselves.' Mr. Akroyd and Mr. J. P. Wilson have, in the most emphatic way, borne similar testimony. More than one member of the committee in question, in the report proposed to be presented to Parliament, dwelt on the distance maintained in the intercourse of masters and men as the ultimate cause of many a strike. Those who know human nature will not wonder at the statement. All my inquiries tend to show that it is most true. And very lamentable it certainly is that there should be so frightful conflagrations which so small a matter might have prevented.

The feelings of workmen who have long been under a master are apt to be hurt when some younger man, or perhaps an utter stranger, is unceremoniously put over their heads. The arrangement may be inevitable, but in carrying it out—if carry it out he must—a sympathetic master will try to do it as considerately as possible. I have a case in my eye in which a very dear friend of mine, finding such an arrangement necessary, acted to the disappointed man with a tenderness and a bountifulness that might have sweetened any disappointment. This gentleman does not carry on specific plans of philanthropy; but his ever-considerate kindness has given him a very high place in the hearts of his workmen.

All meanness, and especially the meanness of extreme avarice, repels the workman. Paltry reductions of earnings, and hard beating down of reasonable demands, are alike distasteful. No doubt the workman is tempted to view matters too much from his own point of view, and to forget the necessity of pretty rigid adherence to rule in large establishments; yet I could not help once sympathising with a poor woman whose boy, obliged now and then to miss an hour from delicate health, had something less than a halfpenny carefully deducted from two shillings a week for every hour that illness had required his absence! The case was the more noticeable that the master was somewhat prominent in the religious world; but the paltriness of the transaction neutralised the influence of the man.

The dread of being unceremoniously turned adrift when unable to work any longer, is another thing that makes a deep impression upon workmen. It is with a painful feeling they see an aged comrade receive his last payment of wages, when all intercourse between him and his employer comes to an end. Of course it is true that the employer only bargained to pay him for his work, and not to support him when he could supply work no longer. But that there should continue to be some kindly bond between those who have been associated so long, is surely a legitimate desire. Masters are much to be commended who try to spare the feelings of their old workers by finding for their old age some easy and comfortable berth, or if that cannot be got, giving them a pension that will at least keep them off the parish. The writer of the life of the late Mr. Harris, of Leicester, mentions some interesting facts in his experience bearing on this matter. A gentleman had once occasion to go with him to examine the machinery of his factory. Mr. Harris told him he was anxious to go with him, for the sake of an old workman who was now earning four or five shillings a week less than formerly. He had been ill, he said, for some months, his loom had been given to another, and he was dispirited because on returning he had got an inferior loom.

Calling

Calling a fitter-up, and asking for some grinders, which he ascertained were good, Mr. Harris ordered a new loom to be fitted up by Saturday evening, that the old man might be able to get on better. Another visitor mentions his having seen several old men employed in one of the flats of the factory, who had been long in the service of the firm, but being too old to take charge of modern machinery, continue to work the old frame. The firm lost a considerable sum by the arrangement, but, in the highest sense of the term, gained far more. Is not this one of the ways in which Christian employers are to carry their Christianity into business? I was much interested in an account which an employer in the west of Scotland gave me of his practice, when his profits were unusually high, of giving a bounty of ten or twenty pounds to some of his most valuable workmen, raising the wages of some others, and releasing some of the older ones from harness altogether, on a comfortable retiring allowance. How effectually this would put a stop to grumbling at the high profits of the master!

A little consideration would work wonders. 'I never thought of it' is a state of mind that kills tens of thousands. The fine lady in Hood's poem says honestly enough—

'The wounds I might have heal'd,
The human sorrow and smart;
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part.
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.'

I knew a very wealthy merchant who had in his employment for fifty years, at never more than forty shillings a week, a man that for trustworthiness, conscientious fidelity, and skill in business, was quite a treasure. In that wealthy bachelor's will, thousands of pounds were left to various charities, but not one crown-piece to the faithful helper who had spent his life in serving him. He was too good and too Christian a man to grumble; but he did miss the pleasure it would have given him to have received even a trifling token of his master's regard.

By taking an interest in general movements designed mainly for the benefit of the working class, employers who find it inexpedient to attempt plans of their own may do much good. Some of these movements have already been adverted to, and, therefore, need only to be enumerated here. Building Societies, for example, are admitted to be most beneficial to the working class, in enabling them to secure that first requisite to social improvement—a comfortable dwelling; and much may be done by masters for promoting such societies. Benefit or friendly societies, too, when placed on a right footing, are of the greatest use, and may be greatly helped by the cordial countenance of masters. The co-operative movement is a favourite one with workpeople, but demands an amount of caution and of precaution which makes the aid of men of business, accustomed to extensive transactions, exceedingly desirable. The half-holiday movement owed much of its success to the support of employers, and the early closing movement, with its supplementary institutions — evening classes, people's colleges, mechanics' institutes, reading-rooms, popular lectures, cheap concerts, and the like,—furnishes an admirable field for philanthropic exertions. In promoting public parks, recreation grounds, allotment gardens, and horticultural shows, an important step is taken towards creating a taste for healthy amusement, which all admit to be so desirable, if the tavern is ever to find its occupation gone. Dining-halls, baths, hospitals, and infirmaries have all their claims; and in the estimation of a zealous friend of the people, the late Mr. Sturge, of Birmingham, hydropathic establishments were so adapted for their good, that at his own expense he provided one applicable to the circumstances of workmen.

The promotion of temperance, it needs not be said, is one of the most important objects that can engage the attention of the workman's friend. Nearly all who have laboured in the cause of the people come to see that intemperance is their bane and their curse, and sooner or later find themselves constrained to take the most determined attitude against it. Working men's clubs and institutes have proved of no little service in the battle with drink—partly as rallying posts for the friends and missionaries of temperance, and partly as furnishing the opportunity of social enjoyment apart from the temptations of Bacchus.

Free libraries in our large towns are noble institutions. There the working man

man may enjoy his book or his periodical at half-hours of the day, and for whole hours of the evening, contracting and nourishing a love of reading, that will intellectually at least be a great means of elevation.

Working men's exhibitions seem on the point of commencing a very useful career. They will furnish ingenious and active workmen with a special object for their leisure hours, and bring their products under the notice of many who will appreciate their skill, and reward their diligence. Employers by lending tools, and 'offering such facilities to their workmen as will stimulate them to exercise their ingenuity in the production of articles for exhibition' (we use the words of a leading employer in Warwickshire), may do much to forward this interesting movement.

The great cause of education has surely a special claim on all employers of labour and friends of the people. To help to supply schools where they are needed, and to provide, in the shape of first-rate teaching, an article which parents should make a great effort to secure for their children; to give heart and energy to worthy teachers; to try to raise the standard of education, and diffuse a sense of its value throughout their neighbourhood, is surely an object worthy of their best endeavours. Many are tempted to substitute imperfect supplements for the genuine article. To evening classes we wish all manner of success, if they are designed to supplement a very limited education obtained in the ordinary way; but in the great majority of cases, evening classes can never lay the foundation of a good education. The prevailing notion that the sooner a child ceases to cost his parents anything, and becomes an earner of wages, the better for all concerned, needs to be vigorously assailed. A higher public sentiment on this subject throughout England would be of inestimable value; and the friends of the people can do few greater services to them than by labouring to produce it.

Important, in their own place, though all such means of improving the condition of the working classes are, and therefore deserving all encouragement from philanthropic employers, it should ever be remembered that one method of elevation possesses a paramount importance and efficacy—the Gospel of the grace of God. Designed to cure all the evil that has come into our world through the fall, the Gospel is pre-eminently adapted to raise the class on whom the curse falls heaviest, and whose temptations are most overwhelming. From first to last, the history of Christianity is a record not only of individual conversion, but of social elevation; and much of its highest glory is derived from the wonderful transformations it has wrought on the lowest dregs of humanity. The voice of love as it falls from the Cross has drawn responses from hearts that have defied every other attempt to subdue or reclaim them. The savages of the South Seas and the cannibals of New Zealand have owned its power, alike with Kingswood colliers or Cornish miners. It has proved a charm more effectual than the harp of Orpheus, to draw men from the haunts of sensuality. A power has come from it that has enabled working men to hold themselves erect; to spurn temptation; to march steadily along the hard path of toil; to be faithful to their masters and loyal to their God; to be loving at home and neighbourly abroad; and to abound in virtues and graces that throw the lustre of heaven on the most bare and monotonous lives. He must be blind indeed to the plainest lesson of all Christian history, who does not see that it is from the wings of the Sun of Righteousness the healing virtue comes, that, with all the certainty of a divine specific, restores health and vigour to the heart of man. To promote mere secular plans for the improvement of the masses, and stand aloof from the Gospel, would be like the folly of banishing the steam-engine from our workshops, and leaning on human thews and sinews for the work which is done so much more easily and efficiently by the great giant-power. It would be like shutting out the light of the sun from our houses and places of business, and lighting candles to supply its place. The Gospel is God's blessed gift for the salvation of souls and for the regeneration of the world: to thrust it aside, and employ mere human agencies to do its work, is alike dishonouring to God and cruel to man.

No surer or more efficient operations, therefore, for benefiting the working class can be taken in hand by a philanthropic employer, than those which bring the pure influence of the Gospel to bear more fully and efficiently on workmen and their families. In what way this is to be done, is a question to be settled by himself. Whether, among his own people, by agents of his own—chaplains, or teachers,

teachers, or Scripture-readers, or colporteurs, or Bible-women; or whether without a formal agency by personal intercourse with his own workers, or by encouraging pious foremen or others to do what they can among the rest; or by circulating Christian literature, and promoting meetings for religious worship and mutual improvement; or whether, by a friendly alliance with some neighbouring church or churches, and by giving facilities to devoted clergymen, or other Christian agents connected with them, to labour among his people; or whether by throwing his energies into the cause of one or more of the great home missionary societies, such as Sunday-schools or City Missions; whether by one, or several, or all of these methods, must be left to himself to determine. But surely, when there is such a variety of methods of bringing the Gospel to bear on his people, there can be no excuse for neglecting them all. One other remark we must be allowed to add:—however high the sphere of the employer, it is a beautiful sight when he interests himself personally in the Christian welfare of his people. Then, too, is he in the way to obtain for himself and his family the richest blessing of God.—'*Heads and Hands in the World of Labour.*' By W. G. Blaikie, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: Alexander Strahan, 148, Strand. 1865.

PUBLIC DANCING ROOMS.

Some may think we should not publish what we learned, lest it corrupt lads as yet strangers to such knowledge; but, we are sorry to say, all the young men in our public works know it already. It is for the sake of parents, and especially of poor unsuspecting girls, that we now give it. Since the one class knows how to destroy, the other should be told of the snares. The disposition to dance is more natural to women than to men; and the devil, and men as cruel as the devil, avail themselves of this natural weakness to slay them by thousands. How artfully is the snare laid! First we have *free* admission for ladies, then seemingly innocent dancing, pushed *designedly* on to one end—that of making the head perfectly dizzy, and creating an intense thirst, to quench which there is nothing provided but whisky, warm water, and sugar. Many young men in Glasgow, when bent on the gratification of lust, instead of associating with a common prostitute, prefer to attend, and they do regularly attend public dancing halls, in the hope of picking up fresh girls free of disease. The excitement of the capture is also more agreeable to their hellish nature. By attending frequently they soon know who are fresh hands. We were intensely sorry to see so many decently dressed girls, seemingly not then corrupted, entering such a slaughter-house. Some between 13 and 16 years, attracted by their natural love of dancing, hung about the door wishing to come in, but yet not having the courage. When one of these professional murderers sets his eyes on a fresh girl, he blandly asks the favour of her being his partner for the night. A little gentle coaxing generally prevails on her to rise. If she appear too much affected or fatigued to stand out to the end, give her a rest, as it is indispensable she be kept for the last, the fatal circling waltz. When the fiddles cease, on with her bonnet and cloak, and hurry her off to the public-house; but, lest she be too timid to enter, or to drink when there, see there be also some other girls in the company, the best are those already cracked, they will act the part of a decoy elephant, and will press her to drink. Give her two or three glasses of whisky, but don't drink much yourself, and the prey is secured; no power on earth can save her. When the alcohol has reached the brain, she is ready for taking to a brothel—a dark stair, Glasgow Green, or other secluded spot. If she be on her guard, and will not enter the public-house, offer to see her home, treat her with pastry on the road, and say you will call for her to come to the dancing next night. By and bye she will enter the whisky shop, and she shall then reap ruin, and you damnation. Go on, young men, go on; murder the souls and bodies of your poor follow-creatures; break the hearts of many parents, heap up the city's bill of illegitimacy; but know, that for these things, God will call you into judgment; know that, dreadful beyond all thought, shall be your immortality in hell.

Thus we have truly described the process of wholesale murder that is carried on in the city. There are hundreds of girls on the streets who will testify they have

have thus been destroyed. There are many hundreds of fathers and mothers who mourn for lost ones in the grave, or worse than in the grave, now leading a life of infamy, and drawing others with them to the pit; parents upon whose heart a dark cloud has settled, that cannot be dispersed, but which will grow the deeper the nearer they approach the tomb. Some of the incidents of this infernal butchery, rouse, as we have said, our brain to madness. A young man, who formerly attended the Lyceum, told us he was once in company with one of these professional murderers with his victim, an interesting girl, in the public-house. He toyed for a little with her head, until he had got her net in his hand; he then showed it to her, and threw it below the table, as if in sport. While her head was under the table looking for the net, he quickly mixed —— with her drink. The net was got, the drink was taken, and she was shortly afterwards led out as a sheep to the slaughter. Another victim of the Lyceum went to the Lying-in Hospital to be confined. She entreated her destroyer to come and see her, but she might as well have sought mercy from hell. In two days after delivery, she and her babe were in eternity—her heart was broken.—*Moral Statistics of Glasgow.*

THE MODEL PENITENTIARY.

One of the most important movements of modern benevolence has been the attempt to grapple with that moral plague which has been termed 'the social evil.' Nothing could be better than the first principles which gave birth to the new penitentiary system. Men and women alike had recognised the guilty, cowardly sham, by which the world had sought to hide its blackest curse under a veil of mock prudery, while it let thousands of wretched women drift year after year into the abyss, without a hand stretched out to save them, because their sin was unfit to be named in the polite society that scrupled not to receive with open arms the very men for whom they sinned.

It became the fashion not only to admit the existence of this deadly sore, corroding the secret springs of life among us, but to consider that there could be no nobler work for pure-minded women than the effort to reclaim the most unhappy and degraded of their own sex. The result of these very desirable conclusions was the establishment, in England of several, in Scotland of one or two, Refuges for the Fallen, conducted for the most part by ladies offering themselves freely to the work. With such elements of success, what might not have been accomplished! But they started from the very first on the mistaken principles of which we have spoken, and following blindly in one another's lead, the result has, in our estimation, been simply disastrous.

In describing one of these 'Homes,' and the system pursued in it, we shall describe all, for they scarcely differ in even insignificant details.

To begin—How do they prepare the building, intended to receive as many as can be accommodated of a class numbering, in England alone, many thousands? One would think that the great effort would be to provide the utmost space that could by any means be made available, so that the greatest possible number might find a shelter beneath its roof.

Of course the dimensions of the building must be limited by the amount of funds; and considering the end in view, one would certainly expect that the simplest plans for housing large numbers, the plainest materials, and the least costly arrangements, would be adopted in a 'Home' designed to be a refuge for the almost countless lost.

But what is the reality? A most elaborate ecclesiastical building is erected, so arranged in an expensive, not to say luxurious manner, that the principal object seems to be the gratification and convenience of the ladies in charge, while the amount of space left to the poor penitents is not much more than would be required for the servants of a large establishment; a highly ornamented chapel, with all the most costly appliances; a well-furnished sitting-room for the head lady, another for her chief assistant, a third for the ladies in general, a fourth for the visitors, a fifth for meals, a sixth for the chaplain, a bedroom for each of the ladies, a room for any of them who may be unwell, a room for the lady housekeeper, another for the lady *infirmarium*, etc., and all these at the least must be supplied

supplied before the true use of the building, the accommodation of the penitents, is considered at all. Even the small space left after all for the poor outcasts is rendered far less available than it might be by the over-legislation, of which, in its moral effects, we shall have to speak at length; a work-room, a meal-room, a class-room, a waiting-room, and, we grieve to have to write it, a *punishment*-room are withdrawn from the space given to sleeping accommodation, on which, of course, the number of inmates must depend. And what is the result? In buildings which, from first to last, have cost as much as the barracks of a regiment, and where one would wish to gather hundreds of these unhappy women, we find that there is space for eight, twelve, fifteen, twenty, or thirty penitents only!

We have given the actual numbers received in the principal 'Homes' in England; only one or two have attained to twenty inmates, and in one only has the highest figure, thirty, been exceeded. This is in the largest church penitentiary in the kingdom, where a magnificent building, fit, but for its monastic appearance, to be the palace of a prince, has, by recent contributions of large sums from all parts of the country, been made capable of containing fifty fallen women.

Of course, we need hardly say that all the supposed 'necessary' appliances of these buildings are of the same expensive and cumbrous nature.

Such, then, are the unwieldy preparations which cripple the funds of the 'Home' at the very outset.

The next great obstacles which the founders rear against their own intended charity are the 'rules of admission;' and here we may say that the observance of *rules* seems to be a sort of Fetish-worship for these benevolent good people, which they will not abandon for the most urgent reasons that could possibly be brought before them. The deepest interest of any individual penitent is never allowed to move one iota the iron laws first formed for the regulation of the whole community.

The 'rules of admission' are generally most ingeniously contrived to frustrate the object of the Refuge, by excluding all but an infinitesimal number out of the great aggregate:—'No penitent is to be received who cannot bring a medical certificate of perfect health.'—By that rule ninety-nine out of a hundred are struck from the list of possible recipients of the charity. 'None are to be received who will not promise to stay two years.'—Ninety-nine in two hundred may very well be set down as sacrificed to that rule. 'None are to be received unless the chaplain and lady superintendent are both satisfied of their eligibility;' and too often because the chaplain is satisfied the superintendent is not. 'None to be received a second time who have once left,' and so on *ad infinitum*.

In some Homes they have a rule which, if rigidly carried out, would simply quash the whole concern. They propose to receive none who do not give unmistakable signs of penitence. Now, that they should come to those refuges as penitents, in the true sense of the word, is as nearly as can be an impossibility, and, as a matter of fact, it is a phenomenon which scarcely ever occurs; to expect it, is just one of the saddest mistakes made by those who would befriend these fallen women, because it lies at the root of all that is wrong in their subsequent management. The object of these refuges really ought to be, by God's help, to make penitents of them. Where, in the name of common sense, are they to learn penitence, or catch so much as a glimmer of God's grace, in the horrible lives out of which they come? We cannot touch on the sickening details of their previous condition, or on the immediate effects on the soul of a degradation which trades in sin; but it is certain that it is more entirely deadening, not only to the conscience, but to the better instincts of our nature, than any other species of evil-doing; and the unhappy women who enter these refuges under the mocking name of 'penitents,' have in reality lost all perception of the distinction between right and wrong, and all belief in a heaven or a hell.

There are many motives which induce them to seek a shelter without a shadow of repentance for their evil lives. Generally speaking, it is a sudden impulse following some act of cruelty from the wretches among whom they live, or it is the sight of some worn-out companion dying in a workhouse, or some other phase of the temporal penalties of their career. Sometimes it is want succeeding lavish excess, or pain, disease, disappointment, disgust at the miseries which go side by side with their so-called pleasures; these, and a hundred other motives, drive those wayward, impulsive beings to any refuge which may seem to present itself, and

and the true wisdom, the true charity, would be to take advantage of the motive, be it even evil, which prompts them to escape, and after offering them every facility to come, and every inducement to remain, to take them just as they are, and strive by the gentlest means, and with due regard to individual temperament, to awaken them to a sense of their unspeakable misery, and to a knowledge of hope yet existent for them in the future.

But far other is indeed the treatment they receive. And here we reach that one fatal error which has marred to an inconceivable extent this and most other charities of our age, viz., over-legislation, developing itself in a narrow minded discipline, administered without either love or humility—the two absolutely essential qualities in those who govern.

It is a grave question, and one to which we fear the true answer would be most unsatisfactory, whether those penitentiaries, established from the best motives, and conducted with the utmost self-denial, have not been productive of far more evil than good, by the enforcement of a system of management, which has driven out those they should have saved to a life of deeper guilt, and to warn others to avoid, as they would a pest-house, the 'Homes' which they have found, to use the actual words of many of them, worse than the gaol. Let us look at the facts. The persons whom this system is intended to reform are, as we have said, totally dead to all sense of right. For the most part, they enter on their dreadful career at so early an age that they are entirely ignorant of religious truth, and their only impression of the Christian faith is some vague recollection of unintelligible words learnt at the Sunday-school or heard in drowsy weariness from Sunday sermons. Almost the only chance of rousing good feeling within them is by an appeal to the memory of some dead mother, who would, they feel, have wished better things for them; but in many cases they have been trained by their very parents in vice, and even this faint gleam of light is lost.

Accustomed only to lives of the wildest indulgence, the grossest excess, the most lawless freedom, governed solely by passion and impulse, without hope in the future or memory in the past, to inspire them with a wish beyond the gratification of the present moment,—they come, in the fiery excitement of some passing fancy, to the Refuge, and are straightway subjected to a system of conventual rule and severe religious observance, which the best-disposed novice that ever sought to be trained as a nun would find hard to bear! It seems to us as if nothing short of insanity could propose such a system to those poor reckless girls, dead to moral sense, and unconscious of their own degradation, when probably not one in a hundred of the most refined religious minds could long endure the strain, the weariness and depression it inevitably causes.

It is not possible in our limited space to give a detail of all the wretched little stringent rules, which through the four-and-twenty hours are arranged to goad and torment the unreasoning victims into utter disgust with the very idea of repentance or reform; but the general outline of the system consists in a multitude of religious services, of which the penitent understands little or nothing; hard labour, presided over by a severe elderly female, who checks well nigh every word or look; classes for instruction, made awful by their length, and the rigid solemnity with which they are conducted; meals eaten without the utterance of a word; and, above all, a species of moral torture (for it is nothing else to such beings), entitled 'silence times,' when they are seated all together at needlework, or some other sedentary employment, and the most absolute silence is enforced for two or three hours at a stretch, for no other purpose but 'to discipline the penitents.'

The smallest infraction of any rule is followed by punishment, for which purpose the 'punishment-room' is provided, where the poor creatures are locked up in solitary confinement, and generally on bread and water, for periods varying from one day to a fortnight.

One of the cruellest parts of the system is their rigorous confinement to the house, and total want of exercise in the open air. Setting aside the consideration that the enjoyment of the natural beauty with which God has filled the heavens and the earth is an innocent and legitimate pleasure, which might surely be allowed to those who have voluntarily abandoned all that seemed pleasure to them before, one would think that common sense alone would teach their managers that out-door employment and exercise is absolutely essential to their health, both of mind

mind and body. Nevertheless, it is a fact that not one breath of fresh air is allowed to these poor prisoners through the day; not one half hour is granted them in which to look on the blue sky and the sunshine, and to meet the cool breeze with its invigorating power.

The same dreary round of entirely irksome duties and needless restraints drives them through day and night, to begin again, with lessened powers of endurance, or, if these fail, to descend to a lower depth of misery in the solitude, so awful to these ill-balanced minds, of the 'punishment-room.'

Lest we should be thought to be making an exaggerated statement, we subjoin the actual time-table of one of these modern penitentiaries, managed by ladies, who give their assistance gratis. We must beg our readers not to suspect us of sarcasm when we assure them that this Refuge is considered *one of the most lax* in the treatment of penitents.

TIME-TABLE FOR PENITENTS.

5 A.M.	Rise.
5.30,	Private Prayer.
5.45,	Industrial Work.
6.45,	Prayers in Chapel.
7,	Breakfast.
7.30,	Industrial Work.
12,	Dinner.
12.30,	Mid-day Prayers and Recreation,
1,	Industrial Work.
4,	Tea.
4.30,	Work.
7,	Bible-Class and Reading.
8,	Service in Chapel.
8.15,	Private Prayers.

The half hour between 12.30 and 1, which is to be divided between 'Mid-day Prayers and Recreation,' would be a positive burlesque on the idea of 'recreation,' if it were not so really cruel, considering that this is *all* the time allowed for relaxation of any kind to those who, before they entered the Home, had never known either work or restraint.

We have spoken hitherto only of the daily systematic regulation of these Refuges, but it will readily be understood that the moral government of the penitents is in all its variations conducted on the same principles. The ladies in charge, whose self-denial and devotion, generally speaking, it is impossible to praise too highly, have adopted the unfortunate theory that it is necessary to keep these unhappy women at a distance, in order to teach them the heinousness of their sin and the vast difference between the pure and the fallen. Now as, in the first instance at all events, it is by working on their affections alone that there is the least chance of winning them, the result of this system is absolutely fatal to their own well-meant intentions.

The punishment-room, with its solitude and its bread and water, is in constant requisition for offences which are the inevitable result of this treatment on minds and bodies disorganised by excess and subject to every form of hysteria. We shall best show the nature of this ill-judged system by an illustration from real life, which the poor girl in question related herself, when urged afterwards to make one more effort at reform.

She had entered a penitentiary to please her mother—the one being whom she really loved in the world; and moved by this powerful affection she did honestly try to enter thoroughly into the plans of reform urged upon her at the Home. She remained there longer than most of her companions, struggling against the overwhelming depression of a life which was one intolerable bondage and weariness to her. At last the total confinement to the house and the continual strain became more than she could bear. One morning she made her escape, and flew like a bird let loose into the free air of the first fields she could reach outside the town. After walking about for an hour or two, she began to reflect on the grief it would cause her mother if she went back to her evil life. Thoughts of God, whose anger she had been of late taught to dread, regret at losing all she had gained by her late endurance, a conviction she could not repress that anything was better than

than going back to her 'old ways,' all combined to decide her to return to her prison before she had spoken to a single person outside the walls. She never doubted that her fault in leaving it would be forgiven in consideration of the great effort she made in returning: and surely if ever there was a case where the teaching of the parable of the Prodigal Son should have been carried out, this was one. She arrived at the door of the Home, told where she had been, and expected praise for her conduct in coming back; instead of that, she was met by angry reproof, and sentenced forthwith to a week of the punishment-room, on bread and water; 'And then,' she said, 'after I had been locked up a while, Miss —— came up and scolded and rated at me, and she hardened me,—she did for ever. I left as soon as I could, and I would rather die than go to one of those places again.'

That girl has done more to hinder her companions from entering penitentiaries than the worst keepers of bad-houses have ever accomplished, and some such injudicious treatment has sent hundreds like her from these 'Homes,' to plunge into deepened guilt and misery. Will it be believed that in some penitentiaries, in addition to the burden and thraldom of the daily rules, they have established, at certain periods of the year, a religious observance called a 'retreat for the penitents,' held on one, two, or more days, during which the penitents are required to keep a total silence from morning till night, and, with scarce any interruption except for meals, to spend the entire day in the chapel, where religious services of different kinds are carried on the whole time?

The judgment displayed in this proceeding needs not be characterised by us, but it was forcibly illustrated on a recent occasion, when one of these 'retreats' was being held in a penitentiary. One of the poor penitents, a specially well-disposed girl, suddenly burst from the chapel, where she was kneeling with her companions, and rushed into the court-yard, where she began shouting a ribald song at the top of her voice, and then laughed and screamed alternately, till she fell into hysterics. She had no malicious intent in doing so, and was really sorry afterwards to have disturbed the ladies, but it was the simple reaction from a degree of mental strain, for which she, as well as the others, were totally unfit.

'I am now going to speak from the bottom of my heart,' said a poor diseased outcast, shivering in the tramp ward of a workhouse, when urged to return to a penitentiary. 'I would rather go to gaol for two months as to the "Home" for one day. Liberty's sweet, and it's a black look-out to see a prison door shut upon you; but oh, it's better than the rules, and the "silence times," and the curtsies to the ladies every time you move, and being punished if you forget.'—'*Odds and Ends: Penitentiaries and Reformatories.*' Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Harriet Power, author of 'Beatrice Langton,' and 'After To-morrow,' has produced another little tale, entitled, 'Worse than Death,' and has entrusted its publication to Mr. S. W. Partridge. The story tells of an only and much-loved son, whose recovery from a serious illness in childhood is regarded by his mother as the best of all good fortune, but who grows up to fall under the influence of bad companions, and to become a victim to the wine-cup at last. The tale is one of the host of temperance tales wherewith the press has of late been teeming; and it is by no means the worst of the lot.

For those who delight to treasure up selections from pious authors, Mr. S. W. Partridge, of 9, Paternoster Row, is publishing the 'Christian Monitor,' in twopenny parts, monthly. The type is very large and clear, and the paper excellent.

The Rev. W. R. Baker was no doubt well known to some of our readers, as author of 'The Idolatry of Britain,' 'The Curse of Britain,' and other publications, in which valuable aid was lent to temperance reform. The history of his life is told by his sister, Mrs. E. L. Edmunds, in a volume recently published by Mr. W. Tweedie, of 337, Strand. Mr. Baker was an arduous and much-esteemed labourer in the temperance field; and besides this, he had an excellent reputation as a minister

minister amongst the dissenting denomination to which he was attached. Amongst his publications was an account of 'Our State Church: her Structure, Doctrines, Forms, and Character. A Manual of Dissent.' More than half the volume before us is filled with poetical compositions, to which sisterly affection has thus given a permanent form; and with letters to herself; a temperance sermon; a lecture, delivered at Sydenham, on the connection between physical and spiritual health; and other material which the many friends and admirers of Mr. Baker will be glad to have thus preserved. Of the United Kingdom Provident Institution Mr. Baker was one of the founders, and for twenty-one years he continued to render it very valuable services. He was, for awhile, its resident director.

Another of Mr. Tweedie's recent publications is a tale called 'The Sisters of Glencoe, or Letitia's Choice,' by Eva Wynn. The motto of the book is a passage from 'Never Too Late to Mend:' 'No man and no woman is safe who has once formed the fatal habit of looking to drink for solace, or cheerfulness, or comfort. While the world goes well they will likely be temperate; but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for us, the rails are laid down, and the station-houses erected; and the train is on the line waiting for the locomotive.' There are sundry well-described characters in the book. The main plot of the story is woven around a fair young creature, Letitia, who, in spite of the warnings of a loving sister, discards a worthy lover whom she had accepted, and installs in her own affections a handsome fascinating scamp, who becomes at last her tormentor and destroyer. The story runs too much into conversation—a style of which the writer is not perfectly a master. It would have been much more pleasant reading if given in a simple narrative form. But there is much in the 'Sisters of Glencoe' to make it a valuable messenger of temperance truth; and we heartily wish for it a wide circle of readers.

In 'Share and Share Alike; or, the Grand Principle,' Mrs. Ellis, author of 'The Women of England,' &c., has produced a pleasant little story, which Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, of 27, Paternoster Row, have published in a neat little volume. The poorer inhabitants of the village of Grumbleton, in the parish of Discontent, disgusted with the doctor, the lawyer, the rich merchant, and the great lord of the manor riding in their carriages and living on the fat of the land, resolve to carry out the great principle of Share and Share Alike; for that purpose they emigrate; and endeavour, in freedom from the presence of the rich, to carry it out to their satisfaction. What adventures befel them in their new settlement; how the great principle worked, and did not work; and what the difficulties were that finally led to the unanimous abandonment of the scheme, Mrs. Ellis tells. The tale, clothed in simple and straightforward language, is intended especially to be read aloud, as is done at the popular 'Penny Readings;' and is very well suited for such use. The aim of the book is to reconcile the inhabitants of Grumbleton to their lot, and to show them some of the reasons why social inequalities exist and cannot be got rid of.

In 'A Plain Statement of Facts,' by Thomas Hopley (London: G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row), and 'A Cry to the Leading Nation of the World for Justice,' by Thomas Hopley (published at 147, Fleet-street, London), the victim of an extraordinary series of misfortunes endeavours to obtain a re-hearing of his very remarkable case. In a previous notice of his 'Cry for Redress' we stated the result of our examination of the affair; and can here only repeat our recommendation to all readers desiring a subject for psychologic and forensic study, to order copies from the addresses given above. Single copies of the 'Cry' may be had from the author, through the post, for thirteen stamps.

Mr. Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row, has just brought out 'Compensation, and other Poems,' a volume written by Emily Jane May, and dedicated, by permission, to the Duchess of Northumberland. In describing the poet, the authoress says, with more truth than originality, that—

> 'The poet speaks the thoughts that lie
> Deep in the common heart,
> But which no tongue beside his own
> Finds language to impart.'

Tried by this, or any other good standard, we cannot speak favourably of the poetic power of the writer. All that she says well has been better said by some predecessor. We have to complain, besides, of a want of common honesty. 'Compensation' is literally one

one of Emerson's Essays, stolen bodily, done into verse, and proffered to the public as the product of Emily Jane May, without a word or hint of acknowledgment of the source. The 'Philosophy of Love' is another piece of booty of which Emerson has been plundered. To have converted into prosaic verse the American's magnificent poetic prose, may be forgiven her; but not to have made the least allusion to the real author,—oh, fie, Emily Jane May!

The 'Philosophy of Religion,' by Hugh Doherty, M.D., author of 'Organic Philosophy; or, Man's True Place in Nature,' is published by Trübner and Co., of 60, Paternoster Row. The heads of this pamphlet,—itself, apparently, the introductory portion of some larger work,—include: I. Belief and Unbelief; Natural and Supernatural World; Atheism; Theism; Christianity; Apparent Contradictions in Revelation; II. Centres of Gravitation and Illumination; Cruelty and Suffering in the World; III. Anthropomorphic Theology; Perfect and Imperfect Anthropomorphism; Degrees of Supernal Unity; Interpreter of the Gospel; IV. Conclusion: Evidences of Design in Nature; Errors of Unbelievers; Religious Institutions. We have received the pamphlet too late for a more extended notice of it, and can only say here that the author appears to us to be feeling his way towards right conclusions with considerable success.

'The Quiver:' An Illustrated Magazine, has long since attained wide and favourable notoriety, under the energetic management of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, of Ludgate Hill. 'The Quiver' now appears in the first number of a new series, which is not only liberally illustrated, but is printed throughout on excellent toned paper.

'The Lord's Portion; or, Giving to God Made Easy and Pleasant;' is a forty-eight page tract, enforcing systematic giving, written by the Rev. Samuel Couling, and published by Mr. S. W. Partridge, of 9, Paternoster Row. It appears pretty well exhaustive of the subject.

'The Gardeners' Magazine,' which Mr. Shirley Hibberd rejoices to edit, and which bears on its cover the name of E. W. Allen, of Ave Maria Lane, as its publisher, continues to abound with all that newest information for which enterprising gardeners perpetually thirst.

Other publications received are the following:—

Our Own Fireside; a Magazine of Home Literature,' edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, and published by William Macintosh, of Paternoster Row.

'Peculiarities of the Deaf and Dumb, as regards Medical Treatment and their Idiosyncrasies,' which have been observed at the Ulster Institution, by Henry Samuel Purdon, M.D. Belfast: Henry Greer, High-street.

'The Journal of Health,' devoted to the popular exposition of the principles of health, the causes of disease, and the truths of mental philosophy; edited by Jacob Dixon, M.D., medical officer of the London Homœopathic Hospital, and published by Job Caudwell, of 335, Strand.

"The Temperance Spectator.' London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

'Old Jonathan; or, the District and Parish Helper,' published by W. H. Collingridge, 117 and 119, Aldersgate-street, London.

'The Baptist Magazine.' London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

'The Church of England Temperance Magazine: a Monthly Journal of Intelligence.'

'The Life-Boat, or Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution.' London: 14, John-street, Adelphi.

'Stories for Sunday Scholars.' No. 8: 'Idle Dick's Fall.' No. 9: 'The Best Sunday Scholar.' London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Meliora.

Art. I.—WORKING MEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.

1. *South London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition.* March, 1864.
2. *Memorial Volume of the South London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition.* February, 1865.
3. *Illustrated Memorial of the North London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition.* October, 1864.
4. *West London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition.* May, 1865.
5. *Anglo-French Working Classes Exhibition of Skilled Work.* Peace Jubilee. August, 1865.
6. *Catalogue of the Working Men's Industrial Exhibition, Birmingham.* August, 1865.
7. *Reading Industrial Exhibition.* 1865.

FEW institutions of modern days have extended with greater rapidity, than industrial exhibitions for the display of objects of ingenuity and skill, the products of the working classes of our land. Commenced at Lambeth, in March, 1864, copied at Islington, in October of the same year, since followed by East and West London and many provincial towns, and extending already to the colonies and the continent, it cannot but be interesting to note the origin, progress, and probable results of such enterprises, alluding in passing to some mistakes which have been made, suggesting possible remedies, and thus aiding, we trust, in the prevention of errors in management, which cannot but be the preludes of disaster and disappointment.

As respects the origination of the movement, Mr. G. M. Murphy, the secretary of the South London Exhibitions, at the

 opening

opening of the first exhibition at the Lambeth Baths, March 1st, 1864, stated that some time before, at a Temperance Soirée in Hanover Square Rooms, he had a conversation with Miss Twining on the results of flower-shows, which led to some thoughts on the subject; and in the spring of 1863, being at a Band of Hope Festival at Frome, the exceedingly ingenious mechanical productions of Mr. Perry, of Yeovil, a reclaimed drunkard, were brought under his notice. Soon after his return to town, a dairyman, who had made many useful domestic articles, suggested the idea of gathering a few such contrivances into a room in some crowded locality, in order, if possible, by exhibiting them to stimulate similar endeavours on the part of others. It then occurred to the secretary that, as he knew many working men who had cultivated various talents in their spare time, an exposition of a more general kind would be of considerable interest. Acting under the sanction of the Southwark Mission for the Elevation of the Working Classes, he drew up a code of rules, and forwarded these to some two hundred persons who were known to sympathise with the poor. The circulars were well responded to, and suggestions were offered. Subsequently the rules were submitted for discussion to three public meetings of working men, and by them were unanimously agreed upon and passed.

The objects of the exhibition were declared to be—First: The bringing to light the ingenious contrivances of many working men for ornamenting their homes, and adding to their comfort, cleanliness, and economical management. Second: To show that hours well improved (instead of being spent in idleness, or, worse still, in the public-house) may produce results astonishing even to the working men themselves. Third: To call attention to the patent laws, by which many useful inventions of poor inventors are rendered, to them, almost useless, notwithstanding the thought, time, and toil spent in their production. Fourth: To give an impetus to the holding of similar exhibitions in different parts of the country.

At the first exhibition, one hundred and sixty exhibitors displayed their articles, although not a shilling had been spent in advertisements, so that this was as nearly as possible a spontaneous collection. The exhibition was open for eleven evenings, and upwards of thirty thousand paying persons visited it, the receipts leaving a large balance to credit. Thus the committee's determination that the exhibition should pay its own expenses was more than realised. From the first, with scarcely an exception worthy of note, the daily and weekly newspaper press looked with favour upon the move-

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ment, and contributed much to its success; while, to his honour be it said, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, hearing of the enterprise, at once offered the loan of a splendid carving by a Greek monk of Mount Athos, containing four thousand figures and heads, representing the history of the human race; and, at the close of the exhibition, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone kindly invited twenty of the exhibitors to Carlton House Terrace to dinner, and an enjoyable afternoon was spent by the man of mind and money, as well as by the men of muscle and labour.

Every exhibitor in this exhibition received a memento of the exhibition. Prizes and honourable mentions also were awarded, and were distributed at a banquet held at the close of the exhibition, to which each exhibitor was entitled to bring a friend. Samuel Morley, Esq., presided at the soirée, and distributed the awards.

It is not our purpose to enumerate the noteworthy articles produced and shown by the exhibitors, nor do we design to chronicle the more important events connected with the various displays, or festivals of industry, which have been held, but we will do that which we believe will be more useful; we will bring into a focus the sentiments of a few of the leading men of the time in reference to the subject, supplementing these with some thoughts which shall bear out the programme at the commencement of this article.

At the opening of the first Working Men's Exhibition, Sir Morton Peto said:—

'He could not conceive anything more calculated to advance working men's material and social interests than exhibitions of this kind. . . . He could not forget that George Stephenson became what he was by the studies of his after hours, and by the mechanism which he brought to perfection after a day of toil; nor could he forget that Arkwright, Watt, and others, to whom they owed the largest social revolution in the modern world, became what they were by the judicious employment of their after hours of labour. He trusted that this exhibition was the first of a series to be imitated over the whole country.'

On the same occasion Mr. John Bright said:—

'I am delighted to see this first—and I am sure it will not be unsuccessful—attempt at exhibitions of this kind. I think everything that can be done to give honour to industry is wonderfully to the advantage of mankind. The world would still roll on, if what are called the idle classes were to vanish. A great nation—here and everywhere—consists of the industrious, toiling, and hard working people. That man does not honour God, surely does not honour man, who thinks it degrading to work, to live honestly and independently by his own labour. In this country, happily, labour is not despised; every day it is taking a higher position, every day thoughtful men see how much this country and the world gain by labour; and every man who by education and good conduct places himself in a position to which he has fairly aspired, gives increasing honour to industry, and to the class to which he belongs.'

The Earl of Shaftesbury, in declaring the exhibition open, said:—

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'He thought that Mr. Murphy and the Rev. Newman Hall were entitled to great credit for originating this idea, and for the exertions they had made to carry it into effect. He held that this meeting, and this exhibition which was about to be opened, were further proof of the progress which had been made in late years by the people of these realms. Step by step they had advanced in intelligence, and he was bound to say that they were making good use of that intelligence. . . . . He was glad to see the intellectual efforts which had been made by the working men of Lambeth, and he had no doubt their good efforts would become wide-spread throughout the country.'

At the meeting for the distribution of prizes, at the close of the first South London Exhibition, the Rev. Newman Hall said:—

'He considered that the exhibition had been a homage rendered to the spirit of industry. There were three things very important for labour—mind, muscle, and money. In the exhibition everything was the result of mind as well as muscle, and it had therefore been a genuine exhibition. There had been exhibitions which had represented money more than mind or muscle. At the Great Exhibition, for instance, they did not always see the persons who devised the marvellous specimens of ingenuity and skill it contained, but the name of the person who had purchased the article generally appeared upon it. The exhibition just closed had been an unpretentious one; the result had been that visitors had come not expecting to find anything very great, and they found much more than they expected; the result had been that they had been honoured to an extent far beyond their expectations, and it was a matter for much encouragement that the effort had been entirely self-sustaining.'

In opening the second South London Working Classes Exhibition, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester said:—

'I look upon the movement which we inaugurate this day with feelings of no common interest. I see in it great powers for good—not merely powers for good in the results which are this day brought before the public, but in results which may be influential on the lives of those who have produced them. There can be no doubt that a great advantage is derived, not merely in a pleasurable sense, but in an intellectual, from the observation of articles of beauty in design or in execution. Now, an operative, whatever be his natural powers—however God may have given him a strong mind and a strong will, must yet have that strong mind and strong will cultivated, and his taste refined and improved, ere he will bring to perfection that which his skill and labour enabled him to execute. The exhibition will thus give him an opportunity of comparing himself with others; and if he sees anything better than his own he will not be discouraged, but will go and try and do better next time. That is not jealousy, but it is a noble rivalry, and a desire to attain excellence. . . . . We must look at the best object, whether it be in painting, sculpture, or manufactures, and I have no doubt that many who will visit this exhibition will go away better men and improved in mind, because they will have received a stimulant to exertion.'

The reasons for holding a second exhibition of the kind south of the Thames, so soon after the former one, were thus stated in the report presented at the closing ceremony:—

'The holding of this exhibition so soon after that of 1864 was suggested for two reasons. First, because the former exhibition laboured under peculiar difficulties incidental to all new projects, and, therefore, was not a fair indication of the talent of the working classes south of the Thames; and next, as the idea seemed to take deep root, and spread far and wide, it was determined to try the experiment as to whether an exhibition holding out pecuniary prizes as a stimulant and reward, could be as successfully and as satisfactorily conducted as one which, like the former effort, depended merely upon honorary distinction. The result is before the

the world, and does credit to the artisans and others who have engaged in the peaceful and elevating contest. There have been, it is true, many disappointments experienced, and hopes shattered, trials the harder to bear because of the high expectations of the more sanguine exhibitors, but as a rule the test has been borne with a fortitude that speaks highly for unsuccessful competitors.'

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honoured the second Lambeth Exhibition by visiting it upon March 2nd, and paying particular attention to the various articles presented to his notice, expressing great gratification at the industry, perseverance, and skill manifested by the exhibitors. This exhibition remained open during forty-four days, and although some forty of these were wet, the visitors numbered more than 124,000. The highest number of visitors in any one day was 5,076, the lowest 1,055. The pecuniary result was most gratifying. The late Lord Palmerston distributed nearly £300 as prizes from the profits of the undertaking. There is a melancholy interest attaching to the cheerful words he uttered upon the occasion, for it was the last great gathering, unconnected with political matters, that the deceased statesman attended before his removal from the stage on which he had played so important a part. On the day in question his lordship had attended three hours at a Cabinet Council; he came direct to the meeting for the distribution of prizes, transacted all the business connected therewith, delivered two speeches, and then scrutinisingly examined all the arrangements for sanitary purposes of the Lambeth Baths Company, and this in his eighty-first year. We give an extract from his speech on this occasion :—

'This exhibition and the work performed, showing in every character and quality the operations of man, are extremely significant of the happy constitution under which we have the good fortune to live—that constitution which opens to every man who has talent, industry, perseverance, and good conduct, any honours and distinctions for which the style of his mind and his attainments may qualify him to aspire. We live under a constitutional monarchy, and in such a monarchy an aristocracy of wealth and of rank are essential ingredients. It is true that aristocracies of rank and wealth exist in other countries, but unfortunately there is an almost impassable barrier which separates them from the rest of the nation. But no such barriers exist in this country. With regard to the aristocracies of wealth, the medals which have been distributed to-day have inscribed on them the names of a number of men* who, starting from very small beginnings, attained by their talent, their industry, their perseverance, and their good conduct, the very highest points of social merit and position. Many more might have been added to that list, and indeed all of you know, from your own experience, men who, starting from the smallest beginnings, have in this metropolis itself realised princely fortunes, while the examples of this kind in the manufacturing districts are abundant. No man can go, even for a few days, into those districts without being told of great wealth acquired by men who started with little or nothing, but who, by their talent and genius, had acquired princely fortunes. Then, again, the aristocracy of

* The names around the medal were Bunyan, Jackson, Burns, Hogarth, Inigo Jones, Bacon, Stephenson, Watt, Arkwright, Cook, Hutton, Ferguson, Hugh Miller, Wedgwood, Faraday, John Hunter, Burke, Eldon, Kitto, and Drew.

rank

rank in this country consists not alone of those who can count in their pedigree generations of noble ancestors; for if you look at all the great men who have figured in public life—if you look to your army, your navy, your law, your churchmen, your statesmen—you will find in every one of those careers men who have risen to the highest point of honour, who have either themselves started from the smallest beginnings, or whose fathers began the world with nothing but their talents, their industry, and their energy to aid them. I do not mention names; it would be a most honourable roll for the men and their families if I could; but you are all conversant with the names of persons renowned in the history of this country who belonged not to noble families, but who have founded noble families, beginning life, many of them, in the very class whom I have now the honour of addressing. Does not this afford even greater encouragement than the prizes which have been this day distributed, to cultivate those talents with which nature has endowed you, and to aim at those distinctions and that wealth which are to a certain degree within the reach of all?'

We may add that his lordship had promised to open the Bristol Exhibition in September last, but that the attack which terminated fatally prevented the engagement being fulfilled, although a medal had been struck by the Bristolians in anticipation of the visit.

The North London Exhibition of October, 1864, was pecuniarily successful, but produced a feeling of distrust by the admission of tradesmen's goods and by the divisions of its counsels by having committees in different localities, instead of having a committee of representative men from the parishes and places interested. It also admitted exhibitors from the South, East, and West of London, so that it was really North only in name, and in the locality of the exhibition hall. The payment of a portion of the committee also led to much unpleasant remark, and the introduction of the concert and music hall element, did not contribute to its value as an industrial exhibition, however much this may have prospered as a paying agency.

The Right Hon. Earl Russell presided at the opening of this exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and, among other things, said:—

'I must confess that it gave me pride and pleasure to be the fellow-countryman of men who have so employed their time, who have exhibited the greatest ingenuity in the works they have performed, and who, in the excellent performance of that work, have done credit to the country to which they belong. Those who first conceived the thought of these exhibitions of industry did but justice to the skill and industry of their fellow-countrymen, and I congratulate them upon the success which has already attended their efforts. . . . . I was happy to accede to the proposal that was made to me to open this exhibition, and I now say that I had no conception when I accepted that invitation that the works of industry to be exhibited would display so much ingenuity and skill. I most heartily congratulate you upon the success which has attended this enterprise.'

The Chancellor of the Exchequer presided at the close of this exhibition, and made, among other remarks, the following:—

'It is very easy to find a name for an exhibition like this, and for an occasion like

like this it is emphatically the festival and the triumph of labour. . . . The very production of these works has been in most cases the amusements of their producers, showing undoubtedly a true nobleness of mind, for it is only a mind which draws its fire from heaven which would find amusement in productions of such a nature after the exhausting effects of daily toil. . . . I have said it is the property of these exhibitions to open before us a long vista in the future, as well as to supply us with most interesting suggestions for the present. But I see also in them a manifestation of the desire of the labouring classes to play out honestly, and in the most conciliatory spirit, the game of life. . . . The example which was set to you some six months ago has been fruitful in the production of your exhibition, and the example you have set has already led to such results, that I could give you a list of towns and places in which it is contemplated to hold similar exhibitions. Let us not, therefore, in speaking of this exhibition as having reached its natural termination, in the sense that the doors of the Hall will be closed, and the objects here collected will be dispersed, forget that it will still retain its moral force, and still promises to be, as we hope it will be, the parent of many children—of scenes like this, and, if possible, exceeding this. It will help to confirm in the minds of the labouring community the useful lesson they have already learnt, and will likewise prove to be an effective means of leading them onward in the path—not of illusory and unsubstantial, but of true and real progress, and healthful and Christian civilisation.'

There can be no doubt but that such utterances as these, with what had previously transpired, set the flames of desire burning in many parts of England to share in these triumphs of labour, and the results are before the world in the successful enterprises carried out at Plymouth, Wakefield, Preston, Birmingham, Bristol, Reading, and many other places.

The movement has not, however, met with invariable success. The first great failure of the kind was the West London. Then followed the Anglo-French Exhibition at the Crystal Palace; and, more recently, the Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, which, although not a working men's exhibition proper, doubtless tried to float to success on the flood-tide of the popularity of working men's exhibitions. Never, however, was there a more complete collapse. Its failures were more unfortunate than those either of the Floral Hall or the Anglo-French enterprises. The International Reformatory Exhibition, held in the Agricultural Hall in May, was also pecuniarily a loss to its guarantors, although, unlike the other, it deserved to succeed, for it aimed at originality and usefulness.

The opinion formed by us as to the causes of the failure of such exhibitions is based upon peculiar advantages of observation. Among other causes of failure there are these—First: The want of business men, and of men who have the confidence of the working classes, at the head. Men who are strong partisans, especially where the parties they represent run counter to the general wish and welfare of the people, are effectual hindrances to the popularity of a movement of the kind. The impatience of men in wishing to do things upon a grand scale, before they

they know whether they can do them in a limited way, is a great fault. When babies attempt to jump, they generally fall; and thus it is with infant institutions, they must learn to use their feet before they can begin to stride. This is sometimes forgotten, and the result is disappointment and loss.

An element of disaffection and failure is introduced when the exhibitors themselves are treated with indifference or regarded as mere ciphers. The more the exhibitors are trusted and conferred with, the more thorough and successful the arrangements are likely to be, and the less room will there be for cavilling and dispute. These things will be. We can scarcely have competition of any kind without soreness, and jostling, but it is well to reduce the friction to as low an amount as possible. The charge for admission being too high may lead, and has led, to failure. If we are to stimulate an interest in the minds of the sunken mass of the lower orders, we must touch their pockets lightly; such forbearance would win them to attendance, while seeming rapacity would repel. In some localities it would be wise simply to have such exhibitions open only in the evenings; thus the expense would be reduced, and not unfrequently the interest concentrated, for man is gregarious, and likes to follow when a crowd leads. If several exhibitions are held in different parts of the same town or district, care should be taken to exclude articles that have been previously exhibited, except in very special cases, or a flagging of interest, and a limitation of attendance will certainly result.

The selecting of a favourable locality for the purpose has much to do with the success of an exhibition scheme, especially in places like London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, &c. Among the waifs and strays of the populace of these thronged places may be found men of mind and genius, and hence, while other considerations are not neglected, the endeavour to rouse these men to what they may do should be heartily hailed. Thus a crowded locality and a poor neighbourhood seems to be the spot most desirable, and experience proves its advantages; for while the Floral Hall Exhibition was a desert, and the Anglo-French Exhibition as unfrequented as a plague spot or a lazar house, notwithstanding it had the prestige of the Society of Arts, the Whitechapel collection admitted visitors at the rate of three thousand a day, and the Lambeth Exhibition in the New Cut admitted its five thousand in as many hours for days in succession.

Honesty of purpose, and of practice, is of the utmost value in ensuring success. To fill up a so-called working men's exhibition with tradesmen's goods, is not only to cheat the public,

public, but it has the result of disgusting the very class it seeks to conciliate, and in whose interests it was professedly inaugurated. However limited a show there may be, if it is what it professes to be it commands respect, and will ensure confidence; but to mingle the highly finished goods of the tradesman with the necessarily cruder efforts of the home workman, perhaps pinched for room, and short of tools, is a legitimate ground of complaint, and will issue in injury to the cause.

One of the public journals, during one of the metropolitan expositions, after enumerating a few articles exhibited, bearing on its own particular line of things, characterised the rest as rubbish. Many readers felt indignant at the term, but a little reflection would show that, after all, this was its excellency; not that trashy and trifling articles are good in themselves, but that they are valuable in indicating turns of thought, and habits of industry; and the maker of to-day's 'rubbish,' finding that even that is not unnoticed, may be the producer of something not worthy of that designation to-morrow. Stephenson's clay engines were beneath contempt as objects of skill and finish, but they were not so contemptible after all. Flaxman's first attempt at modelling an eye was sneered at, and the effort was compared to an oyster, but we have seen some of the sculptor's after attempts, the scope of which even the most prejudiced could not mistake. The crudest effort that has occasioned thought is well worth the attention of the most thoughtful. Well did Mr. Layard say, at Lambeth:—

'All great artists and men to whom they owed so much for wonderful inventions in mechanics had sprung from the people. One man who had given a great impetus to art was a poor shepherd boy, and he succeeded in making Italy so illustrious. But he might have lived and died a shepherd boy if Cimabue, a painter, had not seen him sketching sheep on a stone. In those days it depended on the chance of finding a patron as to whether one's talent and abilities could be developed; but at the present time, through the useful medium of industrial exhibitions, every person had an opportunity of showing what he could do. A man would thus be incited to discover himself, if he really had anything of the kind in him. There would, too, exist a state of mutual reciprocity of feeling. Every man should have an opportunity of showing what he could do, and assisting others who are struggling to improve themselves.'

All great improvements have been rubbish at the beginning, and if working men's exhibitions are to be really serviceable they will demonstrate this. Their value, on the other hand, will be most questionable if they attempt to take the place of the great exhibitions, and profess to be emporiums of art and industry on a grand scale. Such pretensions should be left to enterprises wherein there is room to compare not merely the products of distant parts of our own land, but also the varied achievements of foreign nations.

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There are some other minor matters, such as the best time for holding such exhibitions, the length of time they should be open, and methods of internal arrangement, which we need not enlarge upon, except to say that generally, except for large central displays, the winter time is the best season, and that the term of continuance must depend in a large measure on the size of the locality. It should be remembered that a bustling week is better than a flagging month. As regards management, much of comfort and advantage will result in the proper classifying, numbering, and display of the articles. Skilled and amateur work should be separated, and the useful should be set apart from the merely ornamental articles. If machinery be worked, wherever possible the working models should occupy a separate room. The tables or stands in any portion of the exhibition should not be too long, and the passages between should not be less than five or six feet, to ensure the comfort of the exhibitors and the visitors. The refreshments tariff should be regulated by the committee at the lowest remunerating profit, and all intoxicants and smoking should be strictly forbidden. No music, but from exhibited musical instruments, should be tolerated; and any entertainments foreign to the purpose of the exhibition, tending to gather crowds into particular portions of the building, disarranging the exhibition articles, and impeding the free passage of the visitors, should be scrupulously avoided.

The appointment of adjudicators for the departments of such an exhibition is a matter of much importance. The judges should be men in whom the exhibitors have confidence; and it is a wise arrangement to invite them to share the responsibility of the appointment, by submitting the names proposed as adjudicators to an exhibitors' meeting, and, if need be, or prudence suggest, seeking for the nomination of judges by the parties most interested. Of course, even a method like this will not absolutely prevent unpleasantness and grumbling, but it will take all real ground of complaint from beneath the feet of the disaffected.

It was not to be expected that a movement in which so many notable men have taken part, and which ostensibly appeals to the lower strata of society, should escape the ordeal of adverse criticism; nor has it. The *Saturday Review* must be true to its instincts, and the *Press* could not but let the public know how dense and ponderous it is. But it is the old story of the 'Elephant and the Fly' over again. The fly stings, but the elephant moves, and is rather pleased with the titillations of the insect above him. On the whole, however, gloriously indeed has the press of the country seconded the efforts of the chief

chief movers in these enterprises; and doubtless, mainly to the publicity given to them, and friendly comments and counsel offered, may be attributed much of the success which has followed the movement. Notably, here, would we mention the late lamented Washington Wilks and the daily journal with which he was associated. He shared in the earlier triumphs of the movement, and made one of his most brilliant speeches in its interest.

We have noticed that it has become quite common, now that working men's exhibitions are popular, to ascribe the honours of their origination to the late lamented Prince Consort. Few indeed are the addresses at such seasons as opening ceremonies that do not iterate this error; and yet the thoughtful observer cannot but put the question, how is it that the space between 1851 and 1862 saw no such efforts; or how was it that the noble and learned speakers at the earlier enterprises saw no connection between the International and the Lambeth exhibitions? It was simply because there was hardly a point of similarity between the two. The idea was new, the rules were new, the carrying out of the project was new, and the whole affair was novel—proving, again, to a demonstration the falsity that temperance men are men of one idea; for this, like many other movements, owes its existence and spirit to the earnestness, zeal, and wisdom of temperance reformers. Honour, then, to whom honour is due, for if failure had followed the first attempt, the finger of scorn would have been lifted against the presumptuous men who had climbed, but fallen; who had attempted, but could not perform. To the working men of Lambeth must be accorded the distinction of inaugurating a movement which, if not destined to mark a new era, will at least have brought both profit and pleasure to thousands.

We cannot do better than conclude our article by quoting the opinion of the Bishop of Oxford as to the advantages likely to accrue to society from the still further extension of working men's exhibitions. In opening the Reading Exhibition, of which Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen was Patroness, his lordship said:—

'When I say that I believe this exhibition, and exhibitions such as this, tend to the welfare of the towns and neighbourhoods in which they are opened, I do so for several different reasons. I think, in the first place, that such exhibitions are of use to us fiscally as a nation. I believe that the history of almost all great scientific discoveries teaches us the same thing. They have been very rarely made by men, however gifted and however prepared, sitting down and reasoning out the conclusions to which, at last, they have come. On the contrary, that which in almost every instance we call accident, because we have no better word to express it, that development of events, the connecting links of which are so rapid that they escape the powers of our mind to trace them, has mainly enabled us to arrive at almost every

every one of our great discoveries in applying science to the use of man. . . . I am of opinion, therefore, that if throughout our towns the observing faculty is educated in this way among the great mass of the producing classes, the best possible results to a nation such as ours, in a fiscal point of view, will be produced. I also maintain that it is a very great thing in an intellectual point of view. . . . . They lead a man who otherwise might be chained down to his own particular work to aspire beyond it, to show us that he is one wheel in the mighty machinery that is acting everywhere round him in such a land as this: and you give him an opportunity of combining with the highest skill in his own peculiar function, the opportunity of enlarging his faculties to the greatness of the common estimate with which you bring him into contact. Well, then, intellectually, I say these exhibitions are for this reason of the greatest moment, and allow me to say, that they are even of more moment in a moral sense, for I believe there is a great moral interest at stake in such a development of humanity as this. If, indeed, it were to stop with this—if it were to be nothing more than merely in forming men's understandings, their education, or their tastes, or creating in them appetites for something intellectually higher than that which they otherwise would have, I, for one, should be false to my dearest convictions if I did not say that education, taken alone, would be a failure, but I do say, that, taken in their proper place, there exhibitions are a great instrument in the moral elevation of humanity. The fists great army of injuries against which humanity has to contend in its moral development consists of those who rest, as the basis of their attack, on the passions and on the sensible faculties of the bodily form in which the spirit tabernacles. The desires of appetite, the love of drink, the mere bodily excitement to which these things minister—these, as we all know, stand first in the way of the true intellectual and higher moral education of the human family. Now, I believe, if you do give to your hard-working man opportunities like these of stirring up his intellectual faculties, teaching him—not by means of dry lectures, but by the practice of the day and by his own experience that, although he is an animal, he is something vastly more than an animal—if you teach him that there is within him a Divine spirit, a discerning taste, a mind reaching after many things, and that there is a pleasure in the gratification of those higher tastes which his Creator has endowed him with, which is greater and more enduring than the pleasure which waits on any mere bodily excitement, I say that you have taken the very first step to raise that workman out of that which might have been corruption and a tomb. . . . . Therefore it is that I believe that such institutions as this, which we are opening this day, are, both intellectually and morally, of great good to the people. I see in them, too, many other elements of civilisation besides those upon which I have just ventured to touch—everything which tends among us to break down our own estimate of things, the mere artificial distinctions of rank and place; and while they are preserved as God's appointment, and as essential, I believe, to the happiness of all, to prevent them so usurping all attention and filling all eyes that, in the common estimate of men, labour is considered as something degrading, and that people who have the least of this world are in a measure lower than those who have the most, if you want to work against this evil I think such institutions as this may greatly help you. . . . . I believe such institutions as this have a great tendency to develop the gift of genius. A man may have within him some of the great gifts of God, yet unless there is something that brings out to his own knowledge first, and then to the knowledge of those around him, that they exist within him, they may sleep even through that man's life. . . . . It is perfectly certain that unless there is some mode of developing genius in this work-a-day world of ours, in many cases it never will become developed. The general spread of a certain kind of education, unless we watch it, while it has a tendency to raise all to one practical level, has also a tendency to sink all to one practical level. It ignores altogether the recognition of the gift of genius, it stamps a perpetual repetition of the same coin with infallible accuracy from the same die, but it never can create genius. It never can give to the world men who are capable of shaping a statue such as Canova could chisel, or such as Michael Angelo could design. Therefore, when education is such as it is now, we more than ever want things which shall furnish suggestive occasions by which slumbering genius may be called into action, and enabled to assert itself. . . . . I believe that spreading these works

works throughout the country calls forth the faculties of men, by familiarising them with the highest works of genius; and I think we can see in it another good—it reveals man to man. A master who has under him in his manufactory one of those individuals in whom sleeps the seeds of genius, discovers through the medium of such an exhibition as this the hidden powers of humanity in his workman, and feels that a work has been done which he himself could never have compassed. Immediately he looks upon this brother as indeed a brother, in a manner which he had never before appreciated. He views in him, instead of a mere performer of some drudgery or some work for which he is to be paid, one in whom God has sown the seed of true humanity, and he begins to honour that humanity, so that the servant receives his due from his master, and the master himself is raised in the scale of creation by his acknowledgment of the gifts of Heaven in the man whom he employs. For all these reasons, then—believing that the welfare of this nation is indeed helped on by such institutions as these; believing that they tend intellectually to benefit those who produce for them, and those who study in them; believing that they have also a moral effect on those connected with them; believing that the kindly interchange of human affection and mutual self-respect is encouraged and increased by such exhibitions—I do heartily rejoice that this one has been opened amongst us.'

This extract is long, but it is an utterance that has sympathy and sound sense in it; and, if the picture is heightened a little in colour, men will be none the worse for having lofty aims, or for being excited by eloquent harangues as to what has been, to that which may be. But to our minds, the main advantage following the working men's exhibition movement will be to show very many that they can spend their time more beneficially than by boozing it away in the law-licensed liquor-shops, by beautifying their homes, and benefiting their families, enjoying this none the less that every few years they may have the opportunity of showing their fellows what advance they have made in this direction, and urging by practical proofs of its worldly advantage and wisdom, the thoughtless, the indolent, and the dissolute, to follow their example.

Art. II.—SALE OF DRUGS AND POISONS.

THE result of the labours of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the state of the law which now regulates the sale of drugs and poisons (that is to say, vulgarly reputed poisons—excluding alcohol, which is, however, a poison according to all toxicologists) has been printed and published,* and presents much information which we find worthy of notice. The report contains the evidence of some of the principal physicians, surgeons, chemists, and druggists, English and

* Special Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the 'Chemists and Druggists' Bill,' together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.

Scotch.

Scotch. One and all have much fault to find with the present state of things, and several declare that the facility with which poisons may be obtained under the system as it stands is a national disgrace. As frequent reference will be made in the following pages to the Pharmaceutical Society of Chemists and Druggists, and as by the proposed bill large examining powers are to be given to it, it will be advisable to state briefly what it is. It was founded by the late Mr. Jacob Bell, and received a royal charter of incorporation in 1843. It comprehends about 2,000 members, and since the passing of the Pharmacy Act in 1853, all additional members have had to undergo certain examinations. Those chemists and druggists who were in business before 1853 were admitted on the payment of a fee simply, and the society's weak point at present is that out of the 2,000 members only about 600 have actually undergone all the prescribed examinations. These are a 'preliminary' examination in the Latin language; a minor, which comprehends a knowledge of doses, prescriptions, *materia medica*, pharmacy, medical botany, and a certain amount of chemistry; and the major examination, which is one of a considerably higher class. To have passed the minor does not appear to confer any appreciable advantage on the druggist in a pecuniary point of view; but, having passed the major, he is entitled to describe himself as a pharmaceutical chemist.* Of course the griefs of the examined pharmaceutical chemist who has paid considerable fees for his position, as against the ignorant, careless, or dishonest vendor of inferior or adulterated drugs, are apparent enough; and that a physician should be keenly alive to the necessity of having his prescriptions properly compounded, and with genuine and efficient material, both on behalf of his patients and his own reputation, is a natural and creditable feeling. Allowing for the professional bias, inseparable from the circumstances, it must be conceded that the testimony of these gentlemen establishes a good *primâ facie* case for reform in the law. The deaths by poison as returned by the Registrar-General are 550 per annum, and this number is probably far short of the mark, for there are no records kept of coroners' inquests with regard to distinctions between poisoning by accident and design; but the suicides from this cause alone are numerous. Again, the number of attempted suicides and murders, and of accidental poisonings without fatal results, is very large. In some instances the poisoning has been of an absolutely wholesale kind, as, for instance, in Lincolnshire, where arsenic was

* There is a United Society of Druggists in existence, but it is not a chartered nor an actively educational body.

accidentally

accidentally mixed with arrowroot, and thirteen persons were injured. In another case, 370 children at an industrial school were partially poisoned, and again, at Bradford, 120 persons were poisoned by lozenges with arsenic in them, and seventeen of them died in consequence. Under the existing system any person may set up a shop, compound prescriptions, and sell drugs and reputed poisons at discretion, with the exception of arsenic; and respecting arsenic there is a special regulation. It is usual, but by no means imperative, for the vendor to label poison as such; and some druggists, especially those of the better class, and in large towns, require the name of the purchaser, and enter the name, date, and the kind and quantity of poison sold, in a book kept for that purpose; but this is optional, and the absence of such precaution, in case of misadventure ensuing, involves little more than a censure from the coroner and jury. At present a druggist may be a man who has passed both examinations, able not only to make up prescriptions, but to detect mistakes made in the doses ordered,* and to detect adulterations in drugs. Again, he may be one of a very numerous class in London who are, in fact, general practitioners, and do a large prescribing practice 'over the counter,' as the expression is. The foundations of some very extensive practices have been laid in this manner; and, as it is generally done on the ready-money principle, the risk is not great. Or he may be an ordinary druggist of more or less skill, who combines with the sale of drugs that of certain miscellaneous articles, as sweetmeats, tooth brushes, soap, and perfumery. As shops of this class are often consigned to the care of the wife or shop boy, both alike ignorant, and the latter commonly reckless and self-conceited in the extreme, most of the gross and fatal mistakes from substituting one drug for another occur in these places. This kind of druggist frequently does a considerable business in 'doctoring' the poor; that is in prescribing actually, though not nominally. He sells specifics, for instance, for coughs, cholera, rheumatism, &c.; and, as he charges nothing for advice, but makes his profits on the sale of medicines, the practice is not in itself illegal, though it is one of which the medical profession feel naturally jealous. Many of the worst cases at the hospitals are such as have been originally treated by the druggist, the herbalist, or the 'wise woman.'

Patent medicines are sometimes sold in these shops, but

* Dr. Quain says, that 'many mistakes are made by physicians writing, for example, in a hurry, or when disturbed by being spoken to whilst writing.'—Question 664.

more

more frequently by stationers, and (in large towns) in shops intended exclusively for the sale of all kinds of proprietary medicines. Lastly there are the general shops in villages, where flannel, castor oil, cheese, cloth, flour, arsenic, lucifer matches, salts and senna, vinegar, and rat poison are to be had for the asking. Prescriptions are rarely made up at these places, but poisons are vended in wholesale quantities for household or agricultural purposes, generally without the slightest precaution, and often apparently in downright ignorance that they are poisons. Thus on one occasion when some arrowroot was wanted, sufficient not being forthcoming, the required quantity was made with a handful of arsenic from the jar that stood close by. Strychnine, under the name of 'Battle's Vermin Powder,' is sold to any child or servant girl that chooses to ask for it. When accidents arise from gross and culpable carelessness, such as substituting one drug for another, the person in fault is liable to be tried for manslaughter, or he may be proceeded against for damages, for medical expenses, loss of health, &c., by the individual injured. In the case of Clay *v.* Abraham, a druggist had to pay £1,500 for a mistake of that kind, one too that had evidently been the result less of ignorance than carelessness, since strychnine had been substituted for James's Powders. Arsenic has been regarded exceptionally by the Legislature, since the sale of it is forbidden for general purposes unless it be coloured black or blue; but the law is generally a dead letter, and is openly disobeyed without punishment or fear of it. Thus it would appear that to a certain extent there are remedies and penalties, and that the administration of the law is in fault, rather than the law itself, which, so far as it goes, is in the right direction.

In France any person who professes to make up prescriptions, or who sells reputed poisons, must be a certificated man; but ordinary drugs, comparatively innocuous in their nature, are sold freely by grocers and others. The present Emperor has considerably enlarged the freedom of trade, but there is a list of nineteen poisonous drugs the sale of which is most strictly confined to qualified druggists. 'There,' says one of the witnesses, 'the interference with trade is very great, here the destruction to life is very large.' Proprietary medicines are there sold conditionally on the owner stating what are the drugs used in his nostrum. English patent medicines are treated similarly, and there was, if we remember rightly, some controversy between the French Government and Professor Holloway on the subject. Several of the witnesses examined would have the English sale of patent medicines stopped

stopped altogether, unless not only the drugs, but the proportions used should be printed and sold with each box or bottle. This of course would destroy the sale, but as on the one hand the proprietors are wealthy enough to defend themselves, and on the other the Chancellor of the Exchequer derives a certain revenue from the duty imposed on these articles, we predict that no proposition of this kind would meet with success. The making up of prescriptions is but a very small portion of the business of the ordinary druggist. Drugs in large quantities are sold separately, such as rhubarb, aloes, and magnesia. In market towns the custom is to have prescriptions made up in treble or quadruple proportions; these are taken away on market day and used as occasion arises. But the real source of wealth to the druggist is in the pennyworth or two-pennyworth of physic or drugs, sold over the counter, on which the rate of profit is often more than cent. per cent.

As regards poisoning by design, there is a kind of habit in different countries in the selection of drugs to destroy animal life, and whatever substance is thus used is likewise the most commonly met with and the most easy to obtain, and this circumstance generally determines the murderer's choice. In France and Denmark, vegetable and mineral acids are largely used. In England we prepare our wheat with arsenic, and exterminate our vermin with strychnine; consequently, both these articles, in one form or another, are easily procured. The first is not only an active and irritant poison, but an insidious one, for it is a white powder with no appreciable taste or smell by which a person might be warned. The last, though intensely bitter, is so fatally swift in operation that, once swallowed, the smallest dose is almost certain to destroy life. At one time it was considered impossible either to cure the patient, or trace the poison after death; but fortunately, through the frequency of such cases, our professors of toxicology and analytical chemists have specially concentrated their attention on the operation and detection of these two poisons; the result is (and the knowledge of the fact cannot be too much impressed on the attention of the general public) that the effects of their administration are unerringly recognised. Tests have been discovered by which the minutest quantity of either can be extracted, and the murder is almost certain to be brought home to the criminal. There are many poisons which do, so to speak, proclaim themselves, being either so unpalatable, corrosive, or strong flavoured, that any one tasting them will reject them; as, for instance, oxalic acids, the mineral acids, salts of copper, oil of bitter almonds, &c. Others, like salts of lead, though easily administered

without suspicion, excite immediate vomiting, and so are thrown off the stomach without injuring the individual. There are fifteen substances the sale of which it is proposed to interdict in England, according to the new bill, chloroform and opium being on the list. Even if it were possible in a country which is so averse to anything resembling over-legislation, any attempt to carry out a measure of this kind in its entirety would, in all probability, be inoperative. Murder by poison is generally a crime of a long, premeditated kind. Poison would be obtained and hoarded up, so that one source of detection would be lost. As one witness expresses himself, the object to be sought is that the greatest possible friction should attend the sale of poison, that there should be in fact so much restriction, formality, and difficulty in the way of procuring it as to make the sale a thing to be well remembered and easily referred to. There might be regulations made and enforced quite as stringent as those which apply to pawnbrokers, so that the name and address of the purchaser, the quantity and kind of poison sold, and the date of sale, should all be entered in a book open to police inspection; and nothing of the kind should take place without the presence of the druggist who owned the shop. Thus the very knowledge that such testimony would be in existence against him would be a check on any reckless and vindictive man who was contemplating criminal designs. Suicide is a crime which no legislation can prevent; and though the facility for getting drugs makes poisoning one form of self-destruction, it is only one among many. It is not the most common mode in England, and is, like drowning, more frequently resorted to by females than males. Decapitation by an express train is a thing which can be far more easily managed, and that by almost any one, while the formalities to which we have before referred would at any rate have some effect in giving the vendor time and opportunity to see his customer, and it would of course always be optional with him whether to sell or not. We may observe that, a few weeks ago, a man, who was in a depressed state of mind, asked for laudanum, and was refused by several druggists in succession; he immediately went and hanged himself; and this instance supports the theory to which most intelligent people incline, that if a person be absolutely resolved on suicide, nothing will save him from it except personal restraint.

We now come to the deaths by *accidental* poisoning, which, as statistics prove, far out-number those of any other kind. It should be neither difficult nor objectionable to devise legislative measures which might close this source of mortality. These

These casualties are of two kinds. For example, one drug or substance may be given by mistake for another. A woman sends for tincture of rhubarb for her child, gets laudanum—result, death. A girl asks for Epsom salts; the jar of oxalic acid stands near, and the shop boy helps her out of one jar instead of the other—result, death. Another asks for oil of almonds, and receives oil of bitter almonds—result, death. A woman buys arrowroot, as she supposes, but it is partly composed of arsenic—result, death. Or a cook purchases essential oil of almonds, or laurel water, in order to flavour puddings, a common and very foolish practice; she overdoes the thing, and a whole family are half killed. All these accidents, and they are a fair sample of three out of four deaths by reputed poison, are due less to ignorance than to carelessness and haste. If the man or boy had taken the trouble to look at the label of the bottle, or to taste or smell what he was pouring out, he would have been aware that it was not rhubarb but laudanum; the same with the oxalic acid; the same with the oil of bitter almonds. Reckless hurry makes a careless shopman neglect to label the bottle 'Poison,' to inquire the name and address, or enter it in his book, or to warn the woman as to the dangerous nature of the drug. No previous examination could prevent such accidents; but we may take for granted that if the boy, in order to procure what was asked for, had been obliged to resort to a locked up closet set apart from all other things, where he would have found labels, particular shaped or coloured bottles, which his master required him to use, together with the entry book, this array of formalities, and the distinct responsibility incurred and registered, would prevent a good deal of culpable and scandalous carelessness. If the law were to require that certain named poisons were in all cases to be kept under lock and key, that all such poisons or poisonous mixtures were to be sold in particular shaped bottles—say triangular—so as to be distinguishable even in darkness (this would to some extent protect people in the case of liniments and outward applications), that such bottles were invariably to be labelled 'Poison;' that the meaning thereof should be duly explained to the purchaser, and that particulars of the sale should be entered in a book, the number of accidental poisonings would be reduced to a minimum.

The other kind of casualty is that in which a prescription is wrongly or inaccurately made up either in kind or proportion. This, too, is generally the result, not of ignorance, but of neglect and haste; as when the physician has written in a more than usually illegible manner, or the druggist has not

not paid proper attention to the compounding. But it is remarkable that, though all the witnesses agreed as to the frequency of such occurrences, they were not prepared to give any fatal instance of such neglect. One such did unfortunately happen not very long since. A very skilful and respectable man (we believe a qualified pharmaceutical chemist) did, by some unaccountable mischance, give the wrong proportions of some powerful drug, and death ensued. The mistake was detected by the unfortunate druggist when too late. To sue for damages by civil action is the present legal remedy for cases of this kind. Sometimes prescriptions are wrongly prepared, not from ignorance or carelessness, but from dishonesty. The proper tincture or infusion is not at hand, so something of inferior quality or strength is substituted, or it is omitted altogether. But it is evident that in both kinds of accident neither more knowledge, double examinations, nor large fees would be the remedy, but greater care, accuracy, honesty, and a due sense of responsibility.* The objects to be sought for, therefore, in making new laws would be—first, to ensure the tracing and detection of the poisoner, to prevent accidents by insuring that every purchaser shall and must know the dangerous nature of the drug, and that every one through whose hands it passes shall be aware of it also; and to create such an amount of difficulty in the way of procuring poisons that persons intending suicide shall have an oppr-tunity of being called to reason. There ought, in addition, to be absolute interdiction of the sale of such an insidious and frightful poison as strychnine, under the name of vermin powder; the Act as to the colouring of arsenic, when sold for general purposes, ought to be stringently enforced; and, lastly, there should be some definite title used only by certificated chemists and druggists, so that a man may, if he takes reasonable care, purchase his medicine without misgiving. The things to be avoided are undue interference with trade, as with substances largely used in commerce, arsenic, oil of vitriol, cyanide of potassium (for which special regulations might be made when sold in large quantities); and also with regard to druggists, it will be necessary to avoid legislating exclusively for large towns, where practically good shops are always at hand, and overlooking outlying villages where a certified chemist could not make a living. It would be a great hardship if a man

* The sale of reputed poisonous drugs by themselves is very small compared with the sale of the same ordered in prescriptions; and, as has been said, though the patient may suffer, or recovery be retarded by prescriptions being inefficiently prepared, the sacrifice of life, which is the point in question, is from this source almost *nil*.

troubled

troubled with a toothache were obliged to send a messenger and witness on horseback eight or ten miles to the nearest town, in order to procure a little laudanum or chloroform to relieve his pain. In addition to the regulations we have described, the promoters of the bill propose others which we conceive to be not in all respects so desirable. They wish that after a certain date no person should be allowed to set up a druggist's shop and compound prescriptions, or sell certain poisons, without having undergone at least one examination. The list of poisons given is as follows :—

Arsenic.	Vegetable Poisons, Alkaloids, and their Salts.
Chloroform.	Salt of Sorrel.
Nux Vomica.	Cyanide of Potassium.
Cantharides.	Prussic Acid.
Nitro-Benzole.	Essential Oil of Bitter Almonds.
Corrosive Sublimate.	Tincture of Colchicum.
Oxalic Acid.	Opium and Laudanum.
Tincture of Aconite.	
Cocculus Indicus.	

They wish also that the minor examination should comprehend Latin, the knowledge of proportion of doses, *materia medica*, pharmacy, chemistry, combinations in medicine, and the atomic theory and medical botany; that the major examination should go a good deal further (we need not consider that at present); that the druggists who pass the minor be inscribed as 'registered,' those who pass both to be described as 'registered pharmaceutical chemists;' and that the examinations be conducted by examiners appointed by and from among members of the Pharmaceutical Society, who shall have power to exact certain fees (at present these fees are fixed at ten guineas, five guineas for each examination), the money to be added to the funds of the society; that druggists at present in business be allowed so to continue conditionally on paying a fee of ten shillings by way of registration fee; and that outsiders be forbidden under severe penalties to sell poisons or make up prescriptions if written in Latin; but, if written in English, they are by some whimsical distinction termed recipes, and the rule would not apply. Against all this it may be fairly urged that as it seems to be admitted that carelessness, not ignorance, lies at the root of three accidents out of four, these casualties would be better prevented by regulations increasing the responsibility, and augmenting the formalities in the sale of poisons, than by a system of compulsory examination.

That to create a monopoly in any particular trade, and place that monopoly under the absolute control of a certain society, giving to this authority to exact fees, fix the standard for

for examinations, appoint examiners, in fact, to make a large income levied on the trade, would be granting vast powers, and reserving very small means of preventing the abuse of them. There is also the weak point, before alluded to, which presents itself forcibly in the constitution of the society. At present, according to one witness (*vide* ans. 826), out of the 2,000 men who are members, only about 600 have passed the examinations. And as the number of other druggists who would by the proposed scheme enter without examination is very large, the result would be that, whereas now thirty per cent. are examined men, that proportion would be reduced to ten per cent., and we should have the vast majority of unexamined men legislating for the terms on which others should be allowed to enter in future. Of course the natural wish of the Pharmaceutical Society is to raise the status of their profession, and to protect their own interests; and stringent examinations and high fees would undoubtedly operate in that direction, but in all questions of this kind the convenience of the public must be provided for. With regard to medical men generally, and physicians particularly, it is to their interest and convenience that there should be a properly distributed supply of druggists, sufficiently well educated to select and compound drugs accurately, and clever enough to understand their crabbed handwriting and queer hieroglyphics, but not one straw's breadth beyond that point. Bearing this in mind, we are not surprised to find that, whereas Mr. John Mackay thinks the *caveat emptor* principle insufficient to work with, Dr. Quain considers it ample for practical purposes, and hints that the minor examination should be kept low (ans. 425), that there ought to be great facilities for passing it, and direct control from the Secretary of State as to the character of examinations and the amount of fees, and that great judgment would be necessary as regards rural districts and outlying villages. (*Vide* ans. 480.) It will strike many persons that the standard of the minor examination and the fee exacted are both absurdly and unnecessarily high, if they are to be made compulsory, and are well calculated to make the ordinary certified druggist anxious to reimburse himself by extending his practice as the poor man's doctor.

How difficult it would be to prevent this may be gathered by the following extract from the report:—

'A man goes into any chemist's shop and tells him, I have got a headache; will you give me a dose for it. Will you allow him to give me a dose?'—'Certainly.'

'Supposing I went on Monday?'—'If you went every day for the same disease I think the chemist should be prevented from treating you.'

'Supposing I went on Tuesday with the same headache?'—'If you did I would not interfere.'

'And

'And if I went on Wednesday, would you then prohibit me?'—'Yes, I should say the chemist was acting systematically as a practitioner.'
'Three days act systematically?'—'We shall say so.'
'Two do not?'—'That would be a medium.'—*Vide* page 37.

Even if by any ingenuity this sort of illegitimate practice could be always and everywhere prevented, there remains a point the importance of which has, we venture to think, been overlooked. The Pharmaceutical Society charges a fee of five guineas for the minor examination only, but the Apothecaries' Company for six guineas grants, after examination, (of course a much stricter one,) a diploma for country practice, which confers a right of visiting patients at their own homes, prescribing medicines, as well as keeping a shop and selling drugs. Many would say, 'It is much better worth my while, if I must pass an examination and pay a fee, to take up the last instead of the first.' And so a small army of apothecaries might be raised up, who, relying on their shop as well as their practice, could undersell both surgeon and certified druggist.

There are many other interesting questions raised on the report, but as neither of the bills is likely to pass in its present form, there is time for the medical profession and the society to try to come, if they can, to some unanimous understanding, and prepare a judicious and liberal measure which shall, nevertheless, be a substantial reform on the existing law.

Art. III.—WHAT ARE THE BOYS ABOUT?

In their first and second reports, the Commissioners appointed by Her Majesty to inquire into the employment of children and young persons in trades and manufactures not already regulated by law, dealt chiefly with the condition of the working female population. Their third report treated exclusively of metal manufactures, and had reference, therefore, chiefly to the employment of males. By that report we were taken into South Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland, Scotland, and North and South Wales; into the blast furnaces where iron is melted, and into rolling mills and forges in which the pig iron is converted into plates, rails, rods, bars, wire, and so forth. On the evidence they collected, the Commissioners recommended that the iron furnaces and the rolling mills and forges should be placed under the regulations of the Factory Act, with a view of abolishing

abolishing night work for the young, and of securing the half-time system of hours of work and education for all under thirteen years of age. Moreover, they recommended the abolition of Sunday work, and the forbidding of the employment of females on the pit banks and on the coke-hearths; but, with regard to meal-times, they would except the boy puddlers from the operations of the Factory Act.

In their fourth report, which has only recently been printed, the Commissioners have included sundry final pickings of evidence in regard to similar metal works in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and to the copper works of South Wales; but without having found reason to vary the conclusions they had previously arrived at. Besides blast furnaces and rolling mills, the Commissioners dealt in their third report with miscellaneous manufactures in the Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Lancashire districts. They enter in their fourth blue-book upon the Sheffield district; and gather up, in addition, the results of inquiries over a wide surface of sundry manufactures, not covered by their previous investigations. Examining this fourth report, we discover that it is founded on inquiries conducted by Mr. J. E. White, Mr. F. D. Longe, and Mr. H. W. Lord. Mr. White's investigations refer to the metal manufacturers of the Sheffield district; the tobacco manufacturers; the manufacturers of bobbins, and the glass makers. Mr. Longe reports as to the iron shipbuilding yards and engineers' works, the letter foundries of London, the copper works in South Wales, the handloom carpet trade in the West Riding, the tobacco manufacture in Glasgow, London, and Leeds, the umbrella and parasol handle makers of Gloucestershire, and sundry paper mills. Within Mr. Lord's researches are included heald knitters, the tobacco manufacturers in Lancashire, some of the india-rubber workers, artificial flower and ostrich feather manufacturers, tailors, boot makers, hatters, glovers, paper makers, and the glass makers of Lancashire. With regard to all these we have here a copious presentment of information; and although now and again it affords glimpses of hardships and miseries inflicted upon girls, the report as a whole has to do with the employment of males. And everywhere the tale seems to be the same;—children put to work long before they are fit for it, shut up in ignorance in order that they may add a few shillings a week to the family income, robbed of their health, blanched, stunted, deformed, and exposed to all sorts of influences intellectually suffocative and morally mephitic. Here and there we meet with employers of nobler mind, who do their best to ameliorate the lot of their young workpeople; and where the worst conditions prevail, the fault rests often rather

rather on the shoulders of journeymen or parents than of the capitalist himself; but the melancholy fact remains that the child's intellect is sealed up, its heart wrung, and its inheritance of this world forestalled and wrested from it, less by the necessities of its rank, than by the vices of its parents, the cruelty of fellow-workpeople, or the thoughtlessness or greed of the employer. It is comforting, however, to be assured, and the reports of the Commissioners give us the assurance, that in the case of these, as of so many other children happier than they in having had the earlier attention of the Legislature, rescue to a large extent is within the power of the lawgiver; that much may be done by judicious enactments to secure fair play for the young toilers of the land; and that their health, their education, and their morality to boot, may all be promoted by Act of Parliament.

In casting the eye over this fourth report, to learn more particularly what the boys are doing, we find that lads between ten and fourteen years of age are employed in large numbers in foundries in Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, and elsewhere in the West Riding of Yorkshire, making machinery used in the worsted, woollen, flax, and other spinning and weaving trades. They run errands; they mind self-acting machines; they drill holes in iron or wood, or they fill combs with teeth. The older boys file and fit, turn cast or wrought iron, mind machinery, or assist in casting. On the whole, the work in itself is not unhealthy; but overtime is common in almost all the manufactories.

The regular hours of work are eleven and a half to thirteen per diem; including half an hour each for breakfast and dinner. The 'regular hours,' long as they are, are irregular in point of frequency in the observing of them; overtime is the rule. The Commissioners report that 'the habit of working overtime is by no means necessary as regards the young;' and they agree with Mr. Wardle, an employer at Hunslet, that by a law preventing the employment after six o'clock of all youths under eighteen, employers would probably not suffer, and it would be a good thing for the lads. Provision for compulsorily fencing dangerous machinery is also desirable.

A vast number of boys, as young as nine, bnt generally between ten and fourteen years of age, are found waiting, in couples, on each set of rivetters in the iron shipbuilding yards and engineers' works on the Clyde, at Stockton, near Greenwich, in London, and wherever plate iron constructions are in progress. They are often uneducated and badly cared for. The boys heat the rivets in a portable furnace, and carry the red-hot rivets to the rivetters; work sometimes dangerous, but

but generally easy, and, if moderate, not unhealthy. Eleven hours and a half or twelve hours per diem are the regular hours; but fourteen hours for many weeks, and indefinite overtime for weeks and months together, are found prevailing. The same species of legislation as suggested in the case of the iron founders, is needed for the protection of the young assistant rivetters.

There is little to find fault with in the case of about 200 boys, aged from nine to sixteen, employed in three principal type-foundries of London; and others in similar establishments there and in a few other parts of the kingdom. They break off the superfluous lead from the newly-cast type; they 'set up' the type for warehousing; and they 'pay or take out,' as customers require. They are favourably situated as regards hours of work and excellence of workshops. They earn from two to six shillings per week.

In Swansea, and at Port Talbot, in Glamorganshire, there are six large works in which copper is rolled into sheets and rods. A large portion of the persons employed there are boys of twelve years of age and upwards. The boys in the rolling mills generally begin about the age of twelve; they pick up or bundle scraps from the shears; move plates and dry them after being 'pickled;' or assist at the rolls. The work is carried on for the most part by day-and-night shifts, the hands changing between five and six o'clock morning and evening. Meal-times are regularly observed. But in the warehouses the hours of work are very irregular, and two sets of boys are not employed. Regulation as to time is recommended by the Commissioners.

About 2,300 handloom weavers of carpets, in Dewsbury and neighbouring parishes, employ children or women to wind the worsted on their bobbins. The children are for the most part boys, between the ages of eight and thirteen years, and not uncommonly lads under eight years of age are employed. The atmosphere of many of the workshops is made most unwholesome by dirt, by want of ventilation, and by the minute dust with which weaving loads the air. In most of the shops the looms occupy from floor to ceiling, leaving little room to ventilate. In some of the small shops the earnings of the children are very small. A boy nine years of age, winding for two looms, only received 2s. or 3s. in a fortnight; two sisters, in another, were paid 1s. 9d. each per fortnight; in another, two brothers, nine and twelve years old, working as half-timers, earned 2s. 6d. a week between them. The winders are all hired and paid by the weavers. The hours of work are not excessive; but irregularity of meal hours, and the

the bad state of the workshops, are great evils; and these might and would be remedied by the application of the Factory Acts Extension Act.

Wherever weaving mills are found, there also are knit 'healds;' either in the mills, or in premises specially constructed for heald-knitting by steam, or in cottages by hand. A heald is an open knitted framework of cotton, fitted to a loom, to raise the threads of the warp in weaving. It consists of a double line of loops united by small rings, each of which joins an upper loop to a lower. Children find employment in making healds, either as 'reachers,' as 'knitters,' or as 'bottomers or toppers.' The reacher is a child six or eight years of age, and sits on a low stool opposite the chair which supports the knitter, who is usually a girl of sixteen or upwards; between the two is the knitting frame, about three feet high and five feet long—a light lathe resting on a wooden support at each end. The reacher's task is to hold up in turn one after another of the lower loops to the knitter, who passes a bobbin of thread through it to form the upper loop, and the ring wherewith the two loops are coupled. The heald is made by forming lower or upper lines of loops on the single lines that have been already made independently by the bottomer or topper. The bottomer, sometimes eight, but generally twelve years or more of age, stands at a similar frame, and makes single lines of loops from the yarn, using a bobbin of thread for netting. In country places, and in some towns, children of both sexes begin to 'reach' as young as seven, and even six; one case is mentioned where the age was five. At eight or nine years of age boys cease to be employed at 'reaching;' the knitter and topper or bottomer are almost always females. In country places, the chief room in a small cottage is generally the only work-room; it is usually very crowded and unwholesome. In towns, some of the larger and newer work-rooms are clean and tolerably airy; others are small and ill-ventilated. The children are compelled to work during very long hours; with many, fourteen hours a day as a regular thing; and when, overwearied, they drop asleep, the knitter hits them to wake them up again. Their meal-times are apt to be irregularly observed. Many of the children become crooked in legs and back through the confined posture and long hours. Beginning work at so early an age, they are usually almost totally uneducated; even the infant school is robbed, in some places, to provide children for heald-knitting.

Boys in great number manufacture tobacco, especially roll or pigtail. Making roll tobacco is called spinning, and for every

every adult spinner two or three children are employed. About 1,000 in England, 1,200 in Scotland, and 1,000 in Ireland, are the numbers of young persons under eighteen employed in manufacturing tobacco. In Glasgow alone there are about 700 boys, from eight to thirteen years of age, at work in the spinning shops. Others pack cut tobacco, or make 'bunches,' preparing tobacco leaves for cigar makers. In the spinning shops at Leeds and Newcastle girls are employed. They begin by turning the wheel for the spinner; afterwards they learn to strip or prepare the leaves for the spinner, or they point or place them on the table ready for his hand. In the spinning shops at Glasgow, the tables at which the men work are surrounded by small boxes or hutches, about three feet square, each containing, half buried in tobacco leaves, a dirty little half-naked boy, who works there from morning to night, pulling out stalks or separating leaves. From fifteenpence to half-a-crown a week is what most of them get as wages. The children go to work very young; from eight to thirteen years of age in Scotland; and in Liverpool and Manchester the majority before nine years of age. The usual age of the workers in London was found to be between eleven and fourteen. Out of Scotland, overtime is complained of; and the meal-times are apt to be curtailed and irregular. Most of the large manufacturers give much attention to the state of their workshops; but in the smaller places it is often otherwise. The tobacco manufacture in Edinburgh and Glasgow presents a peculiarly interesting feature in the regular provision made by the trade for the education of the boys in evening schools. But in Liverpool nothing is done for the boys, and they are in a shockingly ignorant state. Always belonging to a class 'the lowest of the low,' the tobacco boys have certainly derived much benefit in Edinburgh and Glasgow from the schools, although, from non-attendance, not all that the benevolent promoters—the importers and manufacturers of tobacco—desired. The attendance of the boys should be made compulsory. The manufacture might, without inconvenience, be placed under the Factory Acts Extension Act, and the Commissioners deem this step desirable.

In the neighbourhood of Stroud, great quantities of umbrella and parasol handles are manufactured. Little children do much of the work. Boys, very young, cut the bone with circular saws, or drill it, in rooms low, badly ventilated, and in an atmosphere loaded with bone dust. The bone that they cut with the saws is not always their masters'; it is sometimes unhappily their own; for these little boys are 'constantly cutting

cutting their fingers.' Others make bone tips and buttons. Others are employed in assisting the varnishers, polishers, and driers of the sticks. To give a smooth surface and body to the varnish, white and red lead are used, and the children sometimes suffer from the unwholesome properties of these. The old complaints of ill-ventilation and overtime are heard amongst the workers. A shilling or eighteenpence a week is all that the younger children receive. 'The sticks produced in these shops,' says Mr. Longe, 'are, for the most part, very ordinary and cheap, and certainly not so necessary to society as to justify the subjection of children to the evils of early labour.' Ordinary and cheap umbrellas are as important to the poor as costly ones to the rich, and they must continue to be made; but, certainly, children should not be employed to make them without due provision for education. The Factories Act Extension Act is here, too, suggested by the Commissioners as a remedy.

In bobbin mills in Lancashire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Notts, Westmorland, Cumberland, and other regions, young boys find employment in putting on glue with a brush, in inserting small pieces of wood called 'bushes' with a hammer, in sorting bobbins, or in carrying away the pieces of wood sawn by the sawyers. Other boys are engaged in boring the holes of the bobbins, in clearing out the mouths of the holes, or in rough turning at lathes worked by steam or water. Some of the boys who 'rough' have to lean back, to press on a strap every time their bit of wood is rough-turned; others, who bore, sit on the front of their work-benches with their bodies twisted on one side towards the boring tool. No complaint, however, of any injurious result is named. At the age of fourteen or thereabouts, the boys begin turning, and in this kind of work much dust is produced, and settles thickly on their hair and dress. 'The amount of dust,' says a worker, 'depends very much on the kind and size of the bobbins, the dryness of the wood, and also on the kind of wood. Hard foreign woods are the worst. Ebony is like a solid substance inside you, and if you come to cough and spit, it comes out like a round lump. It also tickles the nose, and makes you sneeze, like snuff, and makes your eyes twinkle. In all kinds the work is reckoned very bad for the stomach. The dust gets in, and causes indigestion, and the way we work, leaning over, &c., causes a bearing down of the chest.' 'Very many spit, and many go off in consumption.' Another says: 'Don't like the work, it it so dusty, and stuffs you up so.' 'Have been hurt often. If you've come to look about such things as that, I've catched it.

it. One time I bored right through my elbow. Another time I split through the part between my thumb and hand.' 'Sometimes your sleeve gets twisted round the spindle and pinches you, but the spindle stops itself; and I have known several get caught in the band of the grindstone.' In factory towns the hours of work are usually the legal factory hours; but in the English lake district and elsewhere, where water power is used, the day's work has commonly thirteen hours, less two for meals. It is interesting to note that the benefits of factory legislation extend beyond the limits of its compulsory action. 'Thus, in a bobbin mill near Windermere, the factory length of hours is kept because (as supposed by a workman) the owners have a factory in Lancashire subject to those limits.'

The causes of the alarmingly high mortality among the bobbin-turners of the Windermere district are thus summed up by Dr. Dobson: 'Young and tender age of entering the mill, long hours, exclusion from sunlight and fresh air, dusty nature of work, mode of living, want of out-door exercise, and in some instances the badly-ventilated and lighted mills.' The Commissioners here again fall back on their grand remedy—the Factory Acts Extension Act.

In England and Wales in 1861, there were of male persons employed as boot makers, tailors, hatters, and glovers, 14,964 under fifteen years of age, and 89,288 aged from fifteen to twenty. In boot making, some as young as nine or ten years, help rivetters in factories; and most of the boys who work at home or for journeymen are not more than ten at starting. In London, in the 'ready-made' manufacture, boys begin sometimes at eight years old to help their fathers at home; such is the case, too, at Leicester, Northampton, and Stafford. At Leicester and Northampton some were even found working for journeymen at seven. At Anstey, near Leicester, boys are said to have begun at six years of age to sand-paper, or pare for a finisher. Some boys in this trade paste for fitters and tie the ends of the thread after machining. Others, called closers, sit in low chairs, holding between their knees a kind of wooden forceps, stabbing holes in rows with an awl, and drawing two threads tipped with bristles through the holes in opposite directions, whilst the awl is held in the right hand. Mr. Lord met with more than one case of the loss of the left eye from an accidental blow inflicted by a fellow-worker with an awl thus held; and this was no uncommon thing before the general use of the sewing machine, if the children who stabbed were too closely seated. In one instance, a boy put out his own eye through the awl flying up,

up, as he was loosening a nail that fastened the sole to the last. In the wholesale boot trade, rivetting has now, to a large extent, superseded the use of the awl and waxed thread. The sole is now pricked with holes by a light machine worked usually by the hand or foot of a child. The boy who helps the rivetter hammers a nail or rivet into each hole, or with an old file drives the nails into the holes until they pierce the part of the upper leather in contact with the sole, and their points meeting the iron surface of the last, turn so as to form a rivet. To save time, the boys hold the nails, iron or brass, in the mouth, and protrude them by the tongue, one by one, on the under lip, whence the finger and thumb take them. From the maker the boot passes in its rough state to the finisher, who sits on a stool at a low table, having the boot either fastened on his knee by a strap passed under his foot, or stuck up with one end on his thigh and the other against his chest, while he uses a burnishing iron with both hands. This is called staking, and, though man's work, is often done by boys of fourteen. Younger boys rasp off the heads of the nails, rub with sand-paper, and ink and scrape the bottoms of the soles. In warehouses, boys of eleven or twelve dust and clean the stock, punch holes, and put in eyelets and laces.

Sewing boots is acknowledged by all to be decidedly bad for the health. Most who have been brought up to it suffer from disease of the lungs or heart, for the work is sedentary; they have to bend very much over it, and in parts of it the heel of the last is pressed in the pit of the stomach. Putting brass nails in the mouth produces excoriations, and disorders the stomach. The very great noise made by the rivetters was found by Dr. Faircloth, of Northampton, to have led to nervous affections in several cases. The pollution of the atmosphere by the gas used for heating the tools of the finishers is often very great.

Those who lament the supercession of home work by factory labour may cull consolation from Mr. Lord's report on the boot makers. The ignorance which prevails amongst the lads who work for the journeymen in the Hackney Road and Bethnal Green districts is spoken of as characteristic of the locality rather than of the trade. 'This,' says Mr. Lord, 'may well be so, for it is now a matter within my own experience that when the labour of a district goes on for the most part in the houses of the operatives, ignorance and disregard of education exist to a much greater extent than where the home and the work-place are totally distinct; where the operatives meet for their daily labour in a factory, under a system of fixed hours, which controls their irregular habits, and

and if it admits of overwork, at least makes that also regular.' 'The men themselves begin to appreciate this, and prefer to work in a factory, where they are made regular in spite of themselves.' The educational state of the finishers' boys, generally, is very unsatisfactory.

Sons of tailors help their fathers at home at ten or even nine years of age; but thirteen or fourteen is a more usual age for commencing the trade. The sewing machine is doing much to lessen the number of boys engaged. The places of work used by the journeymen who take apprentices at the West End of London are described as wretched in the extreme. Work at home is very irregular. The majority cook, eat, sleep, and work in one room. 'The stench,' says a witness, 'is enough to knock you down; you go to the door, perhaps, and open it, but shudder to go further into the room. There are hundreds of such places within five minutes' walk of this shop of mine.' Long hours are complained of.

Hatters, again, usually begin to work at eleven or twelve years of age. In most work-places there are several boys, each hired by five or six men jointly, to fetch and carry tools and work for them, run errands, clean their boots, or cook their dinners. There is often a lad of fifteen or so, acting as 'stoker' for each workshop, and paid by the men. In the warehouses, boys employed by the masters sort and box the hats. Others of twelve or thirteen, where machinery is used for blowing and carding fur, 'feed' the endless felt which carries the fur to the centre of the machine where the fan works. At home, boys of twelve or thirteen, some even of ten, are made to 'plank'—that is, to dip the fur from time to time into a vat, or kettle of hot liquid, and roll or knead it afterwards on the sloping lip of a vat. All the hatters stand to their work, and this is in their favour. Some of the boys have to use irons, not more than 11lbs. in weight, but causing no slight strain upon the wrist, since the iron is not, like a tailor's goose, pressed down on the material to be ironed, but is lightly passed over the surface of it, relieving the hand of very little of its weight. Bad ventilation, dirt, and oppressive heat, are the common characteristics of the work-places. 'At many places,' says Mr. Lord, 'a bad custom prevails of sending out for beer, and this is unfortunately encouraged by a system of trade rules inflicting, for numerous social and other delinquencies, fines, which are levied in that form.'

As glovers, boys are employed either in the cutting shop, or in the warehouse or counting room, in various light occupations—putting studs in with a hand press, punching pieces for the thumbs, making up the cut material into packets to be taken

taken away and sewed by females—or putting the finished gloves in boxes. The finishing rooms are sometimes very small, hot, and close. As all the boys stand to work, their health suffers less than if their employment were sedentary.

In paper mills boys begin to work at ten or eleven years of age. Some feed the dusting and chopping machines; others sweep up—a very dusty occupation; others sort refuse paper and shavings, the cuttings of bookbinders and stationers, to be made up again into paper. Some, in the engine-houses, fetch and carry stuff in baskets, boxes, or trunks; some fill the rags into the engines; others pick foreign substances out of the 'half-stuff' as it is being ground down to pulp in the rag engines. Some use a thin wide strip of wood covered with felt, and fitted to a handle to prevent one sheet of paper sticking to another. In Lancashire young boys, called 'picker-scrapers,' stand on a stool by the side of the paper machine, and rake off the dirt which collects on the picker or strainer over which the pulp flows; this is rather wet work. Others watch the paper as it passes over hollow drums containing fan wheels, and give notice of any defect in the paper. Others in the machine room receive the sheet as it falls from the cutting machine, or take it from the felt on which it falls, and make it lie smooth on a table below. Where writing paper is made, boys of ten or eleven in the glazing room lay sheets of paper and copper alternately in piles. When millboards are made by machine, a boy stands at the end of the machine, and with his finger rips the damp board off the reel at each revolution, and lays it on a trestle. This becomes very tiring work when the pile grows high, as a long reach is then required. Young lads also take mill-boards out to dry in the drying loft or the fields, or out from the glazing rolls. Some paper mills are clean and commodious; others sadly the reverse. Night work is a great grievance. The Commissioners recommend the application of the Factory Act Extension Act, with certain modifications as to meal-times, and the night employment of youths between sixteen and eighteen years of age.

About 4,000 children and young persons, nearly all males, are employed in the fast-increasing glass manufacture in England and Wales. The greater part of the boys' time is spent in carrying glass to and from the annealing kilns, in carrying and clearing the men's irons, and helping them in various ways. The boys' attention is constantly kept up, and they are in almost ceaseless motion. In bottle and flint glasshouses the travelling of each boy averages fifteen to twenty miles a day. The other departments of work for the boys are

laborious—often in great heat, and causing a severe strain on the bodily powers. In most blown flint glasshouses there is a system of work by relays of six hours each, day and night, whilst each batch of glass is being worked out. During the working part of the week six hours is the utmost unbroken period ever allowed at one time for rest, and out of this has to come the time spent in coming and going to and from work, washing, dressing, and meals, leaving none for fresh air and play. Many of the lads, too, in crown, sheet, and bottle glasshouses, are required to come one, two, or three hours before the men to get things ready for them, also to stay from a few minutes to half-an-hour after the men leave, to clear up. This protracts the boys' work to twelve or even fifteen hours a day. To this flagrant abuse is added the custom of making an already over-worked lad supply the place of an absentee in another part of the works, giving him almost continuous work, it may be, for two or three days together. The heat in which the little shovel-holders stand is very great. 'At first,' says Mr. White, 'I could hardly bear to go up and stand in their place.' In one case the heat, tried by the thermometer, proved to be 130°, and actually melted Mr. White's hat, crown and brim, so out of shape, that it was unfit to wear till restored by a hatter. Many horrifying incidents of exposure to burnings and ill-treatment are given in the evidence. The protection of the Factory Acts Extension Act is manifestly required here in amending the unsanitary state of the work-places, abridging the excessive hours of labour, securing proper rest during meal-times, providing for education, fencing machinery, and requiring a medical certificate of physical fitness before engaging in work so laborious and trying.

As regards the men in glasshouses, of whose brutality to the boys many proofs are adduced, Mr. White finds all the evidence showing that the healthiness of the work depends greatly in this, as in so many other employments, upon their temperance, 'which, however, in this work the very heat and exhaustion make more than usually difficult, and intemperance is agreed to be still very general, though much diminished in many cases of late. This tendency to drink is illustrated by the fact that in visiting glasshouses I have repeatedly been asked, more or less directly, for money for "drink," a request which has never been suggested to me in works of any other kind. I have been followed and importuned for it, and quite unable to make a man understand that in my capacity it would not be right for me to give anything. A number of elder glass makers are unhealthily and uncomfortably

uncomfortably fat, which is attributed to the amount of beer which they drink.' We may easily understand from this how it is the boys have to complain so much of the brutality of men.

The general appearance of boys who have been in a glass-house for any length of time, is, as a rule, decidedly unfavourable. The complexion is pale and unhealthy, the body slight and small, the legs are ill grown, the knees and ankle-joints weak, and have a crippled look; the feet as well as hands are blistered, and perhaps scarcely able to hobble along; and the chests are diseased by the alternate heats and chills.

The intellectual and moral condition is commonly very inferior. Mr. White says:—

'Where some or other of the men are so often drinking, and sending out boys for drink, the boys are naturally led into the same habits, from getting sips or drinking with the men. "These apprentices will drink half a gallon in a day sometimes, and that public-house beer, too. It must be very injurious" (No. 230). Beer, however, is better for glass makers than "hard whisky, which burns their insides out" in Scotland. On certain occasions, in the course of work, masters have to pay drink money, to which one of them attributes very bad effects on the boys.'

Shocking as are some of the disclosures made with respect to the employment of boys in glassworks (and we have not attempted above any adequate representation of them), matters are found to be still worse in the metal trades of Sheffield. At nine or ten years of age the children are set to work, and from that age upwards are kept at it wherever light work, and in some cases work which is not by any means light, can be found for them. It is common for children to enter upon one of the deadliest occupations known (fork-grinding) as young as nine; most begin at or before the age of ten; some as young as eight or seven. Mr. White found a child six years of age at a wheel, where he had worked for some months at other dry grinding for his father. The employment in which most of the young children are found is what is called cutlery—a word never applied in Sheffield to the forging or grinding of blades, but limited to the handling, making-up, and finishing of knives, razors, scissors, and kindred articles. Girls, as well as boys, sometimes begin this at seven, and even six years old; one boy, whom Mr. White found at work, had begun at five. A woman, who began cutlery at six years old 'put her own lass, now dead, on at three weeks turned six.' The necessity for the employment of such young children arises commonly through the drinking habits of the parents. 'In most cases,' says Mr. White, 'the youngest children are employed by their own parents or relations; often in consequence of the intemperate or improvident habits of their parents.' Boys who grind sit astride, in most of the work, on

a broad, flat-topped horsing, too broad for young boys; they sit sometimes with the body thrown forward almost horizontally, but more often curved forward with the head down, and most so where the stone or wheel used is small, as it is in the work to which the youngest boys are first set. The workers understand by grinding the process of shaping and smoothing metal by cutting it on a revolving stone. But in most kinds of work there are one or more subsequent smoothing processes, such as glazing on a wheel covered with emery, 'lapping' on a wheel covered with lead, and polishing on a wheel with crocus powder, which form essential parts of the grinder's work, and are performed by him or his helpers in the same work-place as the grinding, and usually in the very same 'trough.' The various kinds of work differ in the kind and amount of dust thrown off from the wheel; it is in fork-grinding and needle-pointing that the amount is greatest and most injurious. The twenty-three stones of a needle and hackle pin manufacturer throw off in a day about seventy-five pounds of steel dust, and of stone dust a far larger amount. At least three pounds of fine dry steel dust, besides the larger quantity of dry stone dust, are produced beneath the face of each dry grinder daily; and where a fan is not employed to carry the dust off through pipes into the outer air, this flies all about, irritates the eyes, is drawn in with the breath, frets and corrodes the lungs, and brings on consumption and early death. Then, again, in all kinds of grinding, it is necessary to 'hew' and 'race' the stones, and this causes a great emission of dust, to such an extent as to affect injuriously all the workers in the place. In steel-melting, boys are occupied in the cellars beneath the furnaces, watching the bottom of the furnace, to give notice if any of the pots run; or treading clay there, and fashioning it into lids and stands for pots. Boys also go up into the furnace when the steel is poured out into moulds, to carry away waste, and in some cases to help the men in pouring. Other boys work at rollers, and sometimes have to strain their bodies considerably to enable them to heave up the weight of metal so as to pass it back over the roller; and, says Mr. White, 'I have seen a boy failing in his efforts, and dropping the red-hot iron or steel close by his legs.' Rolling is, indeed, often much too heavy for the age and strength of the lads engaged in it. Even in file-cutting, which, though rapid work, looks quiet, the amount of bodily force spent in the course of a day is considerable. One man calculated that in a day of ten working hours he makes 46,000 strokes, most of them with a 7½lb. hammer, thus lifting a total weight of 142 tons. Boys, it is true, do not use such heavy hammers; but

but with lighter hammers the work is still more rapid. In forging, boys sometimes have to lift hammers decidedly too heavy; one boy fourteen years old has been seen using a 22lb. hammer, and others have been made to grow completely misshapen by the work. The hours of work are in some cases, Mr. White says, 'not only cruelly, but even incredibly long for children.' 'No wonder,' he adds, 'that boys sometimes fall asleep at their work, stumble, fall, when the metal flooring gets hot and slippery and work is pressing, get burned or perced with red-hot iron or steel, or otherwise suffer for there supposed negligence.' The evidence, he concludes, shows the existence of 'an amount of overwork of young boys which is truly fearful.'

The places they work in are often wretched in the extreme. Grinding, especially, requires the most ample ventilation, and rarely gets even a moderate amount of it. Ill-lighted, gloomy, with tattered ceilings, with wet dropping from the floor above, or slopping from the wheels on to the ground beneath; the work-rooms, or 'hulls,' are loathsome to the sight, and most injurious to the health. The mud thrown off from the stones in wet-grinding is often great, and whatever it splashes too often remains covered with the accumulating filth week after week. Worst of all are the cellars or vaulted passages beneath the steel-melting furnaces,—reached from the outside by descending stairs, through which, aided perhaps by a grating at the side, the only daylight is admitted. Overhead, along one side, is the row of steel-melting pots, with fire beneath, projecting no little heat. 'In one case,' says Mr. White, 'and that in works of about the highest standing in the trade, I found a young boy who works part of his time in one of these vaults and the remainder in a dark cellar beyond, lighted only by a dim oil lamp, and with no communication whatever with light or air, except through the vault. His health had suffered considerably.' Happily, the number of cellar-boys is not great.

The boys sometimes complain of ill-treatment from the men; and here again, as in the case of the glass makers, a connection between brutality and strong drink is plainly to be traced. Mr. White tells of one lad 'whom his master used to swear at and kick when he (the man) came back from the public;' and of another who spoke of different men who ill-used him, particularly 'a Brummagem chap,' who was always 'a-gate of hitting on us;'—'he used to get beer and was drunk.' 'One time when he was striking at me with his fist,' said the boy, 'I tried to get out of the way, and my shirt nearly catched the shafting. If it had, I should have been

been took round and killed.' Accidents, though not common, are sometimes very serious in these places. Revolving stones fly apart and smash all that is in the way of their fragments. Boys are drawn through rollers and squeezed flat; or their clothes are caught by rotating shafts, and their limbs broken; or a drum crushes them. Grinders are liable to frequent pain, and sometimes to serious injury or loss of sight, from sharp particles of hot steel which fly into their eyes in grinding. In such cases a fellow-worker takes out the mite with a lancet or sharp pin—'a very unpleasant sight.' 'Grinders are sometimes kept awake at night by the pain. Boys sometimes slit their fingers on circular saws, or lose them in rolling machinery, or are pierced by red-hot rods or wire, or otherwise burned. Grinders do not live out half their days. They say themselves that they "go off like dyke water, so quick;" they "go off like nothing;" "they seem to rot off at thirty-four or thirty-five, and some at twenty-three or twenty-four, according to their constitution."' In dry grinding, very often before the age of twenty, grinders' disease is found to have been induced. A boy only eleven years old, who had been a grinder since the age of eight, had a fearful cough, and on examination, Dr. Hall, who has benevolently exerted himself for many years to expose the noxious nature of the trade, found the upper portion of both lungs extensively diseased. File-cutters are hurt by the confined stooping posture, and the absorption of lead, which causes colic. Other special liabilities of theirs are weakness and wasting of the thumb and wrist, and bow-legs and sundry malformations.

The evidence before us would enable us to fill pages with horrifying details, proving how often boys, who should be the intelligent and worthy men of the next generation, are rendered brutal and miserable whilst they live, mutilated in body and mind, and compelled, in fact, to kill themselves in order to be earning a living. It is consoling to know that, now that the benefits of factory legislation are so abundantly conspicuous, the thoughtlessness or rapacity of masters, the ignorance and selfishness of parents, may fight, but will fight in vain, to avert the further interposition of the Legislature.

It is consoling, too, to find, at any rate one town—Sheffield, really smarting under the allegations of the Commissioners. The town council of Sheffield have appointed a committee to examine into the ugly facts alleged in the report. The wincing proves the existence of feeling; and feeling, touched, may lead to salutary action prior to the inevitable interference of the Legislature.

Art. IV.—THE LIVERPOOL THEORY OF THE LICENSING SYSTEM.

1. *The Statutes of the Realm.* Edited by command of His Majesty George III. London: 1810.
2. *A Digest of the Laws of England.* By Rt. Hon. Sir John Comyns, Knt., late Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. 5th Edition. Corrected by Anthony Hammond, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Vols. I. to VIII. London: 1822.
3. *A Practical and Elementary Abridgment of the Cases Argued and Determined in the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, and at Nisi Prius, from* 1660 *to the Michaelmas Term, 4 George IV.* By Charles Petersdorff, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Vols. I. to XV. London: 1825.
4. *Report of the (Commons) Select Committee on the Sale of Beer.* Parliamentary Papers. 1830.
5. *Reports from the Lords' Select Committee on the Sale of Beer Act.* 1849-59.
6. *Reports from the (Commons) Select Committee on Public-Houses, with Minutes of Evidence.* 1853-54.
7. *A Bill for Altering and Regulating the Granting of Licenses in respect of Excisable Liquors, and the Sale by Retail of Beer and other Liquors, within the Borough of Liverpool; and for other purposes.* 1865.
8. *The Alliance News,* March 4th, 1865. *Debate in the House of Commons on the Liverpool Licensing Bill.* February 24th, 1865.
9. *The Slain in Liverpool, in* 1864, *by Drink.* By Rev. John Jones. London: Job Caudwell. 1865.

WHEN the Licensing system was definitively established in 1552, the banks of the Mersey gave little promise of that commercial greatness which now confronts the visitor on every hand. Liverpool had an existence as an obscure seaport even then, but absent were its miles of docks, its fleets of many nations, and its forty myriads of people; and absent, also, were the three thousand drinking-shops that now combine to enervate, impoverish, and destroy great masses of its inhabitants. In the Act of 1553, which limited the number of taverns (wine-shops) in cities and corporate towns, Liverpool is not mentioned, and not more than two such houses could

could then have been legally opened within its precincts. For some years past, however, Liverpool has been the subject of an experiment the reverse of that which, three centuries ago, was put into operation by legislative authority; and this experiment has extended not merely to houses for the sale of beer and wine, the only houses of the drink-traffic extant in the days of the young King Edward VI., but to shops for the sale of ardent spirits—apparitions of evils that had not begun at that time to haunt the places of entertainment and dissipation.

The licensing magistrates of Liverpool, or at least a majority of them at the licensing sessions, have entered upon a policy at variance with general usage; they have done so with an asserted, and we are willing to believe sincere, desire to abate the intemperance which is the canker-vice of their town; and as some men of high respectibility are the active promoters of its policy, it is not premature to inquire into the theory on which the policy is based, and the reasons by which it is defended. All England is interested in the discussion thus invited, for next to the question whether it is proper to license the sale of intoxicating liquors at all, must follow in order of importance, the inquiry which has respect to the manner in which the Licensing system should be administered.

The rule that has obtained with successive generations of licensing magistrates, and in all parts of the kingdom, has been to grant new licences for the sale of alcoholic liquors when they are satisfied (1) that the wants of the neighbourhood justified the opening of new drink-shops; (2) that the applicants were respectable persons; (3) that the houses for which licences were asked were suited for the public accommodation. In other words, the magistrates have professed to take into their consideration place, person, and property; does the place need more licensed houses? is the person applying to be trusted with a licence? is the property suitable for a public-house? The Liverpool bench, who stand alone in their position, unless the Wolverhampton magistrates may be joined with them, have promulgated a rule, excluding from consideration the first of these conditions, and restricting their judicial decision to the two points of the applicant's respectability and the accommodation afforded by his premises. Their theory, therefore, is that the numerical element is not one which should enter into the deliberations or affect the action of licensing magistrates. They contend that the 'wants of a neighbourhood,' as to the number of public-houses, will be discovered by the number of houses that a neighbourhood

neighbourhood supports, any excess being sure to find its remedy in the necessity to close from the unremunerative business carried on. Otherwise expressed, their theory is, that assuming the right men and the right houses, the traffic in intoxicating liquors may be left to the same competition to which other trades are exposed. We have not been so fortunate as to meet with any comprehensive vindication of this theory; but its upholders will not complain if we state, in their behalf, all the reasons available for its defence. These may be enumerated in the following order:—1. The import and spirit of the licensing laws. 2. The principle of free trade. 3. The practical operation of the Beer Act. 4. The recommendations of the Select Committee of 1853-4. 5. The necessity of a change of system in the interests of public sobriety and morality.

When an appeal is made to legislation on the licensing of drinking-shops in favour of the Liverpool theory, there ought to be no difficulty in pronouncing upon the validity of the plea. If the argument has any meaning it must signify nothing short of this—that the licensing laws do not justify licensing magistrates in making the number of old licences a ground of refusing applications for new ones. Were this a sound view of the legal bearings of the case, we should expect to discover in the statutes some positive limit to the discretionary power of the magistrates upon licences;—nay, the denial of all discretionary power ought to be apparent, for the Liverpool theory reduces the magisterial prerogative to a single exercise of ministerial duty. It means that every citizen of good character and occupying suitable premises has a right under the statute to be licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors. But it is next to morally impossible that such a conclusion should be formed by any candid inquirer into the licensing laws. Nothing can be more opposed to their origin, their language, and their spirit, or to the decisions of the highest courts of law upon reviewing this controverted point. Although it was not till the reign of Edward VI. that a distinct statute was passed for compelling alehouses to be licensed, the germ of this enactment is to be seen in the 7th clause of the 12th Henry VII. (1504) which empowered two justices of the peace to 'rejecte and put away comen alesellyng in townes and places where they shall thynk convenient'—words which gave to the justices unlimited power, and clearly pointed to an excessive number of alehouses as a feature of the drink-traffic then existing. The great Act of Edward VI., by which the licensing system was first elaborated was confirmatory as to the discretionary powers given to justices

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half a century before. This Act (5 & 6 Edward VI. c. 25) was passed by the Parliament which met January 30th, 1552, and is entitled 'An Acte for Kepers of Alehouses to be bound by Recognizaunces.' The preamble and first and second clauses were as follows (preserving the antique spelling) :—

'Forasmuche as intollerable hurtes and troubles to the Comon Wealthe of this Realme dothe daylie growe and encrease throughe such abuses and disorders as are had and used in common Alehouses and other houses called Tiplinge houses: It ys, therefore, enacted by the Kinge our Soveraigne Lorde, with the assent of the Lordes and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by th auctoritie of the same,

'That the Justices of Peace within everie shire, citie, boroughe, town corporate, fraunchesse, and libertie within this Realme, or two of them at the lest, whereof one of them to be of the quorum, shall have full power and auctoritie by vertue of this Acte, within every shire, citie, boroughe, town corporate, fraunchesse, and libertye, where they be Justices of Peace, to remove, discharge, and putt awaye common sellinge of ale and bere in the said common alehouses and tiplinge houses in such towne or townes, and places, where they shall think mete and convenyent.

'And that none after the first daye (of Maye) next commynge, shall be admytted or suffred to kepe any common alehouse or tiplinge house but such as shall be hereunto admytted or allowed in the open Sessions of the Peace, or else by two Justices of the Peace whereof the one to be of the quorum.'

The rest of the Act provides for taking recognisances of all persons 'admitted and allowed' to keep alehouses, and names the penalties attached to selling without a licence. The portion we have quoted is conclusive on the main point raised by the Liverpool bench—for discretionary powers more unbounded can hardly be imagined. That the framers of this law, and the Parliament that enacted it, could not have intended to make the justices judges of character and premises only and not of the number of drinking-houses is abundantly clear. Such a bill would never have been drafted by the Liverpool bench. Next year (1553) a vigorous attack was made upon unlicensed taverns (wine-shops) by the 7th of Edward VI., c. 5, entitled 'An Acte to avoyde the great price and excesse of wynes,' the preamble to which read: 'For the avoyding of many inconveniences, muche eville rule, and common resorte of misruled persons used and frequented in many tavernes of late, newly sett uppe in very greate noumbre, in backe lanes, corners and suspicious places within the Cytie of London, and in divers other townes and vyllages within this Realme;' and this Act, besides fixing the retail prices of wine, forbade persons worth less than 100 marks a year to have more than ten gallons in their houses for family use, and prohibited the sale of wines by retail except under the licence of the corporate magistrates or the justices of the peace at their general sessions; and as marking, beyond mistake, the sense of the Legislature, that number was to be a primary consideration, even the licensing authorities were restricted from granting more

more than two licences to any town except the twenty-two named.* That the power of summary suppression conveyed by the first of these Acts was not a *brutum fulmen* may be inferred from the fact related by Maitland (vol. i., p. 158, edit. 1739), that in 1575, Sir Nicholas Bacon (great father of a greater son), acting in concurrence with the authorities in the City of London, Southwark, and Lambeth 'put down upwards of 200 alehouses in their several jurisdictions.' The historian of London adds: 'This example was followed in Westminster, the Duchy of Lancaster, the liberty of the Tower Hamlets, and other parts of Middlesex contiguous to London.' These measures, with some others directed against public licentiousness and disorder, were so successful, we are told, that at one assize for the city not a single criminal was tried.

If we proceed to the legislation on the liquor-traffic in the reign of King James I., all the indications run counter to the theory of the Liverpool justices; since the existing powers of magistrates were left intact, and tippling (*i.e.*, remaining to drink) in alehouses was made a legal offence. By the 1st of Charles I., c. 4, the penalty imposed on the guest for tippling was also extended to the alehouse or tavern keeper, who permitted it. Two years later, by the 3rd Charles I., c. 4, any person convicted of selling intoxicating liquors without a licence was to pay 20s. to the poor, and, in default of payment, to be committed to the House of Correction for a month; on a repetition of the offence, he was to remain in durance vile till released by an order from the justices in session assembled. Not a glimpse reaches us of the Liverpool notion that the law intended all men of good character, and suitable houses, to be licensed for the sale of any kind of intoxicating drinks, not even for the sale of the malt liquors, which, according to Stow, were 'so small' (weak) as greatly to qualify the drunkenness of the 'poorer sort.' The course of legislation on the sale of ardent spirits was described in a former number of this journal;† and we may, therefore, at once proceed to the Act by which the Licensing system was revised in 1753. This was

* These twenty-two, with the number of taverns actually permitted was as under:—London (City), 40; York, 8; Bristol, 6; Norwich, 4; Kingston-on-Hull, 4; Exeter, 4; Glo'ster, 4; Winchester, 4; Canterbury, 4; Cambridge, 4; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4; Westminster, 3; Lincoln, 3; Shrewsbury, 3; Salisbury, 3; Hereford, 3; Worcester, 3; Southampton, 3; Ipswich, 3; Winchester, 3; Oxford, 3; Colchester, 3. These were the principal towns of England three hundred years ago, and these their respective 'wants' in the way of taverns—so Parliament thought in the times of old.

† See 'Meliora,' No. 31 (for Oct., 1865), p.p. 196-206.

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the 26th George II., c. 31. The 'Scot's Magazine' states:—'March 5th a motion was made, and leave given, to bring in a bill, &c., and Mr. Betterton, Mr. Prowse, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Nugent were ordered to prepare and bring in a bill which was passed in the ordinary manner without opposition.' It was signed by the King June 7th. The title of this Act would not indicate that the legislative mind had been drifting in the direction favoured by the Liverpool theory; for it was 'An Act for *regulating the number* of public-houses, and the more easy conviction of persons selling ale and strong liquors without a licence.' According to this Act, licences were only to be granted in future at a general meeting of justices meeting in the division where the applicants resided; the meetings were to be held between September 1st and 24th [since altered to the first ten days in March for Middlesex and Surrey, and from August 20th to September 14th for the rest of England]; all licences were to run but for a single year, and to commence on September 29th of each year. Applicants were to present certificates of good character, signed by the parish clergyman, and chief part of the churchwardens and overseers, or by four reputable and substantial householders of the place. If licensed, they were to enter into recognisances for good behaviour, &c.* Seventy-five years passed before another revision of the licensing system took place; though, by the 48 George III., c. 143, a change of form was adopted, under which the licences were to be issued by the Excise, only, however, on the conditions of a previous certificate, or permit, granted by the justices in licensing session assembled. A movement was made in Parliament in 1819 which deserves special notice, as completely disproving the legal position of the Liverpeol theorists. On the 5th of May of that year, Mr. Bennet presented a petition, signed by between two and three thousand publicans of London and Westminster, in which they acknowledged that one of the intentions of the licensing statutes was 'to guard against the setting-up of public-houses where the wants of the neighbourhood did not require them,' but charging the Middlesex

* The fourth section of this Act, confining the issue of licences to General Sessions of Justices, was a repetition of the 11th section of the second George II., c. 28—'Whereas many inconveniences have arisen from persons being licensed to keep inns and common alehouses by Justices of the Peace, who, living remote from the places of abode of such persons, may not be truly informed *as to the occasion or want of such inns or common alehouses*, or the character of the persons applying for licences to keep the same, it is enacted that no licences shall be granted to any person to keep a common inn or alehouse, or to retail any brandy, or strong water, but at a general meeting of the Justices of the Peace acting in the division where the said person dwells; to be holden for that purpose on the first day of September yearly, or within twenty days afterwards.'

magistrates

magistrates with unfair conduct in their official licensing capacity. Mr. Bennet followed up this petition by bringing in a Bill 'for the better regulation of the mode in which licences are granted to publicans;' and, in the course of his speech, he made the curious statement that 'in some places the magistrates would not licence without the signature of the (parish) minister, and as he, from conscientious motives, would not sanction these places of entertainment, no public-house at all existed. In the metropolis, the practice was quite the reverse; for there clergymen signed as a matter of course, and the beadle, for a fee of from half-a-crown to a guinea, procured the necessary names of the parish officers, or inhabitants.' Mr. Bennet's object was to limit the discretionary power of the magistrates; but, though he agreed to confine his measure to London, and got a second reading for it on the 21st of May, nothing is reported in 'Hansard' as to its further progress. The partiality charged against the licensing magistrates continued to form the burden of loud complaint in and out of Parliament; and Mr. T. Estcourt brought in a Bill in the session of 1828 to effect a revision, for the second time, of the licensing system. That his views were akin to those of the Liverpool bench seems very probable, but it is certain that the Bill which became law as the 9th George IV., c. 61, made no alteration in the jurisdiction of the magistracy over the sale of strong drink. On the 21st of May, 1828, when the Bill was under discussion, Sir R. Heron said 'he was of opinion that no benefit could arise from an increase of public-houses. They tended to promote vice of every description, and encouraged a wasteful expenditure of money among the poor. He had had in his employment a hundred labourers for several years, and he seldom knew of any drunkenness among them, in consequence of the neighbourhood being almost free from public-houses.' Mr. Secretary Peel 'considered the public owed a debt of gratitude to the hon. member for Oxford (Mr. Estcourt). Although the general principle of throwing open trade was good, it should, however, be controlled by forethought and caution as to the practically injurious effects likely to follow. If, as a matter of police, it was necessary to exert this control, it was the first duty of the Legislature to see that it should not be liable to abuse.' Mr. Estcourt confessed that 'it was his original intention to have proposed the doing away with the licensing system altogether, but he had received such accounts from those best acquainted with the mischief to which it would probably lead, that he was induced to alter his course.' That he did alter it the Act remains to prove, for the only relaxation of magisterial control effected by it was the right of appeal

appeal to Quarter Sessions given to disappointed applicants—the final decision still resting with a magisterial body, but one less qualified than the first to deal intelligently with the applications submitted.

Under the Act of 1828, licences for the sale of spirits are still granted or refused; the Beer Act of 1830 and the Wine Licenses Act of 1860 restricting the jurisdiction of magistrates in regard to the sale of beer and wine only. Beer-shops are licensed without any reference to the justices, though, when licensed, magisterial power over them is far from inconsiderable. As to wine licences (retail), justices have no direct refusal, but a veto power is lodged with them that may be exercised when they see fit to employ it.

It now remains to consider, under this section, whether the courts of law, in deciding on the meaning of the various licensing acts, have given any countenance to the theory that, properly construed, they restrict the magistrates to the two points of the applicant's character and the adaptation of his premises for a public-house. The question in its simplest shape arose in 1730, when a mandamus was asked from the King's Bench in behalf of John Giles, calling upon the justices of the city of Worcester to compel them to grant him a licence. The court replied, 'There never was an instance of such a mandamus, and therefore we will not grant it.' In 1757, the case of Rex *v.* Young and Potts came before the King's Bench, on a motion against the defendants, for 'arbitrarily, obstinately, and unreasonably refusing to grant a licence to one Henry Day, to keep an inn at Eversley, Wilts.' Lord Mansfield, who delivered judgment as Chief Justice, said, 'The Court of King's Bench has no power or claim to review the reasons of the Justices of the Peace, upon which they form their judgments in granting licences, by way of appeal from their judgments, or overruling the discretion entrusted to them. But, if it clearly appears that the justices have been partially, maliciously, or corruptly influenced in the exercise of this discretion, and have consequently abused the trust reposed in them, they are liable to prosecution by indictment, or information, or even, possibly, by action, if the malice be very gross and injurious. If their judgment be wrong, yet their heart and intention pure, God forbid they should be punished.' 'And he declared that he should always lean towards favouring them, unless partiality, corruption, or malice clearly appeared; and having gone through all the particulars, both of the charge and of the defence, he concluded with declaring it, as his opinion, that there was not sufficient ground for a criminal charge against these justices.'

Denison,

Denison, Chief Justice, also said—'It must be clear and apparent partiality, or wilful misbehaviour, to induce the court to grant an information—not a mere error of judgment.' The court unanimously discharged the rule with costs. In 1769, the case of Bassett *v.* Godschall and others was brought before the Common Pleas, and the decision of the court concluded with these striking words: 'The plaintiff in an action must have an antecedent right to bring it; the plaintiff here has no right to have a licence unless the justices think proper to grant it; therefore he can have no right of action against the justices for refusing it.' For the last time the question was brought before a high legal tribunal by Mr. Barber Beaumont, a gentleman of great benevolence, who had erected an house for an inn, which he intended to be conducted with a strict regard to sobriety. The licensing magistrates chose to refuse a licence to these premises, and licensed two other houses, one of which had formerly been suppressed for its disorderly character. The decision of the justices in this case suggests grave suspicions of illicit influence, but when Mr. Barber Beaumont took his case into the King's Bench, he was informed that he had no remedy at law against the magistrates, unless he could show them to have been actuated by corrupt motives. The present Attorney-General has joined his opinion to the unbroken *consensus* of these legal decisions, that the licensing magistrates are left entirely free by law to grant and refuse licences, provided they act on public grounds and not from private and corrupt motives. Regard to the wants of a neighbourhood is such a ground; and so would be a regard to the social and pecuniary interests of a locality. Considering that the earlier laws on licensing were framed expressly to diminish the number of drinking-shops, and were inspired by a moral sentiment and generous concern for the public good, it seems to us that magisterial benches are to be blamed, not for taking the 'wants' of neighbourhoods into account, but for so seldom inquiring how far the wants and woes of these neighbourhoods are related to the licences granted from year to year with routine carelessness and inattention.

The Liverpool theory driven from the cover of legislative precedent, takes refuge in the citadel of Free Trade. If licences are not free by law the law should make them so. The demand is a bold one, and in the mouths of them who put it forward is very inconsistent. Free trade is a very good thing and a great blessing, but like the law is only good when lawfully applied. Universal free trade is not yet, and never will be, an accepted principle in English legislation; and to assume

assume that free trade in corn and calico justifies free trade in gin and rum is a *petitio principii* too glaring to be accidental. At all events, restriction, not free trade, is the rule of the present system, and those who would make a change are bound by every rule of logic and politics to show cause for the proposal. Free trade is a spell, but there are spirits that will not, and ought not to, obey it. Let the freetraders in alcohol set to work as did the freetraders in agricultural produce to prove the public benefits that would follow the adoption of their scheme. Not to accept this challenge is to confess a difference of cases that justifies the widest difference in the practical conclusions. And further as we have observed, those who raise the outcry for free licensing are obviously inconsistent. Free trade is only a misnomer and delusion if legislative conditions are imposed that will actually restrict trade to a certain class. Yet such conditions are not ignored but desiderated by the Liverpool magistrates. They make character and quality of premises conditions of the licences they issue, and as a rule they would favour a higher licence fee and a higher rated rental in all new applications; but can these terms and qualifications be justified on any principle of free trade? Would they venture to propose them in regard to any other trade? The baker or butcher is presumed to be respectable until he is proved to be otherwise, and he is allowed to carry on his business in the house that suits him best. The claim that an applicant for a spirit licence should establish his respectability and give hostages for its continuance, may be a prudential arrangement, and is justifiable enough considering the known tendencies of the drink-traffic, but cannot be reconciled with ordinary conceptions of free trade. If it be rejoined that what is asked for is such a modified application of free trade principles as will abolish the brewers' monopoly fostered by the licensing system as generally administered, it would be a sufficient reply that if magistrates play into the hands of brewers, let their conduct be exposed and the restrictive law administered by a purer body. Let the men be changed and not the measure. But the argument for the Liverpool theory ounded on the brewers' monopoly is rotten, not so much on one side as on every side. That brewers do monopolise by their agents the retail spirit trade is a fallacious assumption. It is also falsely assumed that brewers' houses are worse conducted and sell more adulterated articles than other houses; and the last assumption, as fallacious as the rest, consists in supposing that a system of free licensing would diminish the proportion of brewers' houses as compared with those held by independent

independent retailers. The beer trade was thrown open in order to abolish the 'brewers' monopoly,' and no sooner was this stroke of policy effected than the complaints were redoubled concerning the influence of brewers upon the beer trade in both its licensed branches. Under such a system as that contemplated by the Liverpool Licensing Bill the capital of the great brewers would successfully compete with the smaller capital of other persons. Those who make most out of the wholesale trade can afford to spend most upon its retail extension. But, as we have remarked, if the brewers are unduly favoured by licensing benches, the rational alternative is not to render licences freer, but to make the licensing boards more upright. If magistrates betray their trust, let their licensing functions be transferred to other men who will discharge it honestly and firmly.

But what shall be said of the practical operation of the Beer Act of 1830—does it justify that uniformity of system with which the Liverpool bench are smitten? It is not necessary to contend that, as a rule, beerhouses are worse conducted, or that they are greater nurseries of crime, and greater feeders of public debauchery, than public-houses. It is enough that by universal concession the objects for which the Beer Act was passed have not been secured by it, and that the drinking-shops opened under it are, at least, no better than the others they were designed to limit or supersede. The Select Committee of 1854 on public-houses—a high authority with the Liverpool theorists—say in their report: 'The beershop system has proved a failure. It was established under the belief that it would give the public their beer cheap and pure, would dissociate beer-drinking from drunkenness, and lead to the establishment throughout the country of a class of houses of refreshment altogether free from the disorders supposed to attend exclusively on the sale of spirits.' These roseate anticipations soon paled before a trial of the open-beer-trade system, and were succeeded by calamities predicted by the wiser few. But the Select Committee go on to quote with approval the language of the Lords' Select Committee of 1850: 'The multiplication of houses for the consumption of intoxicating liquors has been in itself an evil of the first magnitude, not only by increasing the temptations to excess which are thus presented at every step, but by driving houses--even those under the direct control of the magistrates, as well as others originally respectable—to practices for the purpose of attracting custom which are degrading to their own character and most injurious to morality and order.' The common magisterial complaint is that beershops are not under their licensing control, and that to the

absence of this control the evils of the system may be ascribed. Considering that the system originated in a revulsion against the evils of the public-house system licensed by the magistrates; also considering that beershops do not, according to the criminal returns, compare discreditably with public-houses; considering, further, that beerhouses are placed under restrictions as to the liquors sold and hours of sale from which public-houses are exempt; and considering, again, that the magistrates have extensive power of control over beershops when licensed—considering all these things, it is too strong a demand on our credence to have us attribute the evils of the beerhouse system to the absence of a magistrates' certificate. This is only credible on the supposition that the magistrates, if they had the power, would refuse to license these houses for the sale of beer. The fear of losing his licence is said to exercise a restraining influence over the publican; but to what extent the fear prevails, and the value of its restraining influence, may be seen in the state of hundreds of public-houses in London—in Liverpool itself. But were all that is required of us conceded, and were we to allow the pre-eminent value of a single licensing body, how does it appear from the premises that a single form of licence would be of public advantage? Even were it admitted that there should be a uniform licence, the Liverpool theorists have to show—which they have never attempted to do—that this uniform licence should be one entitling the holder to sell all kinds of intoxicating liquors. To exhibit the inconsequential logic of the Liverpool bench it is only necessary to throw their reasoning into the syllogistic shape:—

> Magistrates' licences exercise a moral control;
> Beersellers do not take out magistrates' licences;
> Therefore, beersellers ought to be licensed to retail ardent spirits!

The absurdity of this process of argumentation is made the more apparent when it is remembered that the beersellers were called into existence to repair the mischiefs the spirit-dealers (publicans) had committed; yet the Liverpool theory would remedy the mischiefs perpetrated by the beersellers by turning them into spirit-dealers! Comment is superfluous. As the Lords' Committee observe, the Beer Act was specially mischievous by multiplying houses for the sale and consumption of intoxicating liquors, and it would be impossible to conceive of any nostrum more allied to quackery than the proposal to licence the same houses, or an equal number, for the sale and consumption of liquors more intoxicating than those they already retail. 'But the licence will be by the magistrates, not by the Excise." And this provision is to convert bad beershops

beershops into innocent ginshops! The British public, we trow, is not so credulous as to listen to the voice of the Liverpool charmers.

The Report and recommendations of the Select Committee of 1854 are, however, appealed to in defence of the Liverpool theory; nor is this surprising. This committee, which sat in the sessions of 1853 and '54, collected evidence that filled two Blue-books of comely proportions. It may not be known to all that this committee had its origin in the very same Liverpool feeling on the Licensing system to which the magistrates of that town have given practical expression for several years past. As early as January 24, 1853, the Liverpool bench adopted this resolution—'That all houses for the sale of ale, beer, spirits, and wine should be exposed to free competition in trade, imposing only those restrictions which may be deemed expedient for the purpose of police regulation.' Mr. Wm. Brown, the eminent Liverpool merchant, then M.P. for South Lancashire, was a supporter of these views, and mainly by his efforts the Select Committee of 1853 was appointed. The composition of the committee gave it from the first a bias in favour of the free licensing theory; but whoever takes the trouble to read the Blue-books carefully through will perceive a radical contrariety between the evidence presented and the recommendations of the committee. Even the committee's own summary, which is ably written, and their practical suggestions at the close of their report, have scarcely anything in common; the latter having all the appearance of being pieced on to rather than of growing out of the former. But favourable as were the committee to a system of free licensing, they did not forget to insist on two conditions to its safe embodiment—viz., a special and constant inspectorship of all licensed houses, and heavy pecuniary sureties for the good conduct of the licence-holders. They considered it established by the evidence 'that it is essential that the sale of intoxicating drinks should be under strict supervision.' Whatever utility would adhere in this 'strict supervision,' there is nothing in its necessity to justify a free licensing system; and in all the pages of which the two blue-books consist, there is not a line to show why this privilege of selling intoxicating liquors should be freer than at present. The chief reason alleged is the partial conduct of licensing magistrates—a malady which cannot reasonably call for unlimited competition in the sale of intoxicating liquors. For twelve years the Evidence and Report of 1853-4 have been before the country without any attempt at legislation in the direction of free licensing, except by its Liverpool supporters, whose efforts in 1863 and 1865 were signally

signally defeated. The latter of these defeats, when Mr. Lawson moved the rejection of their Bill, was so complete as to put an end to all hope of passing any private measure on the subject. Some leading men in the House of Commons have an unconcealed leaning towards a measure which should take from the licensing magistrates their absolute discretionary power; but whatever abuses are chargeable upon the exercise of this power, neither the House nor the country will accept the alternative of releasing the drink-traffic from the restraints of this magisterial jurisdiction, without a substitute better suited to the times and more conservative of the public good.

The Licensing system may be revised—and its revision is urgently called for—but the *sine quâ non* of any such revision is the adoption of some better securities than the Liverpool theorists have offered for the diminished and not the augmented consumption of intoxicating drinks. The Committee of 1853-4 appear to have thought that a higher licence fee, proportioned to population, heavy sureties, and strict inspection, would tend to limit the sale of liquors under the system they proposed—and such we believe is the conviction of some of the estimable men who sit on the Liverpool bench. Drunkenness they think will decline under free licensing; but are they prepared to show that free licensing will diminish the number of traffickers in strong drinks, or the temptations to their common use, or the meretricious attractions, which according to the Report cited, were increased by the beershop system? Is free trade found to diminish competition or consumption, even in the articles that satisfy a natural appetite? and can it be imagined that it will exert that effect in regard to articles that tend to create a craving the more insatiable the more it is indulged? Even common drunkenness might seem to decrease, and yet the crimes consequent on drunkenness or the poverty it engenders, might be greatly on the increase. In the Report of 1854, occur these warning words: 'Your Committee do not feel it necessary to follow further the evidence upon the connection of intoxicating drinks with crime. It has directly or indirectly been the subject of inquiry at different times, and has been reported upon by numerous committees of your honourable House, who bear unvarying testimony both to the general intemperance of criminals and the increase and diminution of crime in direct ratio with the increased or diminished consumption of intoxicating drinks.' Any revision of the Licensing system claiming support on public grounds must—if the words just quoted are as weighty as we believe them to be—make good its claims to that support

port by its tendency to diminish the consumption of intoxicating liquor. The question is a public one, and must be discussed upon public grounds; not as a question between bodies of magistrates and crowds of applicants for licences which magistrates may grant or refuse at their pleasure. Whatever the partiality of the justices—their indisposition or incompetency to act justly as between applicants for licences—the traffic in strong drink concerns the whole community, and is not to be legislated upon without a paramount regard to the rights and interests of the people. Is it fit that that traffic should be encouraged or discouraged? made freer or more restricted? Is it right that the people should be excluded from all share in determining upon the dimensions and continuance of a business that affects all classes, and, indirectly at least, every family in the land? These are fundamental questions, and on the answers they receive will ultimately depend the fate of all proposals such as those entertained by the Liverpool magistrates. The state of Liverpool since they used their magisterial discretion to put their theory into operation, does not recommend the theory to general adoption; and they may yet discover to their surprise that in aiming at a limitation of the magisterial prerogative, they have assisted to gain for the people that control over the licensing system, without which it will continue the instrument of magisterial caprice, or become the blind slave of individual greed. The Liverpool theorists in attacking the lesser evil overlook the other which is by far the more momentous. Against the latter, as well as the former, the public have a right to ask all the protection the law can afford them, and it will not long be denied them when they demand it with earnestness and vigour.

Art. V.—MY HUSBAND'S PARTNER.

WHEN I was married (many years ago now), Walter Kinsman was partner with my husband in his business. They had a tanyard, and were justly considered to be thriving young men, likely to make their fortunes in good time.

The night after we reached home from our wedding tour, Mr. Kinsman was announced. I had heard so much of him that I was rather curious to make his acquaintance, and judge for myself as to his character and ability. My husband rose to receive him with much cordiality. 'Here, Catherine,' he said, taking my hand, 'this is Mr. Kinsman, of whom I have

so often spoke to you.' 'Good evening, Mrs. Fletcher; I am delighted to have the honour of making your acquaintance.' The words were simple and ordinary enough, but I glanced at the speaker as he uttered them, and disliked the face that met my sight. And yet, Walter Kinsman might almost have been called handsome; his bold black eyes, his clear dark complexion, his black curling hair, his well-formed profile, his slight athletic figure (a little under the average height of man), together with a deep masculine voice, musical and ringing in tone, were sufficient to render him admirable to most; but there was something so cynical in his handsome mouth, with its dazzling white teeth, which he showed a good deal in talking and laughing; something so uncongenial and insincere in every flattering speech he made to me, that I turned to the honest good-tempered face of my own dear husband with an added feeling of security and comfort. Perhaps few ladies would have called Charles as good-looking as Walter Kinsman; perhaps most would have criticised his heavier Saxon features; but I only know that his blue eyes, so full of truth, never seemed so welcome to me as when I contrasted them with the black, mischievous, incessantly-roving pair beside them. Mr. Kinsman stayed talking for about an hour, retailing the gossip of the place to us, and descanting on the characters, actions, and appearance of various people far more closely than I have done on his. Amongst other news, he told Charles that he had met a young lady several times, who was staying in the town, and who was, without exception, 'the sweetest little thing he had ever seen.' 'And more than that,' he added, with an oath, 'I am determined to have her.'

I had been carefully brought up, and his language shocked me. 'If I were that young lady, Mr. Kinsman,' I said, 'I should feel quite determined *not* to marry a man who would swear about me.'

'I swear?' he said, while his black eyes turned scornfully on me; 'I beg your pardon, madam, the lady I am speaking of is not a Methodist.'

'I hope all *ladies* (not only Methodists) object to oaths.' I laid an intentional stress on the word *ladies*, and he noticed it.

'I suppose, then,' he said, recovering his good temper, outwardly at least, 'Miss Morris will, for she is a complete lady, so thank you, Mrs. Fletcher, for the hint, and I must endeavour to profit by it.'

'My wife,' said Charles, smiling, 'is a very outspoken lady, but she bears no malice, Kinsman, and I hope you will understand each other all the better for this.'

Walter

Walter Kinsman assented, and rose to go. In order to bear out my husband's words, that I bore no malice, I cordially seconded the invitation Charles gave him to stay to supper; and over the parting glass of grog, Walter Kinsman, who was more quickly excited by alcohol than any other person I ever met with, became positively brilliant, laughed, joked, told tales, talked wittily, and when he once more offended in his language, begged my pardon with such charming humility, that I could scarcely suppress a smile. And then he rose to go with his handsome Spanish face, flushed into a deep glow on either cheek, and as he shook hands with me, said softly, 'Good night, Mrs. Fletcher; I shall put myself into your hands for education, and you will soon make me what I want to be just now, an attractive, wise, sober, gentlemanly companion for a lady.'

'You expect great things of me, Mr. Kinsman,' I answered; 'good night.'

'What do you think of him, Catherine?' said Charles, when he returned to the parlour from parting with his friend.

'I hardly know yet, Charlie,' I said, putting my hand in his, and giving it a tight squeeze; 'I think I should not like to be his wife.'

'Then you don't like him, dear?' There was a little disappointment in my husband's voice, so I hastened to answer:

'I don't know him half enough to judge, Charlie, but he seems very agreeable.' This answer did not satisfy Charles.

'Well, then, I will be honest; I don't think I shall ever *trust* Mr. Kinsman; he seems like a highly polished stone, cold, shining, brilliant, cutting.'

'And yet how well he bore your reproof. By the by, Catherine, it was rather a daring thing of you on so short an acquaintance.'

'You should have broken him of it before, dear husband, and then I need not have so employed myself.'

'I *have* tried once or twice,' replied Charles, 'but it will have a great deal more effect coming from a lady and a stranger.'

'At all events we must not allow swearing amongst our guests, Charlie. It is a most dreadful habit, and a terribly common one amongst young men.'

That was all we said that night about Mr. Kinsman. He was nearly out of my thoughts by the afternoon of the next day, when I sat at the open window of my pretty drawing-room, with a book in my hand, looking at some of my new neighbours as they walked up and down the street, and occasionally turning over a new leaf literally, not metaphorically.

cally. Presently, a couple on horseback attracted my notice. I looked first at the lady, who rode well on a handsome bay horse; she was young, very young apparently, and her light brown hair hung in graceful curls on her shoulders. She appeared to be of middle height, judging from her present exalted position, and under her hat I could see the fair complexion and pink cheeks of a sweet face. She wore a white feather in her hat, and a very dark blue riding habit; her rich silver-mounted whip, her small gloved hand, the handsome harness of her steed, all bespoke the lady of fortune, and I turned to look at her escort; to my great surprise, it was my husband's partner, Walter Kinsman. He looked up to the window, smiled, and bowed politely; then, turning to his fair companion, he seemed to explain this proceeding, and they rode on together up the hill.

That evening we were invited out, and amongst the company were Mr. Kinsman, his sisters, and Miss Morris. I was as much pleased with her as I had expected to be. She appeared simple, gentle, trustful, and affectionate. Her soft eyes of greyish blue were dovelike and beautiful. She was a woman to be worn as the chief ornament of a loving man's life. Was Walter Kinsman good and kind enough for this? Yet she seemed well pleased with him, and love likes contrasts; so I thought, as she sang a duet with him, her clear treble in harmony with his rich bass; and perhaps the haughty self-complacency of the man may be softened and humbled by the subduing holy influence of a true love.

We did not see much of Walter Kinsman for some weeks, excepting one evening which both he and Louie Morris spent at our house; but when she had returned home he took to coming in often in the evenings, finding in us more sympathetic and willing listeners to his love rhapsodies than at home. And I fancied my predictions were becoming verified, that he was more genial, more benevolent, less critical, since he had become so happy; for Louie Morris was now his affianced bride. It was at this time that I gained particulars of her history. She was the only child of a respectable and well-to-do farmer, who had been dead about two years; her fortune was considerable for those days, and in her father's will it had been expressly stated as his wish that her money, at her marriage, should be all settled upon herself.

'I am so annoyed, Mrs. Fletcher, it seems as if I had been too easy lately, and too happy, but the tables are turned for me now.'

It was Walter Kinsman who spoke, and it was now some months since his engagement. My husband had gone out of town,

town, so he had that evening brought in the keys of the office and yard, which were always left at our house.

'What is the matter now, Mr. Kinsman?'

I looked up at him, and saw a black frown on his brow; he was looking rather fierce, and his eyes flashed angrily.

'Matter enough, Mrs. Fletcher; I think a woman might be contented with having had one husband. Here's Louie's mother going to get married again.'

'Louie's mother! Mrs. Morris?' I queried in my astonishment.

'Yes; and the wedding is to come off in a few weeks. 'T won't add to Louie's happiness, I'll be bound; but I would have her all to myself in no time if it wasn't for that plaguey settlement. Louie can be a little obstinate, Mrs. Fletcher (I don't mind telling *you* so), and we've not been quite good friends about her money. I can't bear to see a girl holding her own, apart from her husband; not that I want her money, not a farthing of it. I don't care a fig for the whole sum, interest and all, but I *do* care for her confidence; and if she can't trust me with her money, she can't trust me with herself, that's all.'

I let Walter Kinsman talk on in his impetuosity, knowing or supposing his anger would be soon spent, and then I put in a word:—

'But she thinks she obeys her father most by strictly following his advice, Mr. Kinsman.'

Walter Kinsman only checked himself in the utterance of some improper expression, by a violent effort, and looked gloomily about him.

'I wish you took my part, Mrs. Fletcher, and would persuade Louie,' he said at last; 'she thinks a great deal of what you say.'

'I must counsel her to do what she felt to be right, Mr. Kinsman, whether it agreed with your wishes or not; that is the only way we can possibly decide, if we are Christians.'

'Christians!' he muttered, 'Christians? Well, good night, Mrs. Fletcher; Louie is coming to stay with us in a month or two after this abominable wedding affair is over, and I hope you will do your best for me.'

This I readily promised, and, with a few parting words, Walter Kinsman left.

Nearly three months had passed away since this conversation. Louie Morris had now been in the town some weeks, but I had not yet seen her, for the time had been an eventful one to us. Our little son was born, and the new feelings of joy and happiness we had experienced almost shut out from my mind

mind the lovers' quarrel in which I had undertaken to be peacemaker.

But when I was sitting up again, and Charlie told me that Miss Morris had called two or three times to inquire for me, I begged him to invite her to see me on the next visit, as I particularly wished to talk with her. I had only to wait a few days; I was in an easy chair one afternoon by the nursery fire, with baby in my arms, when a low tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Miss Morris.

'How are you, dear Mrs. Fletcher?' she said, coming behind me and stooping over the back of my chair to kiss me. Her voice was so different in tone, so sad and plaintive, that I should hardly have recognised it.

'I am very well, thank you, Louie; come round and look at baby.'

She did so slowly, almost reluctantly, and I saw her eyes were full of tears.

'Why, what is the matter, Louie?'

She only cried on for some minutes, and then said, 'I am so miserable, Mrs. Fletcher; I feel ready to kill myself.'

'Hush! hush! Louie, what is it all about? Come, do tell me.'

'Oh! Walter and I have had a dreadful quarrel, Mrs. Fletcher; he says he won't marry any woman who is afraid of his robbing her, and I tell him I'm not afraid of that, but I wish to do what poor papa would have liked.'

'You are in a great strait, I think, dear,' I said; 'but cheer up, better days are dawning. Walter really loves you.'

'Do you think he does, Mrs. Fletcher?'

'Of course I do; and you really love Walter?'

'You are right there, Mrs. Fletcher,' with another sob and squeeze of her little hands tight together.

'Well, when two people really love each other, and are willing to make up a quarrel again, it only remains for each to give way a little. Suppose you only have part of the money settled, and get Mr. Kinsman to agree to it.'

'I can't; it must be all. He says he doesn't want part of my trust, and I say papa wished all to be settled.'

It was a silly quarrel, and I told her so. I advised her to give way a little, and see if she could not win back Walter's good temper; but, as they were both strong-willed and determined, I feared mischief would ensue. I could only try to change the subject by talking about my boy, and getting her to feel an interest in him. She was fond of children, and would come in very often to nurse and play with baby Charlie.

When

When she returned home the breach had been healed, or rather patched over, and the settlement of the question deferred till the wedding was nearer. Meanwhile, Mr. Woodley, to whom Mrs. Morris had been married, was not a pleasant man, or a kind stepfather to Louie; he was jealous of her position and her money; and, failing to manage her father's farm, gave it up about a year after his marriage and came into the town to live, taking a large shop and commencing the business of a grocer. But his idle, drinking habits brought him no custom, and soon his wife's fortune was considerably lessened, and they sunk rapidly together; Mrs. Woodley also, occasionally, giving way to indulgence in strong drink. It was perfectly natural that Louie should long for another home, and only strange that Walter Kinsman seemed in no hurry to place her in one; but between them there arose a golden spectre, which threw dark shadows on them both.

'When are you going to get married, Kinsman?' asked my husband of his partner.

'When Louie will give in, Fletcher.'

'But, don't you think, Kinsman, the girl is about right? You see what an example she has before her eyes. Her stepfather has well nigh ruined her mother.'

'And you think I should do the same for her? I am much obliged to you, old fellow.'

'Not at all, Kinsman. You mistake me; but I think it is enough to make her more persuaded that she is right.'

In this uncomfortable manner affairs went on. Walter Kinsman's temper grew violent and irascible, he used hard language to Louie, and she spoke bitterly and reproachfully to him.

Near the town where we lived was a beautiful walk for a mile or two by the side of a rocky river. Here it was they (and many other happy pairs of lovers) had frequently loved to linger, and here it was they separated. The oak tree, gnarled and ancient and half decayed, that had heard for hundreds of years the false and true vows whispered with alike apparent truthfulness beneath its shade; the murmuring river that had for generations echoed the sweet voice of woman; the ivy-covered rustic bridge over which so many had crossed, in words and hopes at least, from single to married life, whilst they but spanned the river; all these were witnesses of that bitter, never to be forgotten moment in the lives of Walter Kinsman and Louie Morris. They went together, they returned alone. Joy and happiness, though shaded, had walked out with them; but they left these gay spirits by the river

river side, and at night a black figure of despair stood close to each.

'Never to be reconciled again; remember that, Walter. I can never believe you love me now.'

'It is my greatest misfortune that I ever did love a woman in whose scales a purse would weigh me down.'

These were not pleasant words to listen to from lips that had once met in the loving kiss of a strong affection, yet these were the last they ever spoke to each other. Louie returned broken-hearted to her quarrelsome, unpeaceful home. Walter Kinsman stayed walking about restlessly all night in scenes that had once been fair and delightful to him, but now were for ever marred; night hung her dark mantle over his outward form, a fit type of the utter misery that reigned within; for he had loved Louie more fondly than it was possible to have thought his cold nature would have done, and it had for awhile melted his cynicism; now, that his love was turned back upon himself, to make him only more bitter, and severe, and satirical than ever.

I know that my husband must have had much to endure from his partner just then, but his heart was so good, and kind, and true, that he bore most patiently the suspicious words and black looks of Walter Kinsman, and pitied, instead of blaming, him. Three or four months slowly passed since the engagement had been broken off. I saw little of either Walter or Louie. Perhaps they dreaded meeting at our house, knowing that it was open to both of them. I think, too, that Walter Kinsman could hardly bear the sweetness of the intercourse existing between Charlie and myself, for he often grew suddenly more gloomy and morose whilst he sat with us; and to Louie the sight of me in my nursery, amongst my two happy little children, naturally brought many a bitter pang. I saw her one day straining my baby to her breast with an expression almost awful in her young face—so hopeless, and so wretched. After that visit I forbore to ask her into that room, and we talked painfully and constrainedly in the parlours. Once I ventured to mention Louie's name to Walter Kinsman, for I knew the young girl was secretly miserable; but he would not listen to me. He stood up quivering, and pale with excitement: 'Mrs. Fletcher, if we are still to be friends, I forbid you ever to mention the name of that heartless young coquette, on whom I wasted the strong love of a man's heart and soul, which she did not value.' Then he left the room abruptly, and did not enter it again for weeks. But I heard through our friends that he and Louie were both quite recovering their spirits. She was gayer and brighter

brighter than ever, and had danced and sung at this and that party; and he had begun a flirtation with a young lady in the neighbourhood, and appeared likely to succeed in winning her. It was a new and painful idea to me thus to cast off the strong affection of a life, and to feed the poor breaking heart upon husks; but I soon learned, from sad experience, to what cause to attribute the gay spirits of Louie Morris. It was a dull afternoon in winter, just before tea-time, when I was summoned to the drawing room to see her; she jumped from her seat as I entered, and embraced me rather roughly, I thought, compared to her usual gentle, almost timid, caress.

'Dear Mrs. Fletcher,' she said, speaking loudly, 'I have come to take your house by storm. I am going to a party to-night; it will be a delightful time, only I could not get dressed properly at home, for mamma is, well —, I must not say it, you know, but she and the bottle are gone to sleep together; and as for her husband, he is out as usual, and I expect by this time drunk; and I wanted some one to advise me a little to-night. I wish mamma had kept awake till I left her. The servant is bringing a box for me; I hope you will not think me very rude.'

I felt annoyed, and was about to make a womanly answer, showing the disgust I felt at this revelation, but the chord of pity was happily touched, and I answered kindly, 'This way, Louie,' and led her to our spare bedroom. 'You seem too excited to-night, Miss Morris,' I added, as I followed her in, and shut the door.

'I will be honest, Mrs. Fletcher, with you, though no one else knows,' she replied. 'I have found out that wine will put me in capital spirits, and I *can't* stay at home mourning over the past; I should go mad. Mother often advises a little of her drink, but I don't like that much yet.' She saw my horrified look, and added, 'Oh! Mrs. Fletcher, if you had known what I have gone through you would pity me, and not look so angry. Wine has saved me from madness. I look upon it as my only friend, except mamma and you.'

'I should not blame you, Louie,' I replied, 'for taking a little when it is really needed, for of course wine is a most useful medicine [so I then thought]; but it does seem dreadful to go to a party and raise your spirits for the evening by drinking.'

'I have other news for you, Mrs. Fletcher, which you will disapprove of, I suppose; but I may as well tell you, I am going to be married.'

'Not to Wal——,' I began, but Louie shook my arm.

'Hush! hush! I *can't* bear his name.' She sat on a low chair,

chair, and wept hysterically. It was my turn to soothe, and she soon rallied. 'No, Mrs. Fletcher; I am to be married to a gentleman of good property, who lives at Clareport;' she named a large town about thirty miles distant, 'and it will be *so* good to get off from this dreadful place.' She shuddered.

'But, Louie,' I asked, 'do you *love* this gentleman? for without love, dear, there can be no true happiness in marriage.'

'I don't expect happiness,' she replied evasively; 'I shall be thankful for peace only.'

'Peace, Louie? We can only be peaceful when we do rightly. Is it right to marry a man and not give him your heart?'

'He seems very contented,' she answered, 'and is very kind to me.'

'But will he be so long if his wife does not love him?'

'You are cruel, Mrs. Fletcher; would you rather have me mad?'

I did not answer these passionate words, and Louie presently started up; 'I must make haste, or I shall not be in time. Mr. Hale expects to meet me to-night.'

I sat where Louie Morris had sat, and watched her attire herself before the glass, rendering the little aids one woman can to another. The box had already arrived, and she drew out the pretty white muslin robe and trimmings, and jewellery, and I wondered not at Mr. Hale's kindness and contentment when I saw her arrayed. The false lustre of her eyes, the brilliant hue of her cheeks, the ready witty answer of her tongue, for which she thanked the poison cup of wine, were sufficient to satisfy many men; and I could also imagine, that when Mr. Hale led her down the room, it would blight the pride as well as blanch the cheek of Walter Kinsman, to see and think of her as belonging to another.

Yet the modest tender sweetness of her youth was gone. She was a proud woman now, false to the purity of her nature and her own heart. Yet why should I judge her? Is not her history, like the history of all our erring sisters, more cause for womanly compassion than censorious judgment? How know we that, similarly tempted, we might have stood the storm more bravely? Let our indignation, our anger, be hurled against strong drink, that enemy of all things 'pure, and lovely, and honest, and of good report,' without which Louie Morris would never have fallen so low. In less than a month afterwards the wedding took place. Louie brought Mr. Hale to see me, when she bade me good bye. He was considerably older than herself, a kindly, self-possessed man, who

who probably, as a rule, contented himself with the surface of things, and dived but small distance below, but he seemed fond and proud of his betrothed bride, and very anxious to please her. His was not a nature to pour oil and wine into heart wounds, but he would never willingly offend or disturb the outside comfort of his wife. It was a better match than could have been expected, and he was too good a man to be married without love. *Too good,* I say advisedly, for there are a few male flirts who only deserve loveless wives and joyless homes.

Walter Kinsman took no notice to Charlie or myself of Louie's marriage. His time was chiefly passed out of our circle now, and it was whispered that he was a too frequent visitor at the public-houses. After a while, his growing inattention to business made it necessary that my husband should request a dissolution of partnership, as the habits and character of Walter Kinsman were bringing disrepute upon the firm, and it was undesirable that my husband's partner should be a man whom he could not allow to associate freely with his wife and family. A dreadful disturbance ensued, as I felt sure it would. Walter Kinsman abused my husband, swore at him, and threatened him, but Charles was as firm as he was kind when right and justice were at stake, and he pointed out to his partner, clearly and plainly, the loss of confidence in them which was daily becoming apparent, both from their customers and the firms with which they dealt. For some weeks Walter Kinsman obstinately refused to withdraw, and when at last he did so, it was with unkind words upon his lips, and a bitter feeling of enmity in his heart against my husband. So it came to pass that the friendly intercourse which had existed between us was entirely cut off, and the remaining facts of his history I only obtained from others. He possessed a small income inherited from his father, and with this and the capital withdrawn from the tanyard, he determined to get more for the satisfying of his naturally ambitious nature. He departed from the town with a wife whom he had married out of spite soon after Louie's marriage to Mr. Hale, a woman of low, degraded mind and manners, who could only be a companion to him in his worst pursuits, and of whom he had boasted to Charles that he married 'her to save the expense of a housekeeper.'

'But you will find that a wife justly expects many things a mere housekeeper would not,' said Charles, smiling.

'My wife needs not expect more, but less,' he answered savagely.

The pair went abroad, and in German watering-places and French

French cities, carried on a system of gambling that would have imprisoned or transported them in England. Two wretched children were born to be the companions of their parents in evil-doing. Has death met them there? and when he advanced, not as a white winged angel of hope, but as a black shrouded spectre of terror and despair, did conscience whisper to Walter Kinsman, the once gay, handsome, clever man, the once beloved object of a fond woman's heart, that life had been wasted, eternity darkened, and God dishonoured through his unbending pride?

I must return to the fate of poor Louie Hale. It was not long before her husband discovered the secret sin to which his wife was addicted, not long before he found her drunk, not long before he heard her confess in times of half-stupefied intoxication, her love for Walter Kinsman, and her carelessness in regard to himself. A more passionate man would have been excited to jealousy; a less kind man might have left her to herself; but he gravely reasoned with her in her sober senses, and tried to implant the love that had never existed in her heart for him. She was not thus to be won. Not even when innocent babyhood nestled in her bosom did the old tenderness revive. She never loved her children with more than mere animal affection, hardly with that. Once, when he brought her over to see her friends with their eldest child, a fine little boy of five years, Mr. and Mrs. Hale called upon us. It was pitiful to see the change in the man's honest face, as he looked at Louie, no longer with the kind, loving glance of old times, but sadly, as if he had never received and now did not expect consideration from her; and when I praised the boy to Louie and expected her words of interest about him, it was Mr. Hale who spoke. 'He is a very dear child, Mrs. Fletcher; but I don't think my wife is very proud of him.'

'I never did care about children,' said Mrs. Hale, and turned the subject.

Another five years passed, and Louie Hale had left her husband's home to become an abandoned wanderer in the streets of Clareport. The disappointed Mr. Hale, unable to bear the disgrace in his native town, sold his business at a great sacrifice, and went to live in London in seclusion, leaving a friend to dispense a weekly sum to his wife, which she generally sent a companion to receive. For a while Louie lived in guilty splendour, then she sank lower and lower, through every step of her downward path carrying in her tight embrace the instrument of her ruin—the bottle—till she came to a neglected death-bed, in a lonely garret, and a dishonoured grave.

Do

Do you wonder that whenever I think about my husband's partner and the sad love-story between himself and Louie Morris, I feel I can never do too much to root out the drinking customs from my country? Self-reproach lends me zeal. If I had only warned that young girl more earnestly against wine, if I had only known that it was wrong to take any, how much good I might have done to her. Oh! my sisters, you who understand these matters as I do now, on whom the glorious light of the great temperance reformation has shone, take heed that you use the influence it gives you to the well-being of your fellow-creatures and the glory of your God. There is no enemy so dangerous to a weak, a sorrowing, or a tempted woman as strong drink; no means so well adapted to bring her away from the path of holiness and purity, and lead her to the habitations of darkness and misery and death.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, 1865.

THE ninth, or 'Sheffield,' Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, was opened on Wednesday, the 4th, and closed on Wednesday, the 11th of October. The Presidential Address, delivered by the Right Hon. Lord Brougham, ranged, as usual, over a universe of topics; not forgetting the Co-operative Movement, which his lordship reported to be still progressing at a rate limited, indeed, by the increased vigour of the rules agreed to, and the arrangements enforced with the view to profit, but therefore limited not altogether without advantage. His lordship remarked that the strong recommendations given at York to employ co-operation in agriculture, and the signal success of Mr. Gordon's experiments in Suffolk, had had their effect in Ireland, where, on the Vandaleur property, no doubt equal success would have followed, but for the unfortunate insolvency of the landlord. As far as it went, nothing could be more satisfactory. Mr. Craig, its able superintendent, had stated that when the co-operation had been continued some time, the greatest improvement had taken place, both in the comfort and the moral condition of the inhabitants, who had in the first instance felt very hostile, and had even carried their opposition to the length of actual breach of the peace. His lordship added, with justice, that the cause of co-operation in all its branches owed almost everything to Mr. Henry Pitman, whose constant exertions and self-sacrifice could not be too gratefully acknowledged by all co-operative societies, and who required their efforts to aid him in his great work, the conduct of 'The Co-operator.' Nothing could be more gratifying in all respects than the spread and success of co-operation, both as regarded the comfort and the improvement of the people; and if the middle classes had gained much, the working classes had had a larger share of the benefit. It must ever be kept in mind that the primary object of co-operation was self-help—the enabling the working man to obtain his goods of the best quality, and at the lowest price, to gain his fair wages, and to secure his share in the profits arising from his labour. The poor man's gains were as far as possible to be employed in the education of his children, and his own improvement. In this he might be assisted by his wealthier neighbours in providing for his relaxation and social intercourse during the hours of his rest. The want of room in his house often obliged him to attend a club; therefore the best assistance that could be rendered him was to facilitate the forming of clubs, which, among other advantages, had the great merit of coming in competition with the alehouse.

Sir R. J. Phillimore, D.C.L., President of the Department of Jurisprudence and the Amendment of the Law, opened the general business of that section by reading a paper on the Codification of the Laws of this Country. The

The Education Department was presided over by Thos. Chambers, Esq., Q.C., M.P., nominated to that function in the unavoidable absence of the Dean of Chichester, who was the President-elect.

In the Public Health Department, Dr. Edwin Lankester, M.D., F.R.S., the President, in the course of his opening address, spoke of the power and value of water. Without water, he said very truly, no chemical change can take place in a living body. A large number of animals have their existence determined by water. Water enters into the composition of all organic beings. A man weighing 154lbs. contains 111lbs. of water in his tissues, and the oxygen that vitalises these is conveyed by water. The starch, the fat, the protein necessary to the existence of animals, are all digested, absorbed, and conveyed to the tissues by water. These substances, through whose chemical change life is possible, are decomposed in the presence of water; and it is by the same vehicle that the products of this decomposition are carried off. All the higher animals drink water for this very purpose, and the adult human being, on an average, in one form or another, drinks from 70 to 80 ounces of water a day. Water is the most potent of chemical agents; its solvent powers are equal to those of aquafortis or oil of vitriol, and it associates itself in nature with a vast variety of compounds with which it comes into contact in the external world. It dissolves both organic and inorganic matters; hence it may become so contaminated as to be unfitted for the purposes of life. From the inorganic world it may take up the salts of lime, iron, lead, and other compounds, in such quantities that when received into the human body, it is not only unfit for healthy life, but it may become the source of immediate disease or death. Like the air, it may become the medium of introducing those definite organic poisons, which, kindling similar poisons in the living system, are at once the source of disease to others, and the death of the individual suffering from their action. Hence the inquiries of the Department embraced the means of supplying to every individual a sufficient quantity of pure water for his healthy existence. But water had other than this fundamental relation to the life of man. Man is a washing, cooking, and manufacturing animal; and wherever water is used in these relations, so as to affect his health, the question raised is one that belongs to the Department of Public Health.

With reference to 'nervous stimulants,' Dr. Lankester said, the extent to which substances that addressed the nervous system might be taken with impunity was a question occupying the attention of some of our most distinguished physiologists; and whilst at the present moment science could not be said to have pronounced on the question, there was no doubt of the fact that one of the most terrible scourges of the human race was the tendency to indulge 'to excess' in drinking alcoholic beverages. The vices of tobacco smoking, chewing, and snuffing, with opium and hemp eating, exerted but little evil as compared with the terrible vice of drunkenness. There were many there, Dr. Lankester said, who would feel that the interdiction of these beverages was not the sound conclusion of social science. Dr. Lankester did not add, as he might have done with truth, that not a few felt that it was. But all, he said, must acknowledge the value, in a scientific point of view, of the large body of facts which had been presented by total abstainers from alcohol, who had thus demonstrated that the consumption of fermented liquors is not necessary for the maintenance of health or strength.

In the Department of Economy and Trade, Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B., was President, and delivered a very interesting address on the Loss of Life and Property by Shipwrecks. The greater portion of this loss is preventible, and much of it would be precluded, but for the premium on carelessness and inefficiency held out by the system of insurance.

Coming now to the subsequent business of the Departments, and reverting to Department First, we note that a division was made here into three main sections, International Law, Municipal Law, and the Repression of Crime: and that in consequence of the large number of papers read, sub-sections were formed to discuss the Patent Law, the Licensing System, and other special questions. In the International Law Section, the question was discussed, 'Is it desirable to establish a uniform law of freight? and if so, on what principles?' A draft *projet de loi* with respect to freight, prepared by Messrs. Theodore Engels and Edward Van Pebarch, representing the Belgian Government at the York Congress, was considered, amended, and so carried. In the Municipal Law Section, three special

special questions were placed for discussion:—(1.) Upon what principle should the Bankrupt Law of England be amended? (2.) Is it expedient to remove any and what of the remaining restrictions on the admissibility of evidence in civil and criminal cases? (3.) Upon what principle should local courts be constituted with reference to extent of jurisdiction and system of procedure? The first of these questions was mooted by George Moffatt, Esq., M.P., chairman of the Select Parliamentary Committee on Bankruptcy Law. The discussion on his paper filled up the day, and was shared in by Lord Brougham Mr. Hadfield, M.P., Mr. Hawes, Dr. Pankhurst, Mr. Cox (Recorder of Falmouth), and others, by whom great variety of view was manifested. The second question was opened up in a paper read by Alfred Waddilove, D.C.L., and was discussed in conjunction with another introduced by Mr. G. J. Holyoake, on Excluded Evidence. The third question was introduced in a paper by Mr. A. J. Williams. Mr. H. J. Leppoc and Mr. James Hall afterwards read papers on Tribunals of Commerce, and Mr. Notley one on Bankrupt Law Amendment; which topics were all discussed together. Amongst other matters treated of were the enabling of Parliamentary electors voluntarily to withdraw their names from the local registry, and form unanimous constituencies, as discoursed upon by Mr. Thomas Hare; a plurality of votes, by Mr. Macfie; the affiliation of illegitimate children, by Mr. John Guest; the necessity for the inviolate preservation of trial by jury of all questions of fact involving the status of the subject, by Miss Sheddon; and the abolition of capital punishment, by Mr. William Tallack, who read a paper on the practical results of the total or partial abolition of death-punishment in various countries, founded on most recent and authentic information.

In the third section of the Department of Jurisprudence, the Rev. W. L. Clay and Mr. T. B. L. Baker read papers on the first special question previously laid out, regarding the desirability of establishing reformatories for adult criminals. Mr. Frederick Hill and Mr. Baker furnished papers on the second special question, 'Does the present administration of the Poor-law create any obstacles to the reform of criminals and the repression of crime; and, if so, how could such obstacles be removed?' Mr. F. Hill, Captain Cartwright, Mr. Grindley, Mr. A. O. Charles, and Mr. Hastings joined in discussion on this topic. Mr. Murray Brown and Mr. Baker contributed papers on the third special question, 'What means is it desirable to adopt to prevent the passing of sentences inadequate to the proper repression of crime?' This matter, too, was discussed largely. Amongst the other papers read was one by Miss Carpenter, on the Consolidation of the Reformatory Schools' Acts, and also of the Industrial Schools' Acts.s

In the second, or Educational Department also, three special questions came up for discussion:—(1.) What better provision ought to be made for the education of girls of the upper and middle classes? (2.) What further regulations of the labour of children are required to promote their education? (3.) Does or does not the present mode of Government payment for particular subjects promote the efficiency of education in primary schools? The first of these was opened in a paper written by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, followed by others by Miss D. Beale and Miss M. Wolstenholme. The discussion which ensued seemed to end in affirming that girls should be admitted to the University local examinations; that certificates of competency should be granted to such as purposed to become teachers; that endowed schools for girls should be founded throughout the country; and that there should be a greater assimilation of the girls' course of instruction to that of boys, and an examination by public examiners. On the second special question papers were put in by Mr. Tuffnell, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Craig. Mr. Wilson sought to show the inapplicability of protective legislation to the juvenile labour of Sheffield, but was stoutly combated by Professor Hancock, Mr. E. Chadwick, and others. At the end of the discussion, the Department unanimously agreed to recommend to the Standing Committee of the Association:—(1.) That the most practicable way of carrying out the recommendations of the Children's Employment Commissioners would be to enable the Privy Council to extend the factory legislation to different trades where women and young persons are employed, with such appropriate regulations as may be suited to each trade. (2.) That the rate of mortality in every trade, where there is alleged excessive mortality, should be calculated for each large town and district by the Registrar-General, and published. The Rev. G. H. Fagan read a paper on Rural Schools, and Mr.

Mr. John Paton another on the teachers' view of payment by results; and there was a concurrence of opinion that the Revised Code was injurious, as tending to impair the education of the working classes, in discouraging all its branches except mere reading, writing, and arithmetic. The claims of ragged schools on Government for pecuniary aid, without the enforcement of the educational tests of the Revised Code, occupied the Education Department a whole day. Miss Carpenter, in an interesting paper, contended that one-half of the cost of ragged schools should be cheerfully, because it would be profitably, borne by the State; but this view was combated by the Rev. W. L. Clay, on the ground that it would be unjust for the State to afford advantages to the semi-criminal which it did not give to the honest and industrious; that ragged schools induced parents to evade responsibilities; and that Government ought to compel school attendance in the case of unemployed children. Mr. E. Brotherton, of Manchester, explained the excellent method of the Manchester Education Aid Society, which pays school fees for children of families not earning more than 3s. per head per week, but finds that one-third of the eligible class decline the proffered aid through sheer apathy. After a discussion, it was unanimously agreed 'That this section, being convinced of the existence of a large and growing number of children who are unable, from very varied reasons, to enter any schools at present existing, and who are, therefore, constantly increasing the pauper and criminal classes of the community, would earnestly request the Council of the Association to press upon the Government the need of full inquiry being made into the extent of this class and their circumstances, and also of the amount of pecuniary aid needed to give efficiency to such schools as are intended to meet the wants of those for whom no provision is at present made by any of the educational appliances receiving Government help, and of prompt action being taken in accordance with the conditions thus ascertained.'

In the third Department, also, that of Health,—three special questions, according to programme, were submitted for discussion:—(1.) In what way can the unnecessary exposure of workmen to dangers of life or health be best avoided, especially in collieries, mines, and manufactories? (2.) What are the best means of preventing the spread of contagious diseases? (3.) To what extent can the contamination of air in towns be diminished? Amongst the papers read were those by Mr. P. H. Holland (who opened the first special question), Dr. Lankester (who opened the second), and Dr. Angus Smith and Dr. Stevenson Mc. Adam (who read papers on the third); by Dr. J. C. Hall, on the effect of certain Sheffield trades on life and health; by Mr. W. P. Maddison, on the prevention of colliery accidents; by Dr. O'Callaghan, Mr. H. Jackson, and Dr. G. Milroy, on cholera; by Professor Gamgee, on the cattle disease; by the Rev. H. Moule, on dry surface earth as a deodorizer, and on the removal of excrementitious matter; by Rev. W. H. Channing, on operations of the United States Sanitary Commission; on death-rates of rural and urban districts contrasted, by Alderman G. L. Saunders, of Sheffield; on the Local Government Act of 1858, by Mr. J. Jones; on infanticide, by Mrs. M. A. Baines; on the danger of deterioration of race from the too rapid increase of great cities, by Dr. J. C. Morgan; and on the moral treatment of insanity, by Mr. J. A. Blake, M.P. The discussion on the cattle murrain was particularly lively.

Three special questions were prescribed, also, for the fourth, or Economy and Trade, Department:—(1.) What are the best means of establishing a system of authoritative arbitration between employers and employed in cases of strikes and lock-outs? (2.) Can the principles of co-operation be profitably applied to production; and, if so, under what conditions? (3.) Is it desirable to consolidate the existing railways of the United Kingdom into one system under Government control? On the first question, no formal resolutions were passed; but the most approved opinion seemed to be against the possibility of establishing any authoritative arbitration between employers and employed. On the second, a long discussion followed the reading of a paper by Mr. J. G. Holyoake, on the New Partnership of Industry; Rev. H. Solly, Rev. S. A. Steinthal, Mr. E. O. Greening, Mr. T. Webster, Q.C., and others took part in this. On the third special question, papers were supplied by Mr. Edwin Hill and Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, and much discussion ensued. Amongst other papers read in this section, were those on the game laws, by Mr. G. Hope; on road locomotives, by Mr. T. Aveling; on working men's clubs, by the Rev. H. Solly; on municipal savings' banks, by Mr. J. Raynor;

Rayner; on the evil effects of the modern system of usury, by Mr. G. Hurst; on benefit societies, by Mr. H. W. Ibbotson; on chambers of commerce, by Mr. P. R. Rathbone; and on free trade and customs and excise duties, by Mr. C. E. Macqueen, of the Financial Reform Association.

If our summary of the Congress ended here, it might be supposed that the liquor-traffic question received no attention from the Congress at Sheffield; and this would be a very erroneous supposition. Six papers bore directly on this question. The Rev. T. Hutton, of Stilton, had one on 'Some Prison Statistics, with Notes and Observations on the Causes of Crime.' Mr. Councillor Tatham, of Leeds, had another on 'Local Taxation, its Causes, and Suggested Means for its Diminution.' The Rev. Dawson Burns supplied a paper on 'The Licensing System and the Permissive Veto;' and the Rev. T. Hutton another on 'The Licensing System.' There were, moreover, two papers by Dr. Martin, of Warrington, on 'The Amendment of the Licensing System,' and the Sunday Closing of Public-houses.' Of the six, the first was read in the Repression of Crime Section of the Jurisprudence Department. The second was discussed in the Department of Economy and Trade. For the remainder, a special section was provided, over which E. Chadwick, Esq., C.B., presided. The Rev. D. Burns's paper on the Permissive Veto was read for him by Mr. J. H. Raper; and the Rev. Mr. Hutton's second paper by the Rev. S. A. Steinthal. After Dr. Martin had read his on the Amendment of the Licensing System, a discussion was joined in by the Rev. H. Solly, of London; Mr. Teulon, J.P., of London; Mr. J. W. Clegg, of Sheffield; Mr. E. Chadwick; Rev. S. A. Steinthal, of Manchester; Rev. Dr. Gale, of Treborough; Mr. J. H. Raper, of Manchester; Rev. J. Clark, of Salford; Mr. E. Whitwell, of Kendal; and Dr. Martin, of Warrington. Lord Brougham was present during part of the time.

The evils of the drinking customs were of necessity made prominent in all the discussions affecting the masses of the people. In the second and third Departments, and in the Repression of Crime Section of the first, repeated references were made to them, and openings as they occurred were availed of by Mr. Smith (of Sheffield), Rev. J. Clark, Mr. E. O. Greening, and others. A great public meeting, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, was held on Monday evening, October 9th, in the Temperance Hall at Sheffield, and was largely and respectably attended. Mr. G. W. Hastings, the general secretary of the Social Science Association, was voted into the chair, and speeches were delivered by him and others, including the Rev. S. A. Steinthal, Dr. F. R. Lees, Mr. Whitwell, Rev. Dr. Gale, Mr. J. H. Raper, and Miss Carpenter. This excellent lady's address was listened to with almost breathless interest, partly because the opportunity of hearing her on such an occasion has very seldom been afforded, but chiefly because of the weight attaching to the conclusions of so observant, so painstaking, and so conscientious a philanthropist. She said:—

'I have come to Sheffield to endeavour to excite the association to urge upon the Government more provision for the education of the miserable children who swarm about in my city of Bristol, needy, naked, miserable, dirty, ragged children. They swarm also in Manchester and Liverpool, and I have no doubt that you have them also in Sheffield. I have come earnestly to entreat the association to endeavour to do something for the education of these children. I have been working now for more than nineteen years for these children—(loud cheers)—and I have felt myself more glad than I can express when I have seen some of them brought up to be respectable members of society. (Cheers.) Why were these children brought into a position in which they required to be taken into ragged schools? I have in my mind five children whom I saw fifteen years ago in that wretched state. Why were they so? Was it because their father could not get any work? or because he was so low and ignorant, or because he had a bad wife that would not endeavour to do her duty? I went to visit them; and there was not a single article of furniture in their house—not a chair to sit upon, or a table upon which to place any meat. Why was this? It was because the father, who was a clever tradesman, and could make good wages, was a drunkard. (Hear, hear.) It has been said by some that if the fathers are bad it is wrong to encourage them by educating the children. That is not my doctrine. I think if the fathers and mothers are bad, we have a double interest in trying to help the poor children. (Cheers.) It is a fact that if temperance were more prevalent in our midst, working men and women

women would strive to abstain themselves from intoxication; and if they were to do more to endeavour to spread temperance around them—if they were to try with one voice to get this Permissive Bill through Parliament—(loud cheers)—I believe there would be no need for these ragged schools. (Cheers.) I will only add this small testimony to the very strong ones which have been given you, that I positively know, by the experience of nineteen years, that a very large proportion of the misery that is endured in this country is owing to intemperance; and, therefore, I have been a pledged teetotaler for I cannot tell how long—(loud cheers)—and I have also joined the Alliance. (Renewed cheers.)'

The statements of Miss Carpenter were given with such clearness and earnestness that some of her friends, surrounding her at the close of the meeting, secured the promise of an address to ladies, which was fulfilled subsequently in the Mechanics' Hall, before a very numerous female auditory, to whom she spoke on 'The Importance of Female Influence in support of Temperance and the Band of Hope Movement.' The Executive Council of the Alliance endeavoured to reach all the members and associates by causing to be presented to each, on entering the Music Hall, at the general meeting of the association held on Tuesday morning, October 10th, a packet of documents full of information on the liquor-traffic question.

The working men's meeting, in connection with the Congress, was held on Thursday evening, October 5th; it was densely crowded. Lord Brougham, Mr. G. W. Hastings, Mr. T. Chambers, Q.C., M.P.; Dr. Lankester, Mr. G. Godwin, Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P.; Professor Fawcett, M.P., and others, took prominent parts in the proceedings. The concluding meeting of members and associates was held in the Music Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, October 11th. The report of the Council and the sectional reports were read, the usual votes of thanks were distributed, and the Congress adjourned for twelve months, to reassemble in Manchester.

THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN.

(From the 'North American Review.')

Some of our readers may have heard Daniel Webster relate the story of the India-rubber cloak and hat which one of his New York friends sent him at Marshfield in the infancy of the manufacture. He took the cloak to the piazza one cold morning, when it instantly became as rigid as sheet-iron. Finding that it stood alone, he placed the hat upon it, and left the articles standing near the front door. Several of his neighbours who passed, seeing a dark and portly figure there, took it for the lord of the mansion, and gave it a respectful salutation. The same articles were liable to an objection still more serious. In the sun, even in cool weather, they became sticky, while on a hot day they would melt entirely away to the consistency of molasses. Every one remembers the thick and ill-shaped India-rubber shoes of twenty years ago, which had to be thawed out under the stove before they could be put on, and which, if left under the stove too long, would dissolve into gum that no household art could ever harden again. Some decorous gentlemen among us can also remember that, in the nocturnal combats of their college days, a flinty India-rubber shoe, in cold weather, was a missive weapon of a highly effective character.

Who would have thought to find a romance in the history of India-rubber? We are familiar with the stories of poor and friendless men, possessed with an idea and pursuing their object, amid obloquy, neglect, and suffering, to the final triumph, of which final triumph other men reaped the substantial reward, leaving to the discoverer the barren glory of his achievement,—and that glory obscured by detraction. Columbus is the representative man of that illustrious order. We trust to be able to show that Charles Goodyear is entitled to a place in it. Whether we consider the prodigious and unforeseen importance of his discovery, or his scarcely paralleled devotion to his object, in the face of the most disheartening obstacles, we feel it to be due to his memory, to his descendants, and to the public, that his story should be told.

Patent leather suggested the first American attempt to turn India-rubber to account

account. Mr. E. M. Chaffee, foreman of a Boston patent leather factory, conceived the idea, in 1830, of spreading India-rubber upon cloth, hoping to produce an article which should possess the good qualities of patent leather, with the additional one of being waterproof. In the deepest secresy he experimented for several months. By dissolving a pound of India-rubber in three quarts of spirits of turpentine, and adding lampblack enough to give it the desired colour, he produced a composition which he supposed would perfectly answer the purpose. He invented a machine for spreading it, and made some specimens of cloth, which had every appearance of being a very useful article. The surface, after being dried in the sun was firm and smooth; and Mr. Chaffee supposed, and his friends agreed with him, that he had made an invention of the utmost value. At this point he invited a few of the solid men of Roxbury to look at his specimens and listen to his statements. He convinced them. The result of the conference was the Roxbury India-rubber Company, incorporated in February, 1833, with a capital of thirty thousand dollars.

The progress of this company was amazing. Within a year its capital was increased to two hundred and forty thousand dollars. Before another year had expired, this was increased to three hundred thousand; and in the year following, to four hundred thousand. The company manufactured the cloth invented by Mr. Chaffee, and many articles made of that cloth, such as coats, caps, wagon curtains and coverings. Shoes, made without fibre, were soon introduced. Nothing could be better than the appearance of these articles when they were new. They were in the highest favour, and were sold more rapidly than the company could manufacture them. The astonishing prosperity of the Roxbury Company had its natural effect in calling into existence similar establishments in other towns.

It was when the business had reached this flourishing stage that Charles Goodyear, a bankrupt hardware merchant of Philadelphia, first had his attention directed to the material upon which it was founded. In 1834, being in New York on business, he chanced to observe the sign of the Roxbury Company, which then had a depôt in that city. He had been reading in the newspapers, not long before, descriptions of the new life-preservers made of India-rubber, an application of the gum that was much extolled. Curiosity induced him to enter the store to examine the life-preservers. He bought one and took it home with him.

Upon examining his life-preserver, an improvement in the inflating apparatus occurred to him. When he was next in New York he explained his improvement to the agent of the Roxbury Company, and offered to sell it. The agent, struck with the ingenuity displayed in the new contrivance, took the inventor into his confidence, partly by way of explaining why the company could not then buy the improved tube, but principally with a view to enlist the aid of an ingenious mind in overcoming a difficulty that threatened the company with ruin. He told him that the prosperity of the India-rubber companies in the United States was wholly fallacious. The Roxbury Company had manufactured vast quantities of shoes and fabrics in the cool months of 1833 and 1834, which had been readily sold at high prices; but during the following summer, the greater part of them had melted. Twenty thousand dollars' worth had been returned, reduced to the consistency of common gum, and emitting an odour so offensive that they had been obliged to bury it. New ingredients had been employed, new machinery applied, but still the articles would dissolve. In some cases shoes had borne the heat of one summer, and melted the next. The wagon covers became sticky in the sun, and rigid in the cold. The directors were at their wits' end;—since it required two years to test a new process, and meanwhile they knew not whether the articles made by it were valuable or worthless. If they stopped manufacturing, that was certain ruin. If they went on, they might find the product of a whole winter dissolving on their hands. The capital of the company was already so far exhausted, that, unless the true method were speedily discovered, it would be compelled to wind up its affairs. The agent urged Mr. Goodyear not to waste time upon minor improvements, but to direct all his efforts to finding out the secret of successfully working the material itself. The company could not buy his improved inflator; but let him learn how to make an India-rubber that would stand the summer's heat, and there was scarcely any price which it would not gladly give for the secret.

The two millions of dollars lost by these companies had one result which has proved to be worth many times that sum; it led Charles Goodyear to undertake

the investigation of India-rubber. That chance conversation with the agent of the Roxbury Company fixed his destiny. If he were alive to read these lines, he would, however, protest against the use of such a word as *chance* in this connection. He really appears to have felt himself 'called' to study India-rubber. He says himself:—

'From the time that his attention was first given to the subject, a strong and abiding impression was made upon his mind, that an object so desirable and important, and so necessary to man's comfort, as the making of gum-elastic available to his use, was most certainly placed within his reach. Having this presentiment, of which he could not divest himself under the most trying adversity, he was stimulated with the hope of ultimately attaining this object.

'Beyond this he would refer the whole to the great Creator, who directs the operations of mind to the development of the properties of matter, in His own way, at the time when they are specially needed, influencing some mind for every work or calling. . . . . Were he to refrain from expressing his views thus briefly, he would ever feel that he had done violence to his sentiments.'

This is modestly said, but his friends assure us that he felt it earnestly and habitually. It was, indeed, this steadfast conviction of the possibility of attaining his object, and his religious devotion to it, that constituted his capital in his new business. He had little knowledge of chemistry, and an aversion to complicated calculations. He was a ruined man; for after a long struggle with misfortune the firm of A. Goodyear and Sons had surrendered their all to their creditors, and still owed thirty thousand dollars. He had a family, and his health was not robust. Upon returning home after conversing with the agent of the Roxbury Company, he was arrested for debt, and compelled to reside within the prison limits. He melted his first pound of India-rubber while he was living within those limits, and struggling to keep out of the gaol itself. Thus he began his experiments in circumstances as little favourable as can be imagined. There were only two things in his favour. One was his conviction that India-rubber *could* be subjugated, and that he was the man destined to subjugate it. The other was, that, India-rubber having fallen to its old price, he could continue his labours as long as he could raise five cents and procure access to a fire. The very odium in which business men held India-rubber, though it long retarded his final triumph, placed an abundance of the native gum within the means even of an inmate of the debtors' prison, in which he often was during the whole period of his experimenting. He was seldom out of gaol a whole year from 1835 to 1841, and never out of danger of arrest.

In a small house in Philadelphia, in the winter of 1834-35, he began his investigations. He melted his gum by the domestic fire, kneaded it with his own hands, spread it upon a marble slab, and rolled it with a rolling-pin. A prospect of success flattered him from the first and lured him on. He was soon able to produce sheets of India-rubber which appeared as firm as those imported, and which tempted a friend to advance him a sum of money sufficient to enable him to manufacture several hundred pairs of shoes. He succeeded in embossing his shoes in various patterns, which gave them a novel and elegant appearance. Mindful, however, of the disasters of the Roxbury Company, he had the prudence to store his shoes until the summer. The hot days of June reduced them all to soft and stinking paste. His friend was discouraged, and refused him further aid. For his own part, such experiences as this, though they dashed his spirits for a while, stimulated him to new efforts.

It now occurred to him, that perhaps it was the turpentine used in dissolving the gum, or the lampblack employed to colour it, that spoiled his product. He esteemed it a rare piece of luck to procure some barrels of the sap, not smoked, and still liquid. On going to the shed where the precious sap was deposited, he was accosted by an Irishman in his employ, who, in high glee, informed him that he had discovered the secret, pointing to his overalls, which he had dipped into the sap, and which were nicely coated with firm India-rubber. For a moment he thought that Jerry might have blundered into the secret. The man, however, sat down on a barrel near the fire, and, on attempting to rise, found himself glued to his seat and his legs stuck together. He had to be cut out of his overalls. The master proceeded to experiment with the sap, but soon discovered that the handsome white cloth made of it bore the heat no better than that which was produced in the usual manner.

Philadelphia

Philadelphia has always been noted for its chemists and its chemical works, and that city still supplies the greater part of the country with manufactured drugs and chemists' materials. Nevertheless, though Goodyear explained his difficulties to professors, physicians, and chemists, none of them could give him valuable information: none suggested an experiment that produced a useful result. We know not, indeed, whether science has ever explained his final success.

Satisfied that nothing could be done with India-rubber pure and simple, he concluded that a compound of some substance with India-rubber could alone render the gum available. He was correct in this conjecture, but it remained to be discovered whether there was such a substance in nature. He tried everything he could think of. For a short time he was elated with the result of his experiments with magnesia, mixing half a pound of magnesia with a pound of gum. This compound had the advantage of being whiter than the pure sap. It was so firm that he used it as leather in the binding of a book. In a few weeks, however, he had the mortification of seeing his elegant book-covers fermenting and softening. Afterwards, they grew as hard and brittle as shell, and so they remain to this day.

By this time, the patience of his friends and his own little fund of money were both exhausted; and, one by one, the relics of his former prosperity, even to his wife's trinkets, found their way to the pawnbroker. He was a sanguine man, as inventors need to be, always feeling that he was on the point of succeeding. The very confidence with which he announced a new conception served at length to close all ears to his solicitations. In the second year of his investigation he removed his family to the country, and went to New York, in quest of some one who had still a little faith in India-rubber. His credit was then at so low an ebb that he was obliged to deposit with the landlord a quantity of linen, spun by his excellent wife. It was never redeemed. It was sold at auction to pay the first quarter's rent; and his furniture also would have been seized, but that he had taken the precaution to sell it himself in Philadelphia, and had placed in his cottage articles of too little value to tempt the hardest creditor.

In New York,—the first resort of the enterprising and the last refuge of the unfortunate,—he found two old friends: one of whom lent him a room in Gold-street, for a laboratory, and the other, a druggist, supplied him with materials on credit. Again his hopes were flattered by an apparent success. By boiling his compound of gum and magnesia in quicklime and water, an article was produced which seemed to be all that he could desire. Some sheets of India-rubber made by this process drew a medal at the fair of the American Institute, in 1835, and were much commended in the newspapers. Nothing could exceed the smoothness and firmness of the surface of these sheets; nor have they to this day been surpassed in these particulars. He obtained a patent for the process, manufactured a considerable quantity, sold his product readily, and thought his difficulties were at an end. In a few weeks his hopes were dashed to the ground. He found that a drop of weak acid, such as apple juice or vinegar and water, instantly annihilated the effect of the lime, and made the beautiful surface of his cloth sticky.

Undaunted, he next tried the experiment of mixing quicklime with pure gum. He tells us that, at this time, he used to prepare a gallon jug of quicklime at his room in Gold-street, and carry it on his shoulder to Greenwich Village, distant three miles, where he had access to horse-power for working his compound. This experiment, too, was a failure. The lime in a short time appeared to consume the gum with which it was mixed, leaving a substance that crumbled to pieces.

Accident suggested his next process, which, though he knew it not, was a step towards his final success. Except his almost unparalleled perseverance, the most marked trait in the character of this singular man was his love for beautiful forms and colours. An incongruous garment or decoration upon a member of his family, or anything tawdry or ill-arranged in a room, gave him positive distress. Accordingly, we always find him endeavouring to decorate his India-rubber fabrics. It was in bronzing the surface of some India-rubber drapery that the accident happened to which we have referred. Desiring to remove the bronze from a piece of the drapery, he applied aquafortis for the purpose, which did indeed have the effect desired, but it also discoloured the fabric and appeared to spoil it. He threw away the piece as useless. Several days after, it occurred to him that he had not sufficiently examined the effect of the aquafortis, and, hurrying to his room, he was fortunate enough to find it again. A remarkable change appeared to have been made

made in the India-rubber. He does not seem to have been aware that aquafortis is two-fifths sulphuric acid. Still less did he ever suspect that the surface of his drapery had really been 'vulcanised.' All he knew was, that India-rubber cloth 'cured,' as he termed it, by aquafortis, was incomparably superior to any previously made, and bore a degree of heat that rendered it available for many valuable purposes.

He was again a happy man. A partner, with ample capital, joined him. He went to Washington and patented his process. He showed his specimens to President Jackson, who expressed in writing his approval of them. Returning to New York, he prepared to manufacture on a great scale, hired the abandoned India-rubber works on Staten Island, and engaged a store in Broadway for the sale of his fabrics. In the midst of these grand preparations, his zeal in experimenting almost cost him his life. Having generated a large quantity of poisonous gas in his close room, he was so nearly suffocated that it was six weeks before he recovered his health. Before he had begun to produce his fabrics in any considerable quantity, the commercial storm of 1836 swept away the entire property of his partner, which put a complete stop to the operations in India-rubber, and reduced poor Goodyear to his normal condition of beggary. Beggary it literally was; for he was absolutely dependent upon others for the means of sustaining life. He mentions that, soon after this crushing blow, his family having previously joined him in New York, he awoke one morning to discover that he had neither an atom of food for them, nor a cent to buy it with. Putting in his pocket an article that he supposed a pawnbroker would value, he set out in the hope of procuring enough money to sustain them for one day. Before reaching the sign, so familiar to him, of the three golden balls, he met a terrible being to a man in his situation,—a creditor! Hungry and dejected, he prepared his mind for a torrent of bitter reproaches; for this gentleman was one whose patience he felt he had abused. What was his relief when his creditor accosted him gaily with 'Well, Mr. Goodyear, what can I do for you to-day?' His first thought was, that an insult was intended, so preposterous did it seem that this man could really desire to aid him further. Satisfied that the offer was well meant, he told his friend that he had come out that morning in search of food for his family, and that the loan of fifteen dollars would greatly oblige him. The money was instantly produced, which enabled him to postpone his visit to the pawnbroker for several days. The pawnbroker was still, however, his frequent resource all that year, until the few remains of his late brief prosperity had all disappeared.

But he never for a moment let go his hold upon India-rubber. A timely loan of a hundred dollars from an old friend enabled him to remove his family to Staten Island, near the abandoned India-rubber factory. Having free access to the works, he and his wife contrived to manufacture a few articles of his improved cloth, and to sell enough to provide daily bread. His great object there was to induce the directors of the suspended company to recommence operations upon his new process. But so completely sickened were they of the very name of a material which had involved them in so much loss and discredit, that during the six months of his residence on the island he never succeeded in persuading one man to do so much as come to the factory and look at his specimens. There were thousands of dollars' worth of machinery there, but not a single shareholder cared even to know the condition of the property. This was the more remarkable, since he was unusually endowed by nature with the power to inspire other men with his own confidence. The magnates of Staten Island, however, involved as they were in the general shipwreck of property and credit, were inexorably deaf to his eloquence.

As he had formerly exhausted Philadelphia, so now New York seemed exhausted. He became even an object of ridicule. He was regarded as an India-rubber monomaniac. One of his New York friends having been asked how Mr. Goodyear could be recognised in the street, replied: 'If you see a man with an India-rubber coat on, India-rubber shoes, an India-rubber cap, and in his pock an India-rubber purse with not a cent in it, that is he.' He was in the habit th. of wearing his material in every form, with the twofold view of testing and adve. tising it.

In September, 1836, aided again by a small loan, he packed a few of his bes. specimens in his carpet-bag, and set out alone for the cradle of the India-rubber manufacture,—Roxbury. The ruin of the great company there was then complete, and

and the factory was abandoned. All that part of Massachusetts was suffering from the total depreciation of the India-rubber stocks. There were still, however, two or three persons who could not quite give up India-rubber. Mr. Chaffee, the originator of the manufacture in America, welcomed warmly a brother experimenter, admired his specimens, encouraged him to persevere, procured him friends, and, what was more important, gave him the use of the enormous machinery standing idle in the factory. A brief, delusive prosperity again relieved the monotony of mi-fortune. By his new process, he made shoes, piano-covers, and carriage-cloths, so superior to any previously produced in the United States as to cause a temporary revival of the business, which enabled him to sell rights to manufacture under his patents. His profits in a single year amounted to four or five thousand dollars. Again he had his family around him, and felt a boundless confidence in the future.

An event upon which he had depended for the completeness of his triumph plunged him again into ruin. He received an order from the Government for a hundred and fifty India-rubber mail bags. Having perfect confidence in his ability to execute this order, he gave the greatest possible publicity to it. All the world should now see that Goodyear's India-rubber was all that Goodyear had represented it. The bags were finished, and beautiful bags they were,—smooth, firm, highly polished, well-shaped, and indubitably waterproof. He had them hung up all round the factory, and invited every one to come and inspect them. They were universally admired, and the maker was congratulated upon his success. It was in the summer that these fatal bags were finished. Having occasion to be absent for a month, he left them hanging in the factory. Judge of his consternation when, on his return, he found them softening, fermenting, and dropping off their handles. The aquafortis did indeed 'cure' the surface of his India-rubber, but only the surface. Very thin cloth made by this process was a useful and somewhat durable article; but for any other purpose it was valueless. The public and signal failure of the mail bags, together with the imperfection of all his products except his thinnest cloth, suddenly and totally destroyed his rising business. Everything he possessed that was saleable was sold at auction to pay his debts. He was again penniless and destitute, with an increasing family, and an aged father dependent upon him.

His friends, his brothers, and his wife now joined in dissuading him from further experiments. Were not four years of such vicissitude enough? Who had ever touched India-rubber without loss? Could he hope to succeed, when so many able and enterprising men had failed? Had he a right to keep his family in a condition so humiliating and painful? He had succeeded in the hardware business; why not return to it? There were those who would join him in any rational undertaking; but how could he expect that any one would be willing to throw more money into a bottomless pit that had already engulfed millions without result? These arguments he could not answer, and we cannot; the friends of all the great inventors have had occasion to use the same. It seemed highly absurd to the friends of Fitch, Watt, Fulton, Wedgwood, Whitney, Arkwright, that they should forsake the beaten track of business to pursue a path that led through the wilderness to nothing but wilderness. Not one of these men, perhaps, could have made a reasonable reply to the remonstrances of their friends. They only felt, as poor Goodyear felt, that the steep and thorny path which they were treading was the path they *must* pursue. A power of which they could give no satisfactory account urged them on. And when we look closely into the lives of such men, we observe that, in their dark days, some trifling circumstance was always occurring that set them upon new inquiries and gave them new hopes. It might be an *ignis fatuus* that led them farther astray, or it might be genuine light which brought them into the true path.

Goodyear might have yielded to his friends on this occasion, for he was an affectionate man, devoted to his family, had not one of those trifling events occurred which inflamed his curiosity anew. During his late transient prosperity, he had employed a man, Nathaniel Hayward by name, who had been foreman of one of the extinct India-rubber companies. He found him in charge of the abandoned factory, and still making a few articles on his own account by a new process. To harden his India-rubber, he put a very small quantity of sulphur into it, or sprinkled sulphur upon the surface and dried it in the sun. Mr. Goodyear

year was surprised to observe that this process seemed to produce the same effect as the application of aquafortis. It does not appear to have occurred to him that Hayward's process and his own were essentially the same. A chemical dictionary would have informed him that sulphuric acid enters largely into the composition of aquafortis, from which he might have inferred that the only difference between the two methods was, that Hayward employed the sun, and Goodyear nitric acid, to give the sulphur effect. Hayward's goods, however, were liable to a serious objection: the smell of the sulphur, in warm weather, was intolerable. Hayward, it appears, was a very illiterate man; and the only account he could give of his invention was, that it was revealed to him in a dream. His process was of so little use to him, that Goodyear bought his patent for a small sum, and gave him employment at monthly wages until the mail bag disaster deprived him of the means of doing so.

In combining sulphur with India-rubber, Goodyear had approached so near his final success that one step more brought him to it. He was certain that he was very close to the secret. He saw that sulphur had a mysterious power over India-rubber when a union could be effected between the two substances. True, there was an infinitesimal quantity of sulphur in his mail bags, and they had melted in the shade; but the surface of his cloth, powdered with the sulphur and dried in the sun, bore the sun's heat. Here was a mystery. The problem was, how to produce in a *mass* of India-rubber the change effected on the surface by sulphur and sun? He made numberless experiments. He mixed with the gum large quantities of sulphur, and small quantities. He exposed his compound to the sun, and held it near a fire. He felt that he had the secret in his hands; but for many weary months it eluded him.

And, after all, it was an accident that revealed it; but an accident that no man in the world but Charles Goodyear could have interpreted, nor he, but for his five years' previous investigation. At Woburn one day, in the spring of 1839, he was standing with his brother and several other persons near a very hot stove. He held in his hand a mass of his compound of sulphur and gum, upon which he was expatiating in his usual vehement manner,—the company exhibiting the indifference to which he was accustomed. In the crisis of his argument he made a violent gesture, which brought the mass in contact with the stove, which was hot enough to melt India-rubber instantly; upon looking at it a moment after, he perceived that his compound had not melted in the least degree! It had charred as leather chars, but no part of the surface had dissolved. There was not a sticky place upon it. To say that he was astonished at this would but faintly express his ecstasy of amazement. The result was absolutely new to all experience,—India-rubber not melting in contact with red-hot iron! A man must have been five years absorbed in the pursuit of an object to comprehend his emotions. He felt as Columbus felt when he saw the land-bird alighting upon his ship, and the drift-wood floating by. But, like Columbus, he was surrounded by an unbelieving crew. Eagerly he showed his charred India-rubber to his brother, and to the other bystanders, and dwelt upon the novelty and marvellousness of his fact. They regarded it with complete indifference. The good man had worn them all out. Fifty times before he had run to them, exulting in some new discovery, and they supposed, of course, that this was another of his chimeras.

He followed the new clue with an enthusiasm which his friends would have been justified in calling frenzy, if success had not finally vindicated him. He soon discovered that his compound would not melt at any degree of heat. It next occurred to him to ascertain at how low a temperature it would char, and whether it was not possible to *arrest* the combustion at a point that would leave the India-rubber elastic, but deprived of its adhesiveness. A single experiment proved that this was possible. After toasting a piece of his compound before an open fire, he found that, while part of it was charred, a rim of India-rubber round the charred portion was elastic still, and even more elastic than pure gum. In a few days he had established three facts;—first, that this rim of India-rubber would bear a temperature of two hundred and seventy-eight degrees without charring; second, that it would not melt or soften at any heat; third, that, placed between blocks of ice and left out of doors all night, it would not stiffen in the least degree. He had triumphed, and he knew it. He tells us that he now 'felt himself amply repaid for the past, and quite indifferent as to the trials of the future.' It was well he

was

was so, for his darkest days were before him, and he was still six years from a practical success. He had, indeed, proved that a compound of sulphur and India-rubber, in proper proportions and in certain conditions, being subjected for a certain time to a certain degree of heat, undergoes a change which renders it perfectly available for all the uses to which he had before attempted in vain to apply it. But it remained to be ascertained what were those proper proportions, what were those conditions, what was that degree of heat, what was that certain time, and by what means the heat could be best applied.

The difficulty of all this may be inferred when we state that at the present time it takes an intelligent man a year to learn how to conduct the process with certainty, though he is provided, from the start, with the best implements and appliances which twenty years' experience has suggested. And poor Goodyear had now reduced himself, not merely to poverty, but to isolation. No friend of his could conceal his impatience when he heard him pronounce the word India-rubber. Business men recoiled from the name of it. He tells us that two entire years passed, after he had made his discovery, before he had convinced one human being of its value. Now, too, his experiments could no longer be carried on with a few pounds of India-rubber, a quart of turpentine, a phial of aquafortis, and a little lampblack. He wanted the means of producing a high, uniform, and controllable degree of heat,—a matter of much greater difficulty than he anticipated. We catch brief glimpses of him at this time in the volumes of testimony. We see him waiting for his wife to draw the loaves from her oven, that he might put into it a batch of India-rubber to bake, and watching it all the evening, far into the night, to see what effect was produced by one hour's, two hours', three hours', six hours' baking. We see him boiling it in his wife's saucepans, suspending it before the nose of her teakettle, and hanging it from the handle of that vessel to within an inch of the boiling water. We see him roasting it in the ashes and in hot sand, toasting it before a slow fire and before a quick fire, cooking it for one hour and for twenty-four hours, changing the proportions of his compound and mixing them in different ways. No success rewarded him while he employed only domestic utensils. Occasionally, it is true, he produced a small piece of perfectly vulcanised India-rubber; but upon subjecting other pieces to precisely the same process, they would blister or char.

Then we see him resorting to the shops and factories in the neighbourhood of Woburn, asking the privilege of using an oven after working hours, or of hanging a piece of India-rubber in the 'manhole' of the boiler. The foremen testify that he was a great plague to them, and smeared their works with his sticky compound; but, though they regarded him as little better than a troublesome lunatic, they all appear to have helped him very willingly. He frankly confesses that he lived at this time on charity; for, although *he* felt confident of being able to repay the small sums which pity for his family enabled him to borrow, his neighbours who lent him the money were as far as possible from expecting payment. Pretending to lend, they meant to give. One would pay his butcher's bill or his milk bill; another would send in a barrel of flour; another would take in payment some articles of the old stock of India-rubber; and some of the farmers allowed his children to gather sticks in their fields to heat his hillocks of sand containing masses of sulphurised India-rubber. If the people of New England were not the most "neighbourly" people in the world, his family must have starved, or he must have given up his experiments. But, with all the generosity of his neighbours, his children were often sick, hungry, and cold, without medicine, food, or fuel. One witness testifies: 'I found (in 1839) that they had not fuel to burn nor food to eat, and did not know where to get a morsel of food from one day to another, unless it was sent in to them.' We can neither justify nor condemn their father. Imagine Columbus within sight of the new world, and his obstinate crew declaring it was only a mirage, and refusing to row him ashore! Never was mortal man surer that he had a fortune in his hand, than Charles Goodyear was when he would take a piece of scorched and dingy India-rubber from his pocket and expound its marvellous properties to a group of incredulous villagers. Sure also was he that he was just upon the point of a practical success. Give him but an oven, and would he not turn you out fire-proof and cold-proof India-rubber, as fast as a baker can produce loaves of bread? Nor was it merely the hope of deliverance from his pecuniary straits that urged him on. In all the records of his

his career, we perceive traces of something nobler than this. His health being always infirm, he was haunted with the dread of dying before he had reached a point in his discoveries where other men, influenced by ordinary motives, could render them available.

By the time that he had exhausted the patience of the foremen of the works near Woburn, he had come to the conclusion that an oven was the proper means of applying heat to his compound. An oven he forthwith determined to build. Having obtained the use of a corner of a factory yard, his aged father, two of his brothers, his little son, and himself sallied forth, with pickaxe and shovels, to begin the work; and when they had done all that unskilled labour could effect towards it, he induced a mason to complete it, and paid him in bricklayer's aprons made of aquafortised India-rubber. This first oven was a tantalising failure. The heat was neither uniform nor controllable. Some of the pieces of India-rubber would come out so perfectly "cured" as to demonstrate the utility of his discovery; but others, prepared in precisely the same manner, as far as he could discern, were spoiled, either by blistering or charring. He was puzzled and distressed beyond description; and no single voice consoled or encouraged him. Out of the first piece of cloth which he succeeded in vulcanising he had a coat made for himself, which was not an ornamental garment in its best estate; but, to prove to the unbelievers that it would stand fire, he brought it so often in contact with hot stoves, that at last it presented an exceedingly dingy appearance. His coat did not impress the public favourably, and it served to confirm the opinion that he was labouring under a mania.

In the midst of his first disheartening experiments with sulphur, he had an opportunity of escaping at once from his troubles. A house in Paris made him an advantageous offer for the use of his aquafortis process. From the abyss of his misery the honest man promptly replied, that that process, valuable as it was, was about to be superseded by a new method, which he was then perfecting, and as soon as he had developed it sufficiently he should be glad to close with their offers. Can we wonder that his neighbours thought him mad?

It was just after declining the French proposal that he endured his worst extremity of want and humiliation. It was in the winter of 1839-40. One of those long and terrible snowstorms for which New England is noted had been raging for many hours, and he awoke one morning to find his little cottage half buried in snow, the storm still continuing, and in his house not an atom of fuel nor a morsel of food. His children were very young, and he was himself sick and feeble. The charity of his neighbours was exhausted, and he had not the courage to face their reproaches. As he looked out of the window upon the dreary and tumultuous scene, 'fit emblem of his condition,' he remarks, he called to mind that, a few days before, an acquaintance, a mere acquaintance, who lived some miles off, had given him upon the road a more friendly greeting than he was then accustomed to receive. It had cheered his heart as he trudged sadly by, and it now returned vividly to his mind. To this gentleman he determined to apply for relief, if he could reach his house. Terrible was his struggle with the wind and the deep drifts. Often he was ready to faint with fatigue, sickness, and hunger, and he would be obliged to sit down upon a bank of snow to rest. He reached the house and told his story, not omitting the oft-told tale of his new discovery,—that mine of wealth, if only he could procure the means of working it! The eager eloquence of the inventor was seconded by the gaunt and yellow face of the man. His generous acquaintance entertained him cordially, and lent him a sum of money, which not only carried his family through the worst of the winter, but enabled him to continue his experiments on a small scale. O. B. Coolidge, of Woburn, was the name of this benefactor.

On another occasion, when he was in the most urgent need of materials, he looked about his house to see if there was left one relic of better days upon which a little money could be borrowed. There was nothing except his children's school books,—the last things from which a New-Englander is willing to part. There was no other resource. He gathered them up and sold them for five dollars, with which he laid in a fresh stock of gum and sulphur, and kept on experimenting.

Seeing no prospect of success in Massachusetts, he now resolved to make a desperate effort to get to New York, feeling confident that the specimens he could take with him would convince some one of the superiority of his new method.

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To New York, then, he directed his thoughts. Merely to get there cost him a severer and a longer effort than men in general are capable of making. First he walked to Boston, ten miles distant, where he hoped to be able to borrow from an old acquaintance fifty dollars, with which to provide for his family and pay his fare to New York. He not only failed in this, but he was arrested for debt and thrown into prison. Even in prison, while his father was negotiating to secure his release, he laboured to interest men of capital in his discovery, and made proposals for founding a factory in Boston. Having obtained his liberty, he went to a hotel, and spent a week in vain efforts to effect a small loan. Saturday night came, and with it his hotel bill, which he had no means of discharging. In an agony of shame and anxiety, he went to a friend, and entreated the sum of five dollars to enable him to return home. He was met with a point-blank refusal. In the deepest dejection he walked the streets till late in the night, and strayed at length, almost beside himself, to Cambridge, where he ventured to call upon a friend and ask shelter for the night. He was hospitably entertained, and the next morning walked wearily home, penniless and despairing. At the door of his house a member of his family met him with the news that his youngest child, two years of age, whom he had left in perfect health, was dying. In a few hours he had in his house a dead child, but not the means of burying it, and five living dependents without a morsel of food to give them. A storekeeper near by had promised to supply the family, but, discouraged by the unforeseen length of the father's absence, he had that day refused to trust them further. In these terrible circumstances, he applied to a friend upon whose generosity he knew he could rely, one who had never failed him. He received in reply a letter of severe and cutting reproach, enclosing seven dollars, which his friend explained was given only out of pity for his innocent and suffering family. A stranger, who chanced to be present when this letter arrived, sent them a barrel of flour,—a timely and blessed relief. The next day the family followed on foot the remains of the little child to the grave.

A relation in a distant part of the country, to whom Goodyear revealed his condition, sent him fifty dollars, which enabled him to get to New York. He had touched bottom. The worst of his trials were over. In New York, he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of two brothers, William Rider and Emory Rider, men of some property and great intelligence, who examined his specimens, listened to his story, believed in him, and agreed to aid him to continue his experiments, and to supply his family until he had rendered his discovery available. From that time, though he was generally embarrassed in his circumstances, his family never wanted bread, and he was never obliged to suspend his experiments. Aided by the capital, the sympathy, the ingenuity of the brothers Rider, he spent a year in New York in the most patient endeavours to overcome the difficulties in heating his compound. Before he had succeeded, their resources failed. But he had made such progress in demonstrating the practicability of his process, that his brother-in-law, William De Forrest, a noted woollen manufacturer, took hold of the project in earnest, and aided him to bring it to perfection. Once more, however, he was imprisoned for debt. This event conquered his scruples against availing himself of the benefit of the bankrupt act, which finally delivered him from the danger of arrest. We should add, however, that, as soon as he began to derive income from his invention, he reassumed his obligations to his old creditors, and discharged them gradually.

It was not till the year 1844, more than ten years after he began to experiment, and more than five years after discovering the secret of vulcanisation, that he was able to conduct his process with absolute certainty, and to produce vulcanised India-rubber with the requisite expedition and economy. We can form some conception of the difficulties overcome by the fact, that the advances of Mr. De Forrest in aid of the experiments reached the sum of forty-six thousand dollars,—an amount the inventor did not live long enough to repay.

His triumph had been long deferred, and we have seen in part how much it had cost him. But his success proved to be richly worth its cost. He had added to the arts, not a new material merely, but a new class of materials, applicable to a thousand divers uses. His product had more than the elasticity of India-rubber, while it was divested of all those properties which had lessened its utility. It was still India-rubber, but its surfaces would not adhere, nor would it harden at any degree of cold, nor soften at any degree of

of heat. It was a cloth impervious to water. It was paper that would not tear. It was parchment that would not crease. It was leather which neither rain nor sun would injure. It was ebony that could be run into a mould. It was ivory that could be worked like wax. It was wood that never cracked, shrunk, nor decayed. It was metal, 'elastic metal,' as Daniel Webster termed it, that could be wound round the finger or tied into a knot, and which preserved its elasticity almost like steel. Trifling variations in the ingredients, in the proportions, and in the heating, made it either as pliable as kid, tougher than oxide, as elastic as whalebone, or as rigid as flint.

All this is stated in a moment, but each of these variations in the material, as well as every article made from them, cost this indefatigable man days, weeks, months, or years of experiment. It cost him, for example, several years of most expensive trial to obviate the objection to India-rubber fabrics caused by the liability of the gum to peel from the cloth. He tried every known textile fabric and every conceivable process before arriving at the simple expedient of mixing fibre with the gum, by which, at length, the perfect India-rubber cloth was produced. This invention he considered only second in value to the discovery of vulcanisation. The India-rubber shoe, as we now have it, is an admirable article, light, strong, elegant in shape, with a fibrous sole that does not readily wear, cut, or slip. As the shoe is made and joined before vulcanisation, a girl can make twenty-five pairs in a day. They are cut from the soft sheets of gum and joined by a slight pressure of the hand. But almost every step of this process, now so simple and easy, was patiently elaborated by Charles Goodyear. A million and a half of pairs per annum is now the average number made in the United States by his process, though the business languishes somewhat from the high price of the raw materials. The gum, which, when Goodyear began his experiments, was a drug at five cents a pound, has recently been sold at one dollar and twenty cents a pound, with all its impurities. Even at this high price the annual import ranges at from four to five millions of pounds.

Poor Richard informs us that necessity never makes a good bargain. Mr. Goodyear was always a prey to necessity. Nor was he ever a good man of business. He was too entirely an inventor to know how to dispose of his inventions to advantage; and he could never feel that he had accomplished his mission with regard to India-rubber. As soon as he had brought his shoemaking process to the point where other men could make it profitable, he withdrew from manufacturing, and sold rights to manufacture for the consideration of half a cent per pair. Five cents had been reasonable enough, and would have given him ample means to continue his labours. Half a cent kept him subject to necessity, which seemed to compel him to dispose of other rights at rates equally low. Thus it happened that, when the whole India-rubber business of the country paid him tribute, or ought to have paid it, he remained an embarrassed man. He had, too, the usual fate of inventors, in having to contend with the infringers of his rights,—men who owed their all to his ingenuity and perseverance. We may judge, however, of the rapidity with which the business grew, by the fact that, six years after the completion of his vulcanising process, the holders of rights to manufacture shoes by that process deemed it worth while to employ Daniel Webster to plead their cause, and to stimulate his mind by a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars. It is questionable if Charles Goodyear ever derived that amount from his patents, if we deduct from his receipts the money spent in further developing his discovery. His ill-health obliged him to be abstemious, and he had no expensive tastes. It was only in his laboratory that he was lavish, and there he was lavish indeed.

His friends still smiled at his zeal, or reproached him for it. It has been only since the mighty growth of the business in his products that they have acknowledged that he was right and that they were wrong. They remember him, sick, meagre, and yellow, now coming to them with a walking-stick of India-rubber, exulting in the new application of his material, and predicting its general use, while they objected that his stick had cost him fifty dollars; now running about among the comb factories, trying to get reluctant men to try their tools upon hard India-rubber, and producing at length a set of combs that cost twenty times the price of ivory ones; now shutting himself up for months, endeavouring to make a sail of India-rubber fabric, impervious to water, that should never freeze, and to which no sleet or ice should ever cling; now exhibiting a set of cutlery with India-

India-rubber handles, or a picture set in an India-rubber frame, or a book with India-rubber covers, or a watch with an India-rubber case; now experimenting with India-rubber tiles for floors, which he hoped to make as brilliant in colour as those of mineral, as agreeable to the tread as carpet, and as durable as an ancient floor of oak. There is nothing in the history of invention more remarkable than the devotion of this man to his object. No crusader was ever so devoted to his vow, no lover to his mistress, as he was to his purpose of showing mankind what to do with India-rubber. The door-plate of his office was made of it; his portrait was painted upon and framed with it; his book, as we have seen, was wholly composed of it; and his mind, by night and day, was surcharged with it. He never went to sleep without having within reach writing materials and the means of making a light, so that, if he should have an idea in the night, he might be able to secure it. Some of his best ideas, he used to say, were saved to mankind by this precaution.

It is not well for any man to be thus absorbed in his object. To Goodyear, whose infirm constitution peculiarly needed repose and recreation, it was disastrous and at length fatal. It is well with no man who does not play as well as work. Fortunately, we are all beginning to understand this. We are beginning to see that a devotion to the business of life which leaves no reserve of force and time for social pleasures and the pursuit of knowledge, diminishes even our power to conduct business with the sustained and intelligent energy requisite for a safe success. That is a melancholy passage in one of Theodore Parker's letters, written in the premature decline of his powers, in which he laments that he had not, like Franklin joined a club, and taken an occasional ramble with young companions in the country, and played billiards with them in the evening. He added, that he intended to lead a better life in these particulars for the future; but who can reform at forty-seven? And the worst of it is, that ill-health, the natural ally of all evil, favours intensity, lessening both our power and our inclination to get out of the routine that is destroying us. Goodyear, always sick, had been for so many years the slave of his pursuit, he had been so spurred on by necessity, and lured by partial success, that, when at last he might have rested, he could not.

The catalogue of his successful efforts is long and striking. The second volume of his book is wholly occupied with that catalogue. He lived to see his material applied to nearly five hundred uses, to give employment in England, France, Germany, and the United States to sixty thousand persons, who annually produced merchandise of the value of eight millions of dollars. A man does much who only founds a new kind of industry; and he does more when that industry gives value to a commodity that before was nearly valueless. But we should greatly undervalue the labours of Charles Goodyear if we regarded them only as opening a new source of wealth; for there have been found many uses of India-rubber, as prepared by him, which have an importance far superior to their commercial value. Art, science, and humanity are indebted to him for a material which serves the purposes of them all, and serves them as no other known material could.

When Mr. Goodyear had seen the manufacture of shoes and fabrics well established in the United States, and when his rights appeared to have been placed beyond controversy by the Trenton decision of 1852, being still oppressed with debt, he went to Europe to introduce his material to the notice of capitalists there. The great manufactories of vulcanised India-rubber in England, Scotland, France, and Germany are the result of his labours; but the peculiarities of the patent laws of those countries, or else his own want of skill in contending for his rights, prevented him from reaping the reward of his labours. He spent six laborious years abroad. At the Great Exhibitions of London and Paris, he made brilliant displays of his wares, which did honour to his country and himself, and gave an impetus to the prosperity of the men who have grown rich upon his discoveries. At the London Exhibition, he had a suite of three apartments, carpeted, furnished, and decorated only with India-rubber. At Paris, he made a lavish display of India-rubber jewellery, dressing-cases, work-boxes, picture-frames, which attracted great attention. His reward was, a four days' sojourn in the debtors' prison, and the cross of the Legion of Honour. The delinquency of his American licensees procured him the former, and the favour of the Emperor the latter.

We have seen that his introduction to India-rubber was through the medium of a life-preserver. His last labours, also, were consecrated to life-saving apparatus, of

of which he invented or suggested a great variety. His excellent wife was reading to him one evening, in London, an article from a review, in which it was stated that twenty persons perished by drowning every hour. The company, startled at a statement so unexpected, conversed upon it for some time, while Mr. Goodyear himself remained silent and thoughtful. For several nights he was restless, as was usually the case with him when he was meditating a new application of his material. As these periods of incubation were usually followed by a prostrating sickness, his wife urged him to forbear, and endeavour to compose his mind to sleep. 'Sleep!' said he, 'how can I sleep while twenty human beings are drowning every hour, and I am the man who can save them?' It was long his endeavour to invent some article which every man, woman, and child would necessarily wear, and which would make it impossible for them to sink. He experimented with hats, cravats, jackets, and petticoats; and, though he left his principal object incomplete, he contrived many of those means of saving life which now puzzled the occupants of state-rooms. He had the idea that every article on board a vessel seizable in the moment of danger, every chair, table, sofa, and stool, should be a life-preserver.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Cholera: Its Pathology, Diagnosis, and Treatment. By William Story, Licenciate of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, &c., &c. London: E. and F. N. Spon, 16, Bucklersbury.

THE author's hypothesis would appear to be this:—That cholera commences in the lungs, and that the loss of the natural heat of the breath is most probably caused by 'the generation of a gas capable of destroying, neutralising, or absorbing the rays of heat transmitted with the air we breathe, and thus leaving the lungs unable to resist the dynamic effects of cold.' As to the supposed cause of this mischief in the lungs, he says, 'It is probable enough that some peculiar telluric principle or agent radiates from its (the earth's) depths, and produces not only this disease, but others, where great masses of people are congregated together.' 'Congregated together,' by the by, is not very elegant English, since, if congregated, the being together must follow as a matter of course; but Mr. Story is peculiar in his style. The following is one of his very original sentences:—'I am inclined to regard telluric influence having as much to do with these epidemics as the more generally received notion, atmospheric.' Having suggested some telluric cause of cholera, the author hazards another guess:—'In the absorption or non-absorption of the sun's heat by the earth, and radiation or non-radiation of earth's heat, may be found a cause of cholera.' Afterwards he says, in another of his remarkably constructed sentences:—'Of all the causes advanced, negative as well as positive, accounting for cholera visitations, not one is satisfactory. I cannot see that the fungoid, or the animalcula [*sic*] are to be regarded with greater favour than the changes in the condition of the elements of the blood, by the theory of Tyndall, poisonous gas, or of Brücke, electro magnetism.' Dissatisfied as he is with all other hypotheses, he affords nothing amounting to likelihood of the correctness of his own. We see nothing in the treatment he recommends for cholera that promises special success. The writer who asks that 'if so much brandy or wine in health causes an increase of force, which we know by the muscular contraction and excitement produced [?], why should it not do so when the force is departing?' is hardly the man to turn to for new light in pathology or therapeutics.

The Night-Side of Newcastle; or, a Saturday Night's Ramble in some of the Back Streets and Lodging-houses of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A Lecture. By James C. Street. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Joseph Barlow, Grainger-street.

THE writer says:—'Ever since I came to Newcastle I have been a keen observer of its moral and physical condition; and I have felt it to be right, at different times, to draw attention to what I have

have seen and to what I have thought. I make no apology for doing this again; for while I hold it to be my duty to acquaint myself with all that affects the welfare of the community in which I am called to labour as a minister of Jesus Christ, I also deem it right that you, as a Christian people, should be equally well apprised of the facts, that we may all take counsel together as to what we can do to remedy the evils we see, and to bring about a moral and spiritual change among those whose needs find fitting expression in dirt and rags, in drunkenness and depravity.

'It is our own business to know these things. If Christians neglect this work, who will attend to it? If those who make professions of religion stand idly by, and let the great evils multiply themselves in festering fecundity, whose hands can we expect to be raised to help—whose hearts are likely to be touched with supreme compassion?'

Of the things that Mr. Street sees, the following will serve as samples:—'We entered a great street, which stretches away at one end until it touches the open country, and looks upon trees, and grass, and peaceful cattle, and has clustered near to it the pretty homes of comfortable and happy citizens, who, when business hours are over, can breathe the fresh, exhilarating air, and from their windows look out on blooming flowers and spreading lawns—and which burrows away at the other end down steep inclines, drawing its sides more closely together as it goes, until down many steps it touches the banks of the deep and hurrying river. All along the lower part of this street, which gradually grew darker as we went on, there were passages on either side, dark as midnight, stretching I know not whither, but out of which there seemed ever to come processions of miserably-clad men, and women, and children, whose wretchedness was all the more conspicuous when they emerged into the light that streamed from brokers' and publicans' windows. In one of these, as we passed, there were sounds of strife; but all was darkness, and who were the combatants, and why they fought—what blows were given, and how much harm was done—we knew not. We were going among too many such scenes, and our dangers would be sufficiently great for us to plunge into the darkness of this place, and interfere in what we could not see.

'Turning aside from this long and busy street, we plunged into a narrower street, where darkness seemed to be regnant. But as our eyes got accustomed to what was required from them, we saw indistinctly the road along which we went. A great church—with a style of architecture almost peculiar to itself—with its thickly-peopled graveyard, occupied one side; and close up to it—so near that a man's arm would reach across—houses were built for the living, who are thus companioned close with the dead. On the other side of the steep and narrow gully were other houses, where the poor do congregate. I peeped in at some, and wondered at the sights I saw. I asked if the large church, hemmed in as it was, got filled with worshippers; but I was told that its seats were comparatively empty, and that its influence was very slight upon the mass of human life about it. "And yet," said my informant, "the minister is kind and assiduous, and always ready to go among the poorest of the poor."'

'At the foot of the steep and dirty street I have described, we came to one of the smallest—perhaps the smallest—of the common lodging-houses. Stumbling through the darkness until we came to the door, we entered. The door opened at once upon the kitchen, where a great fire was blazing; by the side of it were three children—girls, I think—huddling close together. In front was a rather good-looking and tolerably well-dressed young woman, frying a herring; by her side was the good woman of the house; and at a table—a small one—in a corner, and on a little stool, was a man without coat or shoes, with dirty shirt, and unkempt and matted hair, and a look that was almost wild, though certainly intelligent, sitting pouring out some tea. The young woman, I was told, was married; and when I was taken through the bedrooms, I found that she and her husband, with two other married couples, occupied the same room—a small, confined place, with a window looking out upon eaves and chimneys, containing three beds. This plan of putting several married people into one room is adopted in all the lodging-houses I saw. In some places there were three, in some four, beds, for three or four couples, with perhaps several children. It is true, the beds and bedding were kept tolerably clean; the walls were well whitewashed, and the places were, of course, under regular

regular police inspection; but a plan like this is altogether bad and vicious, and productive of callousness and indifference, leading, I need not say, to every vice and to all immorality. It is not enough to regulate a state of things like this: it needs to be revolutionised.

'Our steps were next turned to a place well known to the police here—a narrow, steep, and dirty "bank." It was crowded with people. Men and women were sitting upon the floor of the street, "getting the air," as my conductor said; but the air was so vicious and noxious that the less they got of it the better. The refuse of the houses was thrown into the streets, and we were compelled to pick our way. Here were little, dirty shops, choked with a perfect medley of things; public-houses and beershops, full to overflowing with tipplers; girls and women standing at the doors of many of them, acting as lures to youths and men. Out of these public-houses men and women were coming drunk and incapable. Here a husband was remonstrating with a drunken wife; there a wife and daughter, or friend, were trying to persuade a drunken man to go home; while, in another place, a crew of them were laughing, swearing, and blaspheming together. It was a sort of Pandemonium. It seemed as though night had yielded up its dark and awful creatures, and let them disport themselves for a while in the gaslight. Out of the grim passages on either side of the street came the customers of the public-houses; and back again they went seven-fold worse and more demonish than when they came. I held my breath sometimes, for the horrid sights distressed me deeply. At times I put my hat over my eyes, not to see, though I had come to see. It was a positive relief to get out of this busy scene of filth and drunkenness and defilement, into a more quiet but not less sinful region.

'Now we went into a court, well macadamised, and clean, so far as I could tell in the almost thick darkness, and found two other common lodging-houses. They were filled with motley groups of foreigners. The kitchens of both places were crowded. In one there were about twenty persons, men, women, and children, of different nationalities. Many of them were there just for a night or two, while others had been staying there for months. Some of the faces were quite a study. There were three children whose singular beauty arrested attention. They looked strangely out of place in that crowded kitchen. The mother of these children—or she who seemed to be their mother—had a fine and striking face; not beautiful, though it must have been beautiful at one time, but full of such a melancholy sadness as pained one to see it. She never looked up when we entered, spoke to nobody while we stayed, but sat looking at the children, and thinking. There was a history, a sad history, in that face and manner; it told of disappointed hope, of struggle, of despair. I am sure there had been a time when no dream even had prophesied that she and her children would be in a common lodging-house, surrounded with dirt and rags, and familiarised with coarseness and crime. But, oh! there were many histories cooped up in these two houses. Many faces told tales to make the heart ache; tales of neglected youth, of perverted man and womanhood, of debauchery, of degradation, and of crime. Here, as in all the lodging-houses I saw, there were the same indecent arrangements for sleeping, and the same want of proper means for personal cleanliness.

'But I must pass on. I rambled through dark and narrow streets—close, crowded, and noisy. Everywhere drunkenness and ribaldry. At almost every corner altercations and quarrels. The darkness was so great, and the pavements were, or seemed to be, so uneven, that I frequently stumbled, and once or twice, but for the friendly arm of my conductor, I should have fallen. We went up successive flights of steps, coming at each step upon passages opening into holes and courts where the people dwelt. At every turn we came upon what seemed to me to be human warrens, out of which came swarms of children, ragged, barefoot, and dirty. It was evident that, bad as the lodging-houses might be, these places, where little control could be exercised, were infinitely worse. Some of the property (I would be ashamed to hold such property) seemed to be tumbling to pieces, and to be in danger of falling upon the inhabitants, and burying them in the ruins.

'I have said how few religious agencies were at work here—how scant was the supply of school and sanctuary. Besides this, there are no open places of recreation, no playgrounds, no clubs, no

no means of amusement; but there were public-houses and beerhouses in great abundance. These were well lighted—looked cheerful and attractive. There was music in them; here perhaps only a barrel-organ, there simply a fiddler screaming out his Irish jigs, but in most of these places music of some kind. To say nothing about the terrible attractions of the drink, and the power it exercises over its deluded victims, is it wonderful that such places, which provide cheerful company, a warm fireside, and merry music, should be full of customers? Can you expect men and women to stay in the miserable kennels provided for them in the thickly clustered houses near to the Quayside? I do not say that these wretched hovels create the public-houses — for I think most of the hovels are made by the drink—but I am sure these things act one upon another, and aid each other with a mighty power in the work of human shame and degradation. What precise influence they exercise upon one another I cannot determine, but certainly wretchedness and facilities for drinking are found closely shouldered together. It seems very strange that in the very poorest district of a town so many public-houses should be found to thrive. But it is as true as it is strange. By some means poverty and squalor sustain a vast number of these houses. The deeper the degradation of the people the more glaring the prosperity of the drink-traffickers. Is there not something terribly suggestive in this? Healthy trade flies these regions; no ordinary pursuit has any chance of prosperity; the shopkeepers, as a class, are few and far between, and they look almost as poor as their customers; but there is a great traffic in strong drink, and the dealers are prosperous. What must be the nature of that prosperity when it is found associated with so much that is miserable, wretched, and degrading? Surely this traffic is a disease of our social system, and would be removed in a healthy state of public opinion.

'I was shown one particular spot on the Quayside which was very suggestive. A small block of houses, perhaps a dozen in all, contained nine public-houses—four or five, I forget which, being next door to each other, and the remainder with not more than a single house intervening. I was curious to see whether there were many customers in these. In my hasty glances I saw in each place men and women, in some youths and girls, sitting together drinking. Rags and tatters, dirt and ignorance, drink and degradation companioned together.

'Coming back across the river I went on again into the gloom and darkness. To a large lodging-house I was taken, where seventy people slept. It seemed to be kept as clean as such a place could be, and the man with his two female assistants evidently worked very hard; but what such a place must be, where seventy people slept every night, besides young children—where the same indecent plans were in operation (nobody seeming to think them indecent), where young and old of both sexes had to meet in the same common kitchens, and cook and eat and wash together, and where other things, which I cannot speak of, were necessarily taking place — what such a place must be I must leave you to conjecture. We were taken through all the rooms. Some rooms were empty, the lodgers not yet having come; others were occupied by some already asleep and some preparing for bed. Now and then coarse and blasphemous words were spoken—the worst from female lips; but on the whole everybody seemed indifferent to us and to our inspection. However clean the lodging-house keeper might make his rooms, he could not make his lodgers clean. I could not avoid seeing, as I passed by the sleepers, how thoroughly dirty some of them were; and the thought of the constant repetition of this sickened me. "Do these people keep pretty quiet?" I asked. "Oh, they quarrel enough at times." "Do they generally come to you sober?" "Well, sir, they do sometimes," was the answer; sobriety appearing to be the exceptional thing.

'But these lodging-houses are well kept, and are under regular police inspection; and, upon the whole, the wonder is that such houses, in such localities, can be kept so well. The private dwellings, where the police have no right to go, contain wretchedness, dirt, misery, and destitution, far greater. I was able to go into a few of these. I need not say that in some there was evidence of thrift, frugality, and prudence. Thank God, all is not bad and black! Even in these dark regions there is some light—perhaps far more than I suppose. But I do not intend to speak of this now—only of the darker side

side of things. One thing I strongly felt, that there was something wrong, when frugal, temperate, and industrious men were obliged to live in such places. But they not only had wretched houses, but far more wretched neighbours. I went into numbers of places where one room was all that a family had. No matter how large the family, or of whom it consisted, one room for living, cooking, and sleeping. In several beds I saw two or three children huddled together, sleeping; and the father and mother had no other bed. Many of these wretched one-room tenements are occupied, not merely by one family, but by several; and the wallowing and indecency beggar description. It seemed to me more like the herding of swine than the place for humanity. I saw much squalor, but one scene—the only one I intend to paint—I shall never forget.

'We had been going through busy and crowded streets, and suddenly had turned into a more quiet part. We climbed our way up successive heights of steps, until we reached a place called, perhaps in mockery, Mount Pleasant. It was very grim and dirty. We felt our way into a passage which opened upon many small and wretched habitations. My conductor lifted the latch of a door which I could not see, the place was so dark; and the next moment we stood inside a workman's home. The first thing I saw was a coal fire burning, and what seemed a large bundle of rags and logs of wood lying before it. But, in an instant, rising from the heap, a woman stood before us. She courteously said she would send for a halfpenny candle; but as the fire was good, the candle was not sent for. The room might be, perhaps, six yards long and four and a-half yards wide. It had one window in it, looking out upon the dark steps up which we came. Many panes of glass were broken. The walls were perfectly bare. There was not a chair or a stool in the place, not an article of furniture of any kind, except two little broken tables standing against the walls. No food, no cooking utensils, nothing in the place but these broken tables. While we looked on, out of the rags and logs, as I thought them, rose two girls—perhaps twelve and ten years old—and the strong form of a man. They were all in rags—the woman and girls not half covered; the man with clothes that probably had not been off him for weeks or months—all of them as dirty and as loathsome as it was possible to be. I saw no shame on the face of husband or wife; they seemed unconscious of their degradation. The man had plenty of work, but he and his wife were fond of drink. He defended his drinking cleverly; said he couldn't do his work without it, that he could afford to have it, and that he should have it. This man, I was told, had been in a good position in Newcastle, could converse fluently in four languages, had wealthy and respectable connections; but here was he, with his wife and girls, in this awful place—without furniture, without a bed, even a wisp of hay or straw—living in this horrible and brutal way. As we came out, we stood in the midst of a group of half-clad boys and girls romping in rags and dirt, looking as though they had come out of dens like that we had just left. It seemed as though generations of like evil broods were still to come.

'Pardon me, my friends, for having taken you into such dismal scenes. No idle curiosity took me among them, no desire to create a sensation makes me tell them to you. I went that I might see something of the place in which I am called to labour, and to learn what I and you could do to make some blessed change.'

Mr. Street pleads eloquently for the abolition of all such lodging-houses as are described above; the demolition of the miserable, dirty, crazy property, in which large multitudes dwell, consisting mainly of single-room tenements, deficient in light, area, and decencies; the provision of free, open public spaces for recreation; some radical change in the public-house system; a compulsory education of poor children; and a coalition of all earnest religious people, in order to do common works of love amongst the ignorant, the destitute, and the criminal. He says:—'If we go together, if we unite the sympathy, the philanthropy, the zeal, the wealth, the devotion of all classes of religious workers, no power can withstand us; the glaring evils I have described will be removed, the temptations to lead the weak astray will be abolished, the ignorant will be taught, the sinful will be converted, and the outcast will be gathered in. Do you not see what changes would come? No man hereafter would be able to see what I saw in one Saturday night's ramble: all such scenes would be buried in the past.

'What

'What more can I say? Nay, rather, what can I do? My friends, I am sensible of the smallness of my influence, sensible of the peculiarities of my position; but I am willing, nay, eager, to work with any one. To me it matters not who are my associates, if they seek to do good. I am ready to co-operate with Catholic or Protestant, with Independent or Methodist, with politician or secularist, with any, with all, who seek to upraise the people and bless them. I am willing to work in any capacity. Are there other workers ready? O God! grant that Thy spirit may work in the community, and that we all be in earnest! The harvest is plenteous, and Heaven calls for the labourers.'

This is a manly and a noble challenge. We should be glad to learn that it had been taken up.

To the Ancient People of God of the Seed of Abraham. 'T.,' P.O., Box 2,375, Philadelphia.

A TRACT, without publisher's name, and issued, apparently, by the writer, who can be reached by letter addressed to the Post Office as above. The object of the tract is to persuade the Jews that their restoration to Palestine is to be effected next year, and that sundry other of the prophecies are to be then fulfilled in the same literal manner. The writer would do well to entirely revise his principles of interpretation. As long as his standpoint is external, the prophecies must remain to him books utterly sealed.

The Medical Prescription of Alcohol Opposed to the Progress of Temperance, Immoral in its Tendency, and Unfounded in Science. By Mr. P. Dean. Bury: D. Thomas, 5, Haymarket-street.

SOME time ago Mr. Dean wrote six letters, addressed to, and published in, the *Haslingden and Rawtonstall Express*. These are now republished in a pamphlet, and will no doubt do much good, if widely circulated. The following cases are from the fifth letter:—'The first is the case of Mr. T. B. Smithies, well-known as the editor and proprietor of the "British Workman." Some twelve or fourteen years ago this gentleman's strength began to give way, which caused him to think that his days were numbered. He left London, and went back to York, his native city, and consulted one of the most eminent physicians in the North of England. This physician examined him with great care, and afterwards told him that he must drink two or three glasses of wine a day. "I know your connection with the temperance cause," added the physician, "but I tell you as your friend that you will die, and that shortly, if you refuse to follow my advice." It so happened, however, that Mr. Smithies had paid some little attention to the consideration of this matter, and although he was so weakly, and did not think he was likely to live, he felt assured that it was a great mistake for a physician to send him to a wine merchant for strength. He determined he would not go, for he felt certain "that God would not allow him to die for want of wine." He returned again to London, and in a few days after consulted the eminent physician, Sir James Clarke. This gentleman made minute inquiries into Mr. Smithies' mode of living, and then came the question, "What liquors do you drink?" Mr. Smithies replied that he had been a teetotaller for twelve years, and had never tasted wine, spirits, or beer during that time. Now note Sir James Clarke's next remark—"I am glad of that, sir, you will be better sooner without it." In this instance we have two eminent physicians—both of whom had studied medicine, and *ought* to have known—expressing opinions quite the reverse of each other. Either of them knew nothing at all about it, for they could not both be right. Another case in point is that of the late Charles Hindley, Esq., formerly M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne. At the commencement of the illness which preceded his death, he was attended by Dr. Granville (his family physician), and Dr. Bright. The remedies administered by these doctors had begun to act, and every hope existed of the patient's recovery, when the late Dr. Todd was invited to join the consultation, and under his peremptory orders, which Dr. Granville strongly opposed, a brandy and water treatment was adopted. Mr. Hindley was made to swallow six pints of brandy in about seventy-two hours! When life was fast ebbing, Dr. Granville earnestly begged of Dr. Todd to withdraw the brandy, but he refused to do so, and the former physician then went away in disgust. The same night Mr. Hindley died!

Dr.

Dr. Granville refused to sign the certificate of his death, and afterwards wrote and circulated a pamphlet proving that his end had been brought about by the stimulating treatment to which he had been subjected; and as to Dr. Todd, he has since died a victim to an overdose of brandy! But then Mr. Hindley's death was according to law! The physic which placed him beyond the reach of every ailment had been administered at the hands of a duly qualified medical practitioner. Had it been otherwise—had he died in the same manner under the hands of a non-legalised medical professor, such professor would undoubtedly have been tried for manslaughter. Yet, I dare to say—and I can prove the assertion by quoting the opinions of leading medical men themselves—that legally-qualified doctors know little more about the action of alcohol in disease than do the quacks who frequent public market places about the action of the nostrums which they dispense. This may appear strong language, but your readers shall hear it substantiated by an eminent London physician. Dr. Murchison, of the Middlesex Hospital, when delivering his inaugural discourse to the medical students, in 1861, said, "*Nothing* is definitely settled as to the mode of administration and the mode of action of alcohol in disease." Upon the admission, then, of a leading medical professor himself, I am right in saying that the faculty know next to nothing upon this matter.'

Stories for Sunday Scholars, Nos. 10 and 11. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A VERY excellent selection of religious and moral stories for young people. They are well printed and nicely illustrated. The editor of them announces his aim to be 'to gain the attention and sympathy of the young for what is good and true; and by clothing important lessons in a beautiful dress, to make that entertaining to the young mind which, if presented in a less attractive manner, might seem dull and uninteresting.' The year's issue, when complete, will bind into a handsome 'Sunday Scholar's Annual.' In No. 11, we find, besides the story of 'Henry's Dream,' the following little fable, the moral of which needs not be found fault with:—

THE WORM AND THE SNAIL.

A FABLE.

A little worm too close that played
In contact with a gardener's spade,
Writhing about in sudden pain,
Perceived that he was cut in twain;
His nether half, left short and free,
Much doubting its identity.
However, when the shock was past,
New circling rings were formed so fast
By Nature's hand, which fails her never,
That soon he was as long as ever.
But yet the insult and the pain
This little reptile did retain,
In what, in man, is called the brain.
One fine spring evening, bright and wet,
Ere yet the April sun was set,
When slimy reptiles crawl and coil
Forth from the soft and humid soil,
He left his subterranean clay
To move along the gravelly way;
Where suddenly his course was stopt
By something on the path that dropt;
When, with precaution and surprise,
He straight shrunk up to half his size.
That 'twas a stone was first his notion,
But soon discovering locomotion,
He recognised the coat of mail,
And wary antlers of a snail,
Which some young rogue (we beg his pardon)
Had flung into his neighbour's garden.
The snail, all shattered and infirm,
Deplored his fate, and told the worm.
'Alas!' says he, 'I know it well,
All this is owing to my shell;
They could not send me up so high,
Describing circles in the sky,
But that, on this account, 'tis known
I bear resemblance to a stone;
Would I could rid me of my case,
And find a tenant for the place!
I'll make it known to all my kin;—
"This house to let—inquire within."'
'Good!' says the worm, 'the bargain's struck;
I take it, and admire my luck:
That shell, from which you'd fain be free,
Is just the very thing for me.
Oft have I wished, when danger calls,
For such impervious castle walls.
Both for defence and shelter made,
From greedy crow and murderous spade;
Yes, neighbour snail, I'll hire the room,
And pay my rent when strawberries come.'
'Do,' says the snail, 'and I'll declare,
You'll find the place in good repair,
With winding ways that will not fail
To accommodate your length of tail.'

(This

(This fact the wily rogue concealing—
The fall had broken in his ceiling.)
'O,' says the sanguine worm, 'I knew
That I might safely deal with you.'
Thus was the tenement transferred,
And that without another word.
Off went the snail in houseless plight;
Alas! it proved a frosty night,
And ere a peep of morning light,
One wish supreme he found prevail;—
In all the world the foolish snail
Saw nothing he would like so well—
Which was—that he had got a shell.
But soon for this he ceased to sigh:
A little duck came waddling by,
Who having but a youthful bill,
Had ventured not so large a pill
(E'en at imperious hunger's call)
As this poor reptile, house and all.
But finding such a dainty bite
All ready to his appetite,
Down went the snail, whose last lament,
Mourned his deserted tenement.
Meantime the worm had spent his strength
In vain attempts to curl his length
His small apartment's space about;
For head or tail must needs stick out.
Now, if this last was left, 'twas more
Exposed to danger than before,
And 'twould be vastly strange, he said,
To sit in doors without one's head.
Alas! he now completely bears
The unknown weight of household cares;
And wishes much some kind beholder
Would take the burden off his shoulder.
Now broke the dawn; and soon with fear,
Feeling the shock of footsteps near,
He tried to reach that wished-for goal,
The shelter of a neighbouring hole;
Which proved, when danger threatened sore,
A certain refuge heretofore.
But failed him now this last resort:
His new appendage stopt him short;
For all his efforts would not do
To force it in, or drag it through.
Oh then, poor worm! what words can say
How much he wished his shell away!
But wishes all were vain, for oh!
The garden roller, dreaded foe!
Came growling by, and did not fail
To crush our hero, head and tail,—
Just when the duck devoured the snail.

Thus says the fable:—learn from hence,
It argues want of common sense,
To think our trials and our labours,
Harder and heavier than our neighbour's;
Or that 'twould lighten toils and cares,
To give them ours in change for theirs;
For whether man's appointed lot
Be really equalised or not,
(A point we need not now discuss)
Habit makes ours the best to us.

The Two Dreams. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

The writer of this tract describes in it the character of a young woman seemingly utterly and hopelessly abandoned. The following, he says, are as nearly as possible the words, and appeared to be truly the sentiments of a young woman whom he met in a prison. They were uttered on several occasions, and he has collected them into a speech:—

'I could surprise many knowledgeable folks, and tell most of them something that they had no notion of before. But I had best keep my information to myself; it would shock good people dreadfully, and bad ones would only say, "What news!" to my most astonishing stories. The secrets that I mean are nothing but accounts of the way in which regular wicked people live. This uncommon knowledge of mine is just the full history of their doings. No one knows their ways but themselves, and I am one of them, so I am up to all about them. I mean by "regular wicked people" those who have no other livelihood but what they get by crime. There are other sorts of bad men and women who only now and then do a wrong thing, and slip back again among regular good people, and stay quiet and easy, pretending to belong to them; but I am one of the lot which stays outside and never tries to get thought good. I never do anything for my bread but sin. Every day I live, all my provision comes to me by sin. I sin for food, I sin for clothes, and I sin for shelter. I sin for pleasure. I love sin. I have no happiness out of it. I have nothing else to do in the world. It is my habit and nature to do it; anything else would be out of my power.

'"Leave off your wretched course of life, and come and live in the Refuge," ladies say to me, coming up to me in the open street.

'I am often accosted by women who loathe the very sight of me, and who have to struggle with their disgust at my

my presence to bring themselves within earshot of me. I can see their aversion to me as "a vile creature," and see also their anxiety to make me one of themselves. I do not wonder at them, because I have the same spirit in myself. I, also, have a desire in me to make others become like me, and I, too, would induce others to be the same as I am. This is truth! I often tell lies, but now I am saying what I really feel. I long to pull others into the state in which I am, and the only feel I have, which is different from that of the ladies who try to alter me, is that I have no dislike to go after those that I want to turn to sin. It gives me no trouble to try to bring them into the place where I live, and to go and talk to them, and tell them all the tales that may tempt them to come and stay with us; with *us*—away from all others. We don't want, and don't like any one near us, nor with us, but those who belong to us, and are exactly of our peculiar nature.

'Now, we have a peculiar nature. This is one of the things that I understand, and which seems to be entirely unknown to those who talk and write about us, and work for our reformation. The ignorance of those who engage themselves in the effort to make us change often surprises me. They have no more idea of what we really are than the born-blind have of daylight.

'We are a separate, distinct sort of women, not to be classed up with the general set.

'Ours is a case of difference. We do not resemble the rest of the women of the world, who are not what we are. There are two kinds of women on earth; some who neither will nor can do as we do, and there are we, who neither will nor can do as the rest. Sometimes one of the others falls in among us *by mistake*, but she gets back. We never rise by any chance but we drop down again, too, as surely as she goes up. I am saying a hard word. Christians don't believe such strong opinions, but I hold them, for I know the facts of the matter. They are awful thoughts, no doubt, and seem to be contrary to the mercy of God, but they are not, and have nothing to do with His mercy one way nor the other. Why should there be mercy for me? I don't want mercy, if mercy means going to heaven. I should not like to go there, and it is mercy to let me go where I choose. I choose sin, and where sin is allowed I must go, and with sinners I will live now and for ever. This is my true and sincere wish. Now, what do Christians want with me? They would be the better and the happier, I suppose, for my being added to their company, just as I should be all the gayer and more triumphant for having brought more women into our set, and making it greater and gladder. This is the feeling that urges them, I dare say, for it is that which excites me. We shall struggle, then, together; each to have her own way: who for us all? Not *God for me* any way. He has long ago left such as *me* to myself. Christians say that *we* can be made fit for the kingdom of heaven. I don't believe it. Solemnly, it appears to me holy nonsense to say such a thing. I know nothing about the Bible. I know all about sin though.'

The writer tells, however, of a change that appeared to come over this wretched creature, when broken by disease, and not far from death. She had a dream, which seemed to give her spirit a sudden impulsion upwards; and after coming to the writer for instruction, and receiving it, she appeared to have 'a new song in her mouth.' 'I saw her,' says the writer, 'daily for a fortnight, and truly her contrition was abundantly evidenced. Great peace followed; the bitterness departed from her speech, and in its stead her "mouth was filled with the praises of the Lord."'

'Oh, what sinful folly I once talked to you, madam! Can you ever forget it? No wonder you left me to myself; but He did not forsake me. I used to boast to you that I knew wonderful things about sin; now I know the greatest mystery in the universe. Oh, it is a very curious thing—something that very few can come to know and feel exactly proved to themselves, although they may hear of it and believe it. It is a strange, marvellous, extraordinary thing! It was revealed to me last night on my bed. I had another dream—such a beautiful one, and you were in it again! You always are now; and this dream explains why you appear in all my dreams.'

'A heavenly smile passed across her countenance like an illumination. A bright thought was gleaming from her unnaturally brilliant eye.

'"What was the mystery?" I asked.

'Oh, my dream tells it. I'm sure it's true! I'll tell it to you, and do you

you tell it to all those who work for the Saviour.

'It was very light—so light that I was dazzled, but He was there, and we can always see Him in any light; and He smiled at you as you were trying to get me out of an awful pit, and you could not lift me, and you turned (oh, so grieved!) away. But where your fingers had touched me there was left a spot of light. It was the end of a ray which had passed from you into me, and it *could not* go away, for it was fixed like an immovable bar of solid gold. It pierced me, though you did not see, and I did not feel, and the shining thing came direct from His hand, and could never be broken nor turned aside. It was part of Himself that had come upon me, and from it I never could be plucked. So that is how I was drawn to Him through you, madam.'

Our Children's Pets. By Josephine (with numerous Illustrations). London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

This book, dedicated to the Most Hon. the Marquis of Westminster, ex-President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is quite fit for presentation even to the children of a nobleman. Mr. Partridge well understands how to bring out a charming volume, and 'Our Children's Pets' is not behind the best of his previous achievements. Gay with colour and resplendent with gilding; adorned, besides, on the exterior, with a delightful colour-printed and enamelled insertion, it gives promise, at first glance, of an attractiveness which is well borne out on an inspection of its interior. Here we find stout tinted paper, large and clear type, and wood engravings of truly excellent character, by Birket Foster, Harrison Weir, H. Anelay, and other celebrated artists. In size and general aspect the book resembles 'Our Dumb Companions; or, Conversations of a Father and his Children about Dogs, Horses, Cats, and Donkeys,' which we noticed very favourably twelve months ago. Of 'Josephine's' share in the book we must not speak with equal superlativeness; but she has done her part respectably, and has at any rate succeeded in her design to produce an effective plea with young people on behalf of 'poor dumb animals.' She laments, with reason, that 'we cannot look from our windows or walk in the fields and streets without our hearts often growing sad and sorrowful at the cruelties practised on the helpless and the dumb;' and the object of her book is to invite the young 'to plead meekly for the suffering, and to speak to their persecutors of the beauty and loveliness of kindness.' She writes, further, to remind us of the claims that our dumb friends have upon our gratitude and affection, and to make us all more considerate and loving to what she calls our 'voiceless friends' around us. Tales, verses, conversations, and little homilies, all profusely illustrated, form the staple of the volume, and combine to make it a charming gift-book for purchase by such as fix their limit to two or (for coloured plates and gilt edges) three half-crowns.

The Children's Friend. Vol. V. London: Seeley & Co., Fleet-street.

There is no better penny periodical for children than this 'Children's Friend.' Quantity and quality, both of paper, letterpress, illustrations, and articles, are all excellent. The year's numbers, bdoun in one volume, form a delightful book for young people. The ruling tone is religious and moral.

Sybil and her Live Snowball.
Ronalds' Reason; or, the Little Cripple. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 64, Fleet-street; S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Coming to a much lower priced, but still a well-printed, nicely-illustrated, and very pleasing class of publications for children, we have in these two books a couple of very worthy additions to the library of juvenile books of a religious and soundly moral character, for which the publishers are renowned. 'Ronald's Reason,' by Mrs. Hall, is a tale of the noble self-denial of a boy, exercised on behalf of a poor afflicted schoolfellow; and 'Sybil and her Live Snowball' is about a little girl and her kitten, and concerning their joint adventures, and the excellent lessons of trust in God and patience in adversity that were taught thereby. These two volumes belong to the 'Children's Friend Series,' the tales having been previously printed in detachments in the 'Children's Friend.'

Our

Our National Temperance Hymn and Song Book, with Recitations for Adults and Children. Compiled by the Rev. Henry A. Hammond. London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

The compiler states that he has put together the hymns, songs, and recitations contained in this little book with the view of obtaining a selection free from exaggerated statement, and from any sentiment contrary to the Gospel; and he invites correction, so that any one finding in the book any over-statement or unscriptural sentiment, will greatly oblige him by sending a line to the care of his publisher, pointing out the oversight. The book contains 150 pieces, of which 75 are classed as hymns, and the rest as songs and recitations. For the most part they are well-selected, and the collection is, if not the best, certainly one of the best. The type is large and clear. The price is twopence.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 7, Paternoster Row.

The Committee of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society have just issued the third volume of their very useful and well-edited magazine. We are glad to learn that they have during the past year been much encouraged by the interest that has been shown in the matter of their periodical, and by the results, so far as they have been able to trace them; and that they still hear on all hands expressions of the satisfaction of friends that such a magazine exists for the purpose of setting forth the merits of the temperance question, and the working of its principles. Total abstinence, in its most robust and least compromising form, is not exactly the staple of the articles in this volume; the presentment given is of total abstinence in its milder, and therefore, to many, its less offensive, though to others, again, less satisfactory form. In the contents are included a number of 'Clerical Experiences' and 'Lay Experiences,' sundry original poems, many interesting extracts, some suggestive letters, certain temperance tales, expositions of Scripture texts, and items of current news. There are also a number of wood engravings, hardly equal, on the whole, to the very beautiful ones in the previous volume, but adding not a little to the pleasant aspect of this neatly-printed magazine. The *Church of England Temperance Magazine* is doing, we feel assured, a very useful work. For a certain class of minds it supplies what cannot elsewhere be found; and its continued and increased success is sincerely to be hoped for.

The Gardener's Magazine: For Amateur Cultivators and Exhibitors of Plants, Flowers, and Fruit; for Gentlemen Gardeners, Florists, Nurserymen, and Seedsmen; for Naturalists, Botanists, Bee-keepers, and Lovers of the Country. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane.

The Baptist Magazine. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Our Own Fireside. A Magazine of Home Literature for the Christian Family. Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester. London: Wm. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

The Lifeboat, or Journal of the National Lifeboat Association.

Old Jonathan: or, the District and Parish Helper. London: Wm. Hill Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

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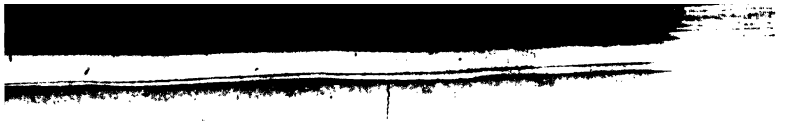

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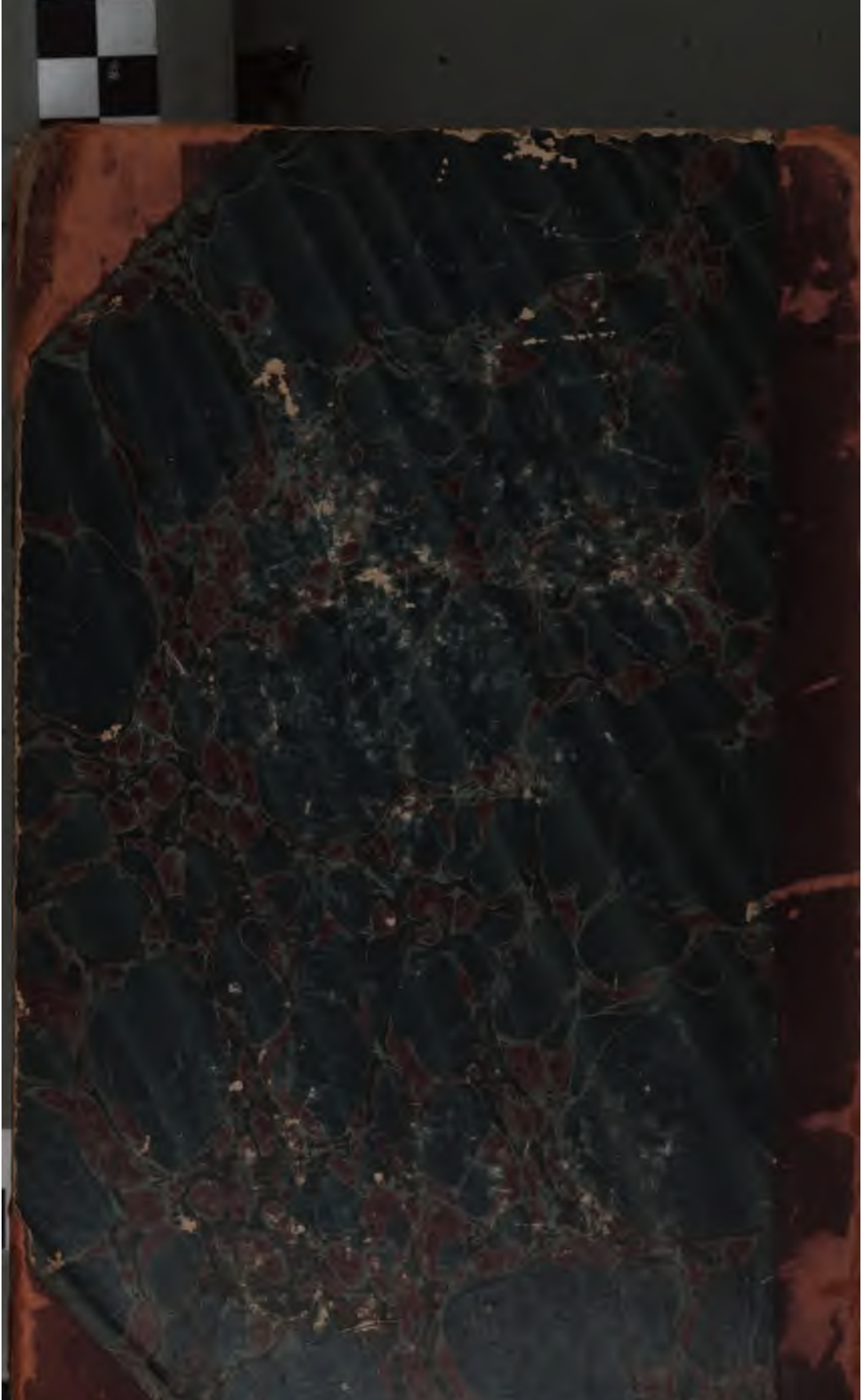
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